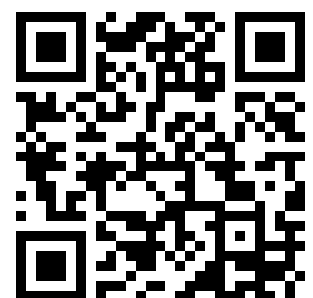

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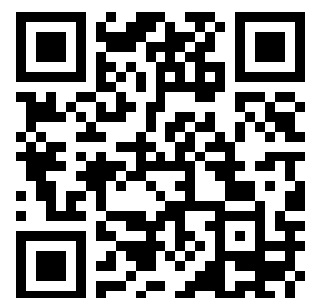
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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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The Literary Week.

NEXT week we shall announce the titles of the books published in 1898 which, in accordance with our annual custom, we shall crown with awards of One Hundred Guineas and Fifty Guineas.

THE critical conspiracy of which the *British Weekly* spoke so darkly a few weeks ago is still unmasked. Dr. Nicoll has been interviewed concerning his dire message, but beyond ominous hints, and "I could an' I would," and "A day will come," and other mysterious threats, he has divulged nothing. He writes thus in the current *British Weekly*: "I have been asked to give facts and names in connexion with the critical conspiracy of which I wrote some time ago. For the editors of the daily newspapers, with their yawning columns at this season, I have the deepest sympathy, and would gladly do what I could to help, but I cannot oblige them just now, and they must leave me to take my own time and my own way."

DR. NICOLL, however, goes on to say, that in supposing his reference was to the opponents of the Kailyard school, Mr. Lang was wrong. As for the attack which the Kailyarders have had to bear, "the results," says Dr. Nicoll, "have been of an awe-inspiring character. The sale of Mr. Crockett's books, I see, amounts now to the 'troifling mather,' as John Browdie would have called it, of 30,000 or 40,000 in this country." But Mr. Crockett is no Kailyarder in his romances. A better example might have been adduced.

THERE is now on sale in certain bookshops a guide to young authors by Sir Walter Besant, entitled *The Pen and the Book*. The work has not been fully published in the ordinary way, and no copies have been sent out for review, hence the young author is likely both to have difficulty in acquiring it and to lack the advantages which public criticism of a book often affords. It may be that Sir Walter Besant's manual is beyond cavil; yet so many commentators on his previous excursions into bookmaking statistics have had remarks to make, that this is perhaps too much to hope.

APPROPOS the article on John Stow which we published a fortnight ago, it is not a little curious (as a correspondent points out) that Stow's *Survey* completes the three hundredth year of its existence at the moment when the new *Survey of London*, upon which Sir Walter Besant and his assistants are so laboriously engaged, is about to

be issued. We believe that the first volume of the new work will be seen in April. Another curious coincidence in connexion with a tercentenary occurs to us. On the 16th of this month Edmund Spenser will have been dead just 300 years, and it has taken just that length of time to obliterate the street (King-street, Westminster) in which the "poet's poet" drew his last breath.

It is interesting to notice that London has seldom been without an enthusiastic conserver of her traditions. In the seventeenth century there was Stow, followed by James Howel; in the eighteenth century Pennant, and also John Thomas Smith (whose pleasant *Book for a Rainy Day* ought to be reprinted with careful notes); while in our own century Knight, Thornbury, and Besant have "perambulated" London to good purpose. We observe that a magnificent "grangerised" edition of Pennant's *Account of London*, in six volumes, containing over 1,700 inserted illustrations, is now in the hands of Messrs. Robson, of Coventry-street. This work, which was constructed by Frederic, the third Earl of Bessborough, is priced at £300.

A NEW poem by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne will appear in the anniversary number of the *Star* on Monday, January 16.

IN another column we print the report of an interview which a representative of the ACADEMY has had with Messrs. Kelly, concerning the *Post Office Directory*, of which the 100th edition has just been issued. The oldest London Directory in the British Museum is dated 1736. It was published in Finch-lane, near the Royal Exchange, by Henry Kent, whose preface naïvely began: "The Difficulty which People are continually under, who have Business to transact, for Want of knowing where to find One Another, makes such a little Piece as this very Useful." We may add that its modern representative, Messrs. Kelly's "little Piece," weighs, by our office scales, eleven pounds, one ounce.

THE *West End Review*, hitherto a shilling monthly magazine, is about to be converted into a sixpenny weekly paper. "It is our aim," says the prospectus, "to give the public a paper better than any which they now know." And, "The best artists, the best writers, are on our staff." The conductors of the *West End Review* are intent upon making a very determined effort to win support. The date of the first issue of the new series is February 23.

A VERY interesting Christmas-card has been circulating among the admirers of R. L. S. in America, and a few copies have crossed the Atlantic. This consists of a photograph of the Stevenson memorial at San Francisco, with a passage from the "Christmas Sermon" printed below. We reproduce it for the benefit of Stevensonians near and far.



THE STEVENSONIAN PORTSMOUTH SQUARE MONUMENT.

A Christmas Sermon.

TO BE HONEST, TO BE KIND—TO EARN A LITTLE, AND TO
SPEND A LITTLE LESS, TO MAKE UPON THE WHOLE A
FAMILY HAPPIER FOR HIS PRESENCE, TO RENOUNCE
WHEN THAT SHALL BE NECESSARY AND NOT BE
EMBITTERED, TO KEEP A FEW FRIENDS, BUT
THESE WITHOUT CAPITULATION—ABOVE
ALL, ON THE SAME GRIM CONDITION,
TO KEEP FRIENDS WITH HIM-
SELF—HERE IS A TASK FOR
ALL THAT A MAN HAS
OF FORTITUDE AND
DELICACY.

It looks almost as if a real attempt to speak the truth about modern pantomime was upon us. In our own columns last week, "J. F. N." put the case against this debased form of entertainment with force and precision, and in Saturday's *Chronicle* Mr. A. B. Walkley took a similar view. But of what is worse than the tedious dulness of the modern pantomime—the horrid sophistication of the funny men and its total unfitness for children—nothing was urged by either critic. That seems to us the worst thing of all.

M. ZOLA, in his retirement in this country, has been learning English with the aid of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. M. Théodore Duret, one of his friends, supplied him with a copy having the French and English on opposite pages.

M. ZOLA's publishers hope to issue his new book, *Fécondité*, in June of this year, but the Dreyfus case will control the exact time. All things considered, it would be unwise to publish any novel of M. Zola's before the fate of Dreyfus is settled. M. Zola is too much implicated to gain a fair hearing. But supposing Dreyfus's acquittal to be the result of the revision, M. Zola is likely to be the hero of France, and anything of his then appearing would have the most extraordinary welcome. For his *Paris*, for example, a sale of 120,000 copies was expected, but only 85,000 copies have been sold.

AFTER the splendid stand for justice made by the professors of France, it is lamentable to find as the founders of the new anti-Dreyfus "Ligue de la Patrie Française" M. Jules Lemaître and M. François Coppée.

WEBSTER is prominent in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. Miss Margaret Maitland has an interesting article on his "Vittoria Accoramboni," and Mr. Swinburne contributes a prologue to the "Duchess of Malfi." We quote some lines from this generous and warm-blooded tribute:

Half Shakespeare's glory, when his hand sublime
Bade all the change of tragic life and time
Live, and outlive all date of quick and dead,
Fell, rested, and shall rest on Webster's head

Deep down the midnight of the soul of sin
He lit the star of mercy throned therein.
High up the darkness of sublime despair
He set the sun of love to triumph there.
Things foul or frail his touch made strong and pure,
And bade things transient like to stars endure.
Terror, on wings whose flight made night in heaven,
Pity, with hands whence life took love for leaven,
Breathed round him music whence his mortal breath
Drew life that bade forgetfulness and death
Die: life that bids his light of fiery fame
Endure with England's, yea, with Shakespeare's name.

MR. TREE is to be congratulated on his reply to the critic who saw anachronism in the circumstance that Porthos, in "The Musketeers," smokes Latakia, that being a Turkish tobacco not introduced into England till a much later date. Says Mr. Tree, the latest of the Dumas com-

mentators: "It has evidently escaped your erudite correspondent that in the course of the story of *The Three Musketeers* Porthos is for a long time lost sight of. What was he doing? Is it not reasonable to suppose that, like so many other soldiers of fortune of the period, he was wandering in foreign parts? During his travels he found himself in Turkey, where he contracted a taste for Latakia, which never deserted him. This touch, I venture to think, is one that, though it may have escaped the unthinking minority of playgoers, is really only a proof of the unstinting care which has been taken to ensure accuracy of detail."

WITH this week's number the *Spectator* begins a new career as a stitched and cut periodical. Hitherto the paper-knife has been in severe requisition. As "S. G.," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says: "Happy indeed was the man who had his *Spectator* cut for him. Many of us less fortunate must have felt the ameliorating effect of its pages frequently counteracted, in railway carriages or elsewhere, by a temptation to profanity. The intricacy of its foldings recalled the many obstacles which beset the path of virtue: in future the road will be made easy, and we shall all grow virtuous."

THE same chronicler writes: "Chelsea is nothing if not proud of its literary associations. Rossetti gives his name to some red-brick mansions, and Carlyle stands godfather to one pier, one square, and half a dozen other entities. But the most surprising application of his name caught my eye in a local chemist's window, where there was a bottle labelled 'Carlyle Essence'; a couple of adjectives followed—'very pungent and penetrating,' I think." Another writer of literary notes has recently pointed out that Sydney is just now being mystified by a conjuror who has taken the name of Dante.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S prose version of Omar Khayyám, which has just been published in a pocket edition by Mr. Nutt, has a pretty dedication "To Cecilia":

The Wine of Life, the Wonder of the Spring,
The passionate madness of the Nightingale
Whose Litany all lovers' lips must wail
"Farewell, farewell, farewell to everything"—
These Omar sang, and these myself shall sing
In dreams beside some stream where tulips sail,
Red Argosies, before the scented gale,
While you recline on Cæsar's dust and string
Your lute through all the languid afternoon
To Persian airs of Desert and of Palm,
Of green Oasis and of Gardens sweet
With roses, where the magic of the moon
In silver steeples the consecrated calm
And on the enchanted sword our shadows meet.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS is now in India, acting as special correspondent for the *Daily Mail* in connexion with Lord Curzon's instalment as Viceroy.

MR. H. G. WELLS's new story, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, begins in this week's *Graphic*.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, whose *Wessex Poems* will be reviewed in our columns next week, has his home in the heart of the country which serves as the background for all his books. His house, a photograph of which we reproduce, is at Max Gate, on the outskirts of the old-time town of Dorchester, which figures in several of his novels under the disguise of Casterbridge. From the upper windows of the house, which stands in its own grounds, there is an uninterrupted view to the rising ground both north and south. In the garden, at the end of the gravel path shown in our view, are some curious stones, presumably



MR. THOMAS HARDY'S HOME.
From a Photograph by C. Holland.

of the Druidical period, for which Mr. Hardy has an interested regard. In the porch is a door severe and plain enough to have belonged to the time when Judge Jeffreys was at Dorchester on his "Bloody Assize."

MR. HARDY, it will be noticed by readers of his poems, resorts now and then to Dorsetshire dialect. Another West Country dialect poet figures in the current *Blackwood*, in the person of Mr. Edward A. Irving, whose Devon song, "From Foreign Parts," has the true note of pathos and sincerity. It begins:

I was wanderin' dro' the thicket, hot and wet, and
night a-comin':
All to once I yeard a cricket set to drummin',
drummin', drummin'.
Her buzzed so gude and neighbourly I laughed aloud
to hear,
I zimm'd 'twas engine dreshin' wheat to home in Devon-
sheer.

There us has no ice nor snow,
 Like in purity Devon.
 Oh, to hear the cattle low,
 Winter nights in Devon!
 "Hark the herald angels sing"—
 Mother with her Christmasing,
 Boys all slidin' ring-a-ring
 On our pond in Devon.

And this is the end:

Home-brew z'der soft as cream, blaze of ashen logs,
 Our little maids like cherubim round the fire-dogs:
 But hereaway—I could ha' cried, 'twas just a goin'
 home,
 I seed un so distirckly when I heard yon cricket drum.
 Here there be no winter days,
 Same as home to Devon.
 Never see the wood-fire blaze
 (Jolly land of Devon!).
 Here the niggers call me "Zir"—
 Oh, to be a labourer,
 Pack again amid good cheer—
 Back to jolly Devon!

We shall hope to hear from Mr. Irving's muse again.

In the same number of *Blackwood* Mr. W. Sichel writes entertainingly of the men who have kept a diary. His survey extends from Pepys to Grant Duff. "To 'men who have kept a diary,'" he says in conclusion, "we owe a deep debt of gratitude. They take us behind the scenes of character and achievement. They carry on the apostolic succession of experience. Pepys was the friend of Evelyn. Swift in his youth might have seen Evelyn in his age. Walpole in his boyhood might have beheld Swift. Walpole wrote for the Berrys. The Berrys lived to know both Johnson and Robinson. Grant-Duff records his meeting with the latter."

An opportunity for a champion of the pun has arisen. Writing in *Pearson's Magazine*, Mr. W. L. Alden is more severe upon the practice of punning than, we feel, a humorist ought to be. He says:

The essence of a pun consists in the resemblance in sound of one word to another. Why should a person be amused because a certain word sounds like a certain other word of a very different meaning? The answer to the conundrum, "When is a door not a door?" is a fair illustration of the pun in all its native idiocy. The answer of course is "When it's ajar," and the alleged joke of the answer consists in the fact that the word "ajar" sounds like the words "a jar." What is there in this resemblance in sound which is in the slightest degree funny?

If I were to say that a door is not a door when it is chopped up and burnt for firewood, my answer would be a comparatively sensible one, but people who regard the usual answer to the conundrum as amusing would rightly say that my answer was not at all funny. How this widespread delusion that there is humour or wit in the accidental resemblance of one word to another originated it is difficult to imagine.

But Mr. Alden does not put the case fairly. A pun is more than that. In citing the riddle of the door he has brought forward not a good pun, as he should have done, but a feeble pun. We are not, however, just now concerned to stand up for the pun; but we hope to see a reply to Mr. Alden.

Mr. COLVIN's selections from the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson begin in the current *Scribner's*. The first instalment is juvenile, and relates for the most part to early engineering excursions. He writes to his mother in 1868: "The *Moonstone* is frightfully interesting: isn't the detective prime?" And here is a good passage:

I stood a long while on the cope watching the sea below me; I hear its dull, monotonous roar at this moment below the shrieking of the wind; and there came ever recurring to my mind the verse I am so fond of:

But yet the Lord that is on high
 Is more of might by far
 Than noise of many waters is
 Or great sea-billows are.

Mr. Colvin remarks in his introduction: "Stevenson, in truth, never learnt to spell quite in a grown-up manner; and for this master of English letters a catarrh was apt to be a 'cattarrh,' and a neighbor a 'nieghbor,' and literature 'litterature,' to the end."

WHEN the Stock Exchange takes to literature the result is amusing, for though the form of humour most in vogue in "The House" is the practical joke, the written jest is by no means unattainable by the members. Some of them have just collaborated in producing a volume of articles and illustrations to be sold in aid of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The *Referee* being a sporting paper, the subject of "The House's" book is sport of all kinds; and as the Stock Exchange is the natural objective of illustrious athletes, there are here the opinions of some high authorities. In the cricket section we find a good story, contributed by Mr. C. C. Clarke, of a village cricketer who being asked, during a particularly healthy lunch, if he cared for the game as a game, replied, "Yes, sir, thank'ee. This is summat like; but what I doan't like is the scouting out a'tween the meals."

From the week's dedications. Paul Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis of Assisi* (translated by L. S. Houghton):

TO THE STRASBURGHERS.

Friends!

At last here is this book which I told you about so long ago. The result is small indeed in relation to the endeavour, as I, alas! see better than anyone. The widow of the Gospel put only one mite into the alms-box of the temple, but this mite, they tell us, won her Paradise. Accept the mite that I offer you to-day as God accepted that of the poor woman, looking not at her offering, but at her love, *Eci quod potui, omnia dedi*.

Do not chide me too severely for this long delay, for you are somewhat its cause. Many times a day at Florence, at Assisi, at Rome, I have forgotten the document I had to study. Something in me seemed to have gone to flutter at your windows, and sometimes they opened. . . . One evening at St. Damian I forgot myself and remained long after sunset. An old monk came to warn me that the sanctuary was closed. "Per Bacco!" he gently murmured as he led me away, all ready to receive my confidence, "sognava d'amore o di tristitia?" Well, yes. I was dreaming of love and of sadness, for I was dreaming of Strasbourg.

LAURENCE STERNE^A is represented in the British Museum *Autographs* by a page of *The Sentimental Journey*. The lady mentioned is Eliza—Mrs. Eliza Draper—to whom he wrote: “I have brought your name *Eliza*! and picture into my work, where they will remain when you and I are at rest for ever. Some annotator or explainer of my works in this place will take occasion to speak of the friendship which subsisted so long and faithfully betwixt Yorick and the lady he speaks of.” The date of the MS. from which our extract is taken is 1767.

I recall'd her looks at that crisis of our separation when neither of us had power to say. Adieu! I look'd at the Picture she had tied ~~bravely~~ in a black ribbon about my neck — & blush'd as I look'd at it — I would have given the world to have kiss'd it — but was ashamed. — and shall this tender flower, said I pressing it between my hands — shall it be smitten to its very root — & smitten Yoric! by thee who has promised to shelter it

PORTION OF THE MS. OF STERNE'S "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

ELSEWHERE we give extracts from certain serious summaries of the literature of 1898. A would-be humorous article of a similar kind has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* this week. This is the manner:

ON NOVELS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.—The subject had better not be mentioned to Roman Catholics.

Mr. George Moore's *Evelyn Innes*.—The subject had better not be mentioned to Puritans.

Mr. Henry James's *The Two Magics*.—The subject had better not be mentioned at all.

ON PHILOSOPHY.

Prof. William James's *The Will to Believe*.—Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.

Bad philosophies when they die go to Oxford or the Front Ministerial Bench.

ON POETRY AND POETS.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Poems*.—Nature said to Mr. Hardy: "You shall not be a poet"; Mr. Hardy answered: "I will."

M. ZOLA's story, *La Fête à Coquerille*, which was described by our Paris correspondent with so much spirit a few weeks ago, can, of course, be bought in London; and we mention the fact because it is pleasantly produced as a thin quarto in paper covers, and is illustrated by André Devambrez, whose drawings are delightful alike in humour and colour. The crazy old fishing village, the finding of the barrels of unknown liquor, and the ecstatic drunken enjoyment of their contents by the entire village, from the *curé* down, are rendered with infinite spirit.

MR. W. B. YEATS's forthcoming volume of poems is to bear the title, *The Wind Among the Reeds*. This is running Mrs. Hinkson's recent poetry book, *The Wind Among the Trees*, rather close.

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON's latest discovery is, so to speak, an accident. He fared to Hampstead Churchyard to test the inaccuracy of a report that Constable's grave was neglected; found it in good preservation; and was turning away, when a tomb in a state of serious decay caught his vigilant gaze. Closer examination proved it to be that of Joanna Baillie (1762-1851). Says Mr. Ashton: "Joanna Baillie was not only distinguished herself, but she also had very distinguished relatives: she was the niece of the great anatomists William and John Hunter, and sister of Matthew Baillie, likewise one of the greatest British physicians and anatomists. Are there, then, no living descendants of this illustrious family who will take the small trouble of restoring the tomb of Joanna Baillie?"

FROM Mr. Clement Scott's programme: "I myself shall endeavour to be accurate when, at the dawn of the New Year, if all be well, I sit down in peace among my beloved books to write the story of the Drama of Yesterday and To-day. If I have sufficient health and strength, the book will be ready before the summer-time of 1899."

AMONG forthcoming books of reminiscences will be the *Sketches from Memory* of Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A. Artists have a knack of making their personal gossip very read-

able—more so than the personal gossip of many professional literary men—and this may turn out to be a worthy companion of Mr. Frith's engaging volumes.

ANOTHER American change of title. Across the Atlantic Mr. W. W. Jacobs's *Sea Urchins* is called "More Cargoes."

Bibliographical.

Is Fenimore Cooper being read as largely by the young people of to-day as he was by boys when we ourselves were young? Surely he must have many readers, for there are frequent editions of his tales. The new illustrated edition of the Leatherstocking Stories has suggested an essay by Mr. Kebbel in *Macmillan's*, and no doubt that essay will somewhat stimulate the demand for the stories, and others from the same hand. Meanwhile, the complete works of Cooper have been issued in New York and London twice, at least, in the nineties (in 1890 and in 1895); while in the same space of time there have been reprints of *The Spy*, *The Pilot*, *The Deerslayer*, the *Last of the Mohicans* (1894 and 1896), *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, *The Prairie*, of the Leatherstocking series in uniform volumes (1890), and of other fictions by Cooper. Mr. Kebbel's article, by the way, should be pointed out to boys, for it tells them the order in which the Leatherstocking Stories should be read—a matter of some importance if the tales are to be enjoyed to the full.

All who are interested in dramatic literature will be glad to know that the text of "The Importance of Being Earnest"—in which Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Aynesworth, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh were so excellent at the St. James's, and which most critics regarded as one of the brightest and most effervescent of modern comedies—is to be published before long by Mr. Leonard Smithers. Collectors of such work already have on their shelves the text of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and of "A Woman of No Importance," published by Mr. Lane in 1893 and 1894 respectively. In the last-named year appeared, also, the English version of "Salome," which had been printed in the original French in 1893. "An Ideal Husband" will, no doubt, be published in due course.

If the spirit of Shakespeare is conscious of what goes on in the England which it used to inhabit, it must find a pleasant refuge from the censure of Mr. Bernard Shaw and the patronage of Mr. William Archer in the inexhaustible series of editions of the Works. No sooner is one such edition completed than another is announced. The latest is to be in ten volumes, with an introduction to each play and notes at the foot of the page. There is nothing new, I need hardly say, in this scheme, which was wrought out years ago in a single handy volume, since transformed into two volumes. Personally, I think that if there are to be notes at all they should be, as in the promised instance, at the foot of the page. Everything should be made easy to the student in these busy days.

Many will be pleased to read the "Reminiscences" of Mrs. John Drew when they appear in *Scribner's Magazine* (prefaced by her son), but we must not hope to find in them many definite facts. Actors and actresses—especially actresses—hate dates. Look at the "Stray Memories" which

Miss Ellen Terry wrote or dictated for the *New Review*, and look at the "Dramatic Opinions" which Mrs. Kendal wrote or dictated for *Murray's Magazine*. They make, for many, delightful reading; but how vague are the references to the Where and the When! A few players are indifferent to the flight of time, and frank about it; but not so the majority, who can rarely be pinned down to the exact year or place—unless printed record is too much for them.

To judge from the letters he has addressed to a London morning newspaper, Mr. Walter Wood, author of *Famous British War-Ships and their Commanders*, appears to think that the conception of that book was absolutely novel. That it was not entirely so may, I think, be assumed from the fact that there was published, so long ago as 1863, a little book, entitled *Famous Ships of the British Navy*, which did an excellent work, I believe, in its own day. Mr. Wood's suggestion, that Mr. Fitchett was indebted to his *Famous British War-Ships* in compiling *Fights for the Flag*, is not to me convincing. Compilers who go to the same sources for information are apt to tell very much the same story.

The fact that *Famous British War-Ships* (1897) was anticipated—very largely—by *Famous Ships of the British Navy* (1863) is not of practical importance. Some subjects have to be treated afresh for every generation. Here, for example, is Mr. Murray Lane advertising a forthcoming work on *The Royal Daughters of England*, regardless of the fact that the Misses Strickland dealt with at least a phase of the topic between forty and fifty years ago. In the interval much has happened in the way of historical research, and Mr. Lane is quite justified in giving us once more the stories of the Princesses of our Royal house.

An undaunted versifier is Mr. Warwick Bond. I seem to remember that he prefaced his latest little volume of verse with a quite touching lament concerning the troubles of the minor poet. Yet I see he announces a new book—a dramatic poem, I think—called *Zenobia*, and I dare say we shall have more such works from his pen. Within the present decade he has given us *The Immortals*, and *Other Poems*, *An Ode to the Sun*, and *Other Poems*, *At Stratford Festival*, and so forth. He is quite right, I fancy: verse, to succeed, must be either very fine or very "popular"; for the minor poet, apparently, there is less and less opportunity of being accepted.

At last we are to have, in volume form, a selection from Mr. R. H. Hutton's essays contributed to the *Spectator*. We already have Mr. Hutton's *Contemporary Thought and Thinkers* (in two volumes, 1894) and his *Modern Guides of English Thought in Faith* (1887), which were accepted as welcome supplements to his elder *Essays Theological and Literary*. It was, however, obvious that much good work of his lay embedded in the columns of the *Spectator*, from which it was proper that it should be rescued.

"The Duchess of Malfi" has been performed in London at a date comparatively recent. The prologue, however, which Mr. Swinburne has written for the play, and which appears in the current *Nineteenth Century*, was not composed for that representation. It is a purely spontaneous tribute, which has had its basis in Mr. Swinburne's well-known enthusiasm for the Elizabethan drama.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

William Watson : a Retrospect.

The Collected Poems of William Watson. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. WILLIAM WATSON now takes his place among the poets who have so far passed the test of time as to step into a collective edition. He has stood his limitation, and the tribunes (which, by interpretation, is the critics) endow him with the people's voices. Nor is Mr. Watson, we imagine, Coriolanus enough to find them anything but "most sweet voices." The critic who casts a retrospective eye over this well-filled volume will not deny that he has deserved his popularity. There is enough to be popular, enough for ballast, and enough to endure. A posy might be made from it of things complete and excellent. Mr. Watson has been hailed as the inheritor of Wordsworth's tradition. For our part we are sorry that he should so have been hailed. It tends to encourage his chief danger, the fluency which would have wrecked the Rydal master had he been a lesser man, and marred him seriously as it was. It is not when Mr. Watson is sedulously reminding us that his initials are W. W.—not then is it we most admire him. Nor do we consider his best power Wordsworthian. His austerity is of a more cold and classical cast than Wordsworth's: in the sparse poems which are touched with warmer tinge there is a breath of romance quite alien to the elder poet. He has nothing of Wordsworth's subtle pathos, nor that sudden and most secret magic which every now and again transfigures Wordsworth's most unconsidered speech. Mr. Watson's general style, at its best, is marmoreal.

It is possible, from most of his longer poems, to quote nobly-wrought stanzas, striking phrases. Yet the total effect is apt to be weakened by the too ready flow which dilutes them with weaker verses. "The Raven's Shadow" is a sample. Down to the last three stanzas the thought is watered by fluency. Then, in the closing couplet of the ante-penultimate stanza, there is a felicitous change, and the poem ends finely, redeemingly:

Though the flowers be faultless made,
Perfectly to live and die—
Though the bright clouds bloom and fade
Flow'rlike 'midst a meadowy sky—
Where this raven roams forlorn,
Veins of midnight flaw the morn.
He not less will croak and croak
As he ever caws and caws,
Till the starry dance be broke,
Till the spherly pæan pause,
And the universal chime
Falter out of tune and time.
Coils the labyrinthine sea,
Duteous to the lunar will,
But some discord stealthily
Vexes the world-ditty still,
And the bird that caws and caws
Clasps creation with his claws.

The felicitous phrasing of the line we have italicised strikes the closing note at once. "The Father of the Forest," full of noble passages, exhibits the same mixture. A little compression would make it a much finer poem.

This is, of course, a fault on the right side for popular comprehension, which will pardon any amount of expansion, but is relentless towards faults of compression. Let us, however, turn to the poems in which Mr. Watson finds himself completely. He is a master of criticism in verse, whether literary or political. Not a deep thinker, it is an advantage to him, so to speak, to have his material ready-made; he is suited by an objective theme. In the political sonnet he excels, for the sonnet form also curbs his tendency to expansion. The three sonnets called "The World in Armour" are all excellent, and the last extremely fine, worthy of a master. Both it and the admirable sonnet to Tennyson are too well known, however, for quotation. One could wish he had practised the sonnet in general more. Of the sonnet's spirit, though not the sonnet's form, are the felicitous blank-verse lines on Landor's *Hellenics*. But if we were to choose a specimen of Mr. Watson's austere vein at its highest, it would be the beautiful marble lyric, "Lux Perdita":

Thine were the weak, slight hands
That might have taken this strong soul, and bent
Its stubborn substance to thy soft intent,
And bound it unresisting, with such bands
As not the arm of envious heaven had rent.

Thine were the calming eyes
That round my pinnae could have stilled the sea,
And drawn thy voyager home, and bid him be
Pure with their pureness, with their wisdom wise,
Merged in their light, and greatly lost in thee.

But thou—thou passed'st on,
With whiteness clothed of dedicated days,
Cold, like a star; and me in alien ways
Thou leftest, following life's chance lure, where shone
The wandering gleam that beckons and betrays.

The last stanza is of a stately, calm perfection, which recalls the best classic traditions. Mr. Watson has there had a great moment: and in like vein is the lyric called "The Sovereign Poet."

Beautiful, in a different way, is the whole of the "Ode to May." We must find room for the last half:

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,
Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire,
Silent her bosom and coy;
But the strong god sued and pressed,
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and fame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres.

O bright irresistible lord,
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,
Whence first was the seed outpoured.

To thee as our Father we bow,
Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,
Thou art but as a wave of his hand;
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
That chant the chant of the Whole."

There is an ardour in that, alien to the usual spirit of Mr. Watson's muse. But, indeed, the very greatest of his odes, that to "Autumn," is in a vein more like Keats than Wordsworth. We are sorry that its length forbids us to quote this rich and fervid poem. Let us be content with a most lovely little lyric, the subtlest thing that Mr. Watson has written, to our mind.

Thy voice from inmost dreamland calls,
The wastes of sleep thou makest fair;
Bright o'er the ridge of darkness falls
The cataract of thy hair.

The morn renews its golden birth:
Thou with the vanquished night dost fade,
And leav'st the ponderable earth
Less real than thy shade.

There is the innermost mystery and regret of all vision in this exquisite poem. Every now and again, indeed, as we traverse Mr. Watson's book, there break through the sedate Wordsworthian manner which is his choice, his deliberate ideal, gleams of the romantic muse, tokens of a gift of fancy which is too seldom suffered to quit its cage. The "Autumn" and the lyric we have quoted are the supreme exhibition of this more blossomy mood. But one finds it even in a casual touch like

Bid me no more to leave unknissed
That rose-wreathed porch of pearl.

To conclude: in so far as he is derivative, Mr. Watson makes defence of himself, at once frank, humble, and dignified, in the *Apologia* with which he fittingly ends this volume. Retrospect exhibits a poet conscientious, craftsmanlike, steady in worthy aim; who, if he does not always touch the heights to which his eyes are lifted, in a choice number of poems attains them perfectly; while the total range of accomplishment covered by these elect poems is greater than mere recollection could have prepared us to surmise. For we have omitted from this brief and necessarily inadequate survey his poems on poets, which carry the critical nineteenth century spirit with such novelty into verse; nor have we touched upon many long poems appealing for attention—the well-known "Wordsworth's Grave," or the striking "Dream of Man," for instance. We have rather dwelt upon the less familiar side of his genius; in which, paradoxically, he nevertheless seems to us to achieve his most beautiful and complete successes. This collection, bringing to focus the best of his work, is a distinct gain to all who have followed his career with admiration and sympathy, justifying the esteem he has conquered by patient and self-respecting labour.

The Grandeur that was Rome.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire.
By Samuel Dill, M.A., Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

THERE is more than a frigid rhetoric in the famous appeal of Symmachus to Valentinian for the restoration of the Altar of Victory in the Senate House of Rome: "We implore peace for the gods of our country, for our native gods. It is but just to recognise, beneath varying worships, one sole Divinity. We behold the same stars; we share the same heavens; the same world embraces us. What matters it in what manner each man seeks the truth? A single road is not enough whereby to arrive at the mighty mystery." Strangely moving, the appeal of the dethroned deities, in the name of tolerance, to the Galilean victor: *dona nobis pacem!* Strangely touching, the voice of ancient Rome lamenting her vanished past; her eyes bent backward, refusing to foresee her Christian empire and spiritual conquest of the world! It is a period of profoundly human interest, that century which saw the end of the Western Empire under the rule of a little child bearing the pathetic and ironic name of Romulus Augustulus. Mr. Dill's work upon it is well worthy to stand beside M. Boissier's *La Fin du Paganisme*, and higher praise we have not to give. His erudition does not cumber him: his style is lucid and attractive, his judgment is impartial and sympathetic, he gives life and reality to a most crowded, various, puzzling passage of time. He invests Symmachus, Ausonius, Sidonius, and their contemporaries with the charm of intimate personality; while his general appreciations and descriptions of the age are as skilful as they are learned. That he once writes Propertius for Persius is probably the one positive blemish upon his very welcome volume.

Profani si quid bene dixerunt, non aspernandum. This utterance of St. Augustine expresses the continuity of feeling with which Latin Christendom regarded the arts and sciences, laws and institutions of pagan Rome. To such ecumenical minds as his the empire of Rome was the creation of Divine providence, second only to the theocracy of Israel. Both were preparations for the Christian Church and Gospel, both venerable and august. Despite fanatics and extremists, it was impossible for Christianity to make *tabula rasa* of the historic past. Augustine had Virgil in his veins, Jerome was laughably shocked at his own inveterate Ciceronianism; their views of the pagan epochs were enlightened and large. "If these books agree with the Koran, they are superfluous; if not, they are pernicious: let them then be burned!" But not in the manner of the Caliph Omar at Alexandria did the wisest of the Christian leaders deal with the sages and singers of antiquity. They found in the workings of Providence something not unlike a law of progress and evolution, an orderly unfolding of Divine purpose, and they did not think that for Christians the world must date, in all things, from the birth of Christ. The accusation that Christianity was inimical to the empire and responsible for its weakness, that the Catholic Church could come to no terms with the ancient civility, that her influence was barbarising and effeminate, that the Roman

world was perishing of the Christian faith, produced the magnificent *De Civitate Dei* of Augustine, with its pedantic pendant, the History of Orosius. If Rome be in mortal sickness, she has her own degeneracy to thank for it, her falling away from her pristine spirit; but greater than the City of the World, which, as Rutilius sings, had made of *orbs* one *urbs*, is the City of God "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," whereof all are citizens in Christ. Augustine's mind was of imperial cast, and he towers in an age of littleness. But what was this age, in which Paganism still wore the senatorial robe, in which there were pagan sceptics and sceptical Christians, in which superstition ran riot and all looks chaotic? An age in which the "barbarians" play their great part of "casting the kingdoms old into another mould"; an age of perplexed transition and fermentation; an age in labour with new times and things; an uncomfortable, aching, fascinating age. In spite of incessant legislation, an age of infinite social and official corruption; in spite of deep reverence for education, an age of elegant dilettantism and rhetoric, of conventional preciousness; an age stricken with mental nervelessness, lacking originality, magnanimity, greatness, and, while crying out for its Carlylean "man," never discovering him. An age, as Tacitus called his own, of *Deum ira in rem Romanam*, and an age of *Gesta Dei per Francos* and other "barbarians." And in the midst of the confusion we contemplate, with amusement and amazement, half contemptuous, half sympathising, the figures so vividly portrayed by Mr. Dill. They are the victims of rhetoric, of the tyranny of words, of style leading substance captive; with infinite pains they attain to saying nothing to the glory of culture.

Aiming at a last refinement of style, heirs of Greek and Roman ages, they do not approach to even the rude felicity of Ennius; living amid wars and the rumour of wars, at a time when the world was in upheaval and unrest, they write, these men of the world, as though they lived in an earthly paradise of *précieux ridicules*. Symmachus held offices of high dignity, and led the Senate; Ausonius rose from a provincial professoriate to posts of splendid rank; Sidonius was a bishop; yet it is the rarest thing to find in their writings any strong and serious trace of social, religious, political, national feeling—anything of the old Roman *gravitas* or *pietas* or *virtus*. The rise and fall of emperors, the advent of invaders, the turmoil and tumult of the times, provoke from them scarce any utterance instinct with manly vigour and reality. By the side of their great Roman predecessors they are as dancers beside athletes. Even Ausonius, at his best, cannot rise above an imperturbable prettiness; and he was something of a true poet, much of a true scholar, and a man of wide experience. The letters of Symmachus, says Villemain, "*élégantes et ingénieuses, sont stériles de faits et de sentiments*"; such sterility marks an age of decadence. But the last hundred years of the Western Empire, though full of rottenness and decay, were stirring and arousing; yet, except in Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, they yield us little better than feeble pomposity, dainty affectation, and rhetoric. St. Paulinus of Nola, young, rich, accomplished, retires from the world: his master and friend, Ausonius, begs him to

return in the name of the Muses. Paulinus, a man of beautiful character and strong will, declines in language worthy of our Georgian poets laureate; Phoebus and Delos jostle Christ and the Day of Judgment. There is a certain pathos in this clinging to the forms of pagan culture, this recognition of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome": we are reminded of the austere Savonarola, strengthened in his resolve to flee the world by a line of Virgil. On all sides, and notably in Southern Gaul, we find an amiable, earnest, slightly ludicrous pre-occupation with letters and learning: upon this ground pagan and Christian could meet, could revere together the golden ages of antiquity and the genius of Rome. But, except in the matter of mutual charity, they did so to very little purpose, though with praiseworthy intent.

The late paganism of the empire, from Constantine's Edict of Toleration in 313, up to its sinking underground and passing into a kind of folk-lore, is singularly interesting. What kept an educated man from accepting Christianity; at least, in name? Many Christians wore their faith lightly, and easily cast it off. Ausonius, to put it gently, was not an ardent Christian. It is still a question whether Boëthius, born at the very death of the Western Empire, was Christian or not. To be a Christian was a worldly advantage: to be a pagan was, at least at certain times and under certain emperors, a criminal offence. Christianity was no longer an obscure, illiterate Jewish superstition: it wore the purple; it possessed the learning of the ancients; it largely "reconciled" Plato with the Gospel; it had no enmity against art; it was liberal and humane; it showed itself consistent with cultivated society and civil government. The very earliest work of Christian apologetics in Latin—the *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, contemporary with Tertullian—is written by a cultured convert in a tone of winning suavity and grace. What was there in imperial paganism to retain its adherents when approached by a philosophical, courteous, candid Christianity? Paganism among the *pagani*, the rustic villagers, was doubtless the primitive, ancestral faith of Numa; but the senators, consuls, prefects, lecturers, men of letters, in Rome and the great provincial centres, assuredly held no such simply natural a faith as that. How was it that, "*philosophe et homme d'état*, Symmaque défendait, au milieu du siècle de Théodose, la culte et la théogonie de Numa"? It was largely an unconscious mysticism of feeling about Rome, the City of the World. Could the Papacy be transferred from Rome, it would take many generations to transfer to another place the Catholic feeling of devotion. *Ave Roma Immortalis!* And the patrician, scholarly, official classes of the fourth and fifth centuries included many to whom the long glory of Rome was a religion, and her *genius* the true D.O.M. They did not refuse to acknowledge many divinities, nor to hold vague semi-Platonic theosophies; but Christianity was exclusive, while claiming catholicity. They felt that it was no religion for gentlemen of Rome; *noblesse oblige*, and it was not for them to renounce the faith which had winged the Roman eagles. An high-bred superiority marks the attitude of such men as Symmachus, a courteous disdain for

the new popular creed—something of that *hauteur* which animated the nobles of France before their fall, even when they foresaw it. In some, forms of oriental devotion, sanctioned by long prescription, supplied the needs of the spirit. Some, sceptics at heart, found paganism easier than Christianity. Not a few shared, with better reason, the views of Smollett's friend, who, "being in the Campidoglio at Rome, made up to the bust of Jupiter, and, bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, 'I hope, sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity.'" For amid the shock of barbarian invasion and the profound catastrophe of the taking of Rome, men's minds were moved to speculate upon the cause of such calamities: it was but natural to see in them the wrath of offended Olympus, or the impotence of the Christian Heaven. Again, the sophistical education of the day was debilitating: it tended to produce indifferentism.

Without wholly damning this "last century" as one of corruption, we may call it one of those ages in which men are inclined, not to grapple with its distress and disease, but to say, with languid resignation, "It will last our time." So died out, with Romulus Augustulus, the empire of the Cæsars. The next to wear the crown of the West will be a "barbarian," but a mightily enlightened one: Carolus Magnus, a true Cæsar, worthy to inaugurate with glory the Middle Age.

Well Written.

Government and Democracy, and Other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. (Nutt. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a brilliant little book. Mr. Chapman wields a razor-edge of forcible statement, and he is inspired by a moral passion that makes his utterance a breathing, vital



JOHN J. CHAPMAN.

thing. The volume arose, he tells you, "out of an attempt to explain an election," and the key to it all is in the opening essay on "Politics." This is the most complete and scathing indictment of American corruption that we have ever read, and it is in the compass of forty-six pages. In this space Mr. Chapman turns the whole fabric of a society inside out like an old glove.

"Misgovernment in the United States," says Mr. Chapman, "is an incident in the history of commerce. It is part of the triumph of

industrial progress." The close of the war left the country divided into two bitterly hostile parties, Democrats and Republicans. The original bone of contention was removed, but the organisations remained. And bit by bit, during thirty years, the forces of capital seized on these and wrested them to their own ends. Mr. Chapman takes as an example a small country town through which ran a railroad, and shows with remorseless analysis how that railroad, working through a sharp local attorney, with unlimited powers of bribery at his back, gradually got control of the politics of that town. First one party organisation is manipulated and put in the hands of a "boss," or paid wire-puller. Then the other follows, and the two are played off against each other as the capitalist desires. Ultimately the process is complete. "The town is now ruled by a Happy Family. Stable equilibrium has been reached at last. Commercialism is in control. Henceforth the railroad company pays the bills for keeping up both party organisations, and it receives care and protection from whichever party is nominally in power." What Mr. Chapman here describes as occurring on a small scale has happened on a large scale in almost every State and every municipality in America. In New York, in particular, the vast Democratic organisation of Tammany Hall is the tool of the mercantile interests. And the same interests equally control the opposing organisation of the Republicans. The two party bosses, curtly described as Croker and Platt, face each other with the wink of Roman augurs. Whichever wins at the polls, the result is the same. "It has always been the ear-mark of an enterprise of the first financial magnitude in New York that it subscribed to both campaign funds."

After describing the system and briefly indicating its effects upon the standards of municipal and personal morality, Mr. Chapman turns to the hope of reform. For there is, and has been for some time, a strong reform movement growing up in the heart of New York itself. Business men, professional men, literary men have banded themselves together into bodies known as "Good Government Clubs" for the express purpose of promoting reform. Hitherto they have been notoriously unsuccessful at the polls. In the recent mayoralty election Mr. Low only polled half the Tammany vote. Mr. Chapman thinks that the reformers have gone to work in the wrong way. They have attempted to work on the old party lines, to meet corruption with its own weapons. They have not thrown themselves unreservedly enough upon idealism, have not realised that their function must be for some time that of educators, rather than of statesmen. The pendulum, he declares, has swung in the right direction, but the men of the future still need a policy: above all, they still need a political philosophy. They have been exploited by commercialism, but they have not been undermined. "The grip of commerce is growing weaker, the voice of conscience louder. A phase in our history is passing away. That phase was predestined from the beginning. . . . We see that our institutions were particularly susceptible to this disease of commercialism, and that the sickness was acute, but that it was not mortal. Our institutions survived,"

Starting, then, from the conclusions of this opening essay, and fortifying himself by the psychological doctrines which underlie the teaching of Froebel, Mr. Chapman sets himself to sketch a system of political and social morality conceived on lines at once individualistic and altruistic. The whole book is freshly thought out and, to our mind, admirably put. It is full of pregnant suggestive phrases, of ironic flashlights on the society it condemns. What could be better than the whole description of the deadening effect of commercial dishonesty on the whole of American life and American letters? At the club no man will express an opinion on the most indifferent subject. His daily avocations make him furtive. The thing is like a deadly blight on all humane activity. "The second-rate quality of all our letters and verse is due to the same cause. The intellectual integrity is undermined. The literary man is concerned for what 'will go,' like the reformer who is half politician. The attention of every one in the United States is on some one else's opinion, not on truth." There is a very interesting passage on the absence in America of that "reservoir of spiritual power" which, according to Mr. Chapman, has "turned the tide of commercialism in England," and has produced in London a body of men and women who "work like beavers in its reform." But it is precisely such large-brained, large-souled books as this of Mr. Chapman's which go to create such reservoirs of spiritual power. He has our God-speed in his wrestle with the Augean stables.

Mr. Runciman's Musical Essays.

Old Scores and New Readings. By J. F. Runciman. (The Unicorn Press.)

THE name of Mr. J. F. Runciman is one that has headed a hundred alarms and excursions into the camps of many complacent and over-content warriors. During the past few years he has been the terror of the Academic school of musical expression, of old-fashioned and perfunctory criticism, and of that ignorance which is never so happy as when it is engaged in labelling a difference of view with the same name. He has keen and incisive cleverness; he is a musician to the finger-tips; he has independence of thought and of expression, and he is as courageous as a Viking. Having premised so much it would be absurd to deny that he has the defects of his qualities highly developed. If he is clever, he is sometimes consciously paradoxical; if he is a fine musician, he sometimes makes his music too personal an affair; if he is fearlessly independent, he sometimes mistakes unwarrantable satire for frankness of utterance; and, finally, if he is courageous, with no trace of cowardice or of compromise in him, he is inclined to forget that courage and refinement of sympathy are not always of necessity playing as respondent and co-respondent in the Divorce Court. Well, that being said, Mr. Runciman has just submitted to the world a volume containing some of his more elaborate musical essays that have been published of recent years in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, the *New Review*, and the *Dome*. In such collected form, we should be

inclined to say that not since the time of Berlioz has so individual and so keenly clever a collection of papers on music been placed before the public. Mr. Runciman, indeed—perhaps somewhat arrogantly—claims, in a rather too personal dedication to Mr. Frank Harris, that "this is the first time that a critic has shut off no part of himself from the influence of music, and has kept back no part of the resulting impression of the effect, produced by music upon his entire human soul." That is, we submit, a little grotesque. Berlioz did it, and Wagner did it; and Berlioz, at all events, was a master of letters; whereas we are not quite sure that it can be fully allowed to Mr. Runciman that he has, without the intrusion of prejudice, really accomplished this feat; and though he writes exceedingly well, at all events for every purpose that he has in view—sometimes in this respect his felicity is marvellous—he cannot be described as a master of letters. We speak now, of course, from a somewhat high and exclusive literary point of view.

From what we have already written, it will be gathered that the actual essays under consideration come to the reader with a double meaning—a meaning of welcome and of (shall we say it?) a slight repulsion. They fall more or less into just these two sections. Those on Purcell, Haydn, Schubert, "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Siegfried," Brahms and Dvorák seem to us to be brilliant, adequate, and distinguished by wonderful directness and straightness of insight. The Purcell, we are inclined to think, is the best of all. Here Mr. Runciman is on ground which he not only knows extremely well, but which also is sufficiently remote to keep him more or less from those contemporary quarrels in which he has ever been a foremost fighter. Thus he writes of his beloved English composer—as he calls him, "our last great musician":

Purcell is also a chief, though not the chief, among song-writers. And he stands in the second place by reason of the very faculty which places him among the first of instrumental and choral writers. That dominating picturesque power of his, that tendency to write picturesque melodies as well as picturesque movements, compelled him to treat the voice as he treated any other instrument, and he writes page on page which would be at least as effective on any other instrument; and as more can be got out of the voice than out of any other instrument, and the tip-top song-writers got all out that could be got out, it follows that Purcell is below them. But only the very greatest of them have beaten him, and he often, by sheer perfection of phrases, runs them very close.

That is a luminous bit of criticism, despite the somewhat casual form—note the repetition of "got" three times and "out" four times within a few lines—in which it is uttered. But there is little in this essay that is not masterly, from the critical standpoint. The "Lohengrin" article, again, is a beautiful piece of work, in which Mr. Runciman has really caught the central idea of the opera from a new and fresh point of view. His feeling for the river that flows from Monsalvat to Brabant seems to us to be a really fine excursion into the shores of romantic criticism. The "Note on Brahms," too, is excellent, distinguishing as it does, in admirable fashion, the pretentious from the real in that over-praised musician, and discovering where the true

poignancy of Brahms' tragic utterance lay, in the realisation, that is, of his own want of inspiration. But Mr. Runciman is not unfair:

It must be remembered that all his music is irreproachable from the technical point of view. Brahms is certainly with Bach, Mozart, and Wagner in point of musicianship; in fact, these four might be called the greatest masters of sheer music who have lived. A Brahms score is as wonderful as a Wagner score; from beginning to end there is not a misplaced note nor a trace of weakness; and one stands amazed before the consummate workmanship of the thing. The only difference between the Wagner score and the Brahms score is, that while the former is always alive the latter is sometimes alive too, but more frequently as dead as a door-mat.

Among the less keen, or (at any rate) less pleasant essays of the book we must rank first of all that on "Parsifal." It strikes throughout, as it seems to us, a false, even perhaps a braggart, note, and the braggart note is nearly always insincere. Mr. Runciman sets out on what seems to be a little *tour de force* of his own, and for some reason or another he does not carry his theory off brilliantly enough. Done with a Stevensonian lightness, the attempt to prove "Parsifal" an immoral work might have been amusing; as a matter of fact, it succeeds in being a little dismal. The Verdi article, again, is too slight to support all the theory that he burthens it with, and once more that is because his manner of writing does not here quite suit the matter in hand. In a word, we are forced for a conclusion upon Mr. Runciman's literary style. For his own particular purpose, to express his deeply felt and original views on music, it is absolutely adequate and peculiarly personal. Where he essays the easy manner of the man of letters, as, for example, in the dedication, and writes for the sake of his words, he does not reach his right level of excellence; and you can always discover when he has wandered a little way from his real self by these subtle differences (as you may put it) in his elocution. His book remains, however, a living contribution to the musical literature of the times.

The Prettiest Beguilement.

Dream Days. By Kenneth Grahame. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME'S *Dream Days* is an extension of his *Golden Age*. It has the same qualities, the same charm. Hence there is not much that is fresh to say about it. Perhaps it is, by a shade, not so good; but the shade is of the slightest, and to all those who ask for fun before everything the new volume will stand as the better. For ourselves, we have read it with pure and rippling delight, and we now feel in no mood for anything but praise. Because—when a gentleman devotes his leisure to so gay and innocent an employment as remembering his childhood, and recording his memories with wit and delicate literary art, there seems to us no call for anything else. He makes no challenge. He merely says: "If you are for pretty beguilement, try this"; and having tried it, we admit the beguilement, and recommend it to others. There are tender, fragile books which it is a

mistake to "review" in the ordinary way, and *Dream Days* is conspicuous among them.

The peculiar joy of *Dream Days* is Harold. In *The Golden Age* he did some beautiful things, notably in "The Burglars," but in *Dream Days* he is continually busy and persuasive. Here, from "Dies Irae," a sketch of one of those days when nothing ever goes right, is a glimpse of Harold at a favourite game:

Somewhat disheartened, I made my way downstairs and out into the sunlight, where I found Harold playing conspirators by himself on the gravel. He had dug a small hole in the walk, and had laid an imaginary train of powder thereto; and as he sought refuge in the laurels from the inevitable explosion, I heard him murmur, "'My God!' said the Czar, 'my plans are frustrated!'" It seemed an excellent occasion for being a black puma. Harold liked black pumas, on the whole, as well as any animal we were familiar with. So I launched myself on him, with the appropriate howl, rolling him over on the gravel.

Life may be said to be composed of things that come off and things that don't come off. This thing, unfortunately, was one of the things that didn't come off. From beneath me I heard a shrill cry of, "Oh! it's my sore knee." And Harold wriggled himself free from the puma's clutches, bellowing dismally. Now, I honestly didn't know he had a sore knee, and what's more, he knew I didn't know that he had a sore knee. According to boy ethics, therefore, his attitude was wrong, sore knee or not, and no apology was due from me. I made half-way advances, however, suggesting we should lie in ambush by the edge of the pond and cut off the ducks as they waddled down in simple, unsuspecting single file, then hunt them as bisons flying over the vast prairie. . . . But Harold would none of my overtures, and retreated to the house wailing with full lungs.

Mr. Grahame goes on to tell how this rebuff, coming upon so many others, was the last straw. He left the garden, an Ishmael. Yet "somewhere in the world, I felt sure, justice and sympathy still resided. There were places called pampas, for instance, that sounded well. League upon league of grass, with just an occasional wild horse, and not a relation within the horizon!"

In "Mutabile Semper" Harold is discovered at another pursuit. While the others are painting or musing upon love Harold is composing a "death-letter." A death-letter is practically a will, a disposal of personal estate. Harold's death-letter ran thus:

my dear edward when I die I leave all my muny to you
my walkin sticks wips my crop my sord and gun bricks
forts and all things i have goodbye my dear charlotte when
i die I leave you my wach and cumpus and pencil case my
salors and camperdown my pictares and evthing goodbye
your loving brother armen my dear Martha I love you
very much i leave you my garden my mice and rabets
my plants in pots when I die please take care of them my
dear.

Selina, it may be remarked, objected to her exclusion. "I don't care," said Harold; "I was going to leave you something, but I shan't now 'cos you tried to read my death-letter before I was dead" (there had been a fearful fight). "Then I'll write a death-letter myself," retorted Selina, "and I shan't leave you a single thing!" Selina, however, though thoroughly worsted in this particular story,

has her own glorious moments, and the account of her celebration of Trafalgar Day is one of the best things of the book.

Here we must leave this charming little work. We have said nothing of Mr. Grahame's sympathy with child nature, his penetration and kindly humour; but that is because we have said these things before. They are commonplaces.

A Political Pilgrimage.

Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey. By Lord Warkworth, M.P. (Edward Arnold. 21s.)

LORD WARKWORTH, whose Oxford career was one of the most distinguished of recent times, undertook an expedition last year in company with Lord Encombe, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, and Mr. Lionel Holland, from Angora, through Armenia and Kurdistan, to Mosul. The country was still unquiet after the massacres, and the four Englishmen found the way barred with trifling obstructions. They persevered, and were able to pass safely through some very dangerous parts, and to acquire a first-hand knowledge—what few Europeans have possessed. The main object of the journey was political, and the political conclusion is of great interest. Lord Warkworth insists upon what may now be regarded as a proven fact—the political nature of the massacres. He analyses with much shrewdness the Turkish attitude towards England and Russia. He confesses himself frankly a Turcophil, but he has no roseate hopes for a reconstitution of the Turkish empire from within. In all his judgments he is moderate, reasonable, and well-informed.

But the book is not a political treatise. It seems to us that the travellers must have been hampered by their means of information. To make their results practically valuable, names and details would need to be appended; but this could scarcely be done without a direct betrayal of confidence. Hence the book is as much the itinerary of a man of culture as the record of a political student. The antiquities on the route—classical, Christian, mediæval—are described by the author with a scholar's enthusiasm. He finds Perrot in an error concerning the "Hittite" palace at Boghaz Keni, and on another point he joins issue with Mr. Hogarth. He tells a curious story to illustrate the local prejudice against the ascent of Ararat. "Ararat," said an Armenian priest on the road between Erzeroum and Bayazid, "is the birthplace of mankind; and we know, on the authority of our Saviour's own words to Nicodemus, that a man cannot enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born"—"a quotation of Scripture," says Lord Warkworth, "which, like so many others of its kind, would be more convincing if the quotation were borne out by the text!" Towards the end of the journey he found an Arab patriarch who was immensely flattered because some religious body in America had conferred on him a distinction called the "Crown of Thorns." The book does not profess to be a picturesque history, but the style has a vivacity of its own, and now and then we get a cleanly-drawn picture. Take this:

The dingy room into which we were ushered by a ragged crew was lit by spiral tapers of bees'-wax, and clouded with the dense smoke of a wood-fire. Our bed-fellows were a horse, and a buffalo whose vulgarly noisy and prolonged munching of his evening meal compelled us, in the interests of slumber, to suggest to its owners that they should limit the supply of fodder. The cure, however, proved worse than the disease, for the outraged animal vented its displeasure in such continuous and unmusical protests that at length we were forced to an unconditional surrender.

Or this:

Its rickety bridges and quaint brick houses striped in bands of brilliant cobalt along the water's edge, and its little inlets fringed with glossy-leaved bananas and overhanging palms, whose feathery tops glance like pale blue sprays of hoarfrost under the moon.

The book is illustrated with a great number of the most beautiful photographs we remember to have seen in a work of the kind.

A Great Englishman.

Some Account of George William Wilshere, Baron Bramwell of Hever, and His Opinions. By Charles Fairfield. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

A FEW days ago the present writer asked a thoughtful man what impression he had formed of a judge of the Queen's Bench Division while serving as a common jurymen. It appeared that he had brought away the conviction that our judges work very hard and very carefully. Many, very many, of us have come to the same conclusion; and the thought braces us as we splash past the Law Courts in the rain. Mr. Fairfield knows how wide and silent and real this tribute is, and in the first sentence of his book he says with happy intelligence: "The memoirs of each memorable judge which Her Majesty's public constructs for itself is 'He sat there and did what was right, and is dead!'"

Lord Bramwell was of this great brood. His life-story is that of a man, English to the core, and endowed with great talents, who wasted none of his strength, but kneaded it and applied it until it became at once colossal and humane. Lord Bramwell was a great judge, not only by profession, but in that he was everlastingly set on doing justice. "Anybody's wrong was his own personal wrong." Hence, when he left the Bench, he thundered judgments in the *Times*. What letters those "B." letters were—one's brain glories in them!

Anecdotes? There are fewer, perhaps, than one expected, but the need of them is not great; Mr. Fairfield's pages are briny enough. Yet to save ourselves from reproach, take two pictures. In one Bramwell is saying to a monstrous assaulter of children: "Your counsel tells me that four years' penal servitude will kill you. I don't care if it does kill you." In another he is warning a jury to disregard the burst of tears into which he had been betrayed while summing up against a poor old woman of seventy, indicted for the murder of her husband. Both moods were exceptional—but they declare the man. We can but name that immortal contention on "Drink" in the

Times which the men of water and the men of whisky watched with alternating ecstasies, while now the Law Lord and now the author of *Eric* quoted the Scriptures in ding-dong style, and pelted each other with lines from Propertius and verses of fusty Rabbis.

Taking leave of this great judge, we must think of him on the Bench, working, as Mr. Fairfield says, for "some thing more than pay":

precisely what it is Englishmen are slow to say; also slow to believe, amid the drone, drone, drone of dusty, foggy courts of law, that worn, bent, weary old men one sees sitting on the Bench, these worked and struggled and wore themselves out, buoyed up by the very same spirit which sends often mere lads, full of life, to challenge death in front of their comrades.

Mr. Fairfield has caught the spirit, as well as recorded the multifarious facts, of Lord Bramwell's life, and he has succeeded in conveying both clearly to his readers.

Cannibals Next Door.

Through New Guinea and the Cannibal Countries. By H. Cayley-Webster. (Unwin. 21s.)

THE picture that haunts us most after closing Captain Webster's book is that of the British or German flag floating over little palm-sheltered coves and wharves and custom-houses within hail of cannibalism. In New Britain Captain Webster found smiling plantations managed by European traders, people of refinement, people whose houses suggest the country houses of Western civilisation; and yet, in a walk before tea, you may find villages whose chiefs keep slaves for the purpose of food, and kill them as regularly as an English farmer kills his ducks.

Other dreadful practices are common behind those seafarings of mangroves where so much of the glamour of these islands begins and ends. The Solomons are still full of head-hunters, and the heads of white men are much in request. Captain Webster writes:

Head-hunting raids are constantly being organised upon villages near at hand, but never has it been known that any one expedition has been formed and sent out to any particular village without first being confident that they were attacking a very much weaker party than their own. On these occasions every available canoe is manned, some of the larger ones holding as many as sixty warriors, who, armed to the teeth, set out on their murderous journey. I have been an eye-witness to more than one such expedition, when a large haul had been made and more than sixty trophies in the shape of heads had been captured, which were immediately smoke-dried and preserved by being plastered over with chinam.

Captain Webster gives a list of white men murdered in this group. On the island of Lombok he saw the modified suttee which prevails there. The unhappy widow is killed by knives instead of by fire. Other of Captain Webster's relations are as frightful; some are necessarily loathsome. As an observer and a collector of natural history specimens, Captain Webster did interesting work, and his book is a genial and thrilling account of wanderings in the darkest places of the earth.

War from Within.

War Memories of an Army Chaplain. By H. Clay Trumbull. (Scribner. 7s. 6d..)

MR. TRUMBULL should have dipped his colours to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Stephen Crane when prefacing his memories of the Northern army in the American Civil War. He says: "Little . . . has been written to show the thoughts and feelings of the soldier in active army service." Little, yes; but that little has been burned into the minds of tens of thousands of readers by two masters of the "reporting" school of fiction. Therefore Mr. Trumbull should have dipped his colours. His own book is entirely readable, if rather spun out. The position of a regimental chaplain in the American struggle was peculiar. He was a commissioned officer without a command. He alone could talk with a general or a private with equal familiarity. To him alone the general and the private could confide their feelings with the same freedom. If, therefore, the chaplain was a good fellow—in the full war sense of the term—he was in the best possible position to gather and record the inner life of the army in which he was a unit. Mr. Trumbull, rather unkindly, shows that there were chaplains and chaplains in the war. There was at least one who failed to secure respect. Said one soldier to another—they were talking of the chaplain of another regiment than their own:

"You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there."

"You don't mean that our chaplain's a coward—do you?" asked the other in a scornful tone.

"Oh, no! I don't say he's a coward; but whenever there's any firing ahead, he has to go for the mail."

"Well, but he's got to go for the mail, you know."

"Yes; but if the firing is sudden, he can't stop to get his saddle on."

Mr. Trumbull's stories of heroism, death, and suffering are legion. The book is almost too much packed with them; it is too long. With more selection, and fewer chapters, this narrative would have been more effective. One sad statement, among many, is that numbers of the soldiers received very few letters from home; the billets that would have softened the bullets were too often lacking. Perhaps the most impressive of Mr. Trumbull's stories is the one on pp. 182-3, about the shooting of a deserter. The facts he gives about desertion are extraordinary. Men deserted and re-enlisted three, five, and seven times over, encouraged by the "substitute-brokers." They were themselves known as "bounty-jumpers." The two expressions carry a world of meaning. One Irish mother naïvely congratulated herself on the prosperity of her son. Asked what he was doing, she replied: "Well, I'm not quite sure as to that. But I believe they call it 'lapeing the bounty.'" These thrilling tales of war are illustrated with becoming vividness by several artists.

A Gentle Voice.

Summer Sonnets. By Emma J. Parker. (Grant Richards.)

A PRETTIER book than this—vellum-clad and slender and fair-paged—it would be hard to find. Mrs. Parker's poetical output is very small, but it is sweet and simple: a few sonnet memories of notable open-air days; tributes

to friends—Dr. Parker and Frances Willard among them ; a little garland of songs, wistful and melancholy ; and that is all. We quote one of the title poems :

A summer noon, with cloudless fire-filled sky,
Whose kisses scorch the buds its lips caress,
Flushing them with too keen a happiness,
Till drooping 'neath the burning touch they sigh
For twilight's gentler, tenderer ecstasy.
The gossip bees with buzzing eagerness
And droning, iterated emphasis,
Scatter their wondrous tidings as they fly.
The butterflies on pale, frail yellow wings
O'er blue forget-me-nots poise light as air ;
And overhead the crimson may-tree swings
Its aromatic fragrance everywhere.
In quiet shade the scented lily rings
Its many bells, calling to midday prayer !

Modest though the tiny collection be, it has a personal character and sincerity ; and Mrs. Parker will, we feel confident, make with it new friends.

Postscript.

ANYONE who can make natural history attractive to children, particularly the minutest insect life, is the parents' valued ally. Mrs. Haig Thomas, in *Spiderland* (Chiswick Press), has done this. Choosing the medium of simple narrative, with much pretty by-play, she has invested some of the mysteries of garden life with a great deal of interest. As a stepping-stone to entomology and botany we can recommend *Spiderland* very heartily.

To make a sportsman's "Whitaker" is the aim which the editors of *The Sportsman's Year-Book* (Lawrence & Bullen), Mr. C. S. Colman and Mr. A. H. Windsor, have set before themselves. They have not quite done it yet, but the start is a good one. A sportsman's "Whitaker," for example, would surely give the principal cricket fixtures for 1899 and not merely the test matches with the Australians. It would also, under the cricket books of the past year, mention K. S. Ranjitsinhji's account of Mr. Stoddart's Australian tour. These are blemishes which more forethought might have removed. But as it is an honourable habit to forgive the compilers of annuals for any faults committed in their first issue, we will say no more. The special articles in the book before us are well done, and it is a little, if not a very rich, mine of information.

The S.P.C.K.'s *Holy Gospels*, which it is proposed to issue in twenty-four monthly parts, begin this month with the first six chapters of the Gospel according to St. John. The page is ample and distinct, and the illustrations, chosen from the Old Masters, are most admirably reproduced. Among the more beautiful pictures in this part are the Virgin of Manucci (Perugino), at Florence ; a Florentine Virgin and Christ, in the Berlin Museum ; Crivelli's Virgin and Christ, at Milan ; Botticelli's Virgin and Child, surrounded by angels, at Florence ; Mantegna's Madonna and Holy Child, at Milan ; and Cosa's Annunciation, at Dresden.

Another excellent S.P.C.K. publication is the *Sketch-Book of British Birds*, which Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, of the British Museum, has written and A. F. and C. Lydon

have illustrated. Of Dr. Sharpe's ornithological work there is no call to speak : his word is his bond. We must also praise the clever and bright little drawings which lend value to Dr. Sharpe's notes. They are printed with sufficient variety of tint to suggest the prominent hues of life and enable the student of this book to recognise birds from it ; but, of course, no effort has been made to reproduce the detailed colouring of, say, a starling's breast. We recommend the volume very cordially to the young naturalist.

Everyone is now a photographer, and many would claim the title of artist too. The question of how far they may deserve the name is discussed very ably by M. R. de la Sizeranne in *La Photographie, est elle un Art ?* (Hachette). He marshals the *pros* and *cons* with vivacity, the conclusion of his interesting inquiry being (in rough translation) :

As one walks through the long Gallery of the Candelabras at the Vatican, and looks over the heads of Hermes and the Furies, Silenus and Mercury, and of Diana of the Ephesians with ten breasts, and of the Satyr extracting a thorn from the foot of a Faun, to the ceilings painted during the present Pontificate, one notices a curious allegory. Science and Art, represented by figures ornamented by their attributes, do homage to Religion for permitting their progress, and well placed among these figures is Photography holding her horrible camera. One is surprised, not only that a Raphael and a Michael Angelo should be succeeded by such a mediocre decoration of ceilings, but that the allegorical goddess of collodium and bromide should stand proudly where, in the Sistine, one saw Sibyls and Prophets. Then one is reminded of the lines addressed to the Princess Isabel of Bavaria by Leo XIII., on *L'Art Photographica* :

Naturæ Apelles æmulus Imaginem
Non pulchriorem pingeret ;

and one asks oneself if what seems to be hyperbole to-day will not be truth to-morrow. What we have seen exhibited is not sufficient evidence for this prediction, but it is more than enough to make us hope it.

"What we have seen exhibited" is a large number of photographs by some of the principal living experts, Continental and English. The pictures are, in many cases, of great beauty, and all show dexterity in composition. We wish, however, that more landscapes had been given.

What "Rouge et Noir" does not know about gambling, in all its forms, cannot be particularly worth knowing. Some nice stories are scattered through his new book, *The Gambling World* (Hutchinson). We like (in a discreet way) the story of the Spanish sharp Bianco, which "Rouge et Noir" abridges from Mr. Maskelyne's *Sharps and Flats*. Bianco took note of the fact that Havana was the greatest gambling centre on earth. He purchased in Spain an enormous stock of playing-cards, and opening every pack with extreme delicacy of handling, he marked all the cards and closed the packs in so perfect a manner that they bore no trace of having been tampered with. The cards were then shipped to Havana and sold at prices which enabled them to crush all opposition. Bianco's cards were soon in every hotel, club, and gaming-house in the Cuban capital. Then Bianco arrived. Of course he won everywhere. An entertainin' book.

Fiction.

The Adventurers. By H. B. Marriott-Watson.
(Harpers. 6s.)

WHETHER it was the title, or something in the aspect of the cover, is difficult to determine. But when we picked up this book we had an impression that Mr. Marriott-Watson had decided to challenge Mr. Henty's supremacy as a writer for boys. The impression was strengthened as the paper-knife disclosed no sign of the tender passion, no mention even of a woman's name, but that of a nebulous and—to the reader—unnecessary housekeeper. Our mistake was apparent before we had read a dozen lines. For on the first page the author writes: "The discrepancy of my narrative with the period in history, the Victorian suavity, and the hum-drum character of daily events have sometimes since prevailed upon me in the compilation; and I feel, even now, upon the threshold of my story, constrained, as it were, to an apology for its anachronism." That is not the sort of sentence to attract a schoolboy. But we were glad to feel that we were again in the company of Dick Ryder's historian, and, foreseeing good entertainment, were not disappointed. It is the anachronism which gives the savour to the story. The problem Mr. Watson set himself to face was—how to combine the clash of steel, struggles upon castle-ramparts, ambushes, secret passages, highway robbery and murder with the "Victorian suavity and the hum-drum character of daily events." It is a problem that many weavers of stories are trying to solve. Put your characters in Barataria or Ruritania and you can do with them as you please. But in England the police are usually called in. Mr. Marriott-Watson solves the problem thus: He imagines a young barrister—Greatorex—who by a sudden chance inherits a castle in Wales. In the castle is a treasure of gold and jewels, hidden in a secret cellar by a Royalist in the seventeenth century. The existence of this treasure is known to several other people, who lay siege to the castle by plot, pistol, and poignard. Neither side, you see, can call in the police, for the treasure really belongs to neither, but to the Crown. And so the author eliminates the power of the law, and leaves the matter to be fought out with bullet and cold steel. There is plenty of rough and tumble work in the book—best of all, perhaps, a fight in the dark against the knife of the arch-villain, who, though a villain, never forgets that he is a valet. In such a story there must be, of course, gaps in probability. You may wonder why Greatorex and his friends, when they first came upon the treasure, did not fill their pockets with a few of the priceless jewels and take the next train to London and Attenborough's. But if they had we should have missed a deal of excitement; and Mr. Watson's heroes are too full-blooded to disappoint our lust for fighting. Nor would that other excellent scoundrel, Captain Lercombe, have had time to expiate an ill-spent life by a final act of self-sacrifice. *The Adventurers* is a really first-rate story of the cut-and-slash kind. Nor should we omit to commend the illustrations by Mr. Keller.

Idols. By William J. Locke.
(Lane. 6s.)

ON the face of it, Mr. Locke's new story is rather sensational. He gives us a murder, a suicide, a divorce; there are three marriages, whereof one is secret, and another bigamous. Incident, however, is but the scaffolding by means of which he would set out the characters of his creations. These are four: two men, the "idols," average clay-footed creatures; two women, put rather obtrusively at opposite poles of good and bad. Hugh Colman is beguiled by the bad woman into a situation which leaves him charged with a murder and tongue-tied from clearing himself. The good woman, Irene Merriam, saves him by committing perjury against her own fair fame. She believes that her own husband will understand; but he declines to do so, and divorces her. From this point the conduct of the story somewhat strains our sense of the plausible. Hugh Colman, previously married under the rose to the bad woman, shows his sense of gratitude by committing bigamy with Mrs. Merriam. Of course the thing comes to light, and a timely suicide makes a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Locke has grip of strong emotional situations.

Absalom's Hair and A Painful Memory. By Björnstjerne Björnson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A Painful Memory is the story of an unjust execution, and only occupies few pages. *Absalom's Hair*, published in 1894, is a more elaborate piece of work. Rafael Kaas is the son of a sporting savage who beats his wife, an audacious novelist with Titian hair. The story concerns itself with the general mess that he makes of life, with his relations to the right woman and the wrong, and with his estrangement from and reconciliation to his mother. Like all the author's work, it interests and repels.

Notes on Novels.

IN STORM AND STRIFE.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

The good old manner is here. For example: "At this moment an oath, strong and fierce, hissed through the summer air." Here, again, is the very stuff and cadence of the cheap novelette: "Lady Violet Fremantle as she stood on a bright August morning, in the rose garden at Coombe Castle, was a vision of joy and delight. A basketful of glorious specimens of the Queen of flowers was on her arm, a cluster of Gloires de Dijon was pinned into the front of her white bodice. A large sun-hat was set jauntily on the fair head, about which the natural curls would never allow themselves to be repressed by the *coiffeur's* art." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

HORATIO.

BY HARLEY RODNEY.

Horatio's other name is Hopkins, and this novel is, in effect, his biography. Horatio seems to be a bad lot. Perhaps he reforms; but on p. 36 he is telling lies "in the most unnecessary manner" at Eton, on p. 59 he is introducing five old Oxford friends to a gambling hell for a sovereign a head, on p. 132 he has abstracted a bottle containing a new explosive from the laboratory of a Government official, and so on. (Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.)

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Lewis Carroll's Suppressed Booklets.

OUR title refers to half-a-dozen anonymous booklets in dull red covers with the imprint of James Parker & Co., Oxford. These "Notes by an Oxford Chiel," for such is the name they bear, are severally entitled: "The New Method of Evaluation as Applied to π "; "The Dynamics of a Parti-cle"; "Facts, Figures, and Fancies, Relating to the Elections to the Hebdomadal Council, the Offer of the Clarendon Trustees, and the Proposal to Convert the Parks into Cricket-Grounds"; "The New Belfry"; "The Vision of the Three T's: a Threnody"; and "The Blank Cheque."

Such are the squibs which, during the years 1865-1874, proceeded from the facile pen of the late Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, known to fame as "Lewis Carroll," the author of the immortal *Alice in Wonderland*. These little brochures, in which certain interesting and important University affairs are discussed with startling ingenuity and unflinching wit, have been scarcely known by the outside world, and, unless a reprint should be forthcoming, there is a possibility that soon only "Lewis Carroll" collectors and ardent book-fanciers will be aware that these evidences of a genius for eccentric originality ever existed. For some reason—perhaps because they failed to satisfy the more mature and grave mind of the author—Mr. Dodgson was led to withdraw every copy which the publishers had in their possession, and now the half-dozen original issues, in their wrappers, which were obtainable for three shillings, are marked at five guineas. Even copies of the second issues are selling for many times their published price. The writer is fortunate in

possessing an author's set acquired at Mr. Dodgson's sale.

To those who, observing Mr. Dodgson in his relations with the University, saw in him the somewhat old-fashioned don, courteous and yet reserved, these facetious effusions, with all their clever word-juggling on current Oxford topics and events, revealed an entirely new side of his life. At every turn one is impressed with their brilliancy and aptness, and the admirer of "Lewis Carroll" who has them on his shelves is lucky. They were produced during those years of the author's life which witnessed his best achievements, and are simply inimitable. At least, it would be hard to find anything to equal them in their own particular line.

The first-named, sent out in 1865, the year of the publication of *Alice*, has reference to a question which had been demanding solution for years. As Regius Professor of Greek, Jowett had won great distinction. To each of the Regius Professorships a nominal salary of only forty pounds per annum was originally attached, but the stipend of every Regius Professor, with the exception of Jowett, had been considerably augmented by special University grants or other methods. When, however, the matter of Jowett's salary came before Convocation the clergy trooped to Oxford to refuse to one whose opinions they believed to be harmful, payment for excellent work with which those opinions had no real connexion. In 1863 Dr. Pusey and his friends commenced a prosecution of Jowett, and, in writing to the *Times* on the subject, Pusey defended himself because of the heresies of *Essays and Reviews*, with which publication Jowett was, of course, connected. Then, in 1864, the Oxford Convocation once more refused to pay Jowett his rightful salary, even though in this instance, as a matter of policy, Pusey and Keble recommended the grant; but not long after the question was settled. More extended reference to the dispute cannot here be made.

Mr. Dodgson's skit, "The Evaluation of π ," is wholly delightful, and, to be rightly appreciated, should be read in its entirety. Only extended quotation can do it the slightest justice. The introduction adequately explains itself:

The problem of evaluating π , which has engaged the attention of mathematicians from the earliest ages, had, down to our own time, been considered as purely arithmetical. It was reserved for this generation to make the discovery that it is in reality a dynamical problem, and the true value of π , which appeared an *ignis fatuus* to our forefathers, has been at last obtained under pressure.

The following are the main data of the problem: Let U = the University, G = Greek, and P = Professor. Then GP = Greek Professor; let this be reduced to its lowest terms, and call the result J (Jowett).

Also let W = the work done, T = the Times, p = the given payment, π = the payment according to T, and S = the sum required; so that $\pi = S$.

The problem is, to obtain a value for π which shall be commensurable with W.

In the early treatises on this subject, the mean value assigned to π will be found to be 40'000000. Later writers suspected that the decimal point had been accidentally shifted, and that the proper value was 400'00000; but, as

the details of the process for obtaining it had been lost, no further progress was made in the subject till our own time, though several most ingenious methods were tried for solving the problem.

The methods, of which the author proceeds to give a brief account, are Rationalisation, the Method of Indifferences, Penrhyn's Method (Penrhyn refers to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster), the Method of Elimination of J (Jowett), and "the great discovery of our own day, the Method of Evaluation under Pressure."

With what perfectly assumed seriousness, excellent fooling, and, withal, consummate ability is it done! How skilfully E and R (*Essays and Reviews*) are made to play their part, and EBP and HPL (Pusey and Liddon) introduced into the "Method of Indifferences." The writer proceeds:

It was now necessary to investigate the locus of EBP: this was found to be a species of Catenary, called the Patristic Catenary, which is usually defined as "passing through origen, and containing many multiple points." The locus of HPL will be found almost entirely to coincide with this.

But nothing, surely, can surpass the "Elimination of J," with its exquisite wit and sarcasm:

It had long been perceived that the chief obstacle to the evaluation of π was the presence of J, and in an earlier age of mathematics J would probably have been referred to rectangular axes, and divided into two unequal parts—a process of arbitrary elimination which is now considered not strictly legitimate.

It was proposed, therefore, to eliminate J by an appeal to the principle known as "*the permanence of equivalent formularies*." This, however, failed on application, as J became indeterminate. Some advocates of the process would have preferred that J should be eliminated "*in toto*." The classical scholar need hardly be reminded that "*toto*" is the ablative of "*tutum*," and that this beautiful and expressive phrase embodied the wish that J should be eliminated by a compulsory religious examination.

It was next proposed to eliminate J by means of a "*canonisant*." The chief objection to this process was, that it would raise J to an inconveniently high power, and would after all only give an irrational value for π .

One other method suggested was that π should be treated as a *given* quantity: this theory was supported by many eminent men at Cambridge and elsewhere; but, on application, J was found to exhibit a negative sign, which of course made the evaluation impossible.

The modern method of "Evaluation under Pressure," which was "crowned with brilliant and unexpected success," cannot here be given, but "there can be no doubt that the process has been correctly performed, and that the learned world may be congratulated on the final settlement of this most difficult problem." The entire pamphlet is in its way unsurpassable.

In the third of the series, "Facts, Figures, and Fancies," in his lines on "The Deserted Parks," a parody of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Mr. Dodgson thus refers to Prof. Jowett and his much debated salary:

A man he was to undergraduates dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
And so, I ween, he would have been till now,
Had not his friends ('twere long to tell you how)

Prevailed on him, Jack-Horner like, to try
Some method to evaluate his pie,
And win from those dark depths, with skilful thumb,
Five times a hundredweight of luscious plum—
Yet for no thirst of wealth, no love of praise,
In learned labour he consumed his days!"

The year 1865 also saw the issue of "The Dynamics of a Parti-cle," with its motto—

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

The author's witty ingenuity now found a congenial theme in one of the most exciting events in the Oxford University of this century, the rejection of Mr. Gladstone in favour of Mr. Gathorne Hardy (afterwards Lord Cranbrook) as its Parliamentary representative, and any reference in book or paper to that event will be made more attractive by extracts from this smart brochure. Some of its definitions are well worth quoting:

PLAIN SUPERFICIALITY is the character of a speech, in which any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points.

PLAIN ANGER is the inclination of two voters to one another, who meet together, but whose views are not in the same direction.

When a Proctor, meeting another Proctor, makes the votes on one side equal to those on the other, the feeling entertained by each side is called RIGHT ANGER.

When two parties, coming together, feel a Right Anger, each is said to be COMPLEMENTARY to the other (though, strictly speaking, this is very seldom the case).

OBTUSE ANGER is that which is greater than Right Anger.

There is a sly hit in the axiom:

Men who take a double in the same (term) are equal to anything.

The different methods of voting are as follows:

ALTERNANDO, as in the case of Mr. —, who voted for and against Mr. Gladstone, alternate elections.

INVERTENDO, as was done by Mr. —, who came all the way from Edinburgh to vote, handed in a blank voting-paper, and so went home rejoicing.

COMPONENDO, as was done by Mr. —, whose name appeared on both committees at once, whereby he got great praise from all men, by the space of one day.

DIVIDENDO, as in Mr. —'s case, who being sorely perplexed in his choice of candidates, voted for neither.

CONVERTENDO, as was wonderfully exemplified by Messrs. — and —, who held a long and fierce argument on the election, in which, at the end of two hours, each had vanquished and converted the other.

EX ÆQUALI IN PROPORTIONE PERTURBATĀ SEU INORDINATĀ, as in the election, when the result was for a long time equalised, and as it were held in the balance, by reason of those who had first voted on the one side seeking to pair off with those who had last arrived on the other side, and those who were last to vote on the one side being kept out by those who had first arrived on the other side, whereby, the entry to the Convocation House being blocked up, men could pass neither in nor out.

As to representation: "Magnitudes are algebraically represented by letters, men by men of letters, and so on."

Among the principal systems of representation is the "TRILINEAR—i.e., by means of a line which takes three different courses. Such a line is usually expressed by three letters, as W.E.G."

In his own unique fashion Mr. Dodgson thus treats of Differentiation:

The effect of Differentiation on a Particle is very remarkable, the first Differential being frequently of a greater value than the original Particle, and the second of less enlightenment.

For example, let L = "Leader," S = "Saturday," and then L.S. = "Leader in the Saturday," (a particle of no assignable value). Differentiating once, we get L.S.D., a function of great value. Similarly it will be found that, by taking the second Differential of an enlightened Particle (i.e., raising it to the Degree D.D.), the enlightenment becomes rapidly less. The effect is much increased by the addition of a C: in this case the enlightenment often vanishes altogether, and the Particle becomes conservative.

It should be observed that, whenever the symbol L is used to denote "Leader," it must be affected with the sign \pm : this serves to indicate that its action is sometimes positive and sometimes negative—some particles of this class having the property of drawing others after them (as "a Leader of an army"), and others of repelling them (as "a Leader of the Times").

From the propositions the following may be selected:

To find the value of a given Examiner. *Example*: A takes in 10 books in the Final Examination, and gets a 3rd Class; B takes in the Examiners, and gets a 2nd. Find the value of the Examiners in terms of books. Find also their value in terms in which no Examination is held.

To continue a given series. *Example*: A and B, who are respectively addicted to Fours and Fives, occupy the same set of rooms, which is always at Sixes and Sevens. Find the probable amount of reading done by A and B while the Eights are on."

The pamphlet closes with a demonstration of the "great Proposition on which the whole theory of Representation depends, namely: 'To remove a given Tangent from a given Circle and to bring another given Line into contact with it.'" In the diagram, UNIV is the circle, WEG is, of course, the tangent in contact, and GH the line ("called 'the base' by liberal mathematicians") not in contact with it. O (Oxford) is the centre of the circle, and I (Ireland) the point of its maximum illumination. "Now, so long as WEG preserves a perfectly straight course, GH cannot possibly come into contact with the circle, but if the force of illumination, acting along OI, cause it to bend, a partial revolution on the part of WEG and GH is effected, WEG ceases to touch the circle, and GH is immediately brought into contact with it. Q.E.F."

"The Vision of the Three T's," relating chiefly to the "beautifying of Thomas, his Quadrangle," was written in 1873. It is quite evident that the erection of the bell-tower at Christ Church, the alteration in the parapet adjoining the hall, and the new entrance to the Cathedral from Tom Quad, were bitterly resented by Mr. Dodgson. This, indeed, is the only skit in which the personal element may be deemed in any wise objectionable. The

architect, Mr. George Bodley, figures as a lunatic under the slightly disguised name of Jeeby, and the "Tea-chest," the "Trench," and the "Tunnel" are subjected to merciless banter. Mr. Gladstone is introduced in the "Ballad of the Wandering Burgess" as "Our Willie," and is represented as expressing his disgust in no mild language:

For as I'm true knight, a fouler sight
I'll never live to see.
Before I'd be the ruffian dark
Who planned this ghastly show,
I'd serve as secretary's clerk
To Ayrton or to Lowe.
Before I'd own the loathly thing
That Christ Church Quad reveals,
I'd serve as shoeblick's underling
To Odger and to Beales!

None of Mr. Dodgson's pamphlets is more difficult to summarise than this, and only a few disconnected sentences can be submitted. In the "Conference betwixt an Angler, a Hunter, and a Professor," Piscator thus describes the fish proper to University waters:

The Commoner kinds we may let pass: for though some of them be easily Plucked forth from the water, yet are they so slow, and withal have so little in them, that they are good for nothing, unless they be crammed up to the very eyes with such stuffing as comes readiest to hand. Of these the Stickle-back, a mighty slow fish, is chiefest, and along with him you may reckon the Fluke, and divers others: all these belong to the "Mullet" genus, and be good to play, though scarcely worth examination.

I will now say somewhat of the Nobler kinds, and chiefly of the Gold-fish, which is a species highly thought of, and much sought after in these parts, not only by men, but by divers birds, as, for example, the King-fishers: and note that wheresoever you shall see those birds assemble, and but few insects about, there shall you ever find the Gold fish most lively and richest in flavour; but wheresoever you perceive swarms of a certain gray fly, called the Dun-fly, there the Gold-fish are ever poorer in quality, and the King-fishers seldom seen.

A good Perch may sometimes be found hereabouts; but for a good fat Plaice (which is indeed but a magnified Perch) you may search these waters in vain. They that love such dainties must needs betake them to some distant Sea. . . .

Nowadays [says the Professor] all that is good comes from the German. Ask our men of science: they will tell you that any German book must needs surpass an English one. Aye, and even an English book, worth naught in this its native dress, shall become, when rendered into German, a valuable contribution to Science. . . . I'll amaze you yet more. No learned man doth now talk, or even so much as cough, save only in German. The time has been, I doubt not, when an honest English "Hem!" was held enough, both to clear the voice and rouse the attention of the company, but nowadays no man of science, that setteth any store by his good name, will cough otherwise than thus: "Ach! Euch! Auch!"

When the new entrance to the Cathedral is spoken of as a railway tunnel, and one says he sees no rails, the response is: "Patience, good Sir! For railing we look to the Public. The College doth but furnish sleepers." Of

the "Bacchanalian Ode" at the end the following may be taken as a sample verse :

Here's to the Censors, who symbolise Sense,
Just as Mitres incorporate Might, Sir!
To the Bursar, who never expands the expense!
And the Readers, who always do right, Sir!

Tutor and Don,

Let them jog on!

I warrant they'll rival the centuries gone!

The booklet thus concludes :

Venator : "Oh me! Look you, Master! A fish, a fish!"

Piscator : "Then let us hook it." (*They hook it.*)

Classification of Women.

It is strange, as the correspondence still running in the *Chronicle* helps to prove, how few words there are in ordinary circulation nowadays to express the differentia of female disposition. The most generally used words—"lady," "woman," "girl," with the prefixes "Mrs." and "Miss"—show difference in quality or in age, without calling attention to any characteristic peculiarities of that quality or age, and they lack power in drawing even these broad distinctions. The word "female" is also used to introduce a new quality distinction, or rather the lack of it; "female" being to "woman" what "woman" is to "lady." "Girl," with its quality distinction "Miss," is merely the general term denoting youth; on marriage this grows into "woman" or "lady" as the case may be, and the "Miss" is exalted into "Mrs." If more delicate distinctions are needed to express peculiar disposition, special descriptive phrases have to be invented, and each new description depends on the conditions of the temper and on the peculiar line of thought of the person making it; as, for instance, the "dainty rogue in porcelain" of Mr. Meredith, or the unprintable but well-meant idioms of the ordinary slummer. There are no general expressions which at once explain condition, temperament, and manner, current among averagely educated people; unless we except "old cat," a term in general use among all classes. The English language, then, as at present spoken, seems insufficient, and the loss of what were formerly common expressions is a great one, and should be corrected.

These old words, which have almost entirely lapsed, such as "baggage," "hussy," "wench," and so forth, were for the most part used in the classification of the young female; the old were distinguished by such terms as "jade," "shrew," "virago," "witch," and others not generally used in polite society, but of these "jade" and "shrew" were also applied to youth. By such words were females almost entirely classified; for the current expressions of the present day, "Mrs." and "Miss," had very little value: they were the mere coppers of the extensive word-coinage of the old times. "Mistress" then stood indifferently for either "Mrs." or "Miss," and the word had then none of that peculiar flavour

which it carries with it nowadays. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" we have :

Evans : . . . "There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity."

Slender : "Mistress Anne Page?"

These old-time expressions had, too, their own particular adjectives, the whole phrase fully explaining the type of woman. So "baggage" was associated with "coy," "wench" with "silly," and "minx" with "sly."

"Coy baggage" seemed to apply not merely to the modest and retiring maid—or "girl," as we should now say—but rather to one who made pretence of modesty, using it as an additional weapon of offence and as a new snare wherewith to decoy men into the net of her charms. For the expression infers considerable personal charm. Where the assumed modesty is unsupported by personal charm, and where the assumption is not, as it were, licensed by youth, "coy" becomes "sly," which is not so nice, and the "coy baggage," grown old enough to know better, becomes a "sly minx." "Wench" would seem to have been to some slight extent a term of reproach, originally applied to the country maid, unsophisticated, and wanting in that *savoir faire* so necessary in polite society. It would be used by the irate father to the daughter whose views on the subject of marriage were not in strict accordance with his own. If the father, either gaining his end, or perhaps giving way in the vain hope that the daughter might, after all, be able to look after herself, returned to good humour, "wench" would be softened down to "hussy," though the new term would still imply some slight reproach. As in *The Double Dealer* :

Sir Paul : "Ah, this eye, this left eye! This has done execution in its time, girl; why, thou hast my leer, hussy, just thy father's leer."

"Hussy" is also applied, like "hoyden," to the young maid, untrammelled, and as yet untroubled by her parent's views of marriage, in that she has not yet arrived at a marriageable age. "Jade" sometimes takes the place of "hussy," but in keeping with its original meaning. "A sorry hag" is applied more often to the married woman. To her also were applied the terms "virago" (an impudent, manlike woman), "shrew," and "witch," and into such might grow up the "coy baggage," and more generally the "sly minx."

As an example of what we lose nowadays in power of expression, here is a final quotation from Vanbrugh's *Esop*. Learchus is trying to persuade his daughter, who is already in love with another, to marry the hunch-backed but famous Esop :

Learchus : Look, look, look, how he gazes at her! Cupid's hard at work; I see that already. Slap: there, he hits him—if the wench would but do her part. But see, see, how the perverse young baggage stands biting her thumbs, and won't give him one kind glance. Ah, the sullen jade! Had it been a handsome, strong dog of five-and-twenty, she'd 'a' fallen a-coquetting on 't with every inch about her. My good lord does my daughter too much honour. Ah, that the wench would but do her part! "Hark you, hussy."

The Contributors' Playground.

Names to Conjure With.

WE are easily bewitched by the magic of names. In many cases there is a definite association of ideas linked with these sounds of "gramarye." But perhaps the strongest spell is cast by the names that touch the most lightly upon our conscious memories, and of this kind I find none more potent than those that crowd the histories of Sir Thomas Malory. To begin with, the very atmosphere of his book is "a sleep and a forgetting," through which images are seen as upon the surface of a lake—bright indeed, but with the wavering brightness of a dream.

His intangible cavaliers, although in a vague sense alive and akin to us, are yet remote and monumental as the effigies of Crusaders. Their trumpets clang with no earthly clangour: the notes are borne from planetary distances, and reach us alien as the light of Arcturus. But the pomp and glamour of their names! They subdue and dazzle and bewilder like the thronging banners of mediæval triumphs, "innumerable of stains and dyes, and blushing with the blood of queens and kings": Urience of Gore, and the crowned Anguish of Ireland; the King of the Strait Marches, and his brother of Listenoyse; Sir Melion of the Mountain, clean of thew; and Sir Pelles, neighboured with sacred glory, "nigh cousin unto Joseph of Arimathy"!

Thick and thicker still they press: Sir Gringamor; Sir Sagamore le Desirous, of the wandering eye; Sir Persaunt of Ind; Sir Briant de la Forest Savage, whose brown helm is wreathed with oak leaves; Sir Palomides the Saracen; Sir Griflet le Fise de Dieu; Sir Breuse Saunce Pitie; "the knight that was hight Melodias"; keen Sir Froll of the Outer Isles; with Sir Carados of the Dolourous Tower, and Sir Galahault the Haughty Prince. And these are but the vanguard of the array! Here is a pageant more sumptuous than the Triumph of Maximilian.

B.

The Merry Monarch.

WHILE looking through Bell's Songs from the Dramatists, the other day, I lighted upon Shirley's fine dirge, "No Armour against Fate," from his "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," and I was surprised to find a footnote stating it to have been the favourite song of Charles the Second. Yet, after all, why not? Of its kind, the poem is among the best in the language, and Charles was ever a good critic: while the poet's attitude was the king's too. The paradox of monarchy amused him continually: he knew better than anyone that he was not the best man in the realm. Again, Charles was a rake, and it takes a rake to appreciate fully a reminder of the necessary end of all things. None so impressed as he; none so fearful and yet so willing to hug the hint. This is the song:

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:

Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

Ninety-eight out of every casual hundred people that were asked, would attribute the concluding couplet to Shakespeare. T. L.

Things Seen.

Dandies.

ON the evening of Christmas Day I allowed the bells of St. Paul's to draw me into the City. The moon was riding high between the bell tower and the clock tower, and as I crossed the space in front of the Cathedral it rushed toward the dome and flashed behind the Cross. All was quiet as a village. A few people groped up the great steps to where a single oil lamp, gleaming among Wren's enormous pillars, showed wayfarers where they might have shelter and psalms. The bells dropped into their final ding-dong—so gently importunate. Not a cab, not an omnibus; nothing but the chill warehouses standing around, awkwardly, like children whose game is broken.

I walked down Ludgate-hill. At least one could see London. The gradient of Fleet-street was revealed, and its antique curve. Not a light on Blackfriars Bridge was intercepted: one saw the bridge and felt the river. The people? A few "couples." A policeman. An old man who wheeled a "hokey-pokey" barrow and had all Fleet-street to himself, but no hope. Suddenly in front of me two young men—such pretty fellows! They belonged to one of the great shops in St. Paul's-churchyard, and had left their barracks for a stroll. Their mates were scattered to the counties far away. No firelight or nuts for these two; so they had come out to be seen at any cost. All this was written in the backs of their frock-coats, in the scarce perceptible tilt of their tall hats. They scorned overcoats—with such figures and such fits! They would not even wear their gloves, but carried them new and flat as they had come from the box. Their white spats teased my vision, and their heads moved in dreadful unison. I declare they were the only intelligible and self-centred people abroad. They were happy in all that solitude, for if there were few to see them they could at least see each other. And as they faded westward they filled me with more rapture than St. Paul's.

For Foreign Service.

At every door of the train was a little knot of red-coats and at each carriage window a head or two was thrust out. Half-way down the platform, opposite the middle of the train, was the band. Suddenly the bandmaster ordered attention, the guard blew his whistle, and as the engine uttered its first snorts the music of "Auld Lang Syne" broke forth:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?

The train moved with almost sympathetic slowness; at every window crowded the travellers, leaning out, waving, calling good-byes; their comrades on the platform waved and called in return; and the sonorous, melancholy air filled the great station:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

As far as the train was in sight red sleeves waved from its windows. In three minutes the train was out of sight. With dreadful promptitude the band ceased playing and hastened to the refreshment room. The last thing I saw was a cornet and a bassoon jammed in the doorway. India must be ruled, but the routine of thirst cannot be interrupted.

Loneliness.

We were all pulling crackers one with another at our table in the corner of the big dining-room, and crowning ourselves with paper absurdities. For it was Christmas and Brighton, and the hotel manager had festooned the dessert dishes with crackers. The clink of glass, the rattle of chatter, the ripple of laughter, rising now and again to a yell of merriment—and a sudden silence seemed to fall as I looked into the mirror in front of me.

"Why are you so solemn?" my companion asked, leaning over the table.

I looked past her laughing face, crowned with a tissue helmet, over her shoulder into the mirror, in which I could see a section of the long table running down the middle of the room. A lonely woman, middle-aged, with thin hair turning grey, had picked a cracker from the dish before her; she looked to right and left, and then, taking her cracker in both hands, she furtively pulled it—under the table.

My Mistress.

I LIVE a life apart from other men
And so know joys beyond the common ken;
While they press on and never reach their goal,
Here, in a garret, I possess my soul.

*From "The Golden Person in the Heart,"
by C. F. Bragdon.*

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE feature of the Private Views at the end of last week was not to be found where it is usually sought—in the presence of this or that celebrity who goes through the Gallery neither specially attracted to nor recoiling from the works upon the walls. Not that the usual people and episodes of interest were wanting. The Bishop of Rochester wandered among the Rembrandts at Burlington House; and Count Deym greeted the Chinese Ambassador. Several Dowagers, whom Rembrandt would have been happy to paint—Lady Westbury and Lady Haldon of the number—were there, as well as younger women, including Lady Haliburton, Lady Romney, Lady Headfort, Lady Colin Campbell, and Lady Carew. But these were not the sight of sights. That was supplied, to my eyes, at the New Gallery by the Duke of Cambridge's ranging round the rooms lined with the works of Sir Edward Burne Jones.

THE Duke came straight from lunch, and was in the best of spirits as he entered the large room. But his spirits seemed to evaporate as he progressed, and the smile with which he set forth had no ghost of it remaining by the time he left the Gallery, for the first time, as it seemed, a man who had been worsted. The typical British Field-Marshal, brought up on Leslie and rising to a climax of admiration before Landseer, whose pride in our own "British School" was part of his patriotism—what could he do in a gallery of paintings borrowing their inspiration from mediæval Italy, a gallery in which the politeness due from a guest to the taste of his hosts forbade any explosion of expletives? It was found necessary, the day after, to recoup the Duke's exhausted faith in the future of British Art by a visit to Mr. Caton Woodville's "Charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman."

THE prediction, made in this column, that Sir Henry Hawkins would find his name down for a peerage in the New Year Honours List has been fulfilled. The fact is, that at the Jubilee Sir Henry allowed the Lord Chancellor to understand that he would retire with a coronet, but the hint was not taken. Recent events have led the Lord Chancellor to take a different course, and Lord Hawkins has his ambition—no mean one either. The fact is, that though an octogenarian, Lord Hawkins has full possession of his acute powers; and the wrench of his retirement from the long exercise of judicial functions will be eased a little by occasional sittings among the legal Lords in cases of appeal.

THE name of Sir Philip Currie among new peers will give pleasure to a large circle of his own and of his wife's friends outside the ranks of diplomacy. Sir Philip, before he became so occupied with "affairs," was a diligent reader. No other man knows his Thackeray better, or his Dickens so well. With poetry, in which his tastes are perhaps a little old-fashioned, he has a wide acquaintance; and it was by her verse that he first admired the lady, then known in society as Mrs. Singleton, and in literature as "Violet Fane," who now shares his name and its new honours. Mrs. Singleton, twenty years ago, was the

centre of a large circle of literary friends. In the early days of the *World*, Mr. Edmund Yates was suppliant for all he could get from her pen; and she was one of the first discoverers of the talent of Mr. W. H. Mallock, fresh from Oxford, whose appreciation of her own turn of piquant talk has left its easily detected traces in some of his published pages. Lady Currie has not been so industrious with her pen as was Mrs. Singleton; still, she has not any final intention to put it down. Lord Beaconsfield used to compare the House of Commons to *Don Juan* and the House of Lords to *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps the association of ideas will lead Lady Currie, whose verse has been nothing if not Don Juanish hitherto, to attempt a graver manner. There is no doubt that had Byron lived long enough, by the natural law of reaction he would have taken his place by Dr. Watts as a writer of hymns.

THERE is a great deal of talk in nearly every case in the Law Courts about the sacrosanct secrecy of communications between lawyer and client. No doubt, the rule is a necessary one in the case of a guilty man on his defence, though its extension to witnesses—say, in a divorce case—who are giving bogus evidence which varies absolutely in its final version from the first they gave to the lawyer who uses them, is a scandal which clamours for suppression. In one or two minor ways, however, this doctrine of the absolutely sacred and confidential nature of the relations between solicitor and client is capable of a little more stringent application. For instance, when one reads the contents of the will of Mr. Christopher Sykes, communicated to the Press this week, one wonders whether the substitution of the name of the Prince of Wales for that of Lord Rosebery as the inheritor of a racing cup won by the late Sir Tatton Sykes was intended for publication by the testator. Probably not. For the idea that his first thoughts were for Lord Rosebery will be likely to take a little gilt from the cup when it goes to the choice of the testator's second thoughts; and Lord Rosebery himself may easily be forgiven a certain sensitiveness in being apparently set aside. One can imagine, at the next meeting between them, the Prince saying: "You can take it if you like," and Lord Rosebery making a negative reply neater than it is quite easy to put into his mouth in a moment. The fact is, that trivial as the incident is, it is worth noticing as the occasion for a protest against the publication, not of the bequests a man has made (which some people think in itself a slight intrusion), but of the bequests he thought of making, but did not make. It is adding insult to injury when you leave a man nothing to tell the world that you once meant to make him your heir; and even the inheritor himself may well, as in this case, protest that the cup would be far more welcome to him did it not contain these superfluous drops of bitterness.

THE marriage of the Hon. Nevill Lytton and Miss Judith Blunt will take place in Cairo on the first day of next month.

THE presence of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli at meetings held in county Bucks in support of the candidature of the Hon. Walter Rothschild keeps in association two

names that can never now be disallied. Lord Beaconsfield had no prouder moment than when he made a member of this great house of his own race a British peer. His personal relations with the members of the family were always a pleasure to him. From the Sidonia of *Coningsby* to the Neuchatels of *Endymion* he made the Rothschilds live in his pages; and it is in Rothschild's strong-room that his own papers and letters now lie—the most precious deposit even Rothschild's strong-room ever had.

It is common enough for America to be sensitive about travellers' tales; and the hospitality the Republic extends to the stranger within her gates gives her, in truth, a claim on his when he goes home and publishes his impressions. But now it is the turn of Italy to talk about a breach of hospitality, and to hurl the phrase at the head of an American, Mr. Marion Crawford. That is just a little ridiculous; for Mr. Marion Crawford is no mere visitor to Italy, but can speak almost as one of her own sons. His father, Thomas Crawford, sculptor, lived in Rome from 1837 until 1857, and he himself was born in Tuscany in 1854. Most of his youth was spent in Rome, and his education was completed at the University there. When he married, rather early, he settled near Naples, and there he still abides, on his own small estate. It seems absurd, therefore, to deny to Mr. Crawford the liberty of speech of a native when, in a letter to a New York paper, he speaks of the taxation and the other social conditions of Italy. The great offence taken is with his statement that King Humbert is not an Italian; and that does seem needless hair-splitting. Savoy is not Italy, of course. But neither, at that rate, was Buonaparte a Frenchman; and we have our own House of Hanover, and Hanover is not England.

The Book Market.

A Catalogue of Men.

THE new volume of the *Post Office Directory* bears on its fat red back the proud words "100th Edition." Within we find an historical "Note," and also a facsimile of a map of London published in 1799. The contrast between this map and the new frontispiece map for 1899 is one which might be studied in detail for many hours without weariness, but we cannot dwell on this subject. It is more to the point to set down in outline the history of a book which, in its own way, and, indeed, from several points of view, may claim to be the most wonderful book in the world. A representative of the ACADEMY has catechised Mr. Kelly thus:

"What is the precise meaning, Mr. Kelly, of the statement that this is the 100th edition of the *Post Office Directory*?"

"Well, it does not mean, of course, that we have issued it ourselves for one hundred years. The *Directory* took its rise in the old Lombard-street General Post Office a century ago. It passed into our hands some forty years later. You would like the whole story? In the thirties my father was offered the post of Inspector-General of Letter Carriers. That was in the days of the

old twopenny postmen, who went about the streets with their bells collecting and delivering letters and taking their fees. My father accepted the post, and he found that he was expected to buy the copyright of the *Post Office Directory* from his predecessor. That will appear to you to be a curious proceeding. But the *Directory*, such as it was, was then compiled by the Letter Carriers, and its sale and the profits arising therefrom were vested in the Inspector-General of Letter Carriers. The Carriers made something by acting as agents for the book, and the Inspector-General was not expected to account to the Post Office for his fairly large receipts. Well, this was an anomalous state of affairs, and a certain Member of Parliament brought in a Bill to end it. The result was that the post of Inspector-General of Letter Carriers was abolished, and my father walked out of her Majesty's Post Office—with the *Directory*."

"With the *Directory*?"

"Certainly. For, as his post was abolished, he had no successor who could claim the right to purchase it. He was its last and, therefore, its permanent possessor."

"And that is how the *Post Office Directory* became 'Kelly's'?"

"Yes. Mind you, at that time there were two private Directories distinctly better than the *P.O.*, but my father immediately saw the value of the title, and of the prestige that went with it, and he set to work to develop the derelict."

"Then, Mr. Kelly, taking its growth for granted, how do you maintain the *Directory* and ensure its accuracy?"

"It could not be done but by trained men, and an exact organisation. With these it is simple enough. So many districts—a man to each—paper slips—a 'clearing' of these in our offices—and so bit by bit (and all within the space of two or three months) each new *Directory* takes shape. Of course we receive great assistance in proof-reading from interested parties. The Government offices correct our lists of their officials regularly."

"Does your work undergo any interesting changes as years go on? The *Directory* is surely a delicate social barometer?"

"Well, we notice one thing—the growth of flats. I remember when we were told that English people would never adopt the flat system, would never 'feel at home' in anything but a house. And the first flats waited long for tenants. But now! . . .

"Our difficulty? Well, you talk of an Englishman's house being his castle, but commend me to his flat as the more impregnable fortress. What with the janitor who intercepts our canvassers at every entrance, like Cerberus, and the ease with which your flat-tenant skips whither he will, leaving his flat dumb and empty, we have great difficulty in completing some of our lists."

"About how much correction does the *Directory* require from year to year?"

"I calculate that one name in seven or eight needs correction. This proportion means the alteration of many thousands of names. Our aim and tradition are accuracy. The alteration of a firm's style may mean only the addition of 'Ltd.' or the substitution of 'Mrs' for 'Mr.', but these things have to be looked after with vigilance."

Correspondence.

"Lithography and Lithographers."

SIR,—I have neither the time nor the intention to devote myself to the education of your critic; but I must ask you to allow me to contradict flatly three of his statements, and to answer the query he sees fit to put me.

(1) I have never made a "verbal distinction" between lithographs on paper and lithographs on stone. All are "lithographs proper." This was settled by Aloys Senefelder one hundred years ago. In a technical book one gives technical examples of technical methods.

(2) No technical point was involved in the legal case to which he refers.

(3) Most artists and printers, I know anything about, have turned their attention to the preparation of a paper with a surface that does *not* represent the texture of stone.

(4) Lithography, Senefelder defined to be chemical or surface printing. I prefer Senefelder to your critic as an authority.

I do not hope to convince your critic, for, as he has reviewed our book and, in so doing, proved himself incapable of understanding it, the task would be hopeless. If he would like any further explanation on these very points, I would refer him to the *Saturday Review* of December 24, 1898.—I am, &c.,

JOSEPH PENNELL.

Jan. 2, 1899.

[Our reviewer writes: "It is not my wish to trespass on Mr. Pennell's invaluable time more than is needful to reply to his letter.

(1) He himself allows that 'in a technical book one gives technical examples of technical methods.' And when, as in the present case, those methods happen to be different, a distinction in words referring to them is entailed. To demonstrate my point there is no need to go beyond the list of illustrations, which are differentiated in several ways. Some are specifically described as drawn on stone or zinc, and others again on paper, and thence transferred to stone.

(2) It cannot seriously admit of denial that a technical point was involved in the case of 'Pennell v. Sickert,' in view of the number of experts called to give evidence.

(3) I never asserted that stone-grained paper is invariably used by all lithographers who adopt the transfer method. Mr. Pennell acknowledges that it is used by some of them; and, be they proportionately many or few, they all belong to Mr. Pennell's party, as distinguished from those who believe that a true lithograph implies drawing on the stone direct. The latter have no occasion to use transfer paper at all, grained or otherwise.

(4) The statement to which I took exception—viz., that 'the whole art of lithography is surface printing'—is not one of Senefelder's, but a gloss of the author's own, inserted in an Anglicised excerpt from Senefelder. Mr. Pennell may be right in accusing me of ignorance in a great many respects, if he pleases, but, at anyrate, I have been taught

enough Greek to understand that the word 'Lithography' means 'stone drawing,' and not even the authority of Senefelder himself can persuade me that it means any such thing as a drawing made upon paper, to be ultimately plastered face downwards on to stone."—THE REVIEWER.]

"The Book of the Master."

SIR,—In the remarkable article with which you have favoured me, you are so good as to say that my "literary method" is "gravely reprehensible," and that "from a scientific standpoint" my work is "beneath consideration." Be it so. Such judgments are matter of opinion which it is not for the author to dispute.

But gross and material mis-statements of fact are in a different category. And when your correspondent declares that my theory of a connexion between the Book of the Dead and the construction of the Pyramid is, "to anyone having the slightest acquaintance with Egyptology, inconceivably absurd," and goes on to adduce the name of M. Maspero in support of this condemnation, he says that which he knows, or ought to know, to be the precise opposite of the truth. For Prof. Maspero himself not only supports this "inconceivably absurd" theory of mine, but informed me that the connexion of the Pyramid with the initiation into the secrets of the ancient religion was in accordance with a tradition which prevailed among the priests of Memphis. And this I have stated in my preface; though not, indeed, on the first page, but on the fourth.

Such literary methods, sir, appear to me to be "gravely reprehensible," and the criticism which results from them "beneath consideration." While as for a writer whose highest knowledge of Egyptology, according to his own showing, is Pierret's translation to condemn *ex cathedra* a theory which has received the endorsement of Prof. Maspero (and, I may add, of Prof. Sayce also; for he considers the analogy to be exceedingly striking)—well, I put it to you, is not such a pretension "inconceivably absurd"?—I am, &c.,

THE AUTHOR.

[Mr. Adams's letter is hardly to the point. He does not explain why he gave a wrong measurement for the base of the Great Pyramid, why his diagram of the interior differs from that made by competent surveyors, or why he garbled the translation of the only text quoted by him in support of his theory. I do not see how my comparison of M. Pierret's translation of this text with that of Mr. Adams's shows that my knowledge of Egyptology does not extend beyond it; but then I equally fail to see how Prof. Sayce's remark, that "the analogy" [query, of what with what?] is exceedingly striking, is an "endorsement" of Mr. Adams's book. That Prof. Maspero and Prof. Sayce may have used courteous expressions, into which Mr. Adams is now, after his manner, endeavouring to read a confirmation of his views, is likely enough; but until these great scholars defend it publicly I shall continue to believe that their opinion of Mr. Adams's book is the same as that of—YOUR REVIEWER.]

A New York Journalist.

SIR,—In the notes of "Bookworm," in your issue of November 12, reference is made to W. D. Howells's recent "pronouncement" upon American literature, in which he writes of Lowell, Whipple, and Ripley, closing with Dennett, whose "brilliancy, natural and acquired fitness" Howells thinks it would be difficult to match at the present day. "Bookworm" asks, "Who is Dennett? In not knowing him does one argue oneself unknown?" I think "Bookworm" is quite excusable in not knowing Dennett, though he was well worth knowing. He was a journalist of ability and distinction, whose writings upon current topics were pointed and incisive; but he would have ridiculed the classification of his writings with those of Lowell, though he might have endured, in kindness, being ranked with writers of the calibre of Whipple and Ripley. Dennett had a faculty of forming happy phrases which were accurately descriptive of certain situations or conditions of affairs. One of the most notable of these phrases, made at the time of the Beecher-Tilton scandal, was "chromo-civilisation." It was the heading of an article printed about 1873 in the *New York Nation*. For New Yorkers who had some knowledge of that dreary annex to New York City known as Brooklyn the phrase "chromo-civilisation" told the whole story. What Dennett wrote under that heading was a caustic notice of the queer people who flocked around Henry Ward Beecher, particularly those who were brought into public view at the Beecher-Tilton trial.

Brooklyn is inhabited, or occupied, largely by an unrelated and locally uninterested aggregation of human drift, mostly from the small towns in New England. Until the great bridge which connects it with Manhattan Island was completed it was chiefly noted for its eccentric preachers, and the extraordinary variety of its religious sects, to which new varieties were being constantly added. Dennett intended to make an extended study of the place, but I do not know that he executed his design.

My acquaintance with Dennett began in a public library, in New York City, which was in my charge. He was fond of looking over the new books, and one day I showed him a work called *Chaucer's England*, and also a notice of it in the *Saturday Review*, in which the volumes were described contemptuously as "tootle," a word not found in dictionaries. Dennett adopted the word, and in his talks with me about books he would sometimes throw aside a book as being "tootle," or commend it by saying, "No tootle there." Dennett was a gentleman, modest in mien, quietly cordial, with no tendency to gush or overstatement, either in talking or writing. He belonged to the great class of thoughtful men who make few or no books, but whose writings have a far wider, and more beneficent and permanent influence, than the "works" of hundreds of authors, in many volumes, which encumber our libraries, being neither materials of knowledge nor food for thought.

We have a disease in the United States which mostly affects librarians and has been called "bibliographomania." It is manifested in undue elaboration of the necessary work of cataloguing. It has, in some degree, been caused by belief in the foolish maxim—inapplicable

to large public libraries—that a few books, elaborately indexed, are more useful than a large library without an index. The cost of this vast literary spoon-feeding system, applied largely to writings which have been superseded by the fruits of later and more accurate thought or research, is enormous, and has become too heavy a burden for many of our public libraries. Dennett once asked me how I would catalogue a library. I told him that if I could have a few assistants like himself, I would begin by forming two divisions, voices and echoes. He said he would like to assist in such a work.

Dennett himself was a voice, gently persuasive and effective; whose power was the result of his earnest and pure thinking, and had little to do with the “brilliancy” that Mr. Howells discovered in him.

New York City.

G. H.

“The Cruise of the ‘Cachalot.’”

SIR,—You will probably be prepared to hear that your splendid appreciation of my humble efforts in last week's issue has touched me very deeply. Indeed, I am almost bewildered at the reception my first book has met with on all sides, but especially from so weighty an exponent of literary criticism as the ACADEMY. And because of this I am really glad of your question in the last paragraph, since it gives me this opportunity of expressing my thanks. I certainly did *not* use the adjective “clownish” in the sense of ungraceful, but I have always been highly diverted by the gambols of porpoises, so much so that I have had many a hearty laugh while watching them. As to my having read *Paradise Regained*, may I say that I have read many books of the same high class bought for a few pice from the old bookstalls in Indian ports when I was in my thirteenth and fourteenth years? I did not choose them, but because they were cheap I bought them, and afterwards was driven to read them for sheer lack of anything else whereon to feed my insatiable appetite for reading. For the ugly epithets “ill-used” and “bruising,” they are common expressions at sea, where a bluff-bowed ship that, instead of cleanly dividing the waves, thrusts them before her with a great noise and pother, is always called a “bruise-water.”

In thus offering my explanation, please believe that nothing is farther from my thought than complaint. My only idea is to send such a generous critic my assurance of how highly I have felt honoured by his most valuable remarks.—I am, &c,

FRANK T. BULLEN.

“It is Required,” &c.

SIR,—In the first page of last week's ACADEMY is a paragraph in which the following words are in quotation marks: “It is required of ministers that they be found faithful.” Whence are they quoted? There are no such words in the New Testament as stated. The nearest are in 1 Cor. iv. 2.: “Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.” And in the Revised Version the words are much the same.—I am, &c.,

J. B.

South Hampstead, N.W.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

The Books of
the Year.

THE difficult task of estimating the quality of the books published in 1898 has been attempted in various quarters. We do not pretend to summarise the summaries; but a few gleanings from these deliverances will not be without interest.

Mr. W. P. James writes a thoughtful “Review of 1898” in the

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

In Poetry he thinks first of Mr. Meredith's *Odes in French History*, so “packed with thought and imagery,” then of Mr. Hardy's “deeply felt *Wessex Poems*,” and thirdly, Mr. A. E. Housman, whose poetry is “as real as his pessimism, which is no fashionable pose, but simple, strong, and sincere.” Mr. Davidson “is very much himself—his best as well as his worsen self—in “The Last Ballad.” Mr. James points to the revival of Shakespearean biography and the problem of the Sonnets as distinctive of the year.

In Literary History and Criticism the best books have been: Mr. Beeching's *Pages from a Private Diary*, Mr. Lucas's *Charles Lamb and the Lloyds*, Mr. Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer*, Mr. Gissing's book on Dickens, and the new biographical editions of Thackeray and Burns.

In Fiction Mr. James names the novels one would expect. Of *Aylwin* he writes:

The romance has been acclaimed as a masterpiece in the most august critical quarters, and though “masterly” is the very last epithet that I should myself apply to it, its success is one on which Mr. Watts-Dunton may be very cordially congratulated, and one which is in many respects creditable to the public.

The success of *Aylwin* and *The Forest Lovers*

seems to show the public ready for a new kind of sentiment and romance, welcomed as a relief, not only from the “realism” of the slum, but equally from the sentiment of the Kailyard and the romance of the second-hand cape and sword men.

Oddly enough, Mr. James omits to name Mr. Shaw's *Plays*, a neglect which

THE GLOBE

partly redeems by naming it first. The *Globe* summarist is emphatic on the merits of Mr. Crane's and Mr. Conrad's recent work, and he even delivers himself of the opinion that Mr. Conrad's short story, “Youth,” is “infinitely the best story of the year, and is worthy to rank in the first bunch of the best short stories that exist.” Mr. Bullen is also favourably mentioned for his narrative, *The Cruise of the ‘Cachalot.’* As for *The Forest Lovers*:

People talk of the enthrallment of the detective yarn and the tale of hidden treasure, but this simple narrative—though conventional in most of its happenings—holds one like a vice. It has life of its own, and charm indescribable.

A sober view of 1898's literature is that of

THE OUTLOOK:

If we apply two essential tests—creative power and the high serenity and poise which must always accompany the fit expression of it—the literature in the bookwork of 1898 will shrink to rather poor proportions. Even in interesting book-work, as distinct from absolute literature, the year's productions are none too rich.

The writer ("W. P. R.") proceeds to discuss the books of the year in usual detail. We note a just tribute to Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's *Literary Parables*.

In a short leading article

THE DAILY NEWS

says that "the books of 1898, if they included no really great work, were unusually interesting and various in their character." The biographies of Bismarck, Lord Halifax, Mr. Parnell, Mirabeau, Mr. Lockwood, Shakespeare, Lewis Carroll, Henry Reeve, and the autobiographies of Mr. Joseph Arch and Lord Selborne are named first and in this order. "Of novels *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is perhaps the most successful, and *Rupert of Hentzau* the most amusing." Mr. Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin* is, "among other things, a remarkable picture of a society of Art and Letters which has passed away."

The Bookseller's view of 1898 is indicated by

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

The year has hardly been one of great books. How many volumes has it given us which will be in circulation ten years hence? Perhaps it would be safe to say that the most notable book of the year has been Busch's *Memoirs of Bismarck*. With it one associates the Chancellor's own autobiography, only that work does not supply the same sprightly reading. Both books, being records of history, must have a permanent interest. Parnell's biography has been widely read, and that of Lewis Carroll was in high favour with Christmas book-buyers.

There has been no very extraordinary volume of poems. For sale, there has been no volume of fiction to beat Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Day's Work*. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* was a success of an earlier date in the year.

"Travel," said an observant bookseller, using a trade expression, "has been a strong department." He had in his mind especially Dr. Sven Hedin's book, *Through Asia*, which is still in large demand. The martial book has been falling on good soil recently, thanks to the stir of imperial politics. Mr. Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum* has sold edition after edition. Sir George Robertson's volume detailing the defence of Chitral Fort has also found its audience.

Finally, the Publisher's year is characterised by

LITERAT

in these terms:

From the publisher's point of view, 1898 has not distinguished itself. The stars in their courses have fought against it. War in the spring of the year, rumour of war in the autumn, and a political unrest prevailing more or less acutely throughout the whole twelve months, have combined to divert the mind of the public from literary interests and to check the enterprise of the trade by which these interests are provided for. On a retrospect such as we are here making, however, the peculiar history of the year which closes to-day has little effect. A year of commercial dulness for the publisher may be one of exceptional brilliancy among authors; and the general quality of its literature may be proportionally as much above as its quantity is below the average. Still, we can hardly console ourselves or the publishing world with that compensation in a retrospect of 1898.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 13.

LAST week we asked for alternative titles to nine works of fiction: *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Children of the Ghetto*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *A Window in Thrums*, *Soldiers Three*, *The Open Question*, and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. A number of answers have been sent in, some incorporating interesting suggestions. From them the following (approximately) ideal list has been compiled:

<i>Nicholas Nickleby</i>	"Dotheboys Done."
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	"A Soul in Gyves."
<i>Children of the Ghetto</i>	"Subject to the Law."
<i>A Tramp Abroad</i>	"Doing Europe."
<i>The Shaving of Shagpat</i>	"The Quest of the Identical."
<i>A Window in Thrums</i>	"From an Ingle Neuk."
<i>Soldiers Three</i>	"The Modern Musketeers."
<i>The Open Question</i>	"Love's Labour's Lost."
<i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i>	"In Search of Heaven."

Other variants are: for *Nicholas Nickleby*, "The Sorrows of Smike" and "Mr. Squeers"; for *Tess*, "A Woman of Honour," "A Code of Morals," and "The Sport of the Gods"; for *Children of the Ghetto*, "The Chosen People"; for *A Tramp Abroad*, "The Yankee Tourist" and "Uncle Sam's Grand Tour"; for *The Shaving of Shagpat*, "The Story of Shibli Bagarag" and "The Identical Graal"; for *A Window in Thrums*, "Other People's Business"; for *Soldiers Three*, "Behind the Tamarisks," "Barrack-room Tales," and "Off Parade"; for *The Open Question*, "The Blank Wall," "I," "To Be or Not To Be," and (but this is a flippancy) "They Went to Sea in a Sieve, They Did"; and for *The Pilgrim's Progress*, "The Delectable Dream," and "The Warfare of a Soul." In a letter one competitor, A. L. S., suggests as another good alternative for *Jude the Obscure*, "The Case of Rebellious Susan." We have decided to award the prize to Miss Winifred F. Knox, 84, Pembroke-road, Dublin, for the following list:

<i>Nicholas Nickleby</i>	"The Usher of Dotheboys Hall."
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	"The Mill of the Gods."
<i>Children of the Ghetto</i>	"Subject to the Law."
<i>A Tramp Abroad</i>	"The Travelling Gent."
<i>The Shaving of Shagpat</i>	"The Quest of the Identical."
<i>A Window in Thrums</i>	"From an Ingle Neuk."
<i>Soldiers Three</i>	"The Modern Musketeers."
<i>The Open Question</i>	"Law or Reason."
<i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i>	"The Journey to the Celestial City."

To Miss Knox a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

Answers received also from A. L. S., Kensington; A. R. B., Great Malvern; D. V., Winchelsea; E. J. G., St. Ives; C. M. W., Meltham; D. S., London; H. B., Highgate; E. B. V. C., Streatham Hill; A. G., Cheltenham; H. P. B., Glasgow; F. B., Gravesend; J. L. H., Hampstead; A. B., Gartcosh; F. S., Belfast; M. A., Sale.

Competition No 14.

NOT necessarily with a view of enriching the language, but certainly in the interests of our readers, we ask this week for new words. Most families have a few pet words, of home-made manufacture, which often are far more expressive and picturesque than anything in Webster's unabridged. To the competitor who supplies the best list of four original words, with definitions attached, a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 32.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

POACHING ADVENTURES.

BY "OUTLAW."

"Outlaw" glories in his occupation. He began poaching in Ireland, and continued in Kent and Surrey. He has certainly had an interesting career, and his autobiography bears the impress of truthfulness. "Outlaw's" attitude towards the Game Laws is one of hostility and contempt. We cannot quite understand the hostility. If game were not preserved the poacher's occupation would be gone. "Outlaw's" contempt is equally unphilosophical. At once he denounces what he calls "the battue" as unsportsmanlike and gleefully explains how he and his friends took pheasants by means of poisonous fumes. Also, he frequently mentions what were the cash values of the gang's achievements. These considerations oblige us to hold "Outlaw" as a thinker in very little respect. On the other hand, his chronicles, which are well written, have amused us much. They indicate a certain rude manliness which we find attractive. We hold the book over for consideration, and may possibly by next week have arranged a proposal for its publication.

A MISER'S HOUSE.

BY L. L.

This book chronicles a romance of humble people living in a village near Hounslow. We found it a little tedious in the earlier chapters. It was difficult to sustain our curiosity about the rats in the shop of Thomas. When we had reached the end, however, we realised that L. L.'s particularity in detail had an artistic design, and certainly it has an artistic effect. The story is original. Thomas had a most desirable sweetheart; but he preferred money-making. His procedure towards getting rid of the lass is ingenious and told with skill. We were much pleased that the rats had the better of him eventually. That remark is a tribute to L. L.'s gift of story-telling. The book, indeed, is fresh and well written; but we are not sure that the public would think so favourably of it as the critics probably would. We hold it over for consideration.

IN THE HOUSE OF OTHMAN.

BY W. H.

This novel takes us into very high affairs. The hero is no less a person than the Sultan of Turkey. Only, he is not entitled to be. An Englishman, he had been a friend of a "Prince" of Turkey, who was "heir" to the throne of that stricken land. In a street brawl it became necessary that the "Prince," who was a weakling, should pass himself off as the Englishman while the Englishman posed as the "Prince." The deception

had to be kept up, and the Englishman actually became the Sovereign. All through these great affairs there runs a love story, quite prettily told; but we are never thrilled. We admire W. H.'s cleverness, which has many aspects; but we can never for a moment overcome the feeling that the plot of his story is too grotesque. Publication of the novel, we feel sure, would bring him neither pleasure nor profit.

ESSAYS IN VERSE.

BY WINIFRED WALLIS.

Miss Wallis, as she herself affirms in one or two of these essays, frequently finds difficulty in the endeavour to express herself. She should not be discouraged on that account. Many poets have been in similar straits. Lord Tennyson, for example, studied the woodlands for hours in order to interpret to himself, and to his readers, what he saw there. Miss Wallis must be equally patient. Once or twice she is very nearly successful. For example, take this song:

Be thou my moon, and as the flood

So I to thee will sway,

Responsive to thy changing mood,

Thy pleasure to obey.

Be thou my sun, and I will pray

To be thy satellite,

From thee deriving all my day,

From lack of thee my night.

Be thou, when clouds assail my heaven,

My fixed perpetual star,

And through the rent the winds have riven

Shine steadfast from afar.

In most of the other pieces, however, Miss Wallis is vague and unconvincing. She has a pessimistic tone which we take to be less a real philosophic feeling than a symptom of her own consciousness that to be a blithe and successful minstrel is no easy matter. Her verses have much promise.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, January 5.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Harris (J. R.), *The Story of Abikar* (Clay)
Burn (J. H.), *Helps to Godly Living* (Stock) Net 3/6
Morton (V.), *Thoughts on Hell* (Sands) 2/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Ostrovosky, *The Storm*. (Translated by C. Garnett) (Duckworth) Net 3/3
Larmie (W.), *West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances* (Stock) Net 3/6
Gannon (A.), *The Song of Stradella* (Lippincott)
Marriott (E.), *Bacon or Shakespeare* (Stock) Net 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Gregorovius (F.), *History of the City of Rome* (Bell)
Waterman (L.), *The Post-Apostolic Age* (Clark) 6/3
Wallis (L.), *Life and Letters of Caroline Martyn*
..... *Labour Leader Publishing Co.* Net 1/0
Bateson (M.), *A Narrative of the Changes in the Ministry, 1765-1787*
..... (Longmans) Net 12/0
Ratzel (F.), *The History of Mankind*. Vol. III. (Macmillan)
Dandlitter (Dr. Karl), *A Short History of Switzerland*
..... (Swan Sonnenschein) 7/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Wilkinson (H.), *Cornelius Nepos* (Macmillan) 1/6
Phillips (C. J.), *Pliny's Letters, I.-XII.* (Macmillan)
Nesfield (J. C.), *Manual of English Grammar* (Macmillan) 2/3
Wrapson (J.) and Gee (W. W. H.), *Mathematical and Physical Talks*
..... (Macmillan) Net 6/6

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Corbett (Mrs. G.), *Little Miss Robinson Crusoe* (Pearson) 7/6
Marden (O. S.), *The Secret of Achievement* (Nelson) 3/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Hill (R. T.), *Cuba and Porto Rico* (Unwin) 18
The Geographical Journal. Vol. XII., July-December, 1898 (Stanford)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pronsdon (P. J.), What is Property?	(Reeves)	1/0
Lane (W. W.), Spherical Trigonometry	(Macmillan)	2 6
Wilson (A.), The Brain-Machine	(Churchill)	4 6
Card (F. W.), Bush-Fruits	(Macmillan Co.)	5/0
Stetzel (A.), The British Navy	(Unwin)	
Harkness J. and Morley (F.), Introduction to the Theory of Analytic Functions	(Macmillan)	12/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Bunyan (J.), The Pilgrim's Progress	(Pearson)	7/4
Scott, Sir W., Quentin Durward 2 vols.	(Dent)	Net 3 0
Keats, J., Endymion, &c.	(Dent)	Net 1/6
Browning (R.), Paracelsus	(Dent)	Net 1 6

* * *The new novels of the week, numbering only two, are catalogued elsewhere.*

Announcements.

WHAT may be regarded as the first of a projected series of reproductions of prints and drawings in the University Galleries at Oxford is announced for immediate publication by the Clarendon Press. This is *The Master E. S. and the Ars Moriendi*, a chapter in the history of engraving during the fifteenth century, by Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, with forty-six colotype facsimiles. Mr. Cust argues that the unique series of copperplate engravings at Oxford is the true *editio princeps* of the *Ars Moriendi*, and that the illustrations of the block-book in the British Museum are little more than enlarged copies.

THE making of a new Japan is one of the most impressive facts of our time, and it would be wonderful if this transition did not inspire some careful student to literary effort. We understand that Mr. J. Stafford Ransom, who was recently special correspondent of the *Morning Post* in the Far East, has in the press a work entitled *Japan in Transition: a Study of the Progress, Policy, and Methods of the Japanese since their War with China*. Mr. Ransom proposes to afford his readers the same insight into the position of the Japanese to-day as was afforded of the Chinese by Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's remarkable work, *China in Transformation*. Mr. Ransom's book will be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and will be illustrated.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will have ready by the middle of January a new edition of Mr. E. A. Reynold-Bull's *Mediterranean Winter Resorts*.

Mr. JOSEPH SHAYLOR's dainty little volume, *The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books*, has run through a first edition, and Messrs. Gardner, Darton & Co. announce for immediate issue a second edition.

A NEW series of folk-tales, entitled the "European Folk-Tale" series, is about to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the editorship of Miss F. Ethel Hynam. The collection will represent Russian, Mongolian, Slavonic, Polish, Bohemian, and Servian tales, each volume containing the tales of one country.

IN reviewing Mr. W. Drummond Norie's work, *Loyal Lochaber*, last week, we stated the price as one guinea. This was a mistake. The book is issued by Messrs. Morison at two prices, half-a-guinea and twenty-five shillings, and our commendations applied to the half-guinea edition.

THE long-looked-for Life of Sir Henry Keppell, Admiral of the Fleet, is now about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, under the unpretentious title of *A Sailor's Life*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish in a few days a work on the Law and History of Copyright in Books, by Mr. Augustine Birrell.

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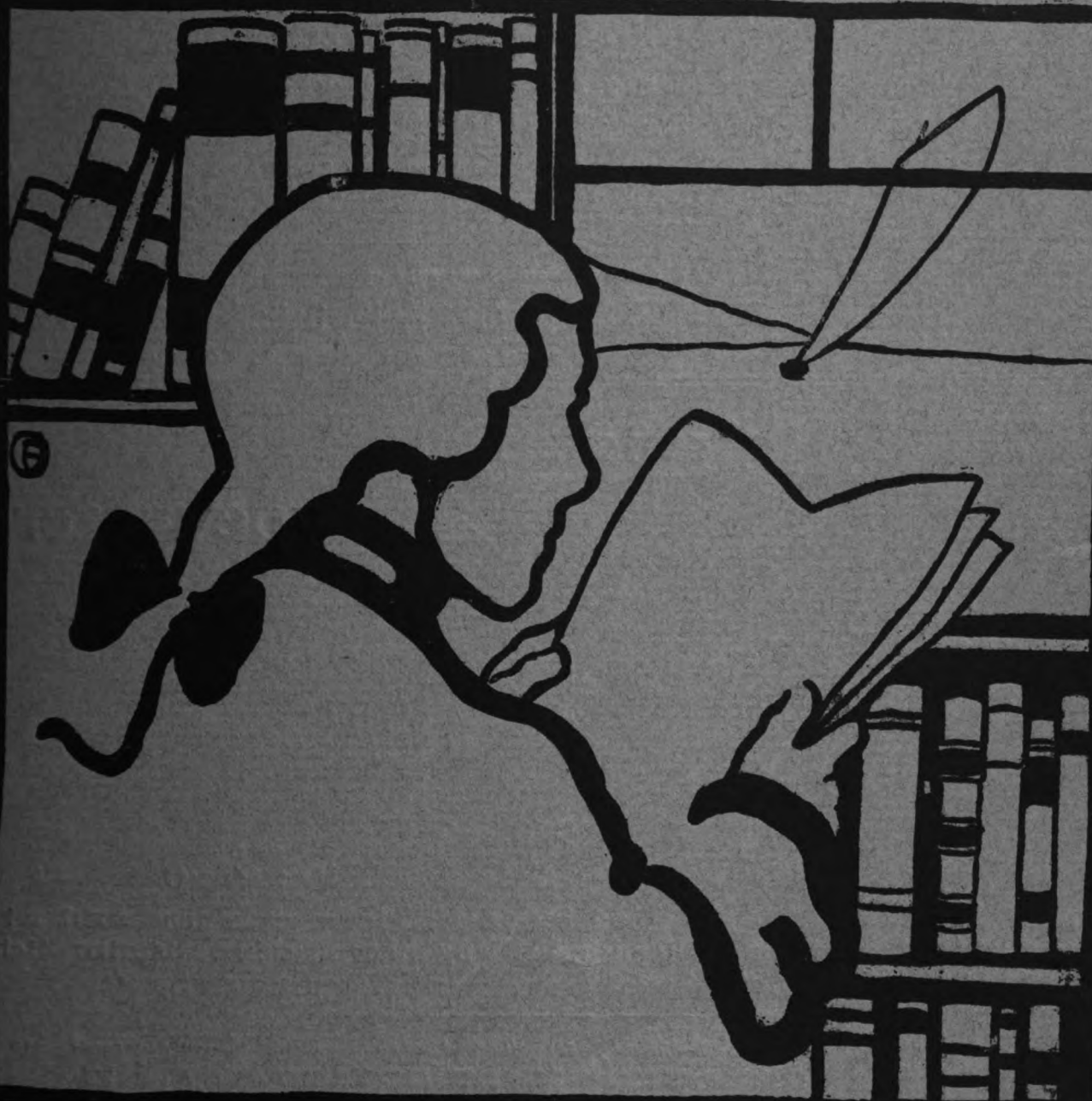
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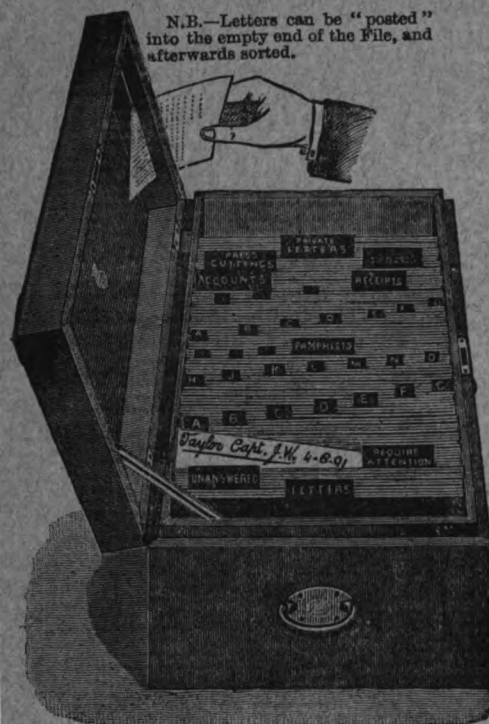


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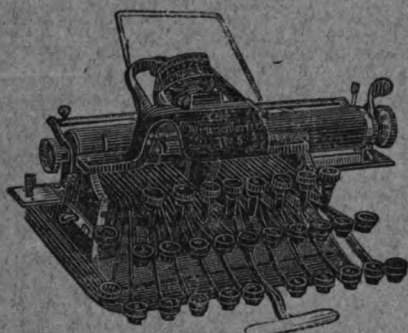
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The Literary Week.

On page 65 of this issue of the ACADEMY will be found the awards which, according to our custom, we make each January to authors of books of signal merit published during the preceding year. Last January, it will be remembered, we apportioned the sum of one hundred and fifty guineas at our disposal into two sums of hundred guineas and fifty guineas respectively. This year we have, for sufficient reasons, divided it into three sums of fifty guineas each.

MR. W. B. YEATS'S project for establishing an Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin has been carried so far that the announcement of two plays to be performed in May is publicly made. These are Mr. Yeats's "Countess Kathleen," and "The Heather Field," a prose drama of modern Irish life, by Mr. Edward Martyn. We wish well to the scheme, but we cannot think the terminology very happy. A Literary Theatre has not too seductive a sound. Why not National? Anything rather than "Literary" would be welcome. Among Mr. Yeats's supporters are Lord Dufferin, Mr. Lecky, and Miss Jane Barlow.

"A. B. C. D.," the writer of the article in a recent *Blackwood* entitled "The Republic of Letters," which aroused Mr. Lang to a spirited reply in *Longman's*, was Mr. G. S. Street. The conclusion of Mr. Lang's reply was this: "If literary aspirants will kindly send their MSS. to 'A. B. C. D.' (care of Messrs. Blackwood, 45, George-street, Edinburgh), and leave me alone, I shall have every cause to invoke blessings on the head of the new dictator." We wonder how Mr. Street likes the prospect.

WE cannot disguise our feeling that Sir Walter Besant is becoming wearisome. We have toiled in vain after him in his gesticulatory onslaught on the publishers. And now, conscious, perhaps, of the boredom of his fellow-workers, he addresses himself in *The Pen and the Book* to the literary aspirant. We have the old accusations, and again those dreary balance-sheets. For our part, we solemnly declare that we had rather lead the literary life under the condition of being fleeced by publishers to the extent of £50 a year than wade through Sir Walter's balance-sheets, and take the endless precautions he recommends.

BUT we do not believe in these misdoings of the publishers. Publishers must necessarily be men of business; Sir Walter Besant seems to forget that the vast majority

of authors are *not* men of business, and never will be. They waste the publishers' time to an incredible extent. Their fads and alterations, their conscienceless conscientiousness in the correction of proofs, their often feminine disregard of fixed arrangements and fixed times—these things add greatly to the cost of producing books. We do not find them noted in Sir Walter's balance-sheets; yet they may account in many instances for what Sir Walter Besant calls extortion and even (in capital letters) "thieving."

BUT in *The Pen and the Book* Sir Walter is not wholly engaged in poisoning the minds of would-be authors against established publishers. With all the certainty of being swindled which it offers, Sir Walter pronounces the literary life to be "by far the happiest life that the Lord has permitted mortal man to enjoy." If that be so, Sir Walter ought to be human enough to wish to keep it for himself and a few friends. He surely does not imagine that the greatest happiness of the greatest number will be secured by everyone turning author. Despite the cautions he gives, Sir Walter's book amounts to an invitation on the trombone to enter the literary booth. That booth is full enough already, and its doors are always besieged. We do not find lawyers inviting the crowd to their ranks, or the doctors, or the grocers.

FINALLY, we would remark that if *The Pen and the Book* is an ideally-issued volume—as we gather that it is, no middleman being concerned in it, no one but author and bookseller—we much prefer the products that reach us from Barabbas. We like six-shilling books to be well-printed.

THE *Morning Post*, we hear, is making arrangements to publish signed reviews of important new books.

IN reviewing Mr. F. R. Fowke's book, *The Bayeux Tapestry*, in our issue of December 17, we drew attention to Count Ostrorog's invention by which the "mesh" is eliminated from process blocks, thus avoiding "the chequered appearance so familiar and so distressing." In doing so, we inadvertently allowed it to be supposed that the illustration which we printed with the review embodied the good results of this new process. Such was not the case, and we point this out to those of our readers who, finding the mesh present, were unable to discover the improvement indicated. The block used did not exemplify Count Ostrorog's invention.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN's new volume of fairy stories, the successor to *A Farm in Fairyland*, is called *The Field of Clover* (Kegan Paul). Unlucky it came so hard upon Christmas that it missed the attention of the book-sellers, whose stock was then complete. But it will perhaps have some vogue now. Mr. Housman has, after his wont, illustrated the book as well as written it, and we reproduce his ingenious cover. The effect of the whole



THE COVER OF MR. HOUSMAN'S "FIELD OF CLOVER."

in black and white is better than in green and gold, the colours of the book itself.

WE have received a second letter from Mr. Adams on *The Book of the Master*—much too long to print. If Mr. Adams will look again at the review of which he complains, he will see that it was his whole statement as to the knowledge of the Egyptians that our reviewer considered absurd from an Egyptological point of view. We can insert no more correspondence on the matter.

WE have also received another letter from Mr. Pennell on the subject of *Lithography and Lithographers*, but this, too, is too lengthy for insertion. We are not prepared to reopen in our columns the interminable discussion as to what constitutes lithography proper, more especially as it seems to us that the point at issue is rather one of nomenclature than of anything else. No one pretends that the preliminary stages of the transfer process are identical

with drawing on the stone direct. The only dispute is whether the printed result in the two cases is or is not entitled, strictly speaking, to be termed a lithograph. Mr. Pennell, indeed, musters an imposing array of names of artists who have employed the transfer method. At the same time, he does not maintain that any one of them claimed that what he did was precisely the same thing as drawing immediately upon the surface of the stone. Purists, no doubt, having regard to technique, will always insist on a precise discrimination; but, just as in the case of a stereotyped page and one printed from movable type, the results are so closely similar that there is scarcely need, in common parlance, to make any distinction.

MR. LANG's *Ballade of the Book-Hunter*—baggy at the knees—is well known. For the House of Tregaskis Mr. Lionel Johnson has now written a kindred poem, more general in application, which we quote for its genial bookishness:

BALLADE OF THE CAXTON HEAD.

News! Good News! at the old year's end
Lovers of learning, come buy, come buy,
Now to old Holborn let bookmen wend,
Though the town be grimy, and grim the sky.
News! Good News! is our Christmas cry
For our feast of reason is richly spread:
And hungry bookmen may turn and try
The famous Sign of the Caxton Head.

Let moralists talk of the lifelong friend:
But books are the safest of friends, say I!
The best of good fellows will oft offend:
But books can never do wrong: for why?
To their lover's ear, and their lover's eye,
They are ever the same as in dear years fled:
And the choicest haunt, till you bid them fly,
The famous Sign of the Caxton Head.

In one true fellowship let them blend!
The delicate pages of Italy;
Foulis and Baskerville, bad to lend;
And the strong black letter of Germany:
Here rare French wonders of beauty lie,
Wrought by the daintiest of hands long dead:
All these are waiting, till you draw nigh
The famous Sign of the Caxton Head.

L'ENVOI.

Bookmen! whose pleasures can never die,
While books are written, and books are read:
For the honour of Caxton, pass not by
The famous Sign of the Caxton Head.

The ballade has lost the vogue that once it had, but for offices of this kind it is almost an ideal form.

In the catalogue which has Mr. Johnson's verses as introduction, there are two articles of interest to collectors of Dickensiana. One is the sun-dial from Gadshill Place, of which Dickens wrote to his daughter in 1859: "One of the balustrades of the destroyed old Rochester Bridge has been (very nicely) presented to me by the contractor for the works, and has been duly stone-masoned and set up on the lawn beside the house, I have ordered a sun-dial for the top of it, and it will be a very good object indeed." It subsequently passed into the hands of Mr. Crichton, of

Rochester, who engraved these words upon it: "These relics from Gadshill Place and Old Rochester Bridge are placed here in sincere regard for Charles Dickens." The price asked for the sun-dial is eighty-five guineas.

THE other relic is Dickens's cigar-box. The catalogue (in the pretty way that catalogues have) remarks thereof: "The elegant casket shape is significant of the high esteem in which the novelist held the contents, especially from a social standpoint. Many a night has it witnessed from some close at hand post the conviviality of a brilliant circle that fraternised still more freely by an occasional visit to this fair shrine of My Lady Nicotine, and no doubt the owner often enough himself reverently and invitingly bore it round." For this thirty-two guineas is the figure.

THE Gladstone Memorial has advanced a stage further. The *Daily News*, which must be considered the first voice of Gladstonianism, makes the suggestion that on the site of the present iron building which holds St. Deiniol's Library a domed and galleried Memorial Hall shall be built, "whose windows shall shine in the rays of the sun, and reflect its glories far and wide"; and in this hall shall be stored not only St. Deiniol's books, but also other volumes innumerable, together with papers, pictures, objects of art, relics, and personal belongings of Mr. Gladstone. The whole is designed to form an objective for pilgrims, comparable with Abbotsford and Stratford-on-Avon. For the furtherance of the scheme, donations should be sent to the National Memorial Committee, 84, Mount-street, W.

THE report of the Belfast Free Public Library contains some interesting figures concerning the popularity of certain books. In the Lending Library Kinglake's *Crimea* has been taken out 147 times, Macaulay's *England* 79 times, and Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* 45 times; while the favourite novelists have been Mr. Crockett, Mr. Boothby, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mr. Manville Fenn, Mr. Le Queux, Mr. Seton Merriman, and Mrs. Annie S. Swan. The Reference Library figures are less illustrative, because the same persons may frequently ask for the same books many times. Grote's *Greece* stands very high. In the poetry section Browning comes first, and then Omar Kháyyam, then Mr. Kipling, and then Chaucer. Among the people who have used the Reference Library we find 578 engineers, fitters, riveters, and platers, 1 tea planter, 90 actors, 308 artists and sculptors, 4 pawnbrokers, 104 constables, 163 publicans, 111 gentlemen (the *Chronicle* should be interested in this classification), 376 journalists, 6 authors and poets, 18 missionaries, and 2 phrenologists.

AT the end of January Messrs. Duckworth & Co. will publish a volume of *New Letters of Walter Savage Landor: Private and Public*, edited by Stephen Wheeler. The publication of these letters is authorised by Lady Graves-Sawle, to whom most of the correspondence was addressed. The letters cover a period of twenty-five years, and are full of allusions to the political, literary, and social history of a quarter of a century, from 1838 to 1863. The second

part contains a collection of letters on public affairs addressed by Landor to various newspapers and periodicals, but not included in any edition of his works. Several are now printed from proof-sheets, which he had himself preserved with a view to publication in book form. The illustrations consist of a characteristic portrait of Landor from a pen-and-ink sketch never before engraved, and two photogravures also hitherto unreproduced.

THE first volume of the publications of the Irish Texts Society, containing romantic tales of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, edited by Dr. Douglas Hyde, will be ready in March, 1899. In addition to the regular annual volumes, the Society will issue also, when funds permit, certain extra volumes containing more ancient texts. The first volume of this Mediæval Series will be ready about May, 1899, and will be forwarded to members free of charge. It will contain text and translation of the Feast of Bricriu (*Fled Bricrend*), edited by George Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., from the copy preserved in the Leabhar na hUidhre, with the conclusion from a version existing in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh (Gaelic MS. XL.); variants from Egerton 93 (British Museum), H. 3. 17 (Trinity College, Dublin), the Leyden University MS. Is. Vossii Codex lat. quarta No. 7, to be given when of essential service. This will be the first complete and critical edition, accompanied by an English translation, of this fine old romance, one of the most important of the ancient romantic tales of Ireland, after the Táin bó Cuailgne.

A VERY cordial appreciation of each other's actors and actresses has always distinguished England and America. From a pretty volume of verse, entitled *The Song of Stradella*, by Anna Gannon, which has just crossed the Atlantic, we take the following tribute to Miss Ellen Terry:

ELLEN TERRY.

Some say she is not human—
This strange elusive woman—
That she's some gay enchanting elf
From out the sea or sky;
But I
Believe she's just her gracious self.
Some ever praise the acting,
And others, all-exacting,
Her silences adore. But when
She speaks her own free mind,
I find
She is the most attractive then.
Another generation
Shall list in veneration,
As all describe her haunting art,
And sing her merits high.
But I
Shall tell them of her gentle heart.

There is a suggestion here of Mr. Watson's lyric, printed in his *Collected Poems*, with its haunting lines:

But O her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me,

THE house in Fleet-street which was formerly called "Nando's Coffee House," and is now better known (erroneously, however) as the "Palace of King Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey" (such being the inscription it has long borne), is about to be pulled down. The house has other historical associations of great interest, and a very fine Jacobean ceiling. It was "Nando's" in the middle of the last century, and although its literary associations are not very clear or numerous, there can be no doubt that it was the resort of writers. Bernard Lintot, whose shop was next door, must have been seen here with his authors. His book-shop was known as "The Cross Keys and Cushion, next Nando's Coffee House, Temple Bar." Here he published Gay's *Trivia*. Oddly enough, Nando's is not mentioned by name in the *Spectator*, though it is referred to (we think) as "one of the most noted Temple Coffee-Houses" in No. 197. In his *Pleader's Guide*, Anstey writes of a spendthrift:

Alas, how low his pocket grows!
He cruises oft at Will's and Joe's,
And oft, as many a greater man does,
Eats, drinks, and falls asleep at Nando's.

Shenstone, who was wealthy, could patronise the place with impunity; he writes in his sumptuous way: "I lodge between two coffee-houses, George's and Nando's, so that I partake of the expensiveness of both, as heretofore."

CONCERNING the clergy as novelists, Martin West, writing in the *Church Gazette*, says certain interesting things. "Most of the MSS. I have received from clerics," he remarks, "have been novels, pure undiluted novels, which did not make even the pretence of being religious. I remember one case. The author had a reputation for exact orthodoxy, and he was and is to my knowledge a cleric of extreme propriety of life. To my surprise his lucubration advocated not bigamy, nor polygamy, but trigamy, and he argued his case with a lucidity and power that astonished me. Possibly on account of their position the problem of the sexes specially appeals to clerical novel writers, and they are apt to treat it with a plainness very useful to the scientist, but at which publishers shudder."

THE clergy are as a class also very ready to review. We know this from our own experience, but Mr. West has exact figures to offer. He has been asking for information concerning their favourite subjects, with the result that eleven clergymen express a preference for novels, nine for history, nine for archaeology, seven for general literature, six for science, six for accurate theology, four for poetry, two for school books, one for devotional literature (which apparently differs from accurate theology), and none for sermons. One very able cleric, upon whom sermons were being pressed, replied to his editor: "I am willing to review anything except sermons. These I cannot conscientiously undertake. No clergyman has a right to review sermons. The layman who listens is the only person who can be just. I would suggest that you read them yourself."

A new weekly paper has just appeared under the title the *Stable*. As the name suggests, it is an organ for

the owners of horses and carriages. It is illustrated, and is bright in tone. The first supplement represents the Earl of Lonsdale hunting the Woodland Pytchley.

THE January number of the *Architectural Review* contains the conclusion of the first of a series of articles on the castles of *The Three Musketeers*. The start was made with Pierrefonds, the chateau of the great Porthos (and Bazin). A plan is given, and there are impressive pictures of the battlements by Mr. Patten Wilson.

AUTHORS seek material in odd ways. The New York *World* tells the following story of Mark Twain:

The corporations controlling the street-cars of Berlin, in order to guard against being beaten out of an occasional fare, require the conductor to give each passenger a ticket, which is afterward collected by an inspector who boards the car at fixed points. The system struck Mark Twain, who chanced to be in Berlin recently, as funny, and, in order to test its efficiency, he paid his fare fifteen times in one day, throwing the ticket out of the window every time as soon as he had paid his fare. Each time he handed the conductor his fare he received one of the tickets, and when he had destroyed this he was each time required to pay his fare again to the inspector. The conductor watched this performance with unrestrained amazement, and the other occupants of the car seemed to think the foreigner well punished for his carelessness. The joke was not on the victim, however, for Mark Twain in this way collected material for a story for which he received 500 dollars.

Mark Twain may know his own business best, but it does not seem necessary to have experimented the full fifteen times.

THE boy poet whom the *Chronicle* discovered some two years ago, and for whom a patron was found willing to provide a good school in place of work in a rubber factory, is now again in the public eye. The patron, for reasons not given, decided to end the boy's education, wishing him instead to be apprenticed to a photographer. Canon Rawnsley, however, appealed to the *Chronicle's* readers against this project, with the result that a London publisher promised £100 to keep the poet at Keswick High School, where he now is. We observe that in one of the few poems which the boy has written since he was removed from Silvertown to cultured circles he cries:

But now the darker days are o'er
The springs of Song burst forth no more.

What boots it that my mind has grown
Serene and calm from comforts gained,
I'd sooner that my heart should moan
And still the power of Song remained.
Friends sympathetic, dear, are mine,
But where my soul and where the Nine?

Possibly it was after reading this lament that the revolt of the patron set in.

APROPOS of boy poets, we extract from the British Museum volume of Autographs this week a portion of a letter from Thomas Chatterton concerning his intention, afterwards fulfilled, of committing suicide. There is no date,

Upon recollection, I don't know how Mr Clayfield, could ~~write~~ come by his Letter, as I intended to have given him a Letter but did not. In regard to my Motives for the supposed madness, I shall observe that I keep no worse Company than myself; I never drink to excess, and have, without Vanity, too much Sense to be attached, to the mercenary retailers of Iniquity. — No! It is my Bride, my damoid, native, unconquerable Bride, that plunges me into Distraction. You must know that the 19/20th of my Composition is Bride. I must either live a Slave, a Servant; to have no Will of my own, no Sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such; — or Die —
 Perplexing Alternation! but it distracts me to think of it — I will endeavor to learn Humility, but it cannot be here. What it may cost me in the Trial Heaven knows! —

A LETTER OF THOMAS CHATTERTON'S.

but the document belongs to 1769. The circumstances under which the letter was written are explained in the following endorsement: "Mr. Lambert, Chatterton's master, found a letter on Chatterton's desk to Mr. Clayfield, telling 'his wants and distress,' and that 'on Clayfield's receiving that, he (Chatterton) should be no more.' This letter Mr. Lambert sent to Mr. Barrett; on which he sent for Chatterton, questioned him on the occasion in a very friendly manner, showed the horrible crime of suicide and the cursed principle he had adopted, and C[hatterton] afterwards sent Mr. B[arrett] this letter." Chatterton, in the letter, subscribed himself: "Your much obliged, unhappy, humble servant."

THE *Chronicle* has supplied its readers with a means for discovering whether they have or have not a sense of humour. It is necessary first to relate a story of a man at a dinner party who, on being served with salad, seized two handfuls and rubbed them into his hair. On being asked why he did so, he remarked that he thought it was spinach. The test is in the comments of the listeners to the anecdote. They have not humour, or they have it, according as they ask or do not ask why the man wanted to rub spinach in his hair.

The Mess Deck, a collection of humorous stories of the Navy, by Mr. W. F. Shannon, which was issued uniformly with Mr. Jacobs's *Sea Urchins* and *Many Cargoes*, has peculiar rights to this kinship. Mr. Shannon and Mr. Jacobs are both clerks in the Savings Bank Department at the General Post Office.

THE Tennyson memorial in Haslemere Church will consist of a stained-glass window, after a design by Burne Jones, representing the vision which Sir Galahad saw in the little chapel.

THE Executive Committee of the Jenner Society have thanked Mr. Rider Haggard for services to the cause rendered by his novel *Dr. Therne*.

THE Pastel Society, which has lately been organised, will hold its first exhibition at the beginning of February in the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters, Piccadilly. The aim of the Society is to make the art of Pastel and the beautiful results which can be obtained in that medium more widely known in this country. Among members who intend to contribute to the exhibition are Messrs. Swan, Boughton, Watts, Crane, Stott of Oldham,

Clausen, Brabazon, Priestman, Muhrman, and Onslow Ford; and among the foreign artists are MM. Carrière, Besnard, Thaulow, Knopff, Gandara, Lenbach, Segantini and Wauters.

Bibliographical.

I AM not so "enthused" as I should like to be by the news that Mr. Byam Shaw has undertaken to illustrate pictorially all the plays of Shakespeare. It is possible to have a very great respect and admiration for Mr. Shaw's capacity, and yet to feel that in attempting to "body forth" all (or most) of the creations of the myriad-minded poet he will tax his powers severely. Can the thing, in truth, be done acceptably by any single artist? It has been essayed before. Look at the drawings which Sir John Gilbert made for an edition of the plays; and look at those which Mr. Gordon Browne made (much more recently) for another. Can one honestly say that adequacy is reached in either case? To illustrate Shakespeare pictorially one wants another Shakespeare of the brush or pencil, and where or when will he be found? Apart from that, the task could be achieved only by a whole company of artists of the highest faculty. I am inclined to think that the most inoffensive of all the single-handed endeavours to illustrate Shakespeare in the bulk was that of Frank Howard, who, by confining himself to figure sketches, and adopting the medium of outline, gave a sort of classical uniformity to his performance.

Prof. Knapp's *Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow* is now promised absolutely for March. I do not know what special qualifications the Professor has for performing acceptably his self-chosen task, but one awaits the work with some impatience. Borrow, of course, revealed himself largely in his books. Beyond that, such biographical matter as has been put into type has been fragmentary. With the Memoir by Monsieur H. Duclos, prefixed to the French version of a portion of *Lavengro* (*Bohèmes et Gypsies*), I am not acquainted; and, in English, all we have had have been Mr. Watts-Dunton's introduction to *Lavengro* ("Minerva Library," 1893), Mr. Augustine Birrell's Preface to the same work (1896), and Mr. W. A. Dutt's *George Borrow in East Anglia*, which belongs to 1896 also. We have plenty of biographies nowadays—indeed, too many—but the writing of them does not often fall to the person or persons most competent for the duty.

Talking of biographies, I am reminded of the *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence* which Lord Ronald Gower has been preparing, and which is soon to be issued to the public. This again reminds one of the run there has been of late years on this department of biography; the painters of last century and of this have come unmistakably to the fore. And how numerous, too, have been, in this decade, the autobiographies of the painters! That by Mr. G. A. Storey, which we are to have on the 19th inst., and which has been so happily entitled *Sketches from Memory*, is the latest of a long line, suggested, I think we may safely say, by the very great success of Mr. Frith's *Recollections*. "Broome went before, and kindly swept the way." Mr. Frith showed what could be done in this direction, and his example, very naturally, was followed.

Mr. Clement Scott has himself informed the world, through the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, that he proposes to occupy his newly-found leisure in the composition of a work on "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day," which he hopes will be ready "before the summer-time of 1899." It is to be "a history of our stage for fifty years, interspersed with anecdotes, reminiscences, and cheerful gossip, and illustrated with pictures of the period, valuable playbills, and such letters of dead and living artists as may be conveniently and discreetly published." It is permissible to regret that Mr. Scott should have elected to compile a book of the sort described, rather than a definite history of the Victorian theatre or an autobiography pure and simple. He could make either of those very attractive; but he seems bent upon trying to combine the two, giving us, it is to be feared, neither an autobiography nor a history which will wholly satisfy.

However, we will hope for the best. Mr. Scott has already published a little brochure called *Thirty Years at the Play*; and he has been fertile in articles, contributed to annuals, monthlies, and dailies, in which he has recorded his recollections and opinions of playwrights and players of his time. How often have the names of "Fechter," and "Robertson," and "Bancroft," flowed from his ready pen! He has published, under the title of *From "The Bells" to "King Arthur"*, a selection from the notices of the Lyceum Theatre which he has written "day by day" for the *Daily Telegraph*. His notices in the *Telegraph* have usually been so lengthy that a complete collection would fill, I should suppose, some dozens of volumes. On the subject of the English stage of the last thirty years he can hardly be uninteresting, whatever he writes; but I wish the forthcoming book were to be either an autobiography or a history—not (as it seems destined to be) a mixture of the two.

Those who are promoting the cause of the proposed Irish Literary Theatre have, I am sure, the good wishes of everybody. By all means let Dublin be the scene of the performances of dramatic works Irish in authorship or in scene and sentiment. That Mr. W. B. Yeats should be prominent in the enterprise is as it should be. Is he not already an acted dramatist? Did not some of us see his "Land of the Heart's Desire" performed at the Avenue Theatre nearly five years ago? (And was not one of the parts, by the way, undertaken by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, now one of the goodly fellowship of romancists?) Perhaps we may now see Mr. Yeats's "Countess Kathleen" put upon our stage. It was published, you may remember, in 1892, "The Land of the Heart's Desire" following it in 1894.

Messrs. Gay & Bird, I think, ought not to advertise the first of their "Bibelot" series as comprising "Coleridge's *Table Talk*." When one comes to dip into the pretty little volume, one finds that it embodies only a selection from the *Table Talk*—a fact admitted in the preface. Very often, however, books are bought before the prefaces they contain are read, and those who purchase the first "Bibelot" believing that they are getting the whole of the *Table Talk* will be, perhaps, proportionately disappointed.

THE BOOKWORM,

Reviews.

Mr. Hardy as a Poet.

Wessex Poems. By Thomas Hardy. (Harpers. 6s.)

It has become almost the fashion for prose-writers of all kinds to make at least one attempt in verse; and indeed for celebrities generally to essay some art outside that which earned them their fame. A painter or sculptor will make his bow to the public in verse—like Mr. Storey or Mr. Woolner; a distinguished draughtsman, at the close of his career, becomes a popular novelist. A parliamentary leader writes philosophy, a queen turns poetess, a Kaiser becomes everything by turns, and nothing long. Leaders of society take to the stage, leaders of the stage to society. Housemaids turn lady-novelists, lady-journalists turn amateur housemaids. Everybody seems infected with



MR. HARDY'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "SHE TO HIM."

the child's spirit of make-believe: "Let us play we are actors, or novelists, or singers," they say, and they play it. The number of prose-writers who have made their appearance as poets is legion. Mr. George Meredith we do not count, for he has always combined the two characters; but Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. Conan Doyle, are modern instances one at once remembers, while in the elder generation were Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Perhaps the father of novelist-versifiers was Smollett. It is a dubious experiment for a proseman to sit in the Siege Perilous of poetry, as the examples of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Lecky remind us. To adapt Tacitus, all would have agreed Mr. Ruskin was capable of writing poetry, if he had not written it. With novelists the odds are still greater. As a rule their whole training and nature is not only un-lyrical but anti-lyrical. Their desire is to tell a story or paint a character, and to do so with detailed elaboration, with the aid of constant side-lights, rejecting nothing as common or mean which will serve that central purpose. It is a method anti-poetic even in the case of the ballad. Drama would give them more native scope. But in poetic drama the central figures must

be kept on the heroic plane, and accordingly few novelists have essayed poetic drama. When even George Eliot made no unquestioned success as a poet, it needs some courage for a great novelist to come forward in later life with a volume of verse in his hand.

This is what Mr. Thomas Hardy has done. Save for what might be styled a "character-song" in one novel, and another slight song in a recent play, he has been sternly faithful to his one remarkable talent. All his life he has been drawing the English peasant, most unpoetical of peasants, with realism faithful to his stolidity, coarseness, and absence of any romance save that of destiny, which is present in all things ruled by Fate. One would expect that Mr. Hardy could scarcely have had time to master the mere *technique* of verse; that his strong, grim hand would be too heavy for poetry; that with all the forceful picturesqueness of his clean English, it was a

tongue "that in chiming numbers would not run," too unalloyedly vernacular and sturdy of limb for the supplejointed Muse. One might also surmise that, like Mr. Conan Doyle, he would rely for most of his success on the ballad. And all these things are so. But what could not have been expected is that, though ballads form the bulk of the book, it is not in these he shows at his best.

No, and the fact is surprising—is contrary to all which could be argued from his vocation as novelist. Here, where he has opportunity for dramatic and characteristic writing, is not his happiest work; but, on the contrary, it must be looked for among the lyrical and personal poems of the opening section. There

we find tokens that the stuff of the poet is not lacking in Mr. Hardy, had he chosen to bestow on verse the same concentration which has made him a novelist, had he developed technique by unremitting practice. Dryden achieved his mastery of versification by constant writing, and that Shakespeare did the same there is evidence enough in his plays. Few can write even a fluent song by mere gift of nature, unless they have nothing to say in it—when it seems to come easily enough to over-many versifiers. But Mr. Hardy has something to say. And in some lyrics sheer closeness of thought and feeling seems to make violent seizure of Poetry. Such a compelling hand is aid on her in the following verses:

SHE TO HIM.

I will be faithful to thee; aye, I wil !
And death shall choose me with a wondering eye
That he did not discern and domicile
One his by right ever since that last good-bye !
I have no care for friends, or kin, or prime
Of manhood who deal gently with me here;
Amid the happy people of my time,
Who work their love's fulfilment, I appear

Numb as a vane that cankers on its point
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came ;
Despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint
The mind from memory, and make Life all aim,
My old dexterities of hue quite gone,
And nothing left for Love to look upon.

The image of the cankered vane is imaginative and subtle. Again, in the poem called "Neutral Tones," the truth of feeling carries the reader over the lack of metrical finish.

We stood by a pond that winter day
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod,
They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that ro
Over tedious riddles solved years ago ;
And some words played between us to and fro—
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing
Alive enough to have strength to die ;
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
Like an ominous bird a-wing.

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

This is concentrated and bitten in with a sparing effectiveness, reminding one of like vignettes in the novels.

But when we come to the ballads, it is different. Based on Wessex stories and memories, we can imagine how effective they would be in Mr. Hardy's prose. The misfortune is that we are reminded of this. We feel the novelist's method, the novelist's hand, and wish the



MR. HARDY'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE BURGHERS."

narrative disembarassed of its metre. Here, too, the technical inexpertness which we have already implied is chiefly in evidence ; and the effect is intensified, somehow, by the dialect—which it always needs a crafty hand to make palatable in poetry. The itinerary in "My Cicely"

is an extreme example of the novelist's manner misleading the poet :

Passing heaths, and the House of Long Sieging,
I neared the thin steeple
That tops the fair fane of Poore's olden
Episcopal see.

And so on. In prose Mr. Hardy could have made it interesting ; in poetry it fatally suggests a versified guide-book. Let us hark back to the lyrics, where a charming poem awaits us for *bonne bouche* :

Beneath a knap where flown
Nestlings play,
Within walls of weathered stone,
Far away
From the files of formal houses,
By the bough the firstling browses,
Lives a Sweet ; no merchants meet,
No man barbers, no man sells,
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair
"Here is she !"
Seems written everywhere
Unto me.
But to friend and nodding neighbours,
Fellow-wights in lot and labours,
Who descry the times as I,
No such lucid legend tells
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was
In days gone by ;
(Such can not be, but because
Some loves die
Let me feign it)—none would notice
That where she I know by rote is
Spread a strange and withering change,
Like a drying of the wells
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed—
Loved as true—
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed
My life through,
Had I never wandered near her,
Is a thought severe— everer
In the thought that she is nought,
Even as I, beyond the dells
Where she dwell .

And Devotion droops her glance
To recall
What bond-servants of Chance
We are all.
I but found her, in that—going
On my errant path unknowing—
I did not out-skirt the spot
That no spot on earth excels,—
Where she dwells !

That daintily perfect lyric is enough in itself to show the poet in Mr. Hardy, and to justify a book which must, besides, be interesting to all whom his art has captivated—and they are legion. With its sweetness fresh in our mouth, we can close the volume, and thank the writer.

Values.

The Spirit of Place, and Other Essays. By Alice Meynell.
(Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE lover of fine letters, while the rest of the world is about its business or paying its seasonable devotions, will require no greater pleasure than to lose himself in a volume of Mrs. Meynell's essays. They have a thousand qualities of dignity and sincerity, of occasional humour and delicate fantasy. But their central charm is surely less even in the saying than in the thing said: in the freshness, the individuality of the outlook upon life of which they are the expression. Mrs. Meynell's speculation is never alien to the work-a-day world of the plain man. On the contrary, it constantly refers and defers to that. But at the same time you feel that it is in a sense remote, that it moves upon heights from which the perspective alters and inverts the mutual relations of many objects which the work-a-day world presents. Nietzsche—but the gods willed otherwise—proposed to make his masterpiece a "re-valuation of all values"; and, in a less radical degree, the plain man looking into Mrs. Meynell's essays will find that the values of many things there are curiously other than those they have been wont to hold in his daily thought. Aspects of the visible world are suggested as first for his consideration, and he has habitually passed them by; modes of conduct are proposed to him which not merely form no part of his moral ideal, but which hitherto have never been presented for the assessment of his conscience. The plain man carried on a serious controversy with his like in the newspapers the other day as to whether it was consistent with respectability to let your children run about without shoes and stockings. Surely he will think that Mrs. Meynell has neglected the essential factors of the problem when she writes:

Yet the feet should have more of the acquaintance of earth, and know more of flowers, freshness, cool brooks, wild thyme, and salt sand than does anything else about us. It is their calling; and the hands might be glad to be stroked for a day by grass and struck by buttercups, as the feet are of those who go barefoot; and the nostrils might be flattered to be, like them, so long near moss. The face has only now and then, for a resting-while, their privilege.

And again:

You have but to pass a season amongst the barefooted to find that man, who, shod, makes so much ado, is naturally as silent as snow. Woman, who not only makes her armed heel heard, but also goes rustling like a shower, is naturally as silent as snow. The vintager is not heard among the vines, nor the harvester on his threshing-floor of stone. There is a kind of simple stealth in their coming and going, and they show sudden smiles and dark eyes in and out of the rows of harvest when you thought yourself alone. The lack of noise in their movement sets free the sound of their voices, and their laughter floats.

And though he travels, and admires the landscape, it will hardly occur to him, as it does to Mrs. Meynell, to analyse and dissect that landscape, to abstract and define the contribution and individuality of every species of tree, elm and oak and poplar, therein:

But if one could go by all the woods, across all the old forests that are now meadow-lands set with trees, and

could walk a country gathering trees of a single kind in the mind, as one walks a garden collecting flowers of a single kind in the hand, would not the harvest be a harvest of poplars? A veritable passion for poplars is a most intelligible passion. The eyes do gather them, far and near, on a whole day's journey. Not one is unperceived, even though great timber should be passed, and hill-sides dense and deep with trees. The fancy makes a poplar day of it. Immediately the country looks alive with signals; for the poplars everywhere reply to the glance. The woods may be all various, but the poplars are separate.

Thus sweetly she teaches him to observe. And we may prophesy that even this lesson will be more readily learnt than those complementary lessons of a more gracious conduct of life which, if so disposed, he might also gather from her. But, doubtless, if he could bring himself to realise that the "slender gray design of shadows upon white walls is better than a tedious, trivial, or anxious device from the shop," and so to leave his walls plain, the vexation of his dwelling would be less. Nor would the personal amenity of him in foreign lands suffer, should he elect to accept Mrs. Meynell's view of the claim of the mendicant, if not for material alms, at least for courtesy in the refusal:

Where the tourist is thoroughly well known, doubtless the company of beggars are used to savage manners in the rich; but about the byways and remoter places there must be still some dismay at the anger, the silence, the indignation, and the inexpensive haughtiness wherewith the opportunity of almsgiving is received by travellers.

The impetuous journalist, from whom in his morning career over yesterday's "output" of literature Mrs. Meynell demands more attention than is in proportion to the bulk and cost of her volume, will complain to you with not unnatural irritation that she is "precious." That is so, in an entirely complimentary sense. She has an unusually strong feeling for the *pretium*, the value, the significance of words; is careful to fit them finely and subtly to the fineness and subtlety of thought. But the criticism is a superficial one if by it is intended that she lays stress on the trivial and the unessential. All her endeavour is to see things in their true colours and right proportions, to observe only what is worth observing and remember only what is worth remembering. But doubtless the journalist's estimate and standard of worth is not necessarily hers. A fairer criticism would, we think, be that, while she always aims high, she does not always attain her result with the same ease and obliviousness of means. Sometimes she triumphs. Sometimes also the strain, the determination to see or think closely and to write with precise vocabulary, is unduly obvious.

Shootings at Truth.

Joubert: a Selection from his Thoughts. Translated Katharine Lyttelton. With a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Duckworth. 8s.)

To English readers Joubert is best known by the critical and interpretative study which finds a place among Matthew Arnold's Essays. This, however, may well be

supplemented by Mrs. Lyttelton's careful and scholarly translation of a liberal number of the *Pensées*, and by the sympathetic biographical sketch which has been contributed to the volume by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Joubert, like his intimate friend and fellow-worker Chateaubriand, belongs to the reaction in France from the beliefs and principles of the Revolution. As a young man he came under the influence of Diderot, most fertile and ingenious of the *philosophes*; but for himself he never construed philosophy except by help of the comment of faith, and he lived to welcome Napoleon, and to form an intolerant and ultramontane *clérical* under the restored Bourbons. Nevertheless, he was by temper a critic and a philosophic dreamer, not a politician; and the results of his lifelong meditations over men and books find expression in some intimate letters, and in that volume of *Pensées* which has so singular a charm for those who do not feel, or who feel sufficiently to understand and make allowance for, its limitations. The *Pensées* belong to a *genre* of literature which has hardly existed out of France; wise, sentimental, or witty, they are *reflets* of truth, caught as it passes on swallow wings, rather than truth itself in its lucid and ordered presentment. "I can sow," said Joubert of himself, "but I cannot build or found"; and, again, "I am like an Æolian harp, that can sound a few beautiful notes, but cannot play an air. No constant wind has ever breathed upon me." You will not find in him formal instruction, or any unity beyond that of personality, but you will find sidelights of observation and reflection upon the art of making books, and the conduct of those delicate relations of friendship and human intercourse which he understood so well. The dynamic ideas which stir the world are not his, but he stimulates and, even more, he clarifies the soul. Above all, he has the French gift of faultless expression in prose. He wrote with difficulty: "My thoughts! it is the building a house for them that troubles me"; but he wrote to purpose, having of his race the gift of happy metaphor and limpid statement that makes even commonplaces imperishable.

In translating Joubert, Mrs. Lyttelton has throughout taken Matthew Arnold as a model; and, indeed, where Matthew Arnold chanced to translate a *pensée* in the course of his essay, she has invariably, and wisely, adopted the rendering. The collection is grouped under some score of headings; but, roughly speaking, the first half of it is concerned rather with life, religion, conduct, and philosophy, the latter half with art and literature, the making and makers of books. Here, then, are some fragments from Joubert's wisdom of life:

Thought is one of the tasks of life, a method of attainment, a road, a passage, but not an end in itself. To know, and to be known, are the two points of rest; here will be the happiness of souls.

Go, and inquire of the young; they know everything!

The evening of life comes bearing its own lamp.

Politeness is the blossom of our humanity. Whoever is not sufficiently polite is not sufficiently humane.

Dare I say it? God may be easily known if only we do not force ourselves to define Him.

Whither go our ideas? Into the memory of God.

One should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when

one thinks differently from the poets, and in religion when one thinks differently from the saints.

The hatred between the two sexes is almost unquenchable.

The punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love them always.

Hidden perfumes and secret loves betray themselves.

As a critic of literature, Joubert lays his stress rather on matter than on form. To him, as to Arnold himself, poetry is "a criticism of life." Thought is the first thing; style is to wing and sharpen the thought. The central quality in a book is, therefore, soul; the soul, the personality of the writer, shining through and informing the written page.

Nothing that does not carry us away is poetry. The lyre is in some sort a winged instrument.

There must be in a poem not only the poetry of images, but also the poetry of ideas.

Brilliant phrases are the natural expression of an adorned memory, a stirred heart, an enlightened mind, and a keen eye.

It is great art to know how to make one's thought fly like an arrow, and bury itself in the attention.

The most humble style has the savour of beauty if it expresses a great and beautiful soul.

Joubert's *bête noire* in literature is certainly Voltaire. He had come too near to him for a detached judgment. His mocking sentences gather irony from their admission of qualities.

Voltaire had correctness of judgment, liveliness of imagination, nimble wits, quick taste, and a moral sense in ruins.

Voltaire would have patiently read through thirty or forty folio volumes to find one small irreligious joke.

Voltaire knew the light and disported himself in it, but in order that he might scatter and deflect all its rays like a mischievous child. He is a goblin, who in the course of his evolutions sometimes takes on the shape and air of high genius.

One is, of course, provoked by these criticisms to realise that Joubert's own contribution to the world's advancement is but as one to a thousand when compared with Voltaire's. But it is a point of view after all, though a small one.

Poeticules, Mostly.

The Garland of New Poetry by Various Writers.
(Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE are eight who contribute to this slim little volume: the Muses themselves numbered but one more. Their names are Victor Plarr, Selwyn Image, Laurence Binyon, A. Romney Green, Manmohan Ghose, and Reginald Balfour, with whom are two that know no names, the phantoms "Anodos" and "E. L." Co-operative publication of poetry has hardly had a fair chance. There have been two or three volumes of a Parisian annual of this kind, and the Rhymers' Club, a lustre ago, issued two little collections not without merit. One would fancy that, in these days of metrical accomplishment, there must be

many writers who turn out three or four good copies of verses in a year, and who would prefer such a mode of publication to either the ephemeral glories of a magazine, or the tremendous venture of a personal book. However, if anybody means to make a success of the thing, he must go further afield than Mr. Elkin Mathews has done, and seek at once greater variety of inspiration and a robuster note. For, with the best will in the world, we cannot persuade ourselves that the present garland contains many flowers that are not doomed to fade. The eight sing prettily, but oh! how thinly, and with what lack of strenuous or individual accent. Mr. Binyon, of course, is a poet, but then he is responsible for two volumes of his own this year, and his contributions here must be held to be of grace. Mr. Victor Plarr, if we are not mistaken, is the sole link between the Rhymers' Club and the younger venture. He is wisely put in the forefront of the book. He has more to say, and says it with more vigour and directness, than his fellows. We like best the sentiment and the dignity of expression in "The Firstborn," which is too long to quote. But here are two good stanzas upon a demolished London grove:

How beautiful you were, forgotten grove,
How classic and how tall, O little wood!
'Gainst the red winter sunsets, O my love,
How shapely forth you stood!

The birds of spring mid your green spaces whirled:
They could not leave the pleasant grove they knew;
And once, at dawn, a single time, I heard
Tho cuckoo's voice in you!

And here is a gracious little fancy, "On Change of Opinions":

As you advance in years you long
For what you scorned when but a boy:
Then 'twas the town, now the birds' song
Is your obsession and your joy.

And as you lie and die, maybe
You will look back, unreconciled
To that dark hour, and clearly see
Yourself a little wistful child.

Into the jaws of death you'll bring
No virile triumph, wrought with pain;
But only to the monster fling
The daydream and the daisy-chain,

The lispéd word, the gentle touch,
The wonder, and the mystic thought,
For old gray Death upon his crutch
To rake into his Bag of Nought.

Next to Mr. Plarr we should put "Anodos," whose verse, though its frailty does not bear analysis, has a certain delicate quality of mystery and glamour. We have not a notion, for instance, what "Wilderspin" means, but there is a fascination about the way it is done, nevertheless:

In the little red house by the river,
When the short night fell,
Beside his web sat the weaver,
Weaving a twisted spell.
Mary and the Saints deliver
My soul from the nethermost hell!

In the little red house by the rushes
It grew not dark at all,
For day dawned over the bushes
Before the night could fall.
Where now a torrent rushes
The brook ran thin and small.

In the little red house a chamber
Was set with jewels fair;
There did a vine clamber
Along the clambering stair,
And grapes that shone like amber
Hung at the window there.

Will the loom not cease whirring?
Will the house never be still?
Is never a horseman stirring
Out and about on the hill?
Was it the cat purring?
Did someone knock at the sill?

To the little red house a rider
Was bound to come that night,
A cup of sheeny cider
Stood ready for his delight.
And, like a great black spider,
The weaver watched on the right.

To the little red house by the river
I came when the short night fell.
I broke the web for ever,
I broke my heart as well.
Michael and the Saints deliver
My soul from the nethermost hell!

Mr. Selwyn Image begins with two charming lines, and tails off at once; Mr. Manmohan Ghose has one fairly good sonnet; and the rest is silence.

The Badminton "Athletics."

Athletics. By Montague Shearman. (Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d.)

IN only one other country besides England could the Badminton volume on athletics have been produced. That country, of course, is America, where they carry the craze for everything in the form of exercise to far greater extremes than even in the old country. It may be doubted, however, whether the Americans have ever produced a better book on the subject than that which Mr. Montague Shearman has edited. Himself a famous runner—he was 100 yards champion in 1876, and quarter-mile champion four year later—he proves in his own person that he who runs may read, for he contributes a capital sketch of the progress of athletics from ancient times, which must mean a wide and discriminative acquaintance with much scattered literature. The editors of the "Badminton" series have been singularly fortunate in finding good writers among celebrated athletes. Who that has read it can forget the delightful chapter on "Bowling" which Mr. A. G. Steel contributed to the "Cricket" volume? It has all the sparkle and ingenuity of his own incomparable style.

The progress of athletics is well illustrated by the history of the present volume. At first, in 1887, the subject was lumped together with football (in both kinds);

but it has long been evident that it required a special treatise to itself, and we have no doubt that Mr. Shearman has had the utmost difficulty in compressing his wealth of material into the present 356 pages. The only lengthened description he permits himself is an account of the Amateur Championship meeting of 1886, when on a single afternoon the 100 yards was done by Wharton, the coloured gentleman, in 10 secs., the quarter in 49½ secs., the half in 1 min. 59 secs., and the mile in 4 min. 25½ secs. These times have all been beaten since, but never before had such performances been achieved in one day by *bona fide* amateurs. We should have liked a more detailed account of the celebrated mile race at Lillie Bridge when W. G. George with his long stride kept close to that "corky" little runner, W. Cummings, for five-sixths of the distance, and then raced past him as if he were standing still, and won in the never equalled time of 4 min. 12½ secs. Another epic performance was the long jump of C. B. Fry in the University Sports of 1892. The present writer was close to the take-off, and saw the jumper come down the path like a racehorse, and take the jump like a bullet out of a gun. Everybody knew that something great had been achieved, and one was hardly surprised when "23 feet 5 inches" went up on the marking board. Moments like those live long in the memory, even of the spectators. What must the performers feel? We do not doubt that if Sir R. E. Webster, who contributes an interesting introduction to this volume, had to part with his G.C.M.G. or the "blue" that he won when he beat the Oxford representative in the mile race of 1864 it is not the light blue ribbon that he would sacrifice.

Mr. Shearman gives the winners of the Amateur Championships and of the Oxford and Cambridge Sports, but he does not bore us with too many "records." These often represent, not so much exceptional excellence in the performers, as exceptional conditions of weather and the like. In fact, we are quite as much interested in some historical performances which would not satisfy the A.A.A., as in the better-verified feats of the present day. We like the butcher of Croydon who ran (in 1653) from St. Albans to London, a distance of twenty miles, in less than an hour and a half, "and the last four miles so gently that he seemed to meditate": also the running-footman who in 1720 ran four miles round a racecourse in 18 minutes—a feat barely equalled by Henry Kingsley's "muscular Christian" curate (in *Geoffrey Hamlyn*) who did the same distance in twenty minutes, then vaulted over a gate, took off his hat to a lady, and drew his watch out of his pocket to time himself.

The performances duly attested by stop-watch are, however, remarkable enough. Think of Harry Hutchens (of whom, curiously enough, there is no mention in the book), whose powers were first revealed by the speed with which, as a newspaper boy, he sped from carriage to carriage on Putney Station platform. Hutchens once ran 300 yards in 30 seconds. It is odd that to cover another 140 yards takes even a Myers or a Tindall 18 seconds more; but this may be partially due to the fact that all quarter-mile courses have a curve in them. Colbeck was the first quarter-miler to do the entire distance at top speed. On one occasion he cannoned against a sheep

and broke its leg, but still completed the distance in 50½ secs. As for jumping, six feet has several times been surmounted since M. J. Brooks electrified Lillie Bridge by jumping 6 ft. 2½ in.; and the record now rests with M. F. Sweeney, an Irish-American, whose curious



M. F. SWEENEY JUMPING.

style is well illustrated in the picture reproduced above. Irishmen, like Irish horses, are great "leppers." Another Emerald Islander, W. J. M. Newburn, has long-jumped a foot further than C. B. Fry. This sort of thing, of course, requires the most intelligent training, a subject in regard to which Mr. Shearman's advice is excellent. The modern trainer suits the conditions to the man, and does not insist too much on hard-and-fast rules. "No smoking" is, of course, one of them, but it was hardly necessary to emphasise this by the silly picture on p. 193. Take it altogether, however, and we can imagine no better hand-book for an athlete or an ex-athlete (and most Englishmen come into one or other class) than this latest volume of the "Badminton" series.

Cannibals and Pigmies.

The Land of the Pigmies. By Captain Guy Burrows. (Pearson. 21s.)

LAST week we drew attention to Captain Cayley Webster's pictures of cannibal life in the South Sea Islands. In Captain Burrows' book we have even more striking pictures of cannibalism and its juxtaposition to the civilised life of Europeans. Indeed, in these pages we find more good sense on this painful subject than we have often read before. The notion that cannibals are the lowest type of man is very prevalent, but it is erroneous. Captain Burrows has no hesitation in asserting that

this unnatural practice stands by itself, seeming not in any

way to affect or retard the development of the better emotions. Thus, tribes to whom cannibalism is quite foreign are in many cases more bloodthirsty and far less advanced, both morally and socially, than others openly addicted to it. It does not follow at all that because the natives of the interior evince a liking for human flesh they are, on the whole, inferior to those who treat the practice with contempt and abhorrence.

This is in entire agreement with the opinions expressed by Mr. Herbert Ward in his book, *Five Years Among the Congo Cannibals*. The pigmies, who are of a very low type, are not cannibals. They are wretched little nomads, without arts, without the sense of time, without religion, without divinations; they are, in our author's opinion, "the closest link with the original Darwinian anthropoid ape extant," but—they do not eat human flesh. They will sooner starve. Strange as it may seem, cannibalism argues a certain social advance. Its origin was probably hunger; its continuance has rested on warlike ideas such as the one—so common in Central Africa and elsewhere—that to eat the heart of a foe is to absorb his valour. Any attempt to eradicate cannibalism must take account of these facts if it is to be successful.

Captain Burrows quotes Shakespeare's phrase, "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"; and asks: "Did he mean cannibals and stunted dwarfs? We shall never get to the root of his shrewd omniscience." By anthropophagi we should say he undoubtedly meant cannibals—what else? The word was used in that sense in 1552 in a sermon preached before Edward VI.; and it is certain that Shakespeare had read Montaigne's essay on cannibals. Has Captain Burrows? It would interest him. We commend this book to all who follow events and discoveries in Central Africa. It is an entertaining record of valuable facts.

Seventeenth Century Domesticities.

Memoirs of Lady Russell and Lady Herbert, 1622-1723.
Compiled from Original Family Documents by Lady Stepney. (A. & C. Black. 5s.)

"ONE of the most charming sights in the world is a married pair united by a true affection, based on congeniality of sentiment and principle." So, four generations ago, when these memoirs were preparing, prettily wrote Lady Stepney's mitted hand. The brief fragments that follow—letters from Lady Russell to her husband, written during the rare seasons of separation that occurred in the fourteen years of their united life—present with their demure fervour a fitting text for this sedate comment. On both sides theirs was a love match, and to the day of his execution in the troublous times of the third Stuart, their passion, or at least hers, still burned: her letters are the sign. Three years after her marriage she wrote: "My best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of or can be obliged to." Upon the prospect of his return home she wrote some years later: "I should condemn my sense of this expected happiness as weak and pitiful if I could tell

it you. No, my best life, I can say little; but think all you can, and you cannot think too much; my heart makes it all good."

Lady Russell had been married some ten years, and was forty-three, when she wrote: "I am touched with a sensible regret that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you." She was not only a woman of passion, but a woman of wits; and if Russell came to grief amid the treacherous shoals of Court intrigue, it was not through a too submissive following of her counsels. After his death she took refuge (as such a woman must) in devotion; and for the rest of her days maintained a highly edifying correspondence with Burnet, Tillotson, and other clergymen of renown. To one of them (it is not easy from the arrangement of the text to determine which, but it does not matter) she writes this curious passage: "We shall, as your phrase is, be renewed like eagles; and we like eagles mount up to meet the Lord coming in the clouds, and now tarry with Him, and be no more faint or weary in God's service. These are ravishing contemplations, Doctor!"

As patroness of certain benefices she was scrupulous in the discharge of her trust. "I can," she writes, "with all my scruples, make no exception to Mr. Swayne, if his vapours are not too prevalent to permit his being free and active in such a charge." Was that written gravely? If so, she may have lacked one last perfection; and, indeed, there is no evidence here that she possessed the grace of humour. But her unconscious humour makes amends. Love, politics, religion—she is equally serious about them all.

Information Made Playful.

The Amateur Antiquary. By R. H. Forster. (Mawson, Swan & Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne. 6s.)

THE title of this book does not convey a very precise indication of its contents, which relate to the Picts' Wall. It is in no sense a contribution to the sum of our knowledge concerning the great Roman fortification; nor is it so much as a popular introduction to the study of the remains. "Information made playful" is perhaps as close a description of its character as it is possible to give; and it may conceivably justify its existence by rousing here and there among the unlearned or the indifferent sufficient interest in the subject to tempt a stray rambler to buy Bruce's *Wallet-Book* and pay a visit to Hadrian's great work. Within these limits, it is a creditable performance: careful and accurate in respect of historical scholarship, and, except for the garnish of jokes and hyphens, quite readable. For the latter noxious weed, the printer may be partly responsible; in that case, however, they should have been rooted out in proof. But the waggery, we fear, can be laid only to the author. And his jests are of the sorriest. Some of them are Cockney, and provoke irritation; some are "deefecult," and induce melancholy. The legionary soldier figures as "T. Atkinsius." When, at the first glimpse of the Wall, the second century tourists race each other for it, the outraged sentry angrily asks them "whether they think they are in a maledicted circus." Ælia Commindus was "a wife whose very name

'wore the breeks.'" The get-up of the book would be faultless were it not for the size: unless necessitated by the exigencies of illustration, there is no excuse for cumbering the reader with a quarto volume.

Postscript.

ILLUSTRATED editions of *The Pilgrim's Progress* multiply. Quite recently came one by Mr. Anning Bell, and last year the best of them all—the late C. H. Bennett's—was reprinted. Now, more in the Bennett manner, comes a large edition from Messrs. Pearson, with many drawings by the



MISTRUST AND TIMOROUS.
From "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

brothers Rhead, three American draughtsmen. Their work is often forcible and adequate, as in the cut we reproduce. That, we think, is excellent. The level is not, however, always maintained, and in some of their attempts to render expression that shall answer to Bunyan's merciless nomenclature the artists remind us of illustrations to *Lavater*. But just as Bunyan wrote for simple folk, so it may be considered that his latest illustrators do not draw for art critics. We are certain that by these drawings the value of the allegory will be heightened in many homes. The preface to this edition is by the Rev. H. R. Haweis.

The portrait facing the title-page of a volume called *Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D.: his Life and Letters* (Hodder & Stoughton), shows a face of singular purity, of aquiline outline, marred by a ragged fringe of whisker apparently tied in a bow under the chin. It was the fashion in the days when Dr. Reynolds was "pastor" at the little town of Halstead, in Essex, and during the years (1849—1853) when he was at Leeds. The letters collected by Dr. Reynolds's sisters into this volume of

nearly six hundred pages breathe a uniform spirit of piety and simplicity, of human tenderness and habitual recollection. For those who have been brought at any time into communion with the amiable subject of the memoir this rich collection of his incidental correspondence will be a welcome memorial of him. But he really did take things seriously. How surprised William Makepeace Thackeray would be to learn that in the sixties his elaborate moralities were likened to "a comment on the Book of Ecclesiastes, full of awful warnings and terrible strokes." Fancy *Vanity Fair* "reading in part like some old prophet's sarcasm." Well, perhaps they thought so in the sixties.

Any island that saw the birth of the great Dumas deserves public attention, hence we recommend Mr. Robert T. Hill's account of the West Indies, under the title of *Cuba and Porto Rico* (Unwin), particularly for its account of Haiti. The Black Republic has always had an interest above any of its companion Indies, and we regret that Mr. Hill's description is not longer than it is. Sir Spencer St. John's standard work is, indeed, not improved upon, except in minor matters. The population, says Mr. Hill, is now nine-tenths black and one-tenth coloured, and the one-tenth is gradually getting black; but the nation generally is—except the Cubans, the Porto Ricans, and Barbardians—the only virile and advancing one in the West Indies. Although the proportion of females to males is three to one, a pretty girl is the exception. Honesty is so prevalent that one may travel throughout the island with gold coin clinking in one's pockets and never meet a thief or want a free lodging. Mr. Hill offers in this bulky volume a tremendous store of facts and scores of good photographs. His work is not literature, but it is interesting.

"We have all of us many and grievous faults. It is good to think of them sometimes, that we may know ourselves, and that we may know how to deal with them." This is an extract from *Helps to Godly Living* (Stock), a little book of selections from the sermons and addresses of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, collected by J. H. Burn, B.D. The aids are, in the main, counsels of perfection, and sometimes they are over wordy; but a passage every morning may solace some.

To Mr. Dent's "Temple Classics" have recently been added the *Mahabharata*, India's great epic, in Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutt's condensed translation; Browning's *Paracelsus*; and *Endymion*, and the *Longer Poems of John Keats*. The term "Temple Classic" is elastic. Mr. Dent's "Temple" edition of Scott has reached *Quentin Durward*. Mr. Shorter, in his bibliographical note, calls this story "one of the best of the Waverley novels," italicising the words as we have done. We do not demur, but there are reasons for expressing the opinion in slightly different form. Slang and criticism may be well kept apart.

A little outburst of Kailyardism—familiar and honoured—has just occurred at Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's. The result is that four new editions lie before us: *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, *A Window in Thrums*, and *Auld Licht Idylls*, all illustrated. The artists who share the work are Mr. William Hole and Mr. A. S. Boyd, and their pictures are in keeping with the homely text.

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THE question whether taking Holy Orders ought, or ought not, to be the chief road to promotion in the teaching profession is one which imperatively needs full and open discussion. By the constitution of most important schools an authority so absolute that it has no parallel in any other calling is placed in the hands of head masters, and it is therefore obvious that on their character and capacity all progress in secondary education essentially depends. If the quality of head masters deteriorates, the quality of education must deteriorate too, and no minor improvements can effect any real good unless those who possess complete control are also the men most fitted to do so.

The simple proposition thus stated cannot be denied by any sane man, yet in the regulation of scholastic preferment exactly the opposite principle prevails. The vast majority of the masters in our great schools are laymen, but every chief place of power and profit is held by a clergyman. Professional merit and proved ability do not weigh as the dust in the balance with governing bodies in the election of a head master, unless a candidate is in Orders or willing to take them. In fact, while three-quarters of the teaching profession are condemned to perpetual subordination, the whole government of secondary education is entrusted to men selected from a small and dwindling minority.

From this condition of things—and the facts, though startling, are indisputable—two consequences seem necessarily to flow. The first is, that no profession can prosper in which all hope of success is denied to most of its members; the second is, that head masters of distinguished ability are becoming daily rarer. Both consequences are of extreme gravity, and to the second there attaches an equally grave corollary: when the temptation to take Orders is made so overwhelming, it is impossible that the motives of some of those who take them should not be questioned.

Of the first of these consequences it is not the special object of this article to speak, although its dull and numbing influence is visible everywhere, checking zeal and crushing energy, until the ablest and most ambitious men sink into mere creatures of routine whose chief object is to keep their houses full of boys and the balance at their bankers' big. Of the truth of the second no one connected with school affairs can entertain any doubt. It is invidious to mention names, but even a cursory examination will disclose to any inquirer the fact that not a few positions of high eminence and rich remuneration in the scholastic world are occupied by men who, had they remained at the Universities, would never have aspired even to a college lectureship. In the field of scholarship and theology the headmasters of the present day are, with one or two exceptions, wholly unknown; while, if the secret deliberations of governing bodies could be revealed, the history of election after election during the last twenty years would demonstrate that the electors, instead of having a large choice among first-rate candidates, have either to content themselves with decent mediocrity or to extend their search entirely outside the scholastic profession. Sometimes they are driven to select a candidate who, either immediately

before or after his appointment, stoops to offer the solemn vows of ordination on the altar of advancement.

It is not easy to discuss in a temperate spirit a state of affairs so clearly injurious to education, nor is it easy to deal with the arguments of its supporters, because no one has ever ventured either to state them or to defend them publicly. They are kept hidden in a convenient obscurity; but, as far as can be surmised, they are founded partly on ancient prejudice surviving from the time when Fellows of colleges took Orders as a matter of routine, partly on a curious but potent combination of religious zealotry and worldly prudence. "The interests of religion require a clergyman," hints one; "a layman would frighten parents and diminish your numbers," suggests another. Both these specious arguments need examination.

As to the first, it seems almost a contradiction in terms to urge that the interests of religion can only be supported by injustice and by fraud. Yet it is by injustice that the unbroken succession of clerical head masters is perpetuated in our great schools. Almost everywhere clerical restrictions have been removed by Parliament; lay candidates cannot openly be rejected, and are often definitely invited to submit their testimonials as though for an impartial consideration of their claims. But they never receive it. Though always eligible, they are never elected. No matter who are the candidates, in the case of the great boarding-schools the appointment always falls to someone who is either in Orders or who is willing to accept them. If justice or an honest obedience to their statutes guided governing bodies, a simple consideration of mathematical chances will show that this result is absolutely impossible.

But what is the effect of this system on religious feeling in our schools? The answer is plain. Evil can by its nature only produce evil, and the effect is, and must be, bad. Religious teaching has, it is true, within the last fifty years made rapid progress, and that progress has, in a manner which suggests reflection, been coincident with the increase of the number of laymen among assistant masters. But there is a limit to everything, and the religious earnestness which has characterised many of these men in the past is gradually showing signs of disappearing. Silently, but surely, there is spreading among them a feeling which, if not already anti-clerical, is yet dangerously akin. Year by year they see men, often distinctly their inferiors, promoted to high place solely by reason of their having taken Orders, and that, too, frequently under circumstances which preclude the supposition of a purely spiritual call. They cannot, and they do not, respect such leaders. Some of them, they know, are good men; others of them, they are convinced, have for the sake of preferment yielded to a temptation which they themselves have felt and conquered. They recognise sincerely the sacredness of the clerical calling; they acknowledge that a clergyman may have some advantages as a teacher; they desire earnestly that clergymen and laymen should stand side by side in a common warfare against ignorance and unbelief; but they feel acutely their present degradation. They are also beginning to resent it. Instead of warm co-operation their attitude towards religious teaching is becoming that of cold isolation. "We are

publicly branded as unfit for this high work," is their scarcely conscious thought; "let those who reap the reward also bear the burden." The sentiment is not noble, but injustice does not breed noble sentiments. Crush men persistently, and the ultimate result will be to crush the life out of them; not only in things intellectual but also in things spiritual the animating impulse will disappear. It may be in the interests of religion nowadays that lay teachers should be so treated, but St. Paul, when he sets "prophets" and "teachers" side by side, or enumerates the equal though diverse "gifts" of the Divine Spirit, seems hardly to encourage such a view.

Space demands that the second argument against laymen—which is deduced from worldly prudence—should be dismissed briefly; nor is it, in fact, worthy of any but the curtest treatment, for it is a mean and ignoble argument. There are, after all, such things as right and wrong, and some regard should be paid to them, even at a slight risk. Yet the risk, even when weighed in the most strictly commercial scales, is almost inappreciable. In the case of day-schools, it has been proved by experiment to be wholly non-existent, and some of these laborious and poorly-paid positions have actually been conceded to laymen, while no one—not even a member of the bench of bishops—can assert that men like the headmasters of Dulwich and of St. Paul's have brought discredit on the scholastic calling, or lowered its dignity.

But, it is said, the case of boarding-schools is widely different. The plain answer is, that in every such school throughout the kingdom, the housemasters—who are chiefly laymen, and whose relationship to the boys under their charge is far more intimate than that of a headmaster can be—receive everywhere the fullest and most complete confidence of parents. This clear fact demolishes the argument that laymen would not be trusted, but even it does not destroy the resources of objection. It is still urged that the appointment of a lay headmaster would frighten some timid parents, and that this argument cannot be proved to be invalid. This purely hypothetical plea had, it must be allowed, at one time weight, and was incapable of actual experimental disproof, because those who put it forward have taken care that no layman should ever be in a position to demonstrate its falsity. Happily, during the last year, the headship of one great public school has been held by a layman, and, although his intention to take Orders was not generally known, the school has not suffered in any respect from the circumstance of his being without them. This plain and positive fact makes it henceforth impossible for any honest man to urge against the appointment of laymen the poor policy of worldly prudence. The timid advocates of truth and justice may at last look up without any fear of that ragged and beggarly plea being again flaunted in their faces.

I have written strongly because I feel strongly, and no one conversant with the facts can assert that the language used exceeds in any way the just measure of a righteous indignation. Moreover, strong and definite language is indispensable, because on the opposite side there exists what is almost a conspiracy of silence. Governing bodies, by replacing in their statutes a clerical

test which Parliament had deliberately removed, injure education and violate their trust; but they act in secret and cannot be questioned. The clerical schoolmasters, too, who profit by their illegal conduct are equally determined to speak no word. Again and again the great headmasters have been publicly challenged to defend their case, but it is in vain. They know that their own honour is closely touched and that the welfare of education is vitally concerned; but, like politicians in place, they are discreetly dumb. They know that, in the judgment of nearly all members of their calling, a great wrong is, like a disregarded disease, eating into the very heart of educational life; but all they wish is to hide the painful truth and to shirk the necessary remedy. The public interest, on the other hand, demands that there should be searching examination and prompt treatment. Parliament, it is believed, will shortly deal with the whole question of secondary education. Doubtless, however, strong efforts will be made to keep this root evil concealed from its cognisance, and it is to prevent such concealment that this article has been written. I do not desire to prejudge the case; I only state it as it presents itself to many thoughtful minds, and ask Parliament to investigate it fully, to decide it definitely, and finally to see that its own enactments are not habitually set aside by the very men whom it appoints to carry them into effect.

Public School Libraries.

What Boys Read.

WE have applied to the librarians of a large number of our Public Schools for particulars of the collections of books under their charge. The replies have been numerous and lengthy—too numerous and too lengthy for quotation. The particulars given below will, however, interest some of our readers. From Bradfield College we have received a copy of the *Bradfield College Chronicle* for last December, from which we quote the following remarks, founded on an inspection of the college library entry book:

We have just been looking through the Library Book, and on glancing down its columns were amazed to find how often entries of the same book recur. Three hundred of all the works in the library would seem to suffice to supply the hundred-and-twenty or so volumes that go forth week by week to be read; and all of those are of recent production. . . . Who now reads *Helen's Babies*? Who can be induced to look at *Tales from Blackwood*? *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley* seldom see the inside of a class-room; *Peter Simple* is a hero of the past. Even the fame of Jorrock seems to be dead.

This is a modern and romantic age; and sentimental, too, for if it has forgotten Edna Lyall, it loves its Marie Corelli! Romances—good, bad, and indifferent—are always in request. Dumas and Weyman, Doyle and Haggard, Hope and Merriman change hands weekly, and only come back at the end of the term to be rebound. Tales of imaginary wars, ghosts, cannibals, detectives, and Thugs share a like distinction. And then the humorists! What a pleasure it must be to make for the first time the acquaintance of Huck Finn and "Them Two Old Frauds"; but poor Pickwick must turn green with envy

—if such a genial soul could—to find himself neglected for the *Three Men in a Boat* and the *Diary of a Pilgrimage*. Poetry there is in plenty waiting for a public; sad or silly, grave or gay, no one seems to want it, unless in a volume delicately bound, that looks well lying on a table.

Some read Scott—*Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe*; some read Thackeray—*Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*; others favour Marion Crawford, but the taste of these is eclectic and runs in families; they read where their elder brothers have read before them, and their younger brothers will as certainly do the same in the future.

Darwin is not wholly overlooked, but the later pages in his works are abnormally clean, and occasionally a would-be essayist seeks a model for his style. But after all most lists begin in the same way: *Lust of Hate*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, *The Beautiful White Devil*; and so many perforce go disappointed. And what problems those same lists afford!

Vague descriptions such as “Rupert of Henshort,” or the “Sowars,” or “Frozeoh”; portmanteaus like the “Dropped Island,” or even the simple spoonerism such as “Heir of Wermiston.” Most are short; some are long. One there is who weekly writes out a complete list of Kipling’s works, always in the same order, and always gets the first; and another who does the like for Rider Haggard.

Some few rely on the librarian to make a choice for them; but they surely must be perplexed when what one authority describes as awfully good is labelled by the next awful rot. And this invariably is the case.

We give brief particulars of the libraries in selected Public Schools:

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

There are two libraries: (1) The Old Library, properly called The Busby Library; (2) The Library, properly called The Scott Library.

The contents of the first library, which are very valuable, are not accessible to the boys except by special permission.

The Library (as the boys call it) was founded to commemorate the services of Dr. Scott (head master 1855-83).

At the present time The Library occupies the whole of the first floor of Ashburnham House, a magnificent suite of five rooms, lighted by electric light, and contains about 6,000 volumes. It is essentially a modern library for the use of boys and masters, and is arranged according to subjects.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

The library is called the Adderley Library, and was founded in the year 1848 by the late F. Alleyne McFeachy, Esq. It now consists of over 8,000 volumes, and includes standard works in divinity, classics, biography, history, poetry, science, mathematics, and general literature. Works of fiction are generally excluded, though we have a few—viz., Thackeray, George Eliot, C. Kingsley, Scott, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Austen, and the Brontës.

The library is housed in a large room in C. House (the scene of Mr. Stanley Weyman’s new book, *The Castle Inn*) which will hold about sixty boys. It is open every day for three or four hours at stated times, mostly in preparation hours.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

This school possesses a large and valuable library of old books, some of them, no doubt, from monastic libraries which existed in Shrewsbury before the Reformation. Here, for instance (according to Prof. Skeat), is preserved the oldest MS. of a miracle play in existence in this country. Within the last three or four years a hitherto unknown broadside of the time of Henry VIII. (two copies of it) was discovered in the

binding of one of our old books. We have also a small and carefully selected library of modern standard books and books of reference for the use of the older boys. In each of the boarding-houses is a library of a lighter character—poetry, travels, good works of fiction—and these books are given out weekly for perusal.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

The library of this school contains more than 3,000 volumes. In the last five years Ballantyne and Kingston have given way to Mr. Henty, who, in his turn, is yielding to such novelists as Guy Boothby and Edna Lyall. There are, however, not many novels as distinct from boys’ tales. There is a very fair proportion of solid books, but these are not much drawn upon. The boys number 160, and they take out about 120 books per week.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

This school is fortunate in the possession of a fine old library of more than four thousand volumes. The library is said to be the finest room in the West of England. It is a genuine fifteenth century hall, with a stained glass window commemorating the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. One MS. catalogue of the library exists, the date of which cannot be later than 1695, and it is evidently a copy of an older catalogue. The school tradition is that the library of the post-Reformation school was founded by Bishop Jewell. The Sixth Form use the library as a reading-room, and may take out three volumes at a time. The rest of the school use the library as a reading-room at stated times and may take out one volume at a time.

WE regret to be compelled to compress into very small limits the interesting information supplied to us by the following schools and colleges:

LANCING SCHOOL.—There are two libraries—the Fellows’ and the Boys’. The first is a fine collection of books in theology, classics, history, and general literature. The boys’ library is more popular, and is accessible at stated hours.

ST. PETER’S COLLEGE, RADLEY.—Here, also, there are two libraries. The boys’ library was originated by the founder, Dr. Sewell, and began its career well. It then went through a period of neglect, but is now being revived. In the library the cases are locked, and there are fixed hours for borrowing the books, which consist chiefly of poetry, travel, popular science, and novels.

DULWICH SCHOOL.—The boys’ library is quite distinct from the ancient and valuable library, with its MSS. and rare Elizabethan books, attached to the college for the use of masters and governors. Though boys may, of course, inspect the chief treasures of this library, they have not ordinary access to it, nor can they borrow books from it. Their special library contains about 6,000 volumes. It is supported by a small grant for the purchase of new books and the rebinding of those in use.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—The library of this college consists of 5,000 volumes of miscellaneous books. Subordinate collections of books are maintained, which boys are permitted to read in their own rooms. The largest of these, “The Lane Lending Library,” consists of nearly 3,000 works of fiction, travels, &c. The masters have a large library of their own, and so have the boys in each of the boarding-houses.

FELSTED SCHOOL.—The library at this school is still in an early stage of development. A point that may be mentioned is the separation, not perhaps peculiar to Felsted, of fiction from other subjects. The house masters receive a terminal grant, which they spend as they think fit on novels or “light” literature, each house possessing now some 300 or more books. The school library, on the other hand, contains no novels, and makes purchases to the value of some £30 once in the year, though a few books are bought at other times.

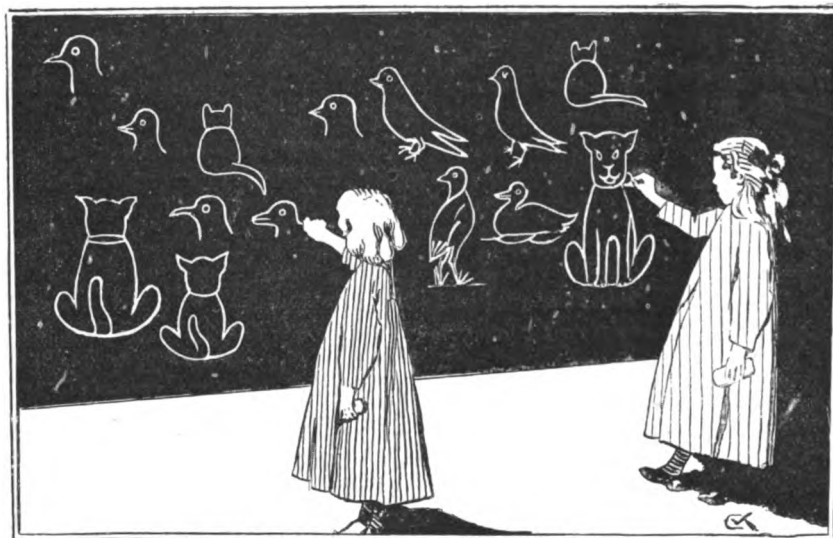
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ONE of the strongest tendencies in modern education is in the direction of modifying the traditional stress laid upon book work, and claiming a share in systematic training



PRIMARY WORK BY LITTLE CHILDREN.

alike for the hand as the organ of the brain and for the whole body. The movement is one deserving of emphatic encouragement so long as the proper limits are observed; so long, that is to say, as bodily education is regarded as a means, not as an end. It becomes dangerous only when the *corpus sanum* comes to be treated as an ideal of perfection in itself, and not merely as the environment in which the *mens sana* may most readily and fruitfully work. It is open to argument whether in the higher grades of education, as represented in the English public schools and universities, these limits have not been of late somewhat overstepped. But it is, we think, certain that in primary education of all kinds the fault has been an opposite one, and that the supplementing of the book, on the one hand, by increased manual training, on the other by increased organisation of physical exercises, requires pushing to a much further extent than has until quite recently been anywhere customary. We welcome, therefore, the stress laid on these matters in two important and elaborate educational publications which have lately reached us, and to which we are glad to direct our readers' attention.

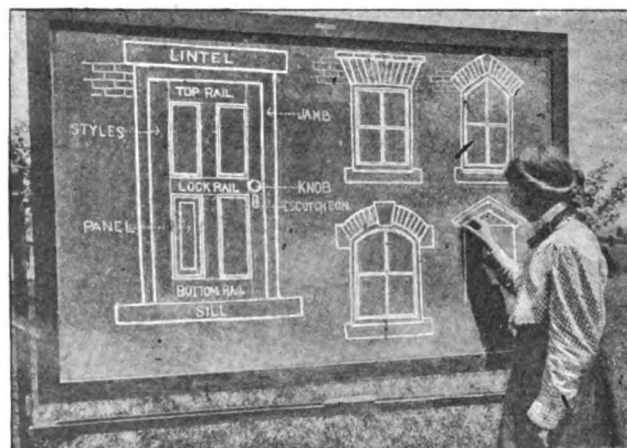
Mr. Tadd's *New Methods of Education* is of American origin. The writer has had a long experience in manual training, and is now director of the Public School of Industrial Art established at Philadelphia by Mr. C. G. Leland. The exhibit of work done by pupils of this institution at the Chicago Exhibition aroused a good deal of interest, and the present book is an attempt to explain

the methods on which Mr. Tadd's instruction is given. Unfortunately Mr. Tadd is not quite as skilful with the pen as he is with the pencil or the blackboard chalk, and the somewhat inflated style of his opening chapters is likely to prejudice the reader against a really useful treatise. The worst offender, indeed, is Dr. Hailmann, who contributes a pretentious preface, in which he sees in the blackboard studies and models of Mr. Tadd's pupils

the promise of a new creative art, shall I say of a truly national and specifically American art, in full accordance with the subjective needs and aspirations of this new nation, free from Egyptian and Persian petrifications, from Japanese trivialities, from French frivolities and pessimisms, free from all that is extraneous and effete; an art which is not meant to tickle the idle and dissolute, but to sustain the earnest, which does not revel in the bizarre, but strives to reveal the unity of the true and the beautiful, of joy and vigour; an art which does not drag man into the bogs of self-indulgence, but lifts him to the heights of self-assertion in the service of holiest ideals.

This, written of derivative exercises on the blackboard, is, to put it plainly, buncombe. But when Mr. Tadd gets over his own rhetoric and Dr. Hailmann's, and settles down to the businesslike exposition of his methods and the principles that underlie them, he at once becomes practical and suggestive. Much of what he writes is, no doubt, familiar to students of method in England, but the thoroughness of his exposition, and the innumerable

illustrations, two of which we reproduce, that accompany it, cannot fail to be of service. Mr. Tadd points out that much of what passes for manual training in schools really fails to attain the end aimed at. Properly speaking, the object of manual training is to make the hand the obedient and ready servant of the mind, to bring about such habitual and precise co-ordinations of the motor impulses



ADVANCED WORK.

with the directing brain as will enable the interior images to be translated directly and unhesitatingly into outward form. This is not identical with the technical training in trade processes, though it is the best preparation for it.

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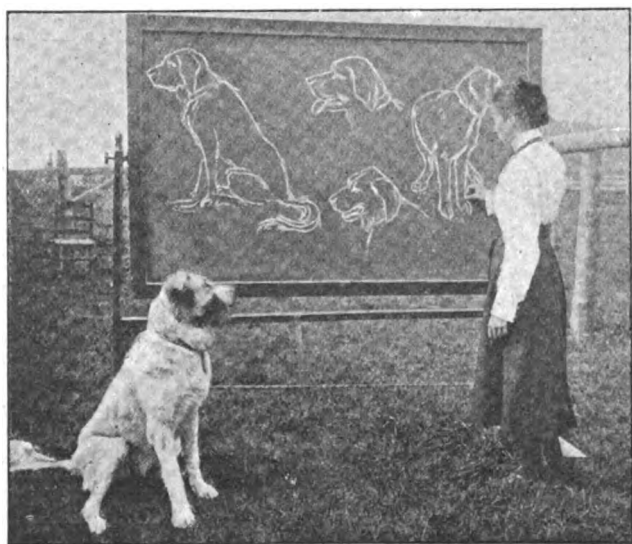
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Authors may send in their MSS. suitable for Volume publication, with a view to immediate consideration.

On the contrary, in the premature acquisition of such technical processes, the all-round education of the peripheral nerves as tools of the senses is too often sacrificed. And again, the best form of manual training is not found in such comparatively mechanical processes as "paper cutting and folding, stick laying, Sloyd, whittling, sewing, planing and joinery work," and the like. Against Sloyd, in particular, for which in some quarters much has been claimed, Mr. Tadd makes a crusade:

Ten courses of Sloyd work will not give the pupil the automatic facility desired, or even fundamental co-ordination of the motor centres of the hands. Throughout the entire course, instruments of precision—the rule, the compass, the try-square, the gauge—are used constantly. Therefore, the eye and the mind never get the unconscious power of grasping magnitudes and proportions so essential in elementary training during the period of growth.

The only manual training worthy of the name, according to Mr. Tadd, is that which is based on freehand drawing. He then proceeds to outline a course, which begins with simple exercises in the elementary forms, such as circles, straight lines, loops, simple leaf-forms and the like, proceeds through various complications of conventional designs, and concludes with studies from life forms, such as birds, fish, and animals. These, as may be seen from the studies of dogs which we reproduce, are broadly and vigorously treated. Part of the work is done on coarse paper of liberal size, part with the chalk on the board; and a free sweep of the arm is insisted on by the teacher. Moreover, Mr. Tadd believes in ambidexterity, and the pupils are taught to use either hand or both at will. They are taught also not merely to copy drawn or natural forms, but to memorise these and to repeat them without a model—an excellent method, if care is taken not to allow too mechanical a use of it. The course of drawing is followed

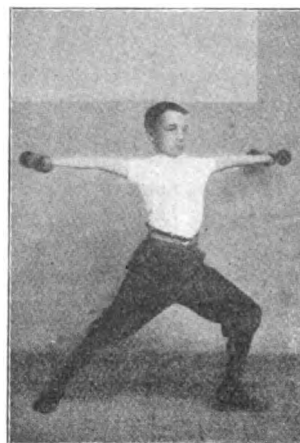


DRAWING FROM LIFE.

by courses in modelling and wood-carving, in order that by working in three dimensions not the eye only, but the touch and muscular sense may be thoroughly trained. And throughout, the correlation of the manual training with the rest of the pupil's work is insisted on. This seems

to us a great step in advance. The liberal use of illustration appealing to the eye—maps, plans, models, casts, magic-lantern slides, and the like—can do much in every branch of learning to supplement the inevitable imperfection of a book study of the subject. It turns, as Newman would have put it, a notional assent to the propositions assimilated into a real one. Even Mr. Squeers had some faint glimmering of this when he made a boy spell "w-i-n-d-e-r, winder," and then sent him to clean it. And how much more is this the case when the pupil's own senses and finger-tips have been exercised on the apprehension and reproduction of the visible forms involved.

There lie before us also two new volumes of *The Special Reports on Educational Subjects*, which are the first-fruits of the "information bureau" established at the Education Office under Mr. M. E. Sadler. From among the varied and valuable mass of material which is here given for the study of the educational expert we select a series of papers which are germane to the subject of this article. These deal not, like Mr. Tadd, with the training of the motor centres, but with the complementary training of the whole muscular system by means of drill and athletic exercises.



ADVANCED DUMB-BELL MOVEMENTS.

This problem has long ago solved itself in the public schools for boys; but it is still a pressing one in the schools of a similar type for girls, and in the primary schools for both sexes. The first two writers approach it from the former point of view. Mrs. Woodhouse explains the practice in the Girls' Public Day School Company's school at Sheffield. Here the organisation of games is mainly left to the girls themselves, and the only school rule in the matter is that every girl must take at least two hours' daily out-of-door exercise. On the other hand, drill and gymnasium form part of the regular school curriculum. All the girls are periodically examined by a lady doctor, and special exercises in "remedial gymnastics" are prescribed for those who require it. In a boarding-school the physical side of a girl's training is, of course, more under the control of the mistress than it can be in a day school; and a very interesting paper on the subject is contributed by Miss Penelope Lawrence, of the Roedean School, near Brighton. Miss Lawrence appears to have advanced views on the question of girls' athletics. Her pupils are trained in running, swimming, fencing, drill, and gymnastics. But the chief stress is laid upon games proper:

These are, after all, for purposes of exercise, more satisfactory than any other. They have an all-important advantage over drilling and dancing in that they are carried on out of doors—secondly, in that the movements are voluntary, and not to command—over swimming,

because they are possible at all times of the year—over riding, because they are inexpensive. They are at once more vigorous exercise and less monotonous than walking, and therefore, considered purely from the point of view of



LATERAL TRUNK MOVEMENT.



ARM EXTENSION.

affording physical training and exercise, they fill a place in school life which nothing else fills so well. But they have another and more important function to fill in the training of the character, and under this aspect their importance in school life is second to no other agency we can devise for the children's benefit.

Therefore the young ladies of Roedean School play not only lawn-tennis, but hockey and cricket, like their brothers, and the photographs represent them doing it in impeccable attitudes. Not football, however, because that is "quite unsuited to girls," while the bicycle is barred as incompatible with the organised games.

We have not left ourselves space to discuss the treatment of the same subject in public elementary schools.



TRUNK MOVEMENT.

But Mr. George Sharples sketches the development of games and athletic sports among the boys of these schools all over the country. And descriptions of the methods of drill and gymnastics in use in the Board schools of London, Birmingham and Leeds are contributed by practical

instructors. These exercises, which are now strongly encouraged by the Education Department, form a most valuable part of the training given, especially to town children. We have borrowed for reproduction four of the interesting photographs with which these papers are illustrated.

Text Books, School Books, &c. English.

The Renaissance of Girls' Education in England. By Alice Zimmern. (Innes.)

THIS is an interesting summary of the process from the *Mangnall's Questions* and *Child's Guide to Knowledge* of fifty years ago to the highly organised and scientific girls' schools and colleges, with their ambitious curriculum and their vigorous physical training, of to-day. Probably the first step in advance was taken by the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowen Bridge, founded by that Mr. Carus Wilson whom, with his institution, Charlotte Brontë so unfairly pilloried in *Jane Eyre*; and since then new experiments in women's education have thrived and multiplied, reacting in their turn, as Miss Zimmern points out, upon schools which, on the whole, have remained faithful to the older type. Miss Zimmern's survey is, in the main, historical, with a little incidental criticism thrown in, rather than theoretical or classificatory. In successive chapters she describes the initial foundations of Queen's, Bedford, and Cheltenham Colleges; the Report of the Commission of 1865; the starting of High schools; the appropriation of endowments at Birmingham, Bedford, Dulwich, and elsewhere; the Oxford and Cambridge colleges; the degree-giving provincial Universities; and such modernised boarding-schools as St. Leonard's School, at St. Andrews; Roedean, at Brighton, and Wycombe Abbey. This chapter is, perhaps, the most interesting of all, for the institutions described have been less in the eye of the public than either the High schools or the University colleges. But with "boarding" comes in the religious difficulty, and Miss Zimmern should have explained how it is dealt with. Her remaining chapters, on the work of the Polytechnics, County Councils, and School Boards, touch on a branch of education which, while also, in a sense, "secondary," does not stand in any very definite relation to the higher secondary education which has hitherto occupied her. It might, perhaps, have been treated separately altogether. Or if not, the book would have been more useful if it had been preceded by some sketch of the ideally desirable grading of girls, that the reader might gather in reading how far the needs of each grade are met, and what the actual gaps in the whole system are. We should also have thought that more information might be given as to some of the experiments in co-education, to which, though Miss Zimmern does not regard them with a friendly eye, many others look as a possible solution of various problems. University Extension, again, though confessedly a very imperfect and tentative form of education, and probably already in course of being superseded, yet deserves in a historical sketch more attention than Miss Zimmern has given it. In spite of these omissions, however, the book is, on the whole, an adequate record of encouraging activities.

Herbart's Letters and Lectures on Education. Translated by Henry M. and Emmie Felkin. (Sonnenschein.)

IN Germany, and also in America, your scientific educationalist is, nine times out of ten, a Herbartian. The English teacher is, constitutionally, unwilling to tie himself to one system or one method; but for him, too, Herbart is rapidly becoming, with Locke and with Froebel, one of the masters. Indeed, you need not accept Herbart's philosophy as a whole to recognise the importance and value of his life-long contention that a sound education must depend ultimately on sound ethics and sound psychology. The present volume may be taken as supplementary to the more formal treatise on *The Science of Education*, which Mr. and Mrs. Felkin have already translated. The two works which it contains, though conceived in the

same spirit, belong to opposite ends of the author's career. The *Letters on Education*, with others not now extant, were written, in 1797-1799, as educational reports on the sons of one Herr Steiger, of Interlaken, to whom the young Herbart, fresh from Jena, was acting as tutor. They show him feeling for principles and a method, but with the main spirit of his educational theories already mature. The *Lectures on Education*, on the other hand, were written in 1835, six years before Herbart's death, and may be regarded as a sort of summary and, in some points, a completion of his greater treatise. Serious students of education should be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Felkin for their close and literal rendering of Herbart's difficult, exactly-reasoned German. The book is not light reading, but it is worth the pains.

The Local Examination History. By R. S. Pringle, LL.D., (John Heywood.)

A BOOK that has reached the eighteenth edition must surely serve its purpose. It is, of course, a mere epitome, attempting to compress into less than 200 pages all that a student ought to know about his own country. It is not, however, ideal. The field is most extensive, the knowledge sketchy, and the "shreds and patches" of history, literature, and biography are thrown together in a very exasperating way.

England and the Hundred Years' War. By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A. (Blackie & Son.)

THE present volume completes Mr. Oman's series of six little manuals, each (except the first) dealing with a period of a hundred and fifty years or so. The editor makes out a good case for his method. This particular period is one that can well be dealt with apart; and he has told the almost epic story with great skill. Constitutional progress, whether in England or France, is noted with as much care and fulness as the glittering deeds of war; the faults and weaknesses of the chief actors in the drama are marked with perfect fairness; and full justice is done to the firmness and skill with which French kings and commanders gradually won back the complete freedom of their land from an almost hopeless state. Some useful maps and tables make up a workmanlike handbook.

The Growth of Greater Britain. By F. B. Kirkman, B.A., Oxon. (Blackie & Son.)

THE new "Raleigh Reader" is a capital book, and most fittingly appears at a time when efforts are being made to knit our great empire more closely together, and to cement our friendship with the great kindred republic which George III. and his ministers alienated. The story of the growth of our empire is well and stirringly told, and is illustrated by many a sketch map and many a noble face.

French.

Le Roi des Montagnes. Par E. About. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Thomas Logie, Ph.D. (John Hopkins Univ.). (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.; London: Isbister.)

AGAIN we have a pretty edition of About's delightful story, with its bright, biting sarcasm. The business-like brigand, hand in glove with the police and the monks; the English ladies; the German man of science, who calmly poisons the whole robber band—again delight us. The notes are few, and deal only with points of translation, and therefore the book is scarcely meant for class use.

Mon Oncle et mon Curé. Par Jean de la Brète. By E. C. Goldberg, M.A. (Macmillan.)

A PRETTY little story of the mental and moral growth of an orphaned girl, under the guardianship first of an odious aunt and then of a wise, kindly uncle. The book is a welcome addition to its series. The characters of the story are delicately drawn. The notes are good, and the system of exercises, oral and written, based on the text, makes the edition a valuable school book.

Dent's Second French Book. By S. Alge and Walter Rippmann. (Dent.)

THIS little book is written throughout in French. Apart from the *Hints on Teaching French*, a companion volume, it is not easy to understand the method. But the anecdotes, and especially the longer story, "La Tâche du Petit Pierre," are delightful. The latter reads like a couple of chapters from *Sans Famille*. There are dialogues, exercises on verbs, and the like; but a systematic grammar seems required, or at least a table of irregular verbs.

French Commercial Correspondence. By Ladislas Soleil. Vol. I., Preliminary; Vol. II., Intermediate Course. (Kegan Paul.)

THESE two books form a very good and thorough course of instruction on a highly important subject. The system of commerce and its technical language are carefully and clearly explained. Abundant practice is given in correspondence, in commercial arithmetic, and in suitable French unseen passages for translation. These last are all strictly connected with the main topic of the books. The second volume ends with a score of Oxford Local Examination papers on commercial French. There are no English notes; nor is there any vocabulary of commercial terms. This last would, we think, be a useful addition; and we should have liked some specimens of actual French script, for the character of French caligraphy is quite different from our own. Such books as these should do much to wipe away the reproach that English clerks are unable to conduct the foreign correspondence of their employers.

German.

Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. With Introduction and Notes. By Charles A. Eggert, Ph.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co. London: Macmillan.)

THIS is an excellent edition of Goethe's drama, the greatest production of the Greek spirit under modern conditions of thought. Like Keats, Goethe was, in one aspect of his genius, an Athenian born out of due time, and in the *Iphigenie* he seems to breathe the very spirit of Sophocles. Mr. Eggert's learned and thorough Introduction gives full information on all points connected with the genesis of the play, the history and variations of the myth, and Goethe's ethical conception and purpose, and his notes give every help for the interpretation. A concise bibliography and index complete the book. The printing is all that can be desired, and the system of numbering the lines is very helpful. In a few places the English might be mended: "outranks" (p. xv.) is less good than *surpasses*, "besides" (p. xviii.) is put for the preposition *beside*, and "Christ-deed" is a monstrosity. Surely, too (p. vii.), "*Pluto*, the synonym of wealth," is a slip for *Plutus*, though the latter god is not concerned in the subject-matter!

Lower German. By Louis Lubovius. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

THIS little book should be of much service both to teachers and learners, and should, as the author says, be used along with a

good elementary grammar. The larger part is an easy, well-chosen reading-book, the matter being such as should interest and amuse all children. Then follows a succinct accidence, with copious exercises, and then connected prose for translation into German. The use of Roman characters in the vocabulary and for some of the reading extracts, and the etymological suggestions, are useful features; and the addition of a few songs with Sol-fa notation (pp. 116 *et seq.*) is a pleasant thing in the book.

Greek and Latin.

The Iliad of Homer. Books XIII. to XXIV. Edited by Walter Leaf, Litt.D., and M. A. Bayfield, M.A. (Macmillan.)

THE present volume completes what is almost an ideal edition of the *Iliad* for school use. In two points only do we think it could be mended: it does not seem quite fair to teach the destructive theories of Lachmann and others without mention of the high authorities (e.g., Monro and Gladstone) ranged on the opposite side, and the use of the peculiar Greek type in the notes is of doubtful advantage for learners. Having said this, we have nothing but praise for the book. The Introduction, especially the long and careful grammatical part, is admirable, and the sections on the subjunctive and optative, and the uses of the particles *καί* and *ἀν*, deserve special consideration. The notes are very full, and contain a vast amount of learning. Every point of the poem is discussed as it arises, whether it be of philology, the social state of the people, or the manners, accoutrements, and fighting methods of the heroes in the great siege. The Appendix on Homeric armour is learned and interesting, especially that part which treats (after Reichel) of the shield, and the beautiful workmanship of the gold cups of Vaphio (p. 452) gives a high idea of the civilisation which produced them.

The Æneid of Virgil. Book I. Edited by A. Sidgwick, M.A. (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

MR. SIDGWICK'S edition is a handy and elegant little book, complete in itself, with vocabulary, informing notes, and an admirable Introduction. He has managed to compress into his limited space a wonderful amount of good scholarship, and to show besides insight into and sympathy with the consummate art and poetry of his author. The little summaries in the notes are a great help, and the references to parallel passages light up the commentary. But in the first line *primus* is surely "at the first," not "first"—which *Æneas* was not; and at l. 637 we think the balance is in favour of *dei* (Conington's reading), and not *dii*, which Mr. Sidgwick prefers.

Cicero in Catilinam. Book I. Edited by J. H. Flather, M.A. (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

MR. FLATHER has done a very good piece of work in small compass. A careful Introduction gives all that is necessary for understanding the history and politics of the time, the notes are full and scholarly, and the table of syntactical usages is excellent. A good vocabulary completes the edition, than which no better book could be used as an introduction to the great orator-statesman of Rome.

Ovid. Vol. III. By J. P. Postgate. (London: George Bell & Sons; Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.)

SCHOLARS will welcome this pretty little volume, completing the text of Ovid, and containing the *Fasti*, *Tristia*, &c. Its correctness is vouched for by the names of the editors, Mr. Postgate being editor-in-chief. We are delighted to see the

publishers adding new volumes to the dainty series of Cambridge Greek and Latin texts, long interrupted. They are far handier and nicer than any other editions which we know.

The Beginner's Latin Grammar and Exercises. By Percy H. Frost, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

IN this new Latin Grammar, Part I., more than half the book is taken up with a systematic clearing away of the difficulties a beginner meets with. This is done clearly and simply, and was originally a book by itself. To this has now been added an accidence, with all the principal paradigms and the common irregular verbal forms, and fifty short elementary exercises with vocabularies, &c. We are afraid the book would not be quite easy to teach from, and it seems a mistake to put the abstract Part I. before the concrete Part II. Mr. Frost ought to have pointed out the distinction between pronouns and pronominal adjectives (p. 34). We have looked in vain for *parco* among his verbs, and we think he might have got his mythology from some later authority than good old Lemprière.

Science.

Biology.

The Structure and Classification of Birds. By Frank E. Beddard. (Longmans. 21s. net.)

An Elementary Text-book of Botany. By Prof. Sydney H. Vines. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

MR. BEDDARD'S account of the structure of the different groups of birds, together with his scheme of classification, constitute a valuable piece of ornithological work. The volume is, indeed, one of the two most important contributions to ornithology in 1898, the other being the final volume of the British Museum *Catalogue of Birds*, completed after a period of twenty-five years. It suffices for general purposes to know a bird as an animal with a covering of feathers, and it is a fact that no other animal has any structures comparable to a well-developed feather. But the student of science requires to be acquainted with the anatomical characters of the various kinds of birds, in order that he may see the variations of an organ in the different groups, and discern affinities useful for classification. This information Mr. Beddard imparts; and he deals with the subject not as a compiler, but as an investigator whose contributions are worthy additions to the scientific material produced by Garrod and W. A. Forbes, his predecessors in the office of Prosector of the Zoological Society. The volume is profusely illustrated, and is in every respect a useful treatise in which all matters of importance concerning bird anatomy are considered.

The word "elementary" is an elastic quantity when applied to text-books of science. It is used to designate sixpenny books for Board School pupils, and volumes of more than six hundred pages, like that of Prof. Vines's. This work is an abridged and revised edition of the author's *Students' Text-book*, which occupies about two hundred more pages. To compress the facts and conceptions of botanical science into a smaller space than is given to the present volume would be unsatisfactory to the serious student, for whom the work is intended, and who is advised not to read it through as he would a volume of fiction, but to take up one of the four parts on morphology, anatomy, physiology, and classification, and consider it in close relation with the other three. By following this plan of study, a sound and scientific knowledge of the most important facts concerning the structures and functions of the different parts of plants will be obtained.

Geology.

Earth Sculpture; or, The Origin of Land Forms. By Prof. James Geikie. (John Murray.)

Seismology. By Prof. John Milne. (Kegan Paul.)

Geology for Beginners. By Prof. W. W. Watts. (Macmillan.)

SUBTERRANEAN action has upheaved mountain chains; tilted, compressed, fractured, and folded rocks; and caused impressive volcanic outbursts which have from time to time covered regions with molten rock and coarse fragments; but rain and rivers and other graving tools of Nature are constantly in use carving out the features of the landscape, and it is to them, rather than the forces acting within the earth's crust, that we owe the present configuration of the surface. Prof. Geikie's work provides an excellent means of learning how these various agents of change are concerned in the origin of land-forms. Written for readers unfamiliar with the language of geology, technical words and expressions have been avoided as far as possible, and numerous instructive diagrams (mainly sections illustrating mountain structure) have been included. A valuable introductory treatise on the development of land-forms has thus been produced.

Signs of indifferent editing of papers previously published are not wanting in Prof. Milne's work; but the volume is so rich in items of interest concerning the sighs and shudders of "the old beldam earth" that any imperfections of plan and arrangement are readily overlooked. In no work can more information upon the methods and results of seismology be found, and none deals with so many aspects of the subject.

Prof. Watts has produced the most satisfactory beginners' manual of geology yet published. Sound in statement, profusely illustrated, with questions (which critics scorn, but teachers and students use) at the end of each chapter, the volume is an ideal text-book for the use of students taking up the scientific study of the earth and the materials which enter into its composition.

Chemistry.

A History of Chemistry. By Dr. Ernest von Meyer. Translated by Dr. McGowan. (Macmillan.)

An Experimental Course of Chemistry for Agricultural Students. By T. S. Dymond. (Edward Arnold.)

EVERY school of science and technology should possess a copy of Prof. von Meyer's inspiring history of chemistry. The first English version, which appeared nearly eight years ago, met with a cordial reception, and the present edition, with numerous additions and alterations, is even more worthy of attention. The student will derive inspiration and encouragement from the volume, and the general reader who turns to it will find little difficulty in following the development of chemical science, as it is here presented, from the earliest times to the present day. The volume is an introduction to the study of chemistry, as well as a history, and is the one essential book in the chemical department of a library.

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Infinitesimal Analysis. By Prof. W. B. Smith. (Macmillan.)

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The advanced course of algebra contained in the book by Mr. Briggs and Prof. Bryan is based upon a volume written by Prof. Radhakrishnan. Its Indian origin thus gives it a unique position among English school-books. Numerous alterations and modifications have, however, been made to render the work suitable for our public examinations; and students who are familiar with the elementary properties of quadratic equations and progressions will find the present edition a helpful guide.

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Philosophy and Psychology.

The Living Organism: An Introduction to the Problems of Biology. By Alfred Earl. (Macmillan.)

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THE criticism of Mr. Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* has mainly been directed to a single point, which looms large in the public eye. While combating the somewhat baseless—or, at least, highly conjectural—theory of the Sonnets which the biographer has woven as a heterogeneous patch into the main web of his work, there has been some danger of forgetting what a real and exceptional achievement this work itself constitutes. Our own review was not altogether free from this reproach, and we are glad to have this further opportunity to emphasise our sense of the signal service which Mr. Lee by his labours has done to

Shakespearian scholarship. The ideal which he has set before himself, and which he has in very considerable measure realised, may perhaps be best stated in his own words. It was "to supply within a brief compass an exhaustive and well-arranged statement of the facts of Shakespeare's career, achievements, and reputation, that shall reduce conjecture to the smallest dimensions consistent with coherence, and shall give verifiable references to all the original sources of information." The difficulties which stood in the way of accomplishing the scheme thus modestly sketched are, probably, obvious only to the expert.

Shakespeareology—more, perhaps, than any other branch of literary history—is handicapped less even by the character of the material with which it has to deal, than by the zeal, not always according to discretion, of its devotees. Whoso will summarise it and set it in order has in the first place to face the formidable bulk of his predecessors' researches. He has to deal with the transactions of four or five learned societies which occupy themselves entirely, or almost entirely, with the subject; while at the back of these comes a second array of special studies and monographs written in the tongues of all peoples, and mostly in German. Secondly, he finds that the authors of many of these have been antiquaries of the worst type, with a singular capacity for drawing illegitimate inferences from unverifiable premises, and, generally speaking, for illustrating all the fallacies which ever entered into the heart of mortal researcher to conceive. Thirdly, what the blunderer has not trampled under foot has been beset with snares by the forger. The discredited inventions of Ireland have by this time disappeared from the books. But the more ingenious and no less baneful fabrications of Collier, and in a humbler degree of John Jordan and George Steevens, still continue to puzzle the unwary. Like the fabled upas-tree, which, indeed, was one of them, they have shed a poisonous influence over the writings of more than a century. Even as late as 1896, no less a scholar than Mr. Stopford Brooke solemnly repeats the statement that in 1576 the Earl of Leicester's servants built the Blackfriars Theatre.

And, finally, when you have tackled Germans, antiquaries, and forgers, you have to meet the biggest and most terrible giant of all—the guesser. In the past facile conjecture has run riot over the whole spacious domain of Shakespearian research. Biographer after biographer, painting in sentimental or cynical colours, as the case may be, has evolved out of his inner consciousness a Shakespeare who bears about as much resemblance to the Shakespeare of any other as he probably does to the man himself. The rose-red Shakespeare of the popular preacher, the blackened Shakespeare of the Baconians, the metaphysician who "is Germany," the Nietzschean sinner of the realistic school—these are the phantoms which beset the way. To curb this license of conjecture, without denying its legitimate scope, to strike the line between the aridity of a *précis* of documents and the flamboyance of a romance, has probably been the worst of Mr. Lee's task.

But through this, as well as the former ordeals, he has come felicitously. His book, beyond all others on the subject, is sound as to its facts and cautious as to its

inferences : yet it reads easily into the bargain and is not lacking in colour. It is honest and shapely work, worthy alike of a scholar and a lover of fine letters. For a generation to come, it should be a standard authority, the indispensable "Life" for the average man, the habitual reference-book even for the student who likes to keep Halliwell-Phillips and the other "sources" on his shelves. Mr. Lee has a right to be proud of his achievement, coming as it does to crown a long series of Elizabethan biographies which he has found time in the midst of his more strictly editorial functions to write for the Dictionary over whose destinies he presides. No man, as editor or writer, has deserved better either of scholars or of the reading public as a whole.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett and "The Forest Lovers."

MR. HEWLETT has a brave front, and the brave front is not too common in English literature. Borrow had it, Whitman had it, Stevenson had it. Possessing it, one essays the open road with head high and a firm step, glorying in movement, in the keen air, and the hot sun and the singing birds. Hills are nothing, because from their summits so much fair world is to be seen. That is Mr. Hewlett's attitude. His two 1898 books—*The Forest Lovers* and *Pan and the Young Shepherd*—show us a man who believes in living life to the full—cleanly, healthily, thoroughly. His young shepherd in *Pan* expresses it: "I got up the mountain edge, and from the top saw the world stretched out—cornlands and forest, the river winding among meadow-flats, and right off, like a hem of the sky, the moving sea, with snatches of foam, and large ships reaching forward, out-bound. And then I thought no more, but my heart leapt to meet the wind, and I ran, and I ran. I felt my legs under me, I felt the wind buffet me, hit me on the cheek; the sun shone, the bees swept past me singing; and I too sang, shouted, 'World, world, I am coming!'" A man with such spirit as this cannot but make good literature. We are well aware that Mr. Hewlett's forms are borrowed, that he remembers Malory and others; but he has made them his own, has breathed his own life into them, given them his own robust gaiety and modernity.

It is this modernity which helps to make his inventions so credible. Isoult and Prosper are moderns in an archaic but wondrously fresh world. Neanias and Geron and Aglaë are moderns. All think as we do and act as we do; and the result is that to put ourselves in their places is so simple that no one who has read Mr. Hewlett would feel surprised if on a quiet woodland walk a gentle knight suddenly appeared, pricking o'er the plain, or a fat bare-foot friar trudged merrily before, or a gentle lady called for succour from a wayside thicket, or even if, leaning idly over a gate, a shagged and blinking god were discerned, with eyes like darkling water, and a gnarly tree-bole face, and goat's feet. Mr. Hewlett's fidelity to the human fact has made it all credible. No tapestry-effects for him, no low-pulsed, wistful maidens, and pale, melancholy youths. His world is a world of vigorous minds and vigorous bodies, of blows and laughter, of sunshine and love. Most

of the archaists have dealt with vacuums. Mr. Hewlett has insisted upon air. It blows through all his pages. His people breathe it and are strong: we can see all round them. It is partly this return to nature which makes him so welcome. For, fantastic as their setting may be, and filled with conventional improbabilities, his men and women behave as natural men and women would. Mr. Hewlett, in short, puts the body in its right place.

Two more points: his tenderness and his pictorial richness. Tenderness belongs to the strong, and Mr. Hewlett has it. Some of the passages between Prosper and Isoult, Neanias and Aglaë, are of exquisite beauty "I am with you, Aglaë," says the young shepherd to the poor dumb earth-daughter; "I will teach you love; and love, they say, is life. Happy love, therefore, is blessed life. . . . O Aglaë, will you cry again? Sure, you cannot see me for tears. You tremble again, your lips quiver, sobs are in your throat. Your head on my shoulder, dear: there, that's happy, that's happy. Oh, what a beating heart! Look now, Aglaë, cry your fill; don't be ashamed—I am not looking at you. I felt a tear on my arm; I know your eyes are brimming. Cry, cry, my bird, you will be better after. Have no fear. I hold you close—side by side: we will be nearer yet—heart to heart some day." That is from Mr. Hewlett's pastoral, from which we quote here, in preference to his romance, for the reason that fewer readers know it. But *The Forest Lovers* has such passages too. Particularly rich is *The Forest Lovers* in pictures. We do not want to see it illustrated, but an artist would find it filled with material. There is, for example, that early-morning scene where Isoult, creeping warily from Prosper's side, steals into the heart of the herd of deer and draws milk from one of the does: a scene repeated with more detail later in the book. But on almost every page there is some vivid little glimpse touched in with sure colour, some gem of landscape.

Here we must stop. Mr. Hewlett is so various and vivacious that it would be possible to write much more; but we have so recently dealt with his work that to say more would be repetition. It is enough here to have drawn attention to certain of his more striking qualities, and to remark that he seems to us to stand out among the imaginative writers of 1898 as a vital force.

Mr. Joseph Conrad and "Tales of Unrest."

MR. CONRAD, in the five years or so that he has spent on land, setting down for our beguilement some of the stories that had come to him during his life at sea, has produced only four books; but they have been, in the fullest sense of the word, written. It might be said that the work of no novelist now working gives so much evidence of patient elaboration of style, without, however, leaving any sense of elaborateness. Mr. Conrad's art conceals art. With the nicest precision of epithet (a precision the more remarkable when we recollect that he lived so long at sea) Mr. Conrad tells his tales of strong men fighting the elements, of emotional crises, of

settlers in foreign lands among alien people, by the conflict of the East and the West, of savagery and civilisation. This contrast between his own calm and the turbulence of his subject-matter lends his work a peculiarly impressive character. If his work reminds us of anyone it is Turgenev. His aloofness is Turgenev's. But his poetry, his outlook on life, his artistic conscience—these are his own.

Another of Mr. Conrad's distinguishing qualities that he keeps man in his place. He has an eye ever vigilant both for the transitory persons of his drama and for the permanent forces at their back. He blends human beings and nature. The puppet never fills the universe, as with certain other novelists. Everything is related and harmonised. This comprehensiveness of vision, this amplitude of outlook, makes Mr. Conrad more than just a story teller. He seems to us to have some of the attributes of the Greek tragic dramatists. He has their irony. He sees so much at once, and is so conscious of the infinitesimal place a man can fill. Hence his work belongs never to cheerful literature; it is sombre, melancholy, searching. Yet Mr. Conrad is poet too. At the same time that he is aware of man's shortcomings he is profoundly in love with his capacities for grandeur, with his potential nobility. He recognises that an emotion may be as beautiful as a night of stars, a passion as tremendous as a typhoon.

It is Mr. Conrad's achievement to have brought the East to our very doors, not only its people—others have done that conspicuously well—but its feeling, its glamour, its beauty and wonder. He is one of the notable literary colonists. He has annexed the Malay Peninsula for us. With him it is not merely an array of names and ethnological facts, it is the real transference to paper of something of the very heart of the country, the nation, described. Here, from "Karain," in *Tales of Unrest*, is a passage from a picture of a Malayan paradise. The writer is observing the land from the sea—looking upon it for the first time:

A torrent wound about like a dropped thread. Clumps of fruit-trees marked the villages; slim palms put their nodding heads together above the low houses; dried palm-leaf roofs shone afar, like roofs of gold, behind dark colonades of tree-trunks; figures passed vivid and vanishing; the smoke of fires stood upright above the masses of flowering bushes; bamboo fences glittered, running away in broken lines between the fields. A sudden cry on the shore sounded plaintive in the distance, and ceased abruptly, as if stifled in the downpour of sunshine; a puff of breeze made a flash of darkness on the smooth water, touched our faces, and became forgotten. Nothing moved. The sun blazed down into a shadowless hollow of colours and stillness.

This description opens a new world to the untravelled reader. It is the East. And Mr. Conrad's works have many such passages, quietly written, deliberate and reserved, yet full of atmosphere and the savour of the land. He makes us see it and, what is more, feel it; and, having done so, we are—thus familiarised with the conditions—in tune for the story, or the incident that is to follow.

During the year just closed Mr. Conrad has given us not only *Tales of Unrest*, the volume which we crown, but also a short story—*Youth: a Narrative*—which appeared

in *Blackwood* in the summer. Both contributions strengthen our opinion that much is to be expected from him. *Youth* is merely the record of an ill-starred voyage, yet there is magic in it. In a way it is Mr. Conrad's most humanly touching work. We wish to associate *Youth* with *Tales of Unrest* in this award.

Spenser's Tercentenary.

KING-STREET, Westminster, will soon be obliterated from the map of London. That block of buildings which separated it a few weeks ago from Parliament-street is



EDMUND SPENSER.

From the Portrait in the Possession of Earl Spencer at Althorpe.

level with the ground, and it is certain that, in the reconstruction which is to follow, King-street will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten London thoroughfares. A sad ending, that, for a notable street. In olden days it was the only route from Whitehall to the Houses of Parliament, and in one of the numerous inns which dotted the street in the sixteenth century Edmund Spenser died. That was on January 16, 1599, a date which Monday next will bring round for the three hundredth time.

Spenser was starved to death—according to Ben Jonson. The legend was believed for many generations, but we may celebrate the poet's tercentenary free of any sombre thoughts which credence in such a story would surely bring. As Lowell tersely put it, "Spenser's misery was exaggerated by succeeding poets, who used him to point a moral, and from the shelter of his tomb launched many a shaft of sarcasm at an unappreciative public." We know now that in the October before his death Spenser had been appointed Sheriff of the county of Cork, and that instead of being driven out of Ireland by Tyrone's rebellion he came back to London as the special messenger of Sir Thomas Norreys, President of Munster. Is it believable that such an official of Government, on such an errand, would have been allowed literally to starve to death?

Idle, too, is all that talk which speaks of Spenser's death as taking place in an "obscure tavern in King-street." It is clear from many old documents that King-street was the recognised resort of all special messengers to the Court, and there is Stow's testimony that it was "a very great thoroughfare," and that "for the accommodation of such as come to town in the terms, here are in this street some good inns for their reception." There was a time when any poet dying at all mysteriously was made to end his career in an obscure tavern.

Spenser's school has been discovered within recent years. While investigating the Townley MSS., Mr. R. B. Knowles came upon an account-book setting forth the wise uses to which the wealth of one Richard Nowell had been put, and among the names inscribed there he found that of the author of the *Faerie Queene*. Further examination showed that it was as a scholar of the Merchant Taylors' School Spenser became a sharer in Robert Nowell's bounty, and that discovery filled in the blank which had hitherto existed in the poet's biography from his birth to his going to Cambridge. Having found his school, it was easy to identify Spenser's schoolmaster in the person of Dr. Richard Mulcaster, who had charge of the Merchant Taylors' School for many years from its foundation in 1561. And a notable master he must have been if we may credit Andrew Fuller's characteristic picture of his methods of tuition:

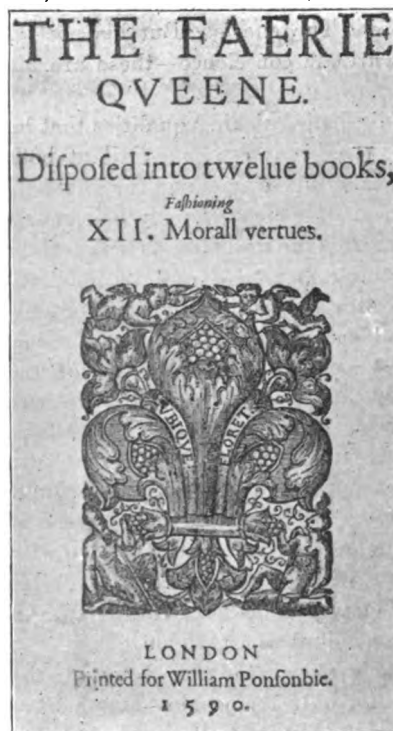
In a morning he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lesson to his scholars; which done, he slept his hour (custom made him critical to proportion it) in his desk in the school, but woe be to the scholar that slept the while. Awaking, he heard them accurately; and *Atropos* might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon, where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending children; but his sharpness was the better endured because impartial; and many excellent scholars were bred under him.

No authority has ever judged the question of Spenser's portrait in a satisfactory manner. That which has usually been selected for engraving is known as the Lord Chesterfield portrait, while the photograph given herewith was taken from the oil painting in the possession of Earl Spencer. These two may be regarded as representative of the different classes of Spenser portraits, and it may be said at once that the types are utterly beyond reconciliation. As there is nothing of *vraisemblance* about the Lord Chesterfield type, we are driven to the Althorp type of necessity. Earl Spencer's portrait is a copy by Sir Henry Raeburn of the original at Dupplin Castle. Towards the close of the last century there died at Mallow a lineal descendant of the poet, and he was credited with the possession of an original portrait of Spenser. Of that canvas, however, nothing is known. But a guess may be hazarded. It is believed that Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, of Nuneham Courtney, has an original portrait of Spenser, and it may be that that is the one formerly at Mallow. In any case, the question of the poet's likeness offers a capital subject for some student willing to be rewarded with small returns for an infinite amount of trouble.

According to some family papers recently brought to

light by the Historical MSS. Commission, there was an Edmund Spenser living in Ireland in the middle of the last century, and in one of his letters he expressed the

conviction that if he could be brought to the notice of the Duke of Marlborough his Grace would procure him some employment "on account of my family, and in consideration of my being descended from the famous poet of this name." That scheme not prospering, Edmund Spenser proposed to edit his great ancestor's works, and actually prepared a specimen page and a receipt form for subscribers. A year later someone writes: "Pray, what has become of Mr. Spenser? Will he or will he not go on with the publi-



TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION.

cation of Spenser's works? I am much teased by such subscribers as I got him, to return the money, which I have promised soon to do unless he immediately proceeds." *Edmund Spenser*, edited by Edmund Spenser, is still unknown to English literature.

Books One Does Not Read.

"Does anyone read *Rasselas* to-day?" the ACADEMY asks in noticing the new edition of that preposterous romance. I am quite sure that nobody does. It is mercifully brief; but it is not quite the sort of book one would take upon a fishing excursion or a honeymoon, nor is it to be supposed that it is to be found in the library of the Emperor Menelek, although the absurd hero purports to have been a prince of Abyssinia. Most men of letters, perhaps, read or try to read it once in their lives—usually during that early stage of their pilgrimage when they have not yet learned what an uncommon amount of rubbish is contained in books once reputed classical. As to the man in the street, he has probably never heard of it—and his state is the more gracious. For the sake of the Vincent Press I may hope, however, that there are a few amateurs who will buy their book, if only for the sake of the white vellum binding and the sage-green ribbons and the amiable eccentricities of its typographical arrangement. They will not buy it for the sake of its contents, unless they should be consumed with curiosity, in which case the usual punish-

ment of that original sin will not delay to fall upon them.

But *Rasselas* is only one of the many books which, by convention, we call classical, although they are very poor stuff. I do not suppose anybody will resent my describing Dr. Johnson's little book as mere pompous nonsense; but is the *Vicar of Wakefield* much better? As it chanced, I never read the adventures of Dr. Primrose and his family until I had reached years of some maturity; and I shall never read them again. It is beyond measure astonishing to me that a great deal of Goldsmith's reputation should be supposed to rest upon this over-rated book. I admit that it contains a few good phrases, but as a story it is simply silly and inane. When I turn over its leaves to refresh my memory I am reminded irresistibly that, even to an indulgent friend in the flesh, he seemed to "write like an angel and talk like poor Poll." Some of Goldsmith's talk, one would suppose, got into the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Its fatuous tediousness makes one impatient, and one falls to wondering how such a man could write such trash. Were we not, in literature as in all things else, the slaves of shibboleth, we should long ago have rated the book at its true value. We have, perhaps, been blinded to some extent by the personality of Goldsmith, so engaging and helpless, so full of sweet and manly childishness. It is the childishness, I fear, that is in the *Vicar*.

Let me wind up with a mere impostor. Neither the rampageous Doctor nor the gentle "Goldy" was an impostor; and they will both live as long as literature, although not on the strength of their prose fiction, I should hope. But what of Sainte-Beuve? Was there ever a reputation so little deserved? I declare that there is not a page in the *Causeries du Lundi* which might not have been written by any journalist of average accomplishment. We are always deploring that the "gay science" of criticism has fallen upon evil days; but there are a dozen papers published in London which print every week criticism quite as keen, as luminous, as original, and as brilliantly expressed as anything that Sainte-Beuve ever wrote. It may be, perhaps, another case of "all can raise the flower now, for all have got the seed"; and my appreciation of Sainte-Beuve may fail for the same reason that *Sketches by Boz* strikes me as cheap and journalistic. But if that be so, if we really have bettered the teaching of our masters, why not realise the truth, and cease to bestow extravagant praise upon work which is no better than many living men are doing simply because John Doe was the first to do it? Render unto Doe the things that are his due; but let us recognise that, although we reverence him as a *devancier*, his place is a museum, and not the living stage of literature.

J. P. B.

[Yet *Rasselas* still has friends. While the bold J. P. B. was inditing his letter, another correspondent, J. J. P., was composing the little note that follows, which reached us by the same post.]

"As to 'anyone reading *Rasselas* to-day,' may I answer—'I do'? I am re-reading it slowly this very day, so as not to get through it too soon. Yes, and with a mingled keen and restful enjoyment; not as a hill-top, or

an hysterical screecher, nor even, perhaps, as much of a tale, and yet as one of the most beautiful works of fiction and most perfect pieces of gracious and stately wisdom in existence. No doubt many another 'one' will say the same, and greatly rejoice in the white vellum with sage-green ribbons. And let those who haven't, forthwith begin."

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE "Duke Algernon" of Northumberland died a devout Irvingite, and his faith is shared by Duke Henry, who, at the mature age of fifty-five, succeeds him. At Alnwick the Duke had his private chapel, and many Londoners must be aware of the beautiful Catholic Apostolic Church more within their reach at Albury, the duke's Surrey home. In his appointments to the livings in his gift, the Duke was able to give scope to many of his most cherished convictions; for you can be very much enamoured of Irvingism, and yet remain in communion with the Church of England. So far as Irvingism was a mere reaction against the barer forms of Protestantism, it has, perhaps, lost one of its mainsprings. Born in the bosom of Presbyterianism, before the days of "the Catholic revival" even in Anglicanism, it was at that time an amazing apparition, not to Irving's friend, Carlyle, only, but even to orthodox Church-of-England men. Many things have happened since then, and Anglican churches in great number rival in ritual and in symbolism the beautiful church in Gordon-square, which is not easily distinguished from a Roman Catholic sanctuary.

ONCE upon a time, in the early seventies, when the present Duke was a young man, he himself was hardly able to distinguish between Gordon-square and Farm-street; and a long voyage was prescribed as the cure—an effectual one it seems—against the mental travels towards Rome. The new Earl Percy, too, is a great wanderer away from his South Kensington seat in Parliament. He, too, is of the Irvingites immovably; though one of his greatest friends and his fellow-traveller in the East, Lord Encombe, has recently joined the Roman Church. Little is heard now of "the gift of tongues" or of those other mystical manifestations which seem to link together in some ways the temperaments of Savonarola and Edward Irving; but deep, abiding, and controlling has been the influence of the humbly-born Scottish preacher on the lives, first of a rich banker, Henry Drummond, then on his daughter, and through her on her husband, the Duke who has just been gathered to his fathers in Westminster Abbey, on her son, the Duke who now reigns, and on the Duke to be. This sort of uplifting unworldliness has many illustrations in modern life. They are not proclaimed and canvassed as are the failures and deteriorations and falls. And that is as it should be. For it proves that man's natural and normal condition is goodness, and that the departure from it is the "news" that is to be noised abroad.

THE new judge, Sir T. T. Bucknill, had a tumble the other day in the hunting-field; and there is a general

feeling in the profession that the horse he rode committed a gross contempt by anticipating the Court of Appeal in reversing him.

MR. LECKY, who is as personal as you like on some occasions, devotes several paragraphs of history to the eye of Mr. Gladstone. The eye—or the eyelid either—is a dangerous thing to write about. You are sure to be wrong if you do, as when Procter calls Coleridge's eyes grey and Carlyle calls them brown, or when Rossetti's eyes are described in a catalogue of colours by his different friends, or when Matthew Arnold says Charlotte Brontë's eyes were grey, though she herself calls them green, and Mrs. Gaskell pronounces them to be a reddish hazel. Not all his contemporaries, then, will agree with Mr. Lecky that Gladstone had "a bird-of-prey eye, fierce, luminous, and restless." Bacon's eye, Aubrey tells us, was like a viper's, and some have said the same of Gladstone's. Others talk of the wolf, and yet others of the lamb. Amid so many contradictory impressions, one need not hesitate to add one's own. In talking of anything that excited him, and particularly in any allusions to the great misfortunes—or, most of all, the madness—of others, Gladstone did, undoubtedly, show a wild eye. It was the eye of the bird of prey, perhaps; but the bird of prey was the eagle, who soars as well as devours. To walk past the cages of the eagles at the Zoo is to recall Gladstone's eye over and over again. But you recall it also, and equally, in the eyes of a row of adoring saints in one of the masterpieces of the Venetian school in the National Gallery.

PEOPLE in New York are said to have been surprised the other night by the number of persons who came in motor-cars to a great entertainment. But the New Yorker is nothing if not practical, and he has discovered that the motor-car has a real mission to replace horses that may be kept waiting for hours in the streets in inclement weather.

So many uncandid things are said and done that some men are perforce cynical without cause. That is why some mystery has been imagined to lurk behind the suicide of Count F. Karolyi, and "the usual verdict" of temporary insanity has been received in some quarters with a tongue in the cheek. But ill-health and the depression following on influenza were, in fact, the only motives to which his death, at the age of twenty-five, was assigned, not only by the jury, but by his intimate friends. This is so much the case that the Roman Catholic Church, which is known to deprive wilful suicides of "religious burial," sent her emissary in the person of a priest of the Jesuit Church in Farm-street to read the office of the dead over the body of the young diplomat in his rooms in Piccadilly.

THE Empress Frederic, in common with most people who have suffered great losses, has a horror of partings; and in saying good-bye to the Queen this week, after her long visit to England, her feelings can easily be divined. Nor is the separation a less mournful one to the Queen. There are always in large families one or two children

with whom parents deal almost on the equality of contemporaries. Among the Queen's sons, it was the Duke of Albany in whom she found what might almost be called a confidant. The loss his death was to her has never been made good; none of her other sons has taken his place, and her meetings with them are few and far between. Among her daughters, the Empress Frederic, especially in the last decade, has been on particularly confidential terms of friendship with her mother, as confidential, for instance, as those existing between her Majesty and the Empress Eugénie; and the long stay made in England by her eldest daughter has now so accustomed the Queen to her society that she is not likely to remain long an absentee. Whenever she returns, England will welcome her "Princess Royal" back again.

LADY BUTLER, who gives up Dover Castle almost immediately to Major-General Rundle, will stay in town until she sails to Capetown on the *Carisbrook Castle*. Mme. Albani will also be on board.

LADY HERMIONE BLACKWOOD, who is about to enter a London hospital as a nurse, is the inheritor of some of the beauty for which her grandmother and her great-aunts were famous. For some time her family opposed her wish to go into the wards; and they finally consented only on the condition that the hospital should be a children's one.

Things Seen.

Casualty.

THE shops exhibited luxuries from all the ends of the earth, and, in the fine frosty afternoon, hundreds of people who had more than they needed, walked or drove up and down the busy and fashionable street in search of something, anything, which they did not already possess. It was a beautiful sight for the sandwich men.

The entrance to the picture-gallery was full of footmen waiting for their masters to leave the private view; new carriages continually arrived before the portico, and a constant procession across the pavement of exquisitely-attired women and attentive men interfered seriously with the foot traffic. A little higher up the street was a crowd bending over a particular part of the gutter. I edged my way in, and saw, amid the forest of legs, a considerable pool of blood. No one spoke; we merely stared at the blood, stared and stared: that contented us.

I turned back to the gallery entrance, for I also was going to the private view. A young woman came forth, tall, imperious, young, beautiful. She was dressed in fawn cloth, with opulent furs, and a violet toque; her muff hung at her waist from a thin gold chain. She glanced round in search of her footman and her carriage. Immediately a carriage swept rather loosely to the edge of the pavement. The footman was driving; there was no one else on the box; and the horses were excited.

The footman flushed as the woman approached him. He bent down to her, one eye on the animals and the other timidly upon her.

"Where is Jepson?" she asked, with cold annoyance.

"If you please, m'lady, there's been an accident! Just after you went into the gallery the horses swerved—they were frightened at a 'bus horse which had fell down—and Jepson was thrown off on to the pavement, on his head, m'lady, very peculiar——"

"Where is Jepson?"

"Police took him to the hospital, m'lady."

"What hospital?"

"I don't know, m'lady."

The woman bit her lip.

"Is he dead?"

"No, m'lady; but he's lost a sight of blood."

With a movement of the elbow, almost imperceptible, the footman indicated the pool of blood.

The woman looked, and looked back. She was absolutely calm.

"Can I trust you to manage the horses?"

"Yes, m'lady."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, m'lady."

"Home, then."

She entered the carriage. The footman seemed relieved. Gathering the reins up tight, he *clicked* to Jepson's horses and drove away, trying not to look self-conscious, and failing in the attempt.

The Mail Train.

DARKNESS had slowly come over the earth; the stars twinkled more brightly overhead. It was very still and quiet as I came down the hillside to the plain. The path led me to a level crossing; I leaned on the gate and watched the unerring metal lines. Their strong soul subdued me strangely. Along the lonely miles, by the unbroken contact of metallic substance, was carried to them the knowledge of a moving line of carriages. Their easy ability calmly awaited the carrying out of their duty to the distant but approaching ponderous mass. And I—poor mortal—but faintly understood their expectant thrill.

Far away in the gloom of the night a whistle screamed, and the sound came to me gently, telling of the approaching train. A few seconds of impatient delay, a beaded line of lights trailing across the plain, and then the stern, red eye appeared at the head of the track and bore down on us swiftly. A second more, the rails clinched and lay there bravely as the pulsating mass of living iron shook past me with its thunder and fire. The lesser things making up the train followed unquestioningly, the tame lights within them flitting by rapidly, showing for an instant travellers within, unconscious of any watching eye. On, round the curve, the carriages rolled with mesmerism obedience in the track of their hoarse conqueror. The receding end showed a quiet green lamp leaning low in grateful thanks to the faithful metal rails. An absurd enthusiasm swept over me. I sprang on to the gate and bared my head. A tremor passed through my frame.

"Her Majesty's Mail," I shouted in a ringing voice. The hill in the darkness behind sent back a faint echo: "Her Majesty's Mail."

Bilked.

A THUMP, a prolonged creaking, and the two vehicles were securely locked—a hansom and a flaming post-office van; and the drivers were at once engaged in controversy. The crowd settled itself in the seat of judgment, as is its wont. I stood upon the pavement of Charing Cross-road and casually watched. Then from the held-up hansom clambered the minute figure of a grizzled woman, and in a nimble moment was close to me upon the side-walk. There she stood and watched the altercation. The hansom was presently dis-entangled, and the driver, still hurling hard words over his shoulder, suddenly whipped up his horse. In a moment he had resumed his place in the line of northward traffic, and a dozen wheeled things divided him from his trembling fare. Once she whispered "Hi!" and then she became resigned. I attempted to reinforce her timid hail, but it was a time of catarrh with me. Meanwhile No. 37,564 was—with a portmanteau, a box, and an umbrella—hastening earnestly towards Highgate.

Drama.

A Cold Hash of Robertson.

VICTOR HUGO once said: "Il ne faut pas revoir les femmes qu'on a aimées dans sa jeunesse; elles sont bien laides, bien edentées, bien ridicules." With equal point one may say the same of plays. In both cases there are exceptions, but they are rare. Of the Robertson group of plays, epoch-making in their day, only "Caste" retains any genuine vitality. That may live as long as Bulwer Lytton's "Money." But "School" is one of those destined to be laid on that upper shelf where the dust is never disturbed. Mr. John Hare has revived it at the Globe; but it is hardly a revival—it is rather a galvanisation of the old comedy into life. Perhaps it would have been better for Robertson's reputation had this minor work of his been allowed to rest in oblivion or to survive only in the memory of sentimental playgoers who assisted at the Comedy Renaissance effected by the Bancrofts in the old Prince of Wales's Theatre thirty years ago. That "School" is a minor work of its author's may be disputed, by virtue of the cogent test of the box-office returns. We have Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's word for it in their *Reminiscences* that it drew more money in its own day than "Caste." But for that there were special reasons. The enterprise of the Bancrofts was growing in popularity; and in Naomi Tighe, the pert and frolicsome schoolgirl, Lady—then Mrs.—Bancroft found a part after her own heart. My theatrical recollections do not go as far back as the production of "School," but by all accounts Naomi Tighe was the idol of the town, and, knowing Mrs. Bancroft's arch and fascinating manner, one can readily picture what her performance must have been. As for the merits of the play itself, it is certainly difficult for the younger generation who visit the Globe to realise that they are in presence of a reputed masterpiece. They sat through the first night stolidly and blankly wondering where the wit and the sparkle, the graphic characterisation, above all, the wonderful naturalism of Robertson were

coming in; and I fancy the veterans, the old brigade, *laudatores temporis acti*, were in pretty much the same case. They were like the German baker described by Hawthorne, who found in England a very respectable Fatherland, but who for thirty years cherished the memory of his beloved Saxony as a still more desirable home, until in an evil moment he returned there and was disillusioned. Sentiment counts for much in the reverence which has hedged in the Robertsonian tradition, and a revival like that of Saturday night blows sentiment to the winds. If you have an ideal, it is better not to bring it down into the market-place for the thoughtless crowd to scoff at.

Besides the Naomi Tighe of Mrs. Bancroft, one of the popular features of "School" was the Beau Farintosh of Mr. John Hare, then as now, professedly speaking, an "old man." As there is no other member of the original cast to take a part with him, it is probably for the sake of his Beau Farintosh that Mr. Hare undertakes this revival. Alas! time has been no kinder to Beau Farintosh than to the piece generally. Not that Mr. Hare does not play it with all his old skill; he probably does. But this elderly buck, dyed and painted, is no living, breathing personage at all; he is a hideous scarecrow—a thing of shreds and patches, a simulacrum which the actor shakes to look like life. One cannot for a moment believe in the reality of Beau Farintosh. Mr. Hare has within our own time given us much better work than this—in "A Pair of Spectacles," for instance, which will go down in the annals without one-twentieth part of the lustre of "School," though both are adaptations. Where, then, are we to look for the wonderful naturalness of "School," which it is said helped so materially to break down the inflated methods of an earlier day? I confess I see it nowhere except in the love scene in the moonlight, where Lord Beaufoy and Bella do their flirting over the milk jug. A pretty sentiment pervades this episode; but the milk jug is not new, it played a part in "Caste," where also, it will be remembered, the stiff and severely aristocratic Captain Hawtree boils the kettle for tea, and such devices easily lose their freshness. In the general scheme of the play convention is pushed to the extreme. The serious pair of lovers is balanced by a comic pair; and in the end not only is the poor governess-pupil, the school drudge, married to a noble lord, but she proves to be the long-lost child of Beau Farintosh himself, who, in the last act, is stripped of his cosmetics, in order to be able to give her a paternal blessing. In fact, "School" is avowedly founded upon the fairy tale of "Cinderella" (through the German), and from the eagerness with which snatches of that tale are listened to, one gathers that the big girls at Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe's academy are making their acquaintance with the classic fable for the first time. Mr. Frank Gillmore and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis—a young actress of rare promise—play the serious lovers very prettily; they do much, indeed, to redeem the artificiality of the piece. It is less easy to accept the Naomi Tighe of Miss Harvey, and the Jack Pointz of Mr. F. Kerr; Miss Harvey is alert and vivacious, but she does not look the schoolgirl well; while her lover, in Mr. Kerr's hands, degenerates into a modern "bounder," ill-mannered to the point of vulgarity,

though manifestly intended to be a gentleman—"one the Pointz's of —shire." Perhaps "School" suffers a little from its modern acting. It enjoyed an ideal cast in the old days, and its champions say it is essentially an actors' play. As a relic, it is worth seeing.

Mr. W. S. Penley, the creator of "Charley's Aunt," reappears at length in a new farce at the Royalty, playing the part of a quaint and eccentric nobleman who, returning to his ancestral estate after thirty years' absence (are there such noblemen?), is mistaken by his own relatives for half-a-dozen different people in turn. The piece will not advance Mr. Penley's reputation, but it may help to prevent his being forgotten.

J. F. N.

Correspondence.

Rejected Addresses.

SIR,—I had sent in the course of six recent months no fewer than seven contributions to a well-known weekly paper, all dated from my home at Nunhead. None were accepted, although they seem to me to have conformed to every requirement. A few weeks ago I removed to one of the Inns. Oddly enough, all my articles dated thence are being accepted readily. This has led me to wonder whether it may not be a piece of wisdom in suburban writers to use a central address, thus converting their Tooting or Harringay geese into Gray's-inn or Adelphi Chambers' swans.—I am, &c.,

H. H. G.

"Hubert Ellis" and "F. Davenant."

SIR,—Happening to have a number of volumes of Beeton's *Boy's Own Annuals*, I looked up *Hubert Ellis*, which begins the volume for 1865. In the last paragraph of the introduction the author says of the wording of the second part of the title:

It may be as well to state that the editor has authority for wording it as he has done, in the title of one of Wiclif's books, written about the date at which this story begins. The book is called "Wyckliffe's Wycket, whyche he made in Kyng Ricard's days the second. A verye brefe diffinition of the wordes 'Hoc est corpus meum.'"

In the volume for 1868 appear two plates of contributors' portraits, accompanied by short notices. Francis Davenant appears on Plate 1, and the notice runs as follows:

FRANCIS DAVENANT (a *nom-de-plume*) is a barrister who may one of these days sit on the wool-sack and feed on seals. A shrewd, clever lawyer, but not to be tied down with red tape to *nisi prius* precedents. He has a facile pen, and can conjure up the heroes of Old England with extraordinary power—witness his stories from history in the *Boy's Own Magazine*. . . . A series of papers on the Bench and Bar, from the pen of F. Davenant, have appeared in *London Society*.

If you desire to see the portrait, I will send you the volume containing it with pleasure.—I am, &c.,

Bailldon, Yorks.

O. FIRTH.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 14.

SOME very interesting answers have been received in response to last week's question, for the suggestion of which we are indebted to "M. C. E." Four words were perhaps too many to ask. Several persons give one excellent neologue and three indifferent ones. A few give two good examples. No one has sent in an ideal list of four words, but Mrs. H. M. Bayne, Holy Trinity Vicarage, Blackheath Hill, S.E., mentions three words that seem to us worthy enough to entitle her to the prize. We have therefore sent her a cheque for a guinea. This is Mrs. Bayne's list:

Roofor: A letter written after staying with a friend, to express your gratitude for the time spent under his hospitable roof.

Crotion: An occurrence which enables you to "crow" over another person. It is the noun corresponding to Mr. Kipling's interjections, "Gloats, gloats and fids!"

Bludomer: One who declines to go to church, because, he says, he worships God more easily "under the blue dome" of heaven.

Balmynus: Originally "baby" for Parmesan biscuits; and hence, any treasure trove between meals.

"Roofor" and "Bludomer" are two words that are really needed, and "Crotion" is also happy. One of the happiest words yielded by the competition is *Penandincompoop*—A stupid writer—sent by A. T. de M. Some competitors went astray by including words which have passed into current use, whereas we particularly desired original and private terms. We find *squish*, *piff*, and *pitfling*, *churchiosity*, *guffin*, *disremember*, and *borexome*—to name no others. Most people know these, and hence they do not really count.

A selection of good words follows:

Toffy-spunker: The type of English squire who wears a Newmarket coat with large buttons and cuts a figure at Goodwood.

[A. N., London.]

Massics: Opposed to classics.

[E. C., Hull.]

Archæolihird: A term applied to an archaeologist who looks the part.

[J. R. M. M., Glasgow.]

Floplulent: One's adipose aunt's method of sitting or reclining.

[W. F. W., London.]

Glug: A greasy mud peculiar to the streets of large cities.

[A. L. S., Kensington.]

Snumble: Expressive of the sensation produced on the nose by drinking effervescent liquors. "It makes me snumble," said a little boy, as he drank some sparkling lemonade.

[E. L., Highgate.]

Whiffement: Object of small importance.

[M. Z. H., Chelsea.]

Quinnydingles: Irrelevancies and trivialities.

[F. E. A., Manchester.]

Sinequanonymous: Most essential. (L. *Sine quâ non*, an indispensable condition.)

[A. T. de M., London.]

Twink: A testy person full of kinks and cranks.

Conflumpton: Muddle, catastrophe.

[J. G., Kensington.]

Tilge [Portmanteau Word = Tea Bilge]: Decoction of tea which has stood too long, whether warm or cold.

Soreel, verb intr.: To feel the sensation produced by hearing a knife-edge squeal on a plate.

[T. B. D., Bridgwater.]

Incompoop: The Income Tax assessor.

[W. A. L., Highgate.]

Snarmy: Saying treacly things which do not sound genuine.

Srungle: The feeling of hearing a slate pencil squeaked on a slate.

[B. R. L., Brighton.]

Grost Office: A convenient word to designate the post office at the grocer's shop.

Gluzzy: An adjective denoting the quality that is not quite oily, or creamy, or glutinous, but something of each.

[L. E., Budleigh Salterton.]

Puffaloo: A train.

Pantaboo: A steamer,

[W. P., Chelmsford.]

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[I. V., Bristol.]

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[S. C. N. G., Temple]

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Competition No 15.

SOME years ago Mr. Birrell presented five pounds' worth of books to the Cowdenheath Institute. From his list of about forty the *Westminster Gazette* extracts the following twenty-eight works, remarking that they form a set which it would be hard to beat:—Politics: Burke's *Selected Works*, Bright's *Speeches*, Bagehot's *The English Constitution*. Biography and History: Lockhart's *Lives of Scott and Burns*, Boswell's *Johnson*, Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, French *Revolution, Past and Present*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and Macaulay's *History*. Poetry: Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth (Mr. Morley's edition), and *The Golden Treasury of Song*. Fiction: Six of Scott's novels; *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Miscellaneous: *Essays of Elia*, Selections from William Hazlitt, and Hugh Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters*. We ask now for another "best" list of twenty-eight books, supplementary to Mr. Birrell's, for a small public institute. The selection must be made on similar lines—that is to say, it must follow the above divisions, Politics, Biography, and so on, but not necessarily in exactly the same proportions. To the competitor who supplies the best list a cheque for one guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 76.

* * Owing to the exceptional pressure on our space, the "Academy" Bureau is held over.

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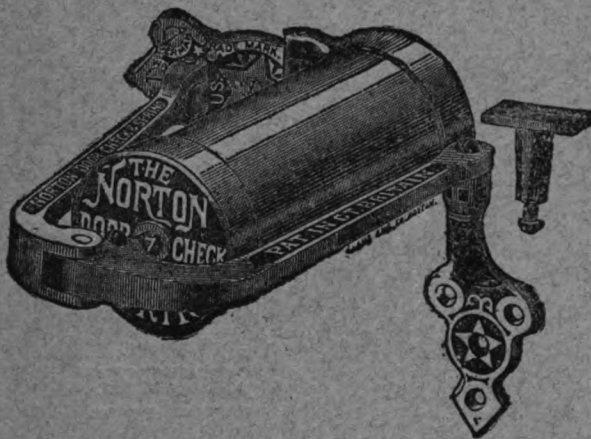
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The Literary Week.

WHEN comparatively new books are issued at sixpence it is clear that the revolution in the book trade has begun. Two of the successes of last year are about to be published at that price—Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* and Mr. G. W. Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum*. The publisher who first issues a new book by a popular author at a shilling, or even two shillings, will reap the reward of his enterprise.

A COMPANY has been formed, with a capital of a million sterling, to acquire the publications of Sir William Ingram, including the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. Sir William Ingram will be the chairman of the company, but it is not correct that the company will be known by his name. It will be called "The Illustrated London News, Ltd."

THE *Edinburgh Review* deals in its January number with the first volume of Sir George Otto Trevelyan's *American Revolution*. This is unusually quick, for the book has been out only a few days. The explanation, of course, is that the history and the review are both published by Messrs. Longmans.

THE *Quarterly Review*, which some months ago dealt summarily with the principal poets of the day, now examines the claims of the poetesses. The survey begins with Joanna Baillie, of whom good is spoken. Then come Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, and Charlotte and Emily Brontë. The modern school begins with Christina Rossetti, "greatest of woman poets," and these names follow: Augusta Webster, Harriett Hamilton King, Constance Naden, Adelaide Ann Procter, Mathilde Blind, Jean Ingelow, E. Nesbit, Madame Darmesteter, Mrs. Meynell, and Amy Levy. Each of the foregoing is considered by the *Quarterly Reviewer* with some degree of attention.

OTHERS are then merely named: Mrs. Norton and Eliza Cook, Letitia Landon and Mrs. Pfeiffer, Katharine Tynan and Mrs. Radford, Lady Wilde and M. B. Smedley, Violet Fane, Graham R. Tomson, Mrs. Piatt, L. N. Little, Mrs. Margaret Woods, and Isa Blagden and Isa Craig-Knox. Having gone so far in enumeration, we wonder why the reviewer ever stopped. There are names here of whom we know nothing; there are names not here—Louisa Shore's, for example—with real claims

LAST week we wrote of the boy-poet. This week comes a girl-poet, who is more advanced than he, in that a volume from her pen is already published: *Songs of Greater Britain* (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes). The girl-poet is Miss Cicely Fox Smith. She is a Manchester resident, and her age is sixteen. Her subject is patriotism, and her inspiration is largely Mr. Kipling; but she has little thoughts of her own, and a true ear for music. Here is a specimen:

And now, when battle draweth nigh,
'Neath modern culture's slight veneer,
The Briton feels his heart beat high,
Showing that Viking blood is here.

And another:

The sweep of English uplands,
The sigh of English trees,
The laugh of English rivers,
Or breath of English breeze;
The scent of purple clover
Off English meadows blown—
These, these to me are dearest,
For they are England's own.

Not bad for sixteen.

MR. LE GALLIENNE's story, *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, has been adapted by its author for the stage. It will be produced shortly with a musical accompaniment, after the manner of plays with the word "girl" in the title.

ANOTHER American change of title. Mr. Canton's *Child's Book of Saints*—which, unhappily, must have frightened as many purchasers as it attracted—was called by its ingenious American publisher *W. V.'s Golden Legend*.

A CIRCULAR issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, states that the American *Bookman* has now a circulation of 13,500.

MORE than one correspondent misread our original undertaking, made in November last, with regard to the mention of Omar Khayyám. Our actual promise was to abstain from reference to him for a month: as a matter of fact, six weeks elapsed before his name appeared again in these columns. Yet Mr. Arthur Bryant writes:

You threatened to ignore that fragrant name,
The Lover of the Rose and gracious Vine;
He, pitying, smiles and will not stoop to blame:
Look, Sir, and blush, upon page 39.

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE, the author of *Red Rock*, a novel which America is now reading avidly, and which Mr. Heinemann has just published here, has put to it a very charming preface on the courtesies and ceremonials that



MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

obtained in the South "before the war." He writes:

Antiquated, you say? Provincial? Do you, young lady, observe Miss Thomasia the next time she enters a room, or addresses a servant; and do you, young air, polished by travel and contact with the most fashionable — second-class — society of two continents, watch General Legaie and Dr. Cary when they meet Miss Thomasia, or greet the apple-woman on the corner, or the waggoner on the road. What an air suddenly comes in with them of old courts and polished halls, when all gentlemen wore swords to defend their honour, and bowed low before all ladies. What an odour, as it were, of those gardens which Watteau painted, floats in as they enter! Do not you attempt it. You cannot do it. You are thinking of yourself, they of others and the devoirs they owe them. You are republican and brought up to consider yourself "as good as any, and better than most." Sound doctrine for the citizen, no doubt; but it spoils the bow. Even you, Miss or Madam, for all your silks and satins, cannot do it like Miss Thomasia. You are imitating the duchess you saw once, perhaps, in Hyde Park. The duchess would have imitated Miss Thomasia. You are at best an imitation; Miss Thomasia is the reality. Do not laugh at her or call her provincial. She belongs to the realm where sincerity dwells and the heart still rules—the realm of old-time courtesy and high breeding, and you are the real provincial. It is a wide realm, though; and some day, if Heaven be good to you, you may reach it. But it must be by the highway of Sincerity and Truth. No other road leads there.

We reproduce Mr. Page's portrait from the *American Bookman*.

SOME interesting notes on words were made by Dr. Murray in his remarks on his great *New English Dictionary* at the meeting of the Philological Society last week. The work, by the way, has now reached "Hod." The section Hy, it seems, was lost for some time and then found intact, but the MS. for Pa and Pe, after being missing for twelve years, came to light, in a seriously depleted condition, in a stable in county Cavan. For sustained difficulty no letter in the alphabet equals H. Speaking afterwards of the origins of words, Dr. Murray said that, although "hunchback" was found in the second quarto of *Richard III.*, no use of the word "hunch" alone can be found by any of his assistants earlier than 1804. Prof. Skeat, who spoke afterwards, made a statement which will not, we trust, be resented by those who attempted last week's Prize Competition. "Bishop Codrington," he said,

"had told of certain savages who amused themselves on occasions by deliberately attempting to coin words, which were accepted or rejected by their fellows."

ANOTHER new word. A correspondent who has been reprimanded for using the word "replaced" when the context demanded the word "supplanted," suggests "supplaced" as a compromise.

New words have been exercising other people beside the members of the Philological Society. The ladies and gentlemen at Barnum's, whom it has been customary to describe as freaks, met together on Sunday to decide upon a less objectionable term. After much consideration of proposals from all parts of the country, they settled upon "Prodigies"—the suggestion of Canon Wilberforce and the Bearded Lady. Some of the rejected words were: Ambiguities, Abnormals, Anomalies, Caprices, Differentials, Dilemmas, Deviations, Erratics, Nature's Exceptions, Fantasts, Inexplicables, Naturals, Oddities, Originalities, Pranks, Problematics, Randoms, Sports, Human Specialities, Uniques, Unusuals, Uncertainties, Variants, Vagaries, Wonders, Whims, God's Curios, and Human Marvels.

APROPPOS of Human Marvels, it is told, we believe in Edmund Yates's *Recollections*, that Mr. Herman Merivale, the dramatist, once found himself mentioned in a Swiss Visitors' List as "Human Marvel and family."

THE danger of making jokes is no less pressing to-day than it was ages ago. One is still wise in erecting a number of sign-posts. We are incited to this reflection by the circumstance that the *New York Critic* takes a recent parody of Mr. Bernard Shaw in this paper to be a genuine utterance. The parody was part of a series called "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and some pains were taken to indicate that it was a parody. Yet the *Critic* says: "According to Mr. Shaw, 'vegetarianism is the foundation of the finest intellectual dramas.' He accuses Mary, of reverend memory, of having eaten her little lamb, and yet, so far as I know, there is nothing in history to prove this horrible accusation. No lamb enters into the composition of his brain. Each of his plays was the inspiration of a different vegetable. 'I wrote,' he says, '*Mrs. Warren's Profession* on lentil soup, *You Never Can Tell* on beans'"—and so forth. We will be more careful next time.

WE give this week a portrait of Gyp in her study. Gyp, who is in real life the Comtesse de Martel, has just been ordered to pay 5,000 francs damages for her libel upon M. Trarieux in *Le Journal d'un Grinchu*. She has given notice of appeal, but we must confess, ungallant though it may sound, that we shall hope to see the judgment upheld, for the libel was a cruel one. Gyp has little need to touch politics; her subjects lie elsewhere, and no one can deal with them more wittily. If this little lesson sickens her of public affairs, we shall all profit.



GYP.

From a Photograph by Dornach et Cie., Paris.

MR. SWINBURNE'S contribution to the *Star's* Birthday Number—a most interesting compilation—took the form of a prologue to Cyril Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy." The *Chronicle*, in commenting thereon, made an amusing mistake. It conceived "The Revenger's Tragedy" to be a forthcoming work by Mr. Swinburne himself, and remarked that if it kept up to the level of the prologue it would be "a stormy affair indeed." The play, we may inform the *Chronicle*, is a "stormy affair," and has been so for three hundred years. But perhaps our contemporary's remark was only another "humour test."

FROM the week's prefaces. Mr. George Moore, in his introduction to Mr. Edward Martyn's *Heather Field and Maeve*:

In Ibsen are combined poet, philosopher, and dramatist in almost the same proportions as in Shakespeare, more than in Racine, Goethe, or Hugo. He is deficient only in the romantic spectacle which Shakespeare provides in abundance. Shakespeare alone amid dramatists was able to remain a poet for his pleasure while conceding booths and roundabouts to his audience for theirs. But the psychological drama does not admit of spectacle; that is why it fails on the stage. The explanation is a sad one, for if it be true we shall never possess a popular literary drama again. The psychological drama is the only possible literary drama in the nineteenth century.

Nine-tenths of an actor's life must be given up to rubbish; rubbish is the fare of the multitude, and it is the multitude that enables the actor to keep the roof over his head; but he should reserve a tenth part of his life for himself—for his art. All actors try to do this, for actors love their art; they talk about it incessantly, and never about their salaries; in this respect their attitude towards their art compares very favourably with that of authors towards theirs.

Mr. Archer's belief was that the goal could be reached by encouraging, with insincere praise, all work that seemed new, every play that seemed better than the last play; his attitude towards dramatic writing has, therefore, been one of benevolent insincerity. He has pursued this policy for twenty years, and he has only to hear the plays now running at the London theatres to be convinced that he has not "educated" the public taste.

The divorce court has always been accepted by Mr. Archer as the symbol of thoughtfulness.

The little story entitled *Ships that Pass in the Night* is not lofty in conception, not very profound, but it is wistful and true, and it therefore holds its own by the side of *Don Quixote*, *On the Eve*, and *L'Education Sentimentale*.

Incidentally we may remark that Mr. Martyn dedicates "these two plays to George Moore, W. B. Yeats, and Arthur Symonds." Problem: how will they divide the spoil?

From the week's dedications. *The Tale of Archais*, by
"A Gentleman of the University of Cambridge":

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THIS TALE OF GREECE
IS
DEDICATED.

Sonnets, by C. T. M.:

DEDICATED
TO
A WOMAN
WITHOUT A HEART.

The first sonnet begins:

The swell of love doth force this song from me
As mountain billows force asunder land.

A sonnet is not a song; but no matter.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* writes to explain away Mr. Lecky's disparaging description of some of Mr. Gladstone's facial expressions, to which reference was made in the ACADEMY last week. The writer, "D. S.," says:

I was reminded of a very interesting talk I had with Mr. Gladstone on this very subject—his expression. I asked him, rather like Red Riding Hood: "Mr. Gladstone, why do you sometimes look so fierce?"

"I know what you refer to," he replied, "but you should remember that look of fierceness, as you call it, is greatly the result of age; the muscles of the face used to express deep attention and concentration of thought are the same muscles used to express the passion of anger. As one grows older the muscles of concentrated attention are more often called into play, owing to the difficulty of hearing, and the look you speak of becomes intensified.

"I am quite conscious that in repose as well as in conversation I wear sometimes this fierce look; but, I repeat, it is only the knit brow of attention stamped on an old face."

Subsequently "D. S." asked Mr. Gladstone: "When young were you handsome?" "He turned to me, a face illuminated by that wonderful smile of his, and said, with a kind of parental fondness for his past self, 'Well, I don't think I was exactly handsome, but I had beautiful eyes.'"

TOWN COUNCILLORS as critics of poetry are blunt and sweeping. The *Daily News*, which is just now collecting comic stories of mayors, tells of a Town Council which, sitting in committee as the Burial Board to improve proposed inscriptions on grave-stones, considered the application of the friends of a deceased person to have four lines from Tennyson inscribed on the stone. The clerk duly read the following from "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me?
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

A Councillor said: "I object. That's what I call doggerly"; and the Council ruled it out.

WITH reference to the attack on *Rasselas* which was made by "J. P. B." in the ACADEMY last week, a correspondent reminds us of the lamented quarrel between Miss

Deborah Jenkyns and Captain Brown on the same subject, in *Cranford*. Captain Brown was a champion of Boz, Miss Jenkyns of Johnson. Captain Brown, it will be remembered, gave the company the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller participated in at Bath; Miss Jenkyns "read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said: 'I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction.'"

THE first number of Messrs. Macmillan's new magazine, the *School World*, is a thoroughly workmanlike production. The object of the magazine is to promote the interests of education by publishing information and comments on the principles and practice of teaching in secondary schools. These subjects have received any amount of individual attention, but the need to co-ordinate endeavour, to record results, and to exchange observations have never been fully met: hence the *School World*. The first number, which lies before us in an attractive apple-green cover, contains some valuable articles.

MR. H. G. WELLS, whose scholastic attainments have been obscured by his success as a novelist, contributes an article entitled "Wanted—A Classification." Therein he throws doubt on the existence of "the average boy." He is sceptical of the value of that classification of boys which fixes on a central type and then judges of each boy by his nearness or remoteness to that centre. It is more probable, Mr. Wells suggests, that there are several types, all populous, and all disinclined to merge into other types; and he believes that in the schools of the future the "classificatory diagnosis" of boys will be improved by the acceptance of this proposition. Among the other contents we notice a paper on the "Physical Observation of Brain Conditions of Boys and Girls in Schools," by Dr. Francis Warner; a paper on "The Early Teaching of French," by Prof. Walter Rippmann; "Bimanual Training in Schools," an illustrated article by Mr. Henry Bloomfield Bare, besides articles more immediately directed to the schoolroom. A good portrait of the Rev. Joseph Wood, the new Head Master of Harrow, is among the illustrations.

THE American poet, Joaquin Miller, who has returned from Klondyke, is about to figure on a music-hall stage. We are not aware of what the nature of his "turn" will be, but it will have reference to Klondyke. After all, why should not a literary man try the halls? Mr. Dan Leno has just produced "Hys Booke."

ACCORDING to the *American Bookman*, one of Dean Farrar's novels has been dramatised by Mr. Chillingham Hunt, a well-known English elocutionist. The Dean has expressed satisfaction with the play, which is completed, and the next interesting event will be the production.

WE give this week, from the British Museum *Autographs*, a facsimile of the beginning of Tennyson's draft of the dedication of the epilogue of the *Idylls of the King* to Her Majesty. The title and ascription were added by the

*original MS of the Epilogue to the "Idylls of the King":
To the Queen.*

O loyal to the royal in Thyself,
And loyal to Thy land, as this to thee—
Bear witness, that rememberable hour, morn
When pale from fever yet the goodly Prince,
Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life again
From halfway down the shadow of the grave,
Past with thee thro' Thy people & their love,
And London roll'd one ^{tide} voice of joy thro' all
Her tumbled millions, & loud leagues of man
And welcome:

BEGINNING OF THE EPILOGUE TO THE "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

present Lord Tennyson, who presented the MS. to the British Museum last year. The date of the epilogue was 1872.

MR. BIRRELL'S oration on "The Ideal University," delivered at University College last summer, has now been printed and issued by the University College Union Society. We extract some points:

Though Shakespeare was not a Professor he occasionally said a thing worth repeating.

An ideal Patron is perhaps a contradiction in terms.

I shall never forget the surprise with which my father, who was an old pupil of Chalmers, entered a room in Cambridge, where a Professor of Divinity was lecturing a handful of candidates for Anglican Orders. It certainly was not an animating picture. It did not remind one of Ate'ard. There was no crowd, no feeling, and yet the lecturer was Lightfoot. I remember telling my father if he really wanted to see high pressure at Cambridge he must seek admission into the parlour in the private house in which the famous Routh was then rattling his pupils, a small transfigured band of future wranglers, along the paths of glory.

In looking back upon my own life at Cambridge, I remember with peculiar pleasure how on two or three occasions (unfortunately they were no more) Prof. Seeley did me the kindness of correcting in my presence effusions which I had written for his class. I was abashed, but it is when you are abashed that you learn. It was the only teaching of the kind I got at Cambridge.

There was a private coach I used to hear of when I was at Cambridge who was prepared to teach anybody anything. This honest man bargained but for one thing in addition to his exceedingly moderate terminal charges:

"You must give me," so he would engagingly say, "five minutes start."

The functions of the coach and the University are not the same.

Sir Blundell Maple, who is (as you all know) our Professor of Philanthropy, is the only one of my colleagues who is unpaid, and teaches by example.

If ever there was a theatre for academical actors, it is London. If ever there was a people and an age that needed the higher education, we are that people, and we live in that age.

The oration makes good reading, but it seems to have missed the advantage of revision by the author. The punctuation occasionally leaves much to be desired.

MR. BIRRELL—by the way—has just been elected to an honorary fellowship of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He entered the college in 1869, and graduated with honours in the law tripos in 1872.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has recently written the following critical quatrain in a copy of the works of Edgar Allan Poe:

I wonder when America will know
That much her greatest bard is Edgar Poe.
I say this reminiscent and defiant
Of Boker, Tabb, and Longfellow, and Bryant.

It is permissible, we hope, to prefer the sentiment to the form. But—poor Boker!

MAJOR RAVERTY has been for some time preparing a new and improved edition of his works—the *Grammar*, *Dictionary*, and *Selections*—in the Afghan language, in view of the order just issued by the Indian Government

requiring all officers of native regiments to make themselves proficient in the language chiefly spoken by the men of the corps to which they may be permanently posted.

Bibliographical.

ONE of the most interesting things about the book by Mr. Edward Martyn (*The Heather Field*) which Messrs. Duckworth publish to-day (Friday) is the fact that Mr. Martyn, on the title-page, avows himself the author of *Morgante the Lesser*. This announcement, I fear, will not convey much to nine people out of ten, or to ninety people out of a hundred; but it is notable for all that. In 1890 (that, at least, is the date on the title-page) there appeared in London a book called *Morgante the Lesser; his Notorious Life and Wonderful Deeds, Arranged and Narrated for the First Time by Sirius*. This "Sirius," it would seem, was the writer on whose two plays, *The Heather Field* and *Maeve*, Mr. George Moore has now penned an *éloge*. I doubt if *Morgante the Lesser* had much of a circulation; I doubt, indeed, if it received much notice from the press. In truth, "Sirius" himself declared that he would rather see his work "neglected altogether than approached in a spirit of undue levity." The critics must have decided to neglect it. I do not pretend to have read all of it myself, but such pages as I have dipped into conveyed the flavour of a sort of fantastic and esoteric satire, for which anything like popularity was not to be expected.

In Mr. Edmund Gosse's contribution to the new number of the *North-American Review*—"The Literature of Action"—there is a little bit of literary history which has not, I think, been in print before. It has reference to *Treasure Island*, which, as we all know, first appeared in a periodical for boys. Says Mr. Gosse: "It is a curious circumstance (of which I could give documentary proof) that it was found too romantic a tale of action for the boy subscribers to this silly print. If the editor could have broken off his contract, the end of *Treasure Island* would never have appeared." Of such are the vicissitudes of masterpieces!

Wrote a literary oracle the other day: "The lives of the Keiths—Marischal and his brother James, the friend of Frederick the Great—have yet to be written." The Field Marshal, of course, has been utilised by Mr. Lowe in his tale of *A Fallen Star*; "but the day of the historian is at hand." Undoubtedly a book on the two Keiths, adequately done, would be very interesting, for they lived lives both romantic and picturesque; they were ideal representatives of the fighting "Scot abroad." Meanwhile, we have long possessed the Autobiography of James Keith, which might with advantage be reprinted. Good use of it was made, a year or two ago, by the author of a little book called *Under Many Flags: Stories of Scottish Adventurers*, in which the careers of the two Keiths were very agreeably outlined.

Sir Frederick Pollock's *Spinoza: his Life and Philosophy*, of which we are shortly to have a second and revised edition, came out originally in 1880. Since then we have had the monograph on Spinoza which the late Principal Caird published through Blackwoods in 1888. Translations into English from the philosopher's works

have also been pretty numerous during the past two decades. The impulse to the more recent vogue of Spinoza was given, of course, by Matthew Arnold in his first series of *Essays in Criticism*—an epoch-making book in more than one respect.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has been living at Dresden for some time, finding, I gather, his chief entertainment at the opera, has been invited to visit Russia, and will probably accept the invitation, going there next month. His *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* has been published in a Russian translation, and, with certain other of his books, has caused even the stern muscles of Count Tolstoi to relax—a fact to which one of the Count's daughters testifies. Mr. Jerome should give us, by and by, his *First Thoughts* about Russia and its people.

I see that Dr. R. F. Horton is to discourse of Tennyson in the series of books called *Saintly Lives*. We all know that the poet was a truly religious man, in the highest sense of the word; but I doubt if he would lie comfortably in his grave if he knew that he was going to be dubbed "saintly," and celebrated accordingly. Perhaps he did pose a little as a latter-day seer or prophet, as, indeed, he was; he would, however, hardly have set up for a "saint"—he had too keen a sense of humour.

The reproduction of our English classics proceeds apace. The latest substantial addition to the list will be Hobbes's *Leviathan*, which I suppose is ripe for the distinction, seeing that it has not, I believe, been reprinted in its entirety for sixteen or seventeen years. Of Hobbes's *Behemoth* there was an edition so recently as 1894.

Is it the fact that all Lady Jackson's books dealing with French history are to be re-issued? There are plenty of them. She began, in 1878, with *Old Paris: its Court and its Salons*; then came, in 1880, *The Old Régime: its Court, Salons, and Theatres*. But the historical series proper dates from 1881, when Lady Jackson gave us *French Court and Society; the Reign of Louis XVI. and the First Empire*; after which we had in succession *The Court of the Tuileries from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe* (1883), *The Court of France in the Sixteenth Century, 1514-1559* (1886), *The Last of the Valois (Henry III.) and The Accession of Henry of Navarre, 1559-1589* (1888), and, lastly, *The First of the Bourbons (Henry IV.)* (1890).

We now have the *Poems of George Meredith* in two handy (not, I think, very attractive) volumes. But, alas! they are not quite up to date, for they do not include the *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, just published. Some readers may be glad to have a list of Mr. Meredith's successive publications of verse. Here it is: *Poems* (1851), *Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside* (1862), *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth* (1883), *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life* (1887), *A Reading of Earth* (1888), *Jump-to-Glory Jane* (1892), and *Poems: The Empty Purse, with Odes and Verses* (1892).

Yet another *Life of Lord Clive*! This time it takes the form of an addition to the series on "Builders of Great Britain." But surely the thing has been overdone? We already have biographies of Clive from the varied pens of C. Caraccioli, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Colonel Malleison, Sir J. Malcolm, and Sir C. Wilson—to say nothing, of course, of the famous Macaulay essay. Are these not enough?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Losing of an Empire.

The American Revolution. Part I., 1766-1776. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. (Longmans. 16s.)

FOR a score of years, while Sir George Trevelyan has been entangled in the meshes of Unionist and Liberal politics, the world has delighted itself with the inimitable picture of a man and of an age which he painted in *The Early History of Charles James Fox*. That he should some day attempt to trace in a sequel the remainder of the career of that greatest of the Whigs was only to be expected, and in the preface to the present work the obligation is acknowledged. But "the insuperable difficulties in this case of writing a political biography as distinguished from a political history" have led him to modify his original design, and to throw his study of the maturer years of Fox into the shape of a narrative of that momentous event with which the career of his hero is "inextricably interwoven," which in the height of his genius and fame "filled his mind and consumed his activities." Truth to say, the book now presented to us shows in its structure some traces of this change of policy. The first chapter is entirely devoted to Fox, to a survey of his position, —political, ethical, and financial—when, after a meteoric period, during which he figured as a very Alcibiades in the eyes of London, he left office, to all appearance a ruined man at three-and-twenty, in the year 1774. This event, the sorrow which he brought upon his parents, and the death, in the space of a few brief months, of father, mother, and elder brother, worked something of what an extinct school of theology used to call a "conversion" in the character of Charles Fox. Then followed, says his biographer, a "period of eager and anxious repentance"; and the lad, for he was hardly more, turned to remake his life in a new spirit. Henceforward, though the tenor of his ways suffered no immediate and obvious outward change, the inner spring of it became, and remained until his death, a serious and disinterested love of public liberty and public well-being. The change in temper coincided with a change of political associates. He "cut himself adrift from the reckless official crew," the Sandwiches and Righies who served as the king's tools in the ministry of dull Lord North, and cast in his lot with the disheartened Whigs, the Rockinghams, and other chieftains of great houses, whose intentions were better than their abilities, and who only wanted a heaven-sent leader to play a patriotic part. This they were to find in Fox, and the battle-ground was to be the American War. The cause was Fox's opportunity, and he seized it.

He came to the great argument fresh and unhampered, his mind and his body full of elasticity and strength. Without misgiving, without flagging, and with small thought of self, he devoted an eloquence already mature, and an intellect daily and visibly ripening, to a cause which, more than anyone else, he contributed to make intelligible, attractive, and at length irresistible. That cause at its commencement found him with a broken career. Its triumph placed him in the position of the first subject, and even (considering that his principal anta-

gonist had been the king himself) of the first man in the country.

So far Sir George Trevelyan takes you in the first chapter, and, doubtless, when his work is complete, Fox will take his proper place as hero and will dominate the story. But it is a little disappointing to find that after this beginning Fox practically passes into insignificance for the rest of the present instalment. There is a passage, indeed, in which he joins Burke in his opposition to the Tea-duty in 1774; a passage describing his assumption of leadership in 1775; and a passage, somewhat prematurely introduced here, which sets in contrast to his adventurous youth the serene domestic felicities of his later days. Otherwise, surely to the reader's regret, he has to stand aside while Sir George Trevelyan gets on the canvas the other actors in the great drama.

Whatever awkwardness and disproportion this change of plan may have produced, it does not take long to assure oneself that Sir George Trevelyan's pen has in no respect lost its cunning. The art of writing history, as it is understood by the "Oxford School" of to-day, is not to write it. There is a reversion to the method of the annalists. You string together elaborately verified "documents" in chronological order, and leave them to tell their own tale, with as little of comment or interpretation as may be. The method has its uses, but it is not Sir George Trevelyan's. Like his illustrious uncle, he writes. His object is less to painfully establish facts—and, indeed, the facts of the American Revolution have long been pretty well established—than to dramatise them, to give life, reality and fresh colours to the men, manners and events of the stirring past. For this achievement his wide reading, his buoyant wit, his grasp of the telling in portraiture, exactly fit him. We had really forgotten, while he has been playing his difficult part on the political stage, what a master of nervous, vigorous, picturesque English he is. Without being open to any charge of flashiness or superficiality, his history reads like a novel. The lengthy analysis of the conditions in England and America under which the struggle broke out, of the two types of civilisation which it brought into conflict, of the individual personalities involved, is as good as it can be. The writer has steeped himself alike in the Puritanism of eighteenth century New England and in the Epicureanism of eighteenth century Old England, and for his knowledge of their qualities and foibles the statesmen and captains of both peoples might have been his colleagues in the cabinet or in the field. The description of the Whig magnates who were Fox's material for his campaign may serve as an inadequate specimen of his easy style.

There were politicians for whom the sweetest hours of the twenty-four began when the rattle of the coaches up St. James's-street told that the House of Commons was no longer sitting, and ended when they were helped into their beds by daylight; in whose eyes Ranelagh surpassed all the gardens of Chatsworth, and the trees in the Mall were more excellent than the elms at Althorp or the oaks of Welbeck. But Rockingham and his followers loved the country; and there were few among them who did not possess plenty of it to love. Assembling for business in a November fog, and wrangling on until a June sun shone reproachfully through the windows, seemed a doubtful

form of happiness even to Gibbon, whose conception of rustic solitude did not go beyond a cottage at Hampton Court during the summer months. But to haunt London when the thorns were red and white and the syringas fragrant, or when the hounds were running over the Yorkshire pastures and the woodcocks were gathering in the Norfolk spinneys; to debate amidst clamour, and vote in a lobby where there was hardly space to stand, with the hope that at some unknown point in the future he might draw salary for a few quarter-days—was not a career to the mind of a great landowner who seldom got as much of sport and fresh air as he could wish, and who, since he had outgrown the temptations of the card-table, had never known what it was to spend half his income.

Sir George Trevelyan is, perhaps, at his very best in his appreciations of eighteenth century society on either side of the Atlantic, and of the men who made it. But he is nearly as good when he settles down, as he does in the last hundred pages of the volume, to narrate the actual incidents of the war. The story covers the opening battle of Lexington and the first great reverse of the colonists at Bunker's Hill. It tells of the assumption of the general command by Washington, and closes with the abandonment of Boston by the British and the triumphant occupation of the city by the American army. The reader is, of course, left in no doubt throughout as to the sympathies of the historian. For Sir George Trevelyan is frankly a Whig writing of one of the episodes of history to which Whiggism can look back with most justifiable pride. Fox and Burke and their associates had, indeed, both justice and enlightened patriotism on their side during the whole of the long struggle; and though in the end it was the logic of events, rather than the logic of argument, which triumphed, still their attitude is one of the legitimate boasts of those who inherit their traditions. And, naturally enough, Sir George Trevelyan does not spare the king, to whose stupidity, selfishness, and obstinacy—more than to any other single cause—the loss of England's first colonial empire must be ascribed. The contrast between George the Third and Fox—the one so faulty a man and so enlightened and patriotic a statesman, the other so abounding in the personal virtues, and withal so wretched a ruler—is one in which the student of human nature may find food for reflection. Let us add in conclusion that, though a partisan, Sir George Trevelyan is neither a narrow nor an unjust one. He can appreciate the merits of such an opponent as Lord Dartmouth; and his affection for the Americans does not blind him to the doubtfully justifiable character of the "boycotting" to which the "loyalists" were in some places subjected. But his brilliant and sympathetic vindication of their policy as a whole should come as one of many peace-offerings to the extinction of an ancient feud.

Waving Grass.

WHEN tired thought flags and the life burns low,
And wearier waxes the world of men,
There is virtue of healing where green things grow,
And the quiet of fields is a power, then;
But most—to wander and watch at will
The ripple of grass on a windy hill.

From "*Idyls of Thought*," by F. A. Homfray.

Pre-Raphaelite Gossip.

Ruskin, Rossetti, Pre-Raphaelitism. Papers 1854 to 1862.
Arranged and edited by William Michael Rossetti.
With illustrations. (George Allen. 10s. 6d.)

MR. WILLIAM ROSSETTI begins this book with a defence of his memoir of his brother published in 1895, the frankness of which, he says, found "not a little disfavour with critics in the press." Mr. Rossetti gives undue prominence to a small matter. For ourselves, it has always seemed to us that his methods, not his intentions, were at fault. That nice tact, so indispensable to the memoir-writer, was never his. In the present volume the quantity of editorial matter is very small indeed, but we feel that it might with advantage have been less. Many of the letters and other items are preceded each by its own tiny introduction; in nearly every instance footnotes would have served equally well, and would have been less disturbing and much shorter. We do not like the arrangement of the matter, but, as no arrangement could possibly have been satisfactory, we need not press that point. Mr. Rossetti says the book is "complete in itself." It is not so. As early as p. 4 part of an exceedingly interesting letter of Dante Rossetti's is omitted because it has appeared in the volume of 1895.

Our criticisms are trifling, and we make haste to say that this latest contribution to the history of the Pre-Raphaelite movement is singularly full of interest. It contains little padding; there is scarcely a letter but has a distinct and authentic value. The principal items in it are correspondence between Mr. Ruskin and Dante Rossetti and Miss Siddal ("Ida" was Mr. Ruskin's pet name for her), extracts from the diary of Ford Madox Brown, and certain poems and letters by Miss Siddal.

Although there seems to have been reason for Brown's dislike of the author of *Modern Painters*, Mr. Ruskin's attitude towards Rossetti, as the leader of the great movement, was one of pure kindness and discretion. He was finely frank about himself in some of his letters to Dante:

You constantly hear a great many people saying I am very bad, and perhaps you have been yourself disposed lately to think me very good. I am neither the one nor the other. I am very self-indulgent, very proud, very obstinate, and very resentful; on the other side I am very upright—nearly as just as I suppose it is possible for man to be in this world—exceedingly fond of making people happy, and devotedly reverent to all true mental or moral power. I never betrayed a trust—never wilfully did an unkind thing—and never, in little or large matters, depreciated another that I might raise myself. . . . Now you know the best and worst of me, and you may rely upon it it is the truth.

The book fully discloses Mr. Ruskin's fondness for "making people happy." He had money and he had critical power, and he used both lavishly to help the men in whom and the movement in which he believed. Early in the fifties he told Rossetti that Rossetti was a very great man, and he never swerved from his absolute faith in Rossetti's art. He was always buying pictures from him and paying for them in advance. Of course we knew this before, but not in detail. We are now shown exactly what the *P. R. B.* owed to Mr. Ruskin's courageous

championship of them, to his money, and—not less—to his common sense. He was not afraid to criticise; some of his letters are amusingly pedagogic, considering the reverence in which he held Rossetti:

You must take out the head and put it in as it was at first, or I never could look at it.

Again:

If you like to do another side of the Union [the Oxford frescoes] I will consider that as 70 guineas off my debt: provided there's no absolute nonsense in it, and the trees are like trees, and the stones like stones.

And he writes to Mr. William Rossetti:

You know the fact is they're all the least bit crazy, and it's very difficult to manage them.

Mr. Ruskin's relations with Miss Siddal were touchingly beautiful. He guided her with an exquisite tact, not only in art, but in matters of health; and he was always genuinely anxious to assist her. She showed a natural diffidence in accepting that assistance: this is how he sought to overcome it:

Perhaps I have said too much of my wish to do this for Rossetti's sake. But, if you do not choose to be helped for his sake, consider also that the plain *hard fact* is that I think you have genius; that I don't think there is much genius in the world; and I want to keep what there is in it, heaven having, I suppose, enough for all its purposes. Utterly irrespective of Rossetti's feelings or my own, I should simply do what I do, if I could, as I should try to save a beautiful tree from being cut down, or a bit of a Gothic cathedral whose strength was failing. If you would be so good as to consider yourself as a piece of wood or Gothic for a few months, I should be grateful to you. . . .

And then the charming postscript:

If you would send me a little signed promise—"I will be good"—by Rossetti . . .

Miss Siddal's own letters—though, unfortunately, few in number—are delightful. Mr. W. M. Rossetti gives also some of her poems. Most of these are mediocre, but one—written presumably after her marriage—is remarkable. It is called "At Last." Here are some of the stanzas:

O mother, open the window wide
And let the daylight in;
The hills grow darker to my sight,
And thoughts begin to swim.

And, mother dear, take my young son
(Since I was born of thee),
And care for all his little ways,
And nurse him on thy knee.

And, mother, wash my pale, pale hands,
And then bind up my feet;
My body may no longer rest
Out of its winding sheet.

And, mother dear, break a willow wand,
And if the sap be even,
Then save it for my lover's sake,
And he'll know my soul's in heaven.

And, mother dear, when the sun has set,
And the pale church grass waves,
Then carry me through the dim twilight,
And hide me among the graves.

We will conclude with some delicious extracts from Ford Madox Brown's diary. Brown seems to have had a most clear idea how "unusual" Rossetti and the whole environment of the P. R. B. were:

During the winter I painted the study from Emma, with the head back laughing, at night in Newman-street. All this while Rossetti was staying at Newman-street with me, keeping me up talking till 4 a.m., painting sometimes all night, making the whole place miserable, . . . translating sonnets at breakfast, working very hard and doing nothing.

Called on Dante Rossetti. Saw Miss Siddal, looking thinner and more deathlike and more beautiful and more ragged than ever; a real artist, a woman without parallel for many a long year. Gabriel, as usual, diffuse and inconsequent in his work. Drawing wonderful and lovely Guggums ["Guggums" was Miss Siddal's pet name], each one a fresh charm, each one stamped with immortality, and his picture never advancing.

Gabriel returned at half-past 12. Spent till half-past 3 getting him off and going to see him begin. Evening, jaw chiefly.

Talked about suicide and suicides with Rossetti. To bed at 5 a.m.

This morning Gabriel not yet having done his cart [the reference is to a picture], and talking quite freely about *several days yet*, having been here since 1st November [seven weeks], and not seeming to notice any hints, . . . Emma [Mrs. Brown] being within a week or two of her confinement, and he having had his bed made on the floor in the parlour one week now, and not getting up till eleven . . . besides my finances being reduced to £2 12s. 6d., which must last till 20th January, I told him delicately he must go.

We have not mentioned the letters from Browning, Allingham, William Bell Scott, Millais, Christina Rossetti, and others; nor the original prospectus of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co.; nor the wonderful epistle from Thomas Dixon, of Sunderland, a working-cork-cutter, and surely one of the most cultured working-men that ever lived. Here is his appreciation of Christina Rossetti:

I see now as I write this, in my mind's eye, the quiet face, and hear the calm, quiet voice—so full of the spirit that one finds in the simple though expressive old Fathers; a reflection to me of a deep lover of Thomas à Kempis, and of one who had achieved that rare and arduous task in this life, the realisation in actual life of the teachings of that beautiful book.

The Silence of Love.

The Silence of Love. By Edmond Holmes. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THE sonnet is not a form very much beloved of contemporary poets. It had its vogue a decade ago through the pervading influence and the great example of Rossetti, but it has almost vanished since then with the veering of the vane of fashion to new points of the compass. It is, therefore, something of a surprise to find Mr. Edmond Holmes making his bow to the critics with a sequence—

a half-century, as the jargon used to have it—of sonnets. Not that Mr. Holmes has any ambition to revive the traditions of Pre-Raphaelitism. On the contrary, while the poets of that school used almost exclusively the Petrarchan type of sonnet, with its carefully adjusted balance of rhythm in octave and sextet, Mr. Holmes prefers the regular evolution and long drawn-out sweetness, the triple quatrains and clinching couplet, of the Shakespearean variety. He handles his chosen medium in a manner which, if not precisely masterly, is at least sufficiently above the average level as to claim the attention of all those to whom the advent of a real new poet would be a matter of some importance. For ourselves, though he has not taken our affections by storm, yet he has undeniably interested us, and has led us to examine this, his first volume, with some care, for the sake of discovering what promise and potency of song may be disclosed there. His positive qualities are, we think, two. In the first place, the architecture of his sonnetteering is extremely good. The poems are wholes, and they progress with a sustained and dignified rhythm to an effective conclusion. The final couplet, summing up and enforcing, as the final couplet of a Shakespearean sonnet should do, the central idea of the preceding lines, is often very felicitous. This quality of large and well-knit movement is excellently illustrated in the following example:

Stronger than life is death, for all things die.
 Stronger than death is life, for death is nought.
 Life—what is life? A flash that streaks the sky.
 Death—what is death? A name, a haunting thought.
 Stronger than life is death, for death subdues
 Life's flaring torchlight with its argent rays.
 Stronger than death is life, for life renews
 Through death the firesprings of its vanished days.
 Stronger than life is love, for love's warm breath
 Kindles and keeps aglow life's myriad fires.
 Stronger than death is love, for love through death
 Kindles a larger life when life expires.
 Life—what is life? Love's foreglow in the skies.
 Death—what is death? Love dawning on our eyes.

Secondly, Mr. Holmes's sonnets have that which Rossetti himself declared to be the first essential of successful sonnet-writing—"fundamental brain-work." He is pre-eminently a thoughtful writer. His subject is love, but in the treatment love-passion is throughout transmuted into love-philosophy. The sequence of the sonnets expresses the various phases, the ebb and flow of a love which, in the ordinary sense, is incomplete, being unspoken, but which seems to the lover, by the vision which it opens into the scheme of things, to point towards perfection. It is, in fact, the old Platonic motive of love as the starting-point of the soul on its quest for knowledge and for God. Mr. Holmes puts the idealist's case with considerable force and elevation of sentiment, and the voice of frailer humanity which finds utterance here and there lends relief and variety to what might otherwise have been a somewhat monotonous reiteration of the main theme:

Is my love wasted? Will it never earn
 The just requital of its toil and strife?
 I sometimes doubt if aught but love's return
 Can feed the fountain of love's inmost life:

I sometimes think the torch is burning low
 That does not kindle quick responsive fire;
 I sometimes think the heart is beating slow
 That asks not quick fulfilment of desire.
 Vain doubts! Vain questions! When the queen of night
 Summons the seas to follow in her train,
 In silent answer to her silent might
 Sweeps round the world the tide-wave of the main:
 So when its summons comes, love does not wait
 For doubt or question, but obeys its fate.

So much for Mr. Holmes's merits. They are not inconsiderable. Idealism of thought on the one hand, simplicity and dignity of statement on the other, are not qualities to be despised in any literature. His defect, and that also no inconsiderable one, is that he is too often lacking in poignancy, too often dull. It comes, we fear, of a mistaken theory. Mr. Holmes, more than any other living poet, more even than Mr. Watson, is a reactionary in the poetic diction. Revolting, we suppose, against the affectation and extravagance of speech, from the reproach of which modern verse is not altogether free, he has gone into the opposite extreme. He has forgotten that language, if it is to remain alive at all, requires constant refreshing, that words and phrases become dusty in time, and that a metaphor, like the die of a coin, leaves a less individual and a less vivid impression upon the mind for every occasion on which it has already done service. Here, for instance, is a piece of mintage far too characteristic of Mr. Holmes's way of writing:

Then in the cloudless crystal of my love,
 I saw thee radiant as the dawn of day;
 And on thy head love's crown was shining bright,
 Whose gems are stars, whose gold is living light.

Doubtless this kind of language, in some far distant age, possessed vitality and freshness; but doubtless it possesses these no longer: the hungry generations have squeezed them from it; it is as dry as a sucked orange. The use of it leaves Mr. Holmes, for all his real poetic feeling, mediocre. And mediocre he will remain, unless he can add to his interesting point of view an interesting, an intimate, a personal vocabulary.

A Scientific Evangelist.

The Life of Henry Drummond. By George Adam Smith.
 (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

For writing the life of Henry Drummond Mr. Smith has many qualifications. A friend of the author from his early years, he has intimate sympathy not only with Drummond's literary and scientific sides, but with that practical religious side of which the general public knows less. Nor is he afraid to criticise his subject, as he does frankly in the case of Drummond's best-known book. He has intelligence, enthusiasm, cultivation; and he has made a very readable and attractive biography. Indeed, with a life so many-sided, it would have been hard to fail altogether in interest. At the outset we are grateful to him for rescuing some facts in Drummond's ancestry which make a very curiously complete study in heredity. The various gifts of this remarkably many-sided man are

traced back to their several sources in the family tree. Strongly religious; an eager evangelist, wielding singular power over masses of men, and especially over the young; a man of distinguished scientific attainments; a natural mesmerist; and a successful author—how did he come by all these gifts? Mr. Smith gives the answer. His father, a nurseryman at Stirling, was known for his religious character. He managed a Sunday-school, where his power over an audience of children is described as extraordinary. Drummond's scientific turn, on the other hand, came from his mother's family. Her brother, Mr. James Blackwood, was zealous in the study of science, and had, it is said, the gift of inspiring young people with enthusiasm not only in science, but also in "some forms



HENRY DRUMMOND.

of religious service." More striking still, he possessed the mesmeric faculty.

But the most curious thing remains. After the hand-writing of *Natural Law*, Henry Drummond discovered some notes in the writing of his grandfather, William Drummond, upon resemblances between the laws of nature and those of the spiritual life, singularly anticipating the main thesis of his own book. It is a terrible proof that we cannot call even our thoughts our own. While *Natural Law* was running through its edition on edition, Grandfather Drummond must have rubbed his shadowy hands with pride. "It is *my* book they are making all this fuss about—the book I did not write. Not quite how I would have written it myself; but on the whole Henry has learned his lesson like a good lad." And so all his other ancestors in turn use this unconscious Henry to carry out their own pet ideas. The moral is that it is very important to choose your own ancestors.

Henry, having got himself born at Stirling, in due time

went to the Stirling High School; and there we get a glimpse of him from the pen of "Ian Maclaren," so bright and characteristic that we must quote it entire:

It was in the King's Park, more than thirty years ago, that I first saw Drummond, and on our first meeting he produced the same effect upon me that he did all his after life. A cricket match between two schools had been going on all day, and was coming to an end, and I had gone out to see the result, being a new arrival in Stirling, and full of curiosity. The two lads at the wickets were in striking contrast—one heavy, stockish, and determined, who slogged powerfully, and had scored well for his side; the other nimble, alert, graceful, who had a pretty, but uncertain, play. The slogger was forcing the running, in order to make up a heavy leeway, and compelled his partner to run once too often. "It's all right, and you fellows are not to cry shame"—this was what he said as he joined his friends—"Buchanan is playing A 1, and that hit ought to have been a four; I messed the running." It was good form, of course, and what any decent lad would want to say, but there was an accent of gaiety and a certain air which was very taking. Against that group of clumsy, unformed, awkward Scots lads this bright, straight-living figure stood out in relief; and as he moved about the field my eyes followed him, and in my boyish and dull mind I had a sense that he was a type by himself, a visitor of some finer breed than those among whom he moved. By and by he mounted a friend's pony, and galloped along the racecourse of the park till one only saw a speck of white in the sunlight, and still I watched in wonder and fascination—only a boy of thirteen or so, and dull—till he came back in time to cheer the slogger, who had pulled off the match with three runs to spare—and carried his bat.

"Well played, old chap," the pure, clear, joyous note rang out on the evening air; "finest thing you've ever done," while the strong-armed, heavy-faced slogger stood still and looked at him in admiration and made amends. "I say, Drummond, it was my blame you were run out." Drummond was his name, and someone said "Henry." So I first saw my friend.

What impressed me that pleasant evening in the days of long ago I can now identify. It was the lad's distinction, and inherent quality of appearance, and manner of character and soul, which marked him and made him solitary.

It is a description of Drummond which will stand for him throughout his life. All accounts speak of the tall, graceful figure, the radiant face, the radiant manner, the gentlemanly distinction which won from younger men the name of "The Prince." But beyond this was that mesmeric power which he did not consciously develop till he was at Edinburgh University. There, in the intervals of lectures and reading, he began to practise hypnotism on his fellow-students.

Mr. McCulloch relates how a student came into his room one day, unhooked his watch and handed it to Mr. McCulloch. Drummond had been practising on him, and he had no recollection of the action, till Mr. McCulloch returned the watch, saying: "This kind of thing must cease." It was supposed that Drummond became alarmed at discovering the command he had gained over a class-mate when he was at a distance from him. At any rate, the experiments did cease. But in reality he never exercised such triumphant mesmeric power as when

he supposed himself to have abandoned it. The true function of such a gift is not to make people do odd things unconsciously, but to make them do good things consciously. Drummond's life was one long exhibition of mesmerism.

It began when he was but twenty-three, and still a divinity-student, with the still-remembered visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to this country. He threw himself eagerly into their work, accompanying them in their progress through the kingdom, and at once found himself in possession of extraordinary influence. His meetings were crowded; young people flocked to him for counsel, and poured their private confessions into his ears. Thenceforward mission-work became the aim of his life. Yet with all this he preserved his liberal interests. He accompanied Sir Archibald Geikie on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains. It was on his return from another scientific expedition to Central Africa that he found himself famous throughout England as the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which had appeared after he left the country. Yet while the Press showered praises, and Society invitations on him, he simply went back to his mission-work. The only value of his success to him seems to have been the throng of letters it brought him from souls in trouble. The movements, missionary and otherwise, which he started, are too many to catalogue. In Edinburgh University and Oxford, in Yale and Harvard, he exercised his moral fascination over youth; he carried his energies through Scotland, England, Wales, America, Australia. It is a singular spectacle; this zealous scientist, famous author, popular gentleman, hearty enjoyer of life—fond of fishing, shooting, cricket, football, jest and joviality—deliberately devoting his life to the work of a missionary to the young. Himself cheerful, brimming with health, he was confessor to innumerable souls, male and female, by letter or in person. His books were accidents, his missions were his life. If one had to seek a parallel, it would be Gordon; and indeed there is much resemblance. Drummond, too, had his private and inconspicuous Khar-toum. During the last two years of his short life he was slowly dying from an agonising disease, yet he retained his cheery sympathy to the last, bravely hiding his sufferings from the eyes of his friends.

It may be doubted whether his books, with all their merits, will hold their place when the questions of the day, which gave them instant appeal, have become questions of yesterday. His most celebrated book, *Natural Law*, Mr. Smith refuses to consider his best, alleging arguments against its thesis which have often much force. But it broke new ground, it was stimulative, it was lucidly, if not altogether perspicuously, written, and it was sincere. It had a flash of insight, though the insight was partial; and the mistakes of some men are more fruitful than the correctness of others. Yet, on the whole, perhaps Drummond himself was right; and his most enduring work is that of which the polite world thinks least—that and the example of a life which illustrates Crashaw's couplet:

A happy soul which all the way
To heaven has a summer's day.

A life, none the less, which had its fiery and patient suffering at the last.

Colour in Nature.

Colour in Nature. By Marion I. Newbigin. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)

This book deserves high praise, for it possesses two merits, one of which is too often present without the other. The authoress has well mastered the facts of the subject-matter wherewith she deals, and describes them fully and lucidly. She has also paid careful attention to the various, including the most recent, hypotheses which have been put forward respecting the development of colour in the organic world, but abstains with praiseworthy caution from assenting to any of them in the absence of sufficient evidence.

In her volume of 325 pages, after pointing out the difference between colours due to the presence of pigments and those which result from structure, and after describing and classifying pigments, the authoress proceeds to describe the development of colour in different groups of organisms. Beginning with colour as met with in plants, she depicts, in successive chapters, the colours found in protozoa, sponges, and in cœlentera; in worms; in crustacea and echinoderma; in lepidoptera; in insects in general and in spiders; in mollusca; in fishes; in amphibians and in reptiles; and, finally (in three chapters), the colours in birds and beasts.

The authoress calls attention to the fact that the colours of organisms have relation not only to their environment, but also to the inner nature and physiology of the creatures they adorn or characterise, referring her readers to Mr. F. E. Beddard's work, *Animal Coloration*, and to Mr. W. Bateson's *Materials for the Study of Variation*. One interesting phenomenon is the use of waste products to the production of colour in the lower animals. Thus uric acid may be stored up in the wings of Lepidoptera, and serve as a colouring agent, those organs, being relatively non-vital parts, being thus able to harbour poisonous substances within them without injury to the organism. Speaking broadly, it may be said the higher the nature of the animal the more completely are its waste-products eliminated.

What will most interest the general reader is the question of the utility of colour and its consequent relation to Darwin's theory of "natural selection." He, as she well expresses it, "endeavoured to prove that the balance of nature is so finely adjusted that the slightest oscillation of one part may affect parts apparently far removed from it, and that the struggle for existence is so keen that all specific characters are, as it were, maintained at the point of the sword."

In estimating the value of any hypothesis, an admirable canon, which the authoress quotes, was laid down by Prof. Sedgwick at the third Zoological Congress (held at Leyden in 1896) in the following words:

A theory to be of any value must explain the whole body of facts with which it deals. If it falls short of this, it must be held to be insufficient and inadequate; and when, at the same time, it is so masterful as to compel men to look at nature through its eyes, and to twist stubborn and unconformable facts into accord with its dogmas, then it becomes an instrument of mischief and deserves con-

demnation, if only of the mild kind implied by the term inadequate.

Now the explanation of colour at present most popular among scientists is the explanation through "natural selection resulting in a multitude of cases in what is known as 'mimicry.'" This explanation does not yet satisfy the mind of our authoress. Thus she criticises (at p. 303) Prof. Poulton's contention that the buff-tip moth resembles a broken piece of lichen-covered stick. A friend of his had raised the objection that the moth resembles a piece of stick cut cleanly at both ends, an object which is never seen in nature. To this Prof. Poulton replied that the purple and grey colour of the sides of the moth, together with the pale yellow tint of the parts which support the broken ends, present a most perfect resemblance to wood in which decay has induced that peculiar texture in which the tissue breaks shortly and sharply, as if cut, on the application of slight pressure or the force of an insignificant blow. On this Marion Newbigin remarks:

These statements, whatever else they do, certainly display a most profound faith in the efficiency of natural selection as a factor in evolution. The efficiency in this case seems almost excessive; one cannot help wondering whether a protective resemblance which was a little less laboured would not have served the purpose.

Again, there are certain tropical American leaf-cutting ants which carry pieces of leaf about the size of a sixpence, which they hold vertically in their jaws. An insect, not an ant, found there resembles an ant, and has a thin expansion, which imitates the leaf carried by the ants; so that, in Prof. Poulton's words, the insect "mimicked the ant, together with its leafy burden." As to this, our authority remarks: "Now, as it is only the homeward-bound ants which carry pieces of leaves, it seems in this case also that the protective resemblance is unnecessarily laborious; something less might surely have served." Besides the views of Mr. Darwin and Dr. Wallace, those of Mr. Cunningham, Prof. Eimer, Dr. Simroth, and Herr Otto Wiener are also taken into account. The last two authors are convinced that a caterpillar may come to resemble its environment because its skin can photograph that environment by means of the sensitive compounds of its own tissues. As to adult insects, we read (p. 325) that there is indeed much evidence to show that in the case of butterflies the colours can be influenced by their surroundings.

A criticism of a case of alleged mimicry is cited (pp. 318-321) which we have not space to quote, and we must, therefore, refer those interested in it to Marion Newbigin's pages. She says about it:

Very few cases of mimicry have been subjected to such authoritative criticism; and the fact that they have not stood the ordeal furnishes a strong presumption that a large number of the cases contained in the literature of the subject are likewise valueless (p. 321). In the view of the popularisers of the subject it has become the main object of the naturalist to invent as ingenious an explanation as possible of the way in which it (colour) is useful. If the naturalist's powers of invention fail, though this happens but rarely, then the colour is non-significant, or, better still, the animal has recently changed its habitat,

and is no longer perfectly adapted to its environment (p. 306).

After weighing and balancing the question with great care and moderation, the authoress comes to the following final conclusion:

It must be obvious from the above discussion that there are great difficulties in the acceptance of natural selection as the most important factor in the evolution of colour, and that there is little doubt that its aid has been invoked in far too reckless a fashion. At the same time, it must be confessed that there is not as yet in the field a complete and cogent theory which is capable of dispensing with natural selection; whether this is due to ignorance of physiology or to the real importance of this factor must be left to the future to decide.

A Monarch for Romance.

Charles XII. of Sweden. By Oscar Browning. (Hurst & Blackett. 16s.)

MR. OSCAR BROWNING is a person of such manifold and varied activity that one is apt, if not a King's man, to forget that he lectures on history. In that cultured leisure which he spares from the perusal of Dante and the gentle intercourse of enlightened undergraduates he has produced a small harvest of historical researches in which the picturesque is neatly sandwiched between accurate, prosaic facts. His "Flight to Varennes" achieved some notability in this respect, and is a triumph of speculative criticism as applied to second-hand evidence. In dealing with Charles XII. of Sweden he is on surer, if not less romantic ground, and praise must be awarded for a lucid popular account of those wars and adventures which were at once the delight and the terror of Europe. Perhaps Mr. Browning hardly does his hero justice. He is so ready to apologise for his errors, either on the score of innate obstinacy or of a touch of madness, that one loses the charm which made Charles a mystical hero even to the Turks, on whom he foisted himself for three years as an expensive and burdensome guest. The glory of Charles's successes is overcast by the detailed treatment accorded to his failures. One scarcely sees him at his greatest for the ever-present premonition of his downfall. Yet there was something intensely wonderful about his successes, just as there was about his failures. No beardless boy since Alexander ever took the field with such a confidence that victory and empire were his birthright; and Charles was a harder campaigner than even Alexander. He had no Babylon to his discredit. Tough as whipcord, trained to bear pain and hardship, he lived and fought as severely as a private soldier, and moulded his armies by sheer force of example. No Swede ever ran from a superior enemy under his generalship; and that they did so at Poltava, the fatal field which ruined his fortunes, was largely due to his being incapacitated by a wound. The story of his capture in Turkey (the "Kalabalik" or lion hunt), of his sojourn at Demurtasch, and his adventurous ride across Europe in disguise, are materials that a historian with an eye for the picturesque could not fail to make attractive, as is also the case with his death by an unknown hand at the siege of Frederickshald. More care might with

advantage have been taken in reading the proofs of the book, which is full of omissions and slips. In describing complicated operations, difficult to follow at the best, it is no help to read "Swede" where the word should have been "Pole," and *vice versa*. These things are blemishes on an otherwise respectable work.

The Country Parson.

George Herbert's Country Parson. Edited by H. C. Beeching. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

WHEN George Herbert, whom it was once the fashion to call "saintly," but who was in truth a very witty saint, and something of a fine gentleman as well, took up his living at Bemerton, he set down in writing some rules of pastoral conduct, in order that "time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might show him his variations from this year's resolutions." These rules, revised, one may suppose, in the light of actual pastoral experience, formed the substance of *The Country Parson: his Character and Rule of Holy Life*, published after the author's death by Mr. Barnabas Oley, by many others since then, and now, lastly, by Mr. Beeching in an exceptionally charming and attractive form. Those who know Mr. Beeching's work will not need to be told that his introduction and notes display not only a marked spiritual and literary sympathy with Herbert, but also a delicate humour, which plays discreetly round the weaknesses and limitations of Walton's beloved divine. Herbert's treatise, indeed, has much wisdom in it, and, as Mr. Beeching well says, is "full from end to end of a sweet reasonableness," but it cannot be denied that it often reflects an ideal of clerical life which it is hard to accept nowadays, and occasionally one which it is open to you to suspect was never very practical. Herbert had been Public Orator at Cambridge, and one fears that his rhetoric never quite accommodated itself to the facts of existence in a Wiltshire village; and, unlike his editor, he is somewhat lacking in humour.

Perhaps occasionally [says Mr. Beeching] he carries the tendency to philosophise a little far, as when he finds a reason in the nature of things for the parson's keeping pigs and poultry. Perhaps occasionally also he elaborates what even to country parsons is pretty obvious, as when he gives three rules for ascertaining when one has had enough dinner.

Again: "Perhaps, too, a country parson here and there will turn with interest to the chapter headed 'The Parson's Library,' only to read with dismay: 'The Country Parson's library is a holy life.'" Nevertheless, the book is one which should be on the bookshelves of every curate.

Irish Humour.

Irish Life and Character. By Michael MacDonagh. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. MICHAEL MACDONAGH says in his preface that he will be disappointed if the book is regarded simply as a collection of droll stories. We do not wish to disappoint Mr. MacDonagh, but that is the way we regard it. To justify his title it would be necessary to do far more than Mr. MacDonagh has done: he has, for example, taken

almost no account at all of Irish tenderness, which is a notable quality. "Irish Wit and Humour" would have described this work better than its present style. But as a collection of good Irish stories (and some that are located in Ireland, but had, we suspect, other origin) Mr. MacDonagh's volume is unequalled. There is hardly a page without a delightful Hibernicism, and many pages have several. Some are characteristic, and some are not; but very few are unworthy of their place. These are, as a rule, the new ones.

Yet with Mr. MacDonagh's presentation of his material we are often disposed to quarrel. "Two women," he says, "were discussing the merits of a certain blend of tea. 'Oh, its shuper-excellent,' said one; 'it takes such a fine grip of the second relay of wather.' There could be no better recommendation of tea in Ireland [adds the author], where families being large and money scarce, and tea a favourite drink, a 'second relay of wather' in the teapot is often necessary." Now this comment is absurd. Irish life and character are not illumined thus; for there is hardly a family in the world, whether rich or poor, where the tea is not recruited with a second relay of water. Moreover, the story has for years been told also of a thrifty Scotch housewife who commended her brand because it took such a grip of "the thir-r-d watter." When the third relay is mentioned we at once get a sidelight on character, because, although a second relay is universal, a third relay betokens canniness and economy.

In another place Mr. MacDonagh tells a short story of an old woman whom he found smoking. He asked how long she had practised the habit. "Her reply was, 'I tuk to it as a bit of divarshion after me poor old man was tucked under the daisies.'" This is good; but Mr. MacDonagh must needs spoil it with one of the most superfluous pieces of translation in the world. "This [he warns us] was her way of saying that she took to the pipe as a comfort after the death of her husband." Of course it was—what else could it have been? It is blemishes of this kind, together with much extraneous matter, that prejudices us against Mr. MacDonagh's book as anything but a treasury of humorous remarks. He has not the comprehensive outlook or penetrating sympathy to deal adequately with Irish life and character. Yet, as we have said, he has made a very entertaining collection of anecdotes.

Intentions.

IF our world is but a sleeping room, and life is only a dream—then I wish my few years should flit away in good dreams.

Then I wish dreams of freedom and happiness like those the great gentlemen dream of; then I want to see pleasant sights in my dream and I do not want to dream of tears.

And if our world is a feast, a ball, and we the invited guests, then I, too, wish to be seated comfortably in the hall and have my own good share of the banquet.

And if our world is now a battlefield where the strong struggle with the weak—then, in spite of storm, and wife and child, I shall not stand coldly aside.

Then I thrust myself into the fire, become a hero and battle like a lion for the weak; and if the bullet strike me, and I fall dead on the field—then I, too, can die laughing.

From Morris Rosenfeld's "Songs of the Ghetto."

Fiction.

Microft of Withens. By Halliwell Sutcliffe.
(Unwin 6s.)

IN this novel Mr. Sutcliffe once more gives us one of his pictures of the strong, lusty, hard-living men of the Yorkshire moors; and as he has gone back to 1745 for a plot, their savage vices and virtues gain in naturalness from their setting in a ruder age. He has also invented a capital story, so that the book may be heartily recommended to those who love drinking and fighting scenes and the play of those elementary passions, love and revenge. Also, our author has an eye for character, and his stage is ever crowded with energetic and individualised personages.

But the book would have been vastly improved—at least, from the more fastidious point of view—if he had taken a little more pains to make it credible. Its central fact is that a body of disciplined and trained gentlemen robbers took possession of a dark and almost impregnable dale near Skipton and held it for over seventy years, murdering men, outraging women, and living by robbery. And if this were true of the Yorkshire of the eighteenth century, still the Carlesses are so like the Doons, Kit is so like Jan and Jessie like Lorna, that artistically the whole is condemned.

On a minor point we should like information. "Master," as a territorial title, has been a favourite with novelists since ever the Master of Ballantrae appeared—perhaps ever since Scott invented the Master of Ravenswood—but is there any authority for applying it to a Yorkshire yeoman? We are reversing the rules of rhetoric, and coming down from the important to the trivial, but what did gentlemen get drunk on in 1745? When Mr. Sutcliffe's heroes give it a name it is usually rum or punch, but would not October or wine be a more natural beverage? Fielding did not die till 1754, and a few years before that he issued a warning to the nation against the use of gin, which was then beginning to supersede ale, and the characters of his fiction nearly all drink beer. Punch belongs rather to the Dickens period. Would a landlord call his place a "public" in 1745? Surely that horrid modernism had not yet replaced inn, tavern, hostelry. Further, the Silent Inn strikes us as an absurd sign-post for the time, or any time.

And now may we conclude by offering Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe a piece of advice? It appears to us that he has two essentials of a good novel-writer: a fine insight into character and an independent outlook. Nor do these exhaust his merits. He makes a most dramatic use of the curious superstitions of his dales-folk, and he has the art of narration. But two things are necessary if he would master the art of writing fiction. The first is, that he should learn to read and admire without being led into imitation—this book, for instance, is too flagrantly Lorna-Doonish and yet devoid of the Blackmore personality, wherein lies the inimitable charm of that masterpiece; and secondly, if his ambition is high, he must take more pains. He knows, no doubt, the definition of genius, and the artistic and the slipshod cannot dwell in the same tent.

Old Chester Tales. By Margaret Deland.
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

THIS book combines, as far as is possible, the quality of a long novel with the quality of short stories. For Mrs. Deland's eight stories are laid in one quiet town in Pennsylvania, and the same characters—notably the wise, lovable old minister, Dr. Lavendar—are met with in them all.

How many capital short stories have crossed the Atlantic to us from such places as Old Chester! Yet the charm and freshness and quaintness and humour of these new ones are not the less complete. Mrs. Deland brings a very tender, laughing sympathy (not without its humorous perversities) to the delineation of her out-of-the-world folk—the Wrights, the Days, the Barkleys, the John Smiths, the Jay girls, and all the other folk who constituted Old Chester.

Not for a long while, in fact, have we read a better short story than the second of this series, called "Good for the Soul." Here we learn how Peter Day began life when he was fifty years of age. Until then he had been ruled by his stern mother. Ruled by her he had grown rich; but he knew nothing of wickedness, he had not been to a theatre, he had not loved—in a word, he had not lived. Then his mother died, and Peter slowly and painfully realised that he might do as he pleased. At first it pleased him to go on as before, to shun society, and live a narrow life.

Then he awoke. Simple as a child, Peter fell in love with one of the "Four Sisters Montagu" who brought their "Side-splitting Farce," their leers and dances to Old Chester. Stricken at once by the charms of Bessie, the *première danseuse*, Peter left his farm and followed the troupe (a great pure-hearted booby) from town to town. The sisters laughed at him; even Bessie laughed, with a catch in her throat, but when Mamie said "He is an innocent" (Peter imagined they were really sisters and that their names were really Montagu) Bessie added "He's good."

She was as inconsequent and unmoral, this little, flashing, suffering, pretty creature, as the sparkle on a rippling wave. And she was just now almost at the limit of her strength. The simple-hearted man who, through his big, steel-rimmed spectacles, looked at her every morning, as silent and as faithful as a dog, saw in her all the beauty and grace and good nature of which his harmless life had been starved. He thought to himself, over and over, how pleasant she was. He had had little enough pleasantness in his forty-odd years, dear knows! so it was easy to recognise it when he saw it.

How these two wedded, and were happy, is not the whole story. Ten years after the wedding there slowly settled down on Peter's wife the shadow of her past. Ought she to have told Peter all? With an art and tenderness which we are glad to proclaim, Mrs. Deland shows us Bessie—now Mrs. Day—reflecting and resolving. But before she stabbed old Peter with her long-sheathed confession she would see Dr. Lavendar. How the wise old doctor rolled away the whole cloud is the climax of the story, and must not be revealed here. If pathos, humour, sound sense, and a happy ending can make a story charming, then this story is charming.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE DEAR IRISH GIRL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

The current is setting towards Ireland again. Not that Scotland is being deserted, but we notice this week a work on Irish humour, a volume of Irish plays, and here is an Irish novel. Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), who is better known as a poet than a novelist, has written a pretty story of the love affairs of the charming Biddy. It is a book rich with the brogue, good-humoured and bright, but with its sad moments. In the end all is well, and Biddy marries O'Hara, and the three Miss Flaherties are bridesmaids. (Smith & Elder. 6s.)

RED ROCK.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

In this novel we have a series of vivid pictures of life in the Southern States of America in the "era of reconstruction," as it is called, just after the Civil War. The passing away of the old régime with its fine old family life, its gentility and charm, is sketched by Mr. Page from memory. But the North is neither unrepresented nor ill-treated in the story. The love element is strong, and everywhere is a wealth of local colour. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE VISION SPLENDID.

BY FLORENCE BRIGHT AND ROBERT MACHRAY.

The Vision Splendid is the Stage, and to Jean Murray, a young girl who has just lost her father, it appeals with overwhelming power. This novel is occupied with her adventures as an actress, and is a careful study of stage-life from the point of view of a beginner. There is this passage about Fleet-street and the Strand in which the Press, the Law, and the Stage have their centres. "The first excites and then gratifies public curiosity—'an intelligent interest in the affairs' of the world, the newspapers call it, laughing in their sleeves the while. In the second men pick each other's brains to enable them to pick other people's pockets, and to prevent anyone else from doing so. The third provides a house of refuge from the garrulity of the one and a place of escape from the bickerings of the other, and ministers to the amusement of everybody." (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

INFATUATION.

BY B. M. CROKER.

Mrs. Croker's novels are usually serene and engrossing love-stories. This one is also like that. We notice that the heroine meets the hero in Basle railway station. After giving her some needed help and lending her three pounds, he sees her off, handing her his card. Later he discovers that his blank and printed cards are mixed up in his pocket-book. "I'll bet anything I've given her a blank one," he muttered, and he had. By such small and pleasant devices Mrs. Croker holds her readers. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE ARCHDEACON.

BY MRS. WALFORD.

A story of modern London society. The book is a little epic of match-making. All the mothers are on the look-out for young men; all the girls are speculating on their chances. Mrs. Walford can manage such a theme as this as well as anyone, and the book is quite entertaining. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE DUKE'S SERVANTS.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT BURCHELL.

A pleasant story of the second quarter of the seventeenth century, laid partly in the country and partly in London. We see a good deal of theatrical life, and Shakespeare is alluded to as within living memory. "In three or four days," says the

hero, an actor about to return to town and the Fortune Theatre, "I shall hear all the sounds of London streets, its unfortunate apprentices, its packmen, its fruit-sellers; and I shall smell all its smells, some pleasant, some less pleasant than the scent of sweet lavender and juniper. But I love them all, the shouts of the people, the smells of the streets; but no sounds will echo so pleasantly in my ears as those of my own trumpets, and the noise of my own musicians in the Fortune." (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

IN THE TSAR'S DOMINIONS.

BY LE VOLEUR.

This is a love-story laid in the Kherson "Government" of Russia and in Moscow. The terrible disaster on the Khodinsky Plain during the present Tsar's coronation festivities is introduced, and there are the usual explosives. (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

LITTLE KING RANNIE.

BY M. E. WINCHESTER.

A moving story of shipwreck and a baby which is saved and kept by a young married couple who are in constant dread of it being claimed. The child was claimed and the foster-parents died, and on "a costly monument of pure white marble, which would attract crowds to come and gaze on its sculptured beauty in the days of the future," there were chiselled the words: "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."—Exodus ii. 9. (Digby & Long. 6s.)

ASHES OF EMPIRE.

BY R. W. CHAMBERS.

A glowing, mercurial story of the Franco-Prussian War and the Paris of those times, by the author of *The King in Yellow* and *The Red Republic*. Mr. Chambers knows his Paris well. He begins the book—which is breathless and noisy (like its subject)—with the flight of the Empress and ends it in March of 1871. There is not only revolution and battle, there is love and romance. Two young Americans are the joint heroes, and among the names we find Victorien Sardou. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE ATTACK ON THE FARM.

BY A. W. ARNOLD.

By a coincidence the author of this book, which is published at the same time as Mr. Chambers's *Ashes of Empire*, asks how it is that so few writers seek their material in the Franco-Prussian War. He does so himself in two or three of these stories; in the others he is ingenious or sentimental or romantic. A readable collection. (F. V. White. 6s.)

FETTERED BY FATE.

BY G. W. MILLER.

The first sentence of this novel runs to fourteen lines, and the second sentence to seventeen. The story is melodrama, beginning with the wrongful conviction of the hero for murder, and ending with a burning schooner whose powder magazine explodes and hurls the pirates "into countless heights above." (Digby & Long. 6s.)

A PRINCE FROM THE GREAT NEVER NEVER.

BY MARY F. A. TENCH.

The Prince is Molly Despard's lover and the Great Never Never is an Australian wilderness, which he enters with an exploring party, while Molly waits in old Ireland for him at Knock-na-mulla, a village so remote from the railway that the car which met the trains "might almost be regarded as the triumph of hope over experience." A pleasant love-story with a strong vein of Irish humour. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

VANYA.

BY OLGA ORLOFF.

A short story of prison life in Siberia. (Grant & Son. 1s.)

ELECTRA PECTORIS.

BY S. P. E.

This "novel without a villain" is a little farcical love-story which may be read in twenty minutes. (A. T. Hutchinson. 1s.)

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Views.

The Lower Beasts and Man.

WHEN Banks and Solander, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, first landed on the shores of Australia, it might well have seemed to them that in a dream they had visited another planet. For they found that every kind of shrub and tree, and every kind of beast and bird, was new, and most of them strangely different from those previously found elsewhere. As the nature of the beasts there discovered became better known, it became also more and more evident that they formed a very distinct group (a distinct order), having no affinity with animals found elsewhere, with one exception. That one exception was the opossum, which had been noticed by Hernandez (in his history of Mexico) as long ago as 1626, while its anatomy was described by Tyson in 1698. It had then been duly noted that its hind paw was a hand like that of a monkey, and that the female habitually carried her young in a pouch. The same habit was found to be also the case with the Australian beasts, and so they, except the native dog or dingo, the bats, and a rat or two, and the various species of opossum inhabiting America, became grouped together in an order of "pouched beasts," or *marsupials*. By degrees it became known that these marsupials were generally distinguished from all other beasts by various peculiarities, in addition to the "pouch." One very special character concerned the mode of formation of the *placenta*, or vascular structure, whereby the young of man and beasts are nourished in the womb. As more and more kinds of marsupial animals were discovered, they were found to differ greatly in structure from one another—some to resemble cats and dogs, others to recall to mind insect-eating beasts (such as the mole, the hedgehog, and the shrews); others were like flying-squirrels; a few to have front teeth resembling those of the beaver and other rodents (*i.e.*, rats, mice, marmots, &c.); while the kangaroos, by their long hind limbs and

powers of rapid locomotion, reminded the observer of the group of antelopes belonging to the hoofed beasts, or *ungulata*. These various sub-divisions of the marsupial order thus seemed to run parallel to the various long-before familiar sub-divisions of non-marsupial (or ordinary) beasts—namely, carnivores, insectivores, rodents, ungulates, &c.

But besides the many marsupial animals found in Australia, there were two others also there found the structure of which was soon seen to be more exceptional and peculiar than that of any other kinds of beasts whatsoever. One of these animals was the "duck-billed platypus" or *Ornithorhynchus*, and the other was the "spiny ant-eater" or *Echidna*. Their sexual organs were strangely different from those of all other beasts—on which account they have been called *Monotremes*—while the bones of their breast and shoulder resembled those of various lizards. Most noteworthy of all their characteristics, however, is the fact that, unlike all other beasts, they lay eggs, though the young, when hatched, are nourished by the milk of the mother.

What, then, have been the genetic relations of these three groups of animals to each other, and what was the origin of the whole group of mammals? Such problems were, among others, recently discussed at Cambridge.

Putting aside, for the moment, the platypus and echidna, let us consider the nature of the Australian marsupials. Were they the earlier form of mammalian life whence all these far more numerous non-marsupial forms have been evolved?

Such a view was put forward by some eminent men, among others by the late Prof. Huxley in 1880. According to that view, non-marsupial carnivores, insectivores, rodents, ungulates, &c., respectively sprang from the marsupial carnivores, insectivores, rodents, ungulates, &c. But this hypothesis is now generally abandoned, and the marsupials are deemed an integral group which at some period were developed from non-marsupial beasts. Prof. Haeckel, however, in this case, as also in the question as to the origin of man, showed himself, at Cambridge, to be a true conservative. He declared that he "adhered to the view of the origin of non-marsupial mammals from marsupials." This question is one which affects ourselves. Since man is a non-marsupial mammal, it follows that to answer it correctly determines whether or not he has to regard the opossum and its allies as among his direct ancestors.

Now some facts favour the view, still adhered to by Haeckel. Among the many strange and, to us, new Australian forms of life, there is one which is exceedingly old. This very antique creature is the mud-fish (*Ceratodus*) of Queensland, which resembles most closely an ancient fish the remains of which are imbedded in the triassic rocks, which are the lowest of the "secondary" series, though more recent than the coal measures.

If, then, we have so ancient a fish still surviving in Australia, may it not be probable that the beasts which have their home there are also survivors from the most primitive kinds of beast? To this question Prof. Osborn replied, at Cambridge, in the negative; and, indeed, as before said, the prevailing view now is that the marsupials are, as it were,

a lateral offshoot from the mammalian genealogical tree, which ascends from pre-mammalian forms direct to man. A discovery by Prof. Hill that in two Australian marsupials (one an insectivorous one, while the other is the kuala or "native-bear") the placenta differs greatly in structure from the rest of the order, and approaches that of non-marsupial beasts, breaks down one very marked distinction previously supposed to absolutely characterise the whole marsupial group of beasts. What, then, were the earlier forms of mammalian life—like the parents of both our existing marsupial and non-marsupial beasts? The answer to this question may surprise some of the readers of the ACADEMY. Among the animals which now inhabit the earth are some modest and inconspicuous kinds, which attract but little the attention of persons who are neither agriculturalists nor men of science. Such are the mole, the hedgehog, and the shrews, often called in error "shrew-mice." Of hedgehogs there are some twenty kinds distributed over Europe, Africa, Northern Asia, and Hindostan. Moles and mole-like creatures range through the Northern hemisphere, while shrews are almost all over the world, save in Australia and South America.

All these animals feed on insects and other small creatures, and belong to the order of beasts known as "insectivores." But there are other kinds of insectivores not found in England or even Europe. Thus the *Gymmera*—a form allied to the hedgehog, but without spines—comes from the Indian Archipelago and the Malay Peninsula. The same region is tenanted by some very elegant, squirrel-like insectivores, which are known as *Tupaia*s or "tree-shrews." In Africa there are others with long hind-legs, which jump as kangaroos do, and may be named "jumping-shrews." Another West African form has put on almost quite the form and appearance of an otter (named *Potomogale*), while in South Africa there are very curious burrowing forms called "golden moles," though they are by no means true moles. In that very zoologically interesting island Madagascar several species of spiny insectivores exist, the type of which is known as *Centeles*. Finally, in the islands of Hayti and Cuba there respectively exist two very peculiar long-snouted, naked-tailed species, which form a genus which has been termed *Solenodon*.

It is an interesting fact that this insectivorous order of mammals is spread all over the world save in South America and Australia. In the former region they are replaced by many different species of opossum; while in Australia their place is taken by other various small marsupials of different kinds.

Now, the great interest possessed by these insectivores is twofold: (1) In the first place it consists in the fact that they bear certain noteworthy resemblances to one or other forms of marsupial life; (2) they show other resemblances to creatures which were among the earlier forms of beasts the fossil remains of which science has revealed to us.

All readers, no doubt, know that the rocks above the chalk—the tertiary series—consist of three sets, the oldest of which is termed *eocene*. Certain eocene fossils discovered by the late Prof. Cope were classed by him in a group termed *Creodonta*, and some of them he considered to have

been ancestral forms of our present insectivores. But below the chalk, in the rocks known as the *trias* and the *oolite*, remains of small beasts have long been known to exist the nature of which is still somewhat problematical. At first they were thought to be marsupial, but this is now much doubted.

At the recent Cambridge Congress Prof. Osborn declared that "there was abundant evidence that many of these small beasts were not marsupials but insectivores, fulfilling all the conditions required by the ancestry of the living *Insectivora* and the *Creodonta*, and, through the latter, of all the higher existing types of mammals, including man." This view the present writer regards as the most probably correct one, and, according to it, the whole marsupial group must be regarded as a lateral offshoot from the genealogical tree of mammalian life, yet one coming forth above the insectivorous branch, and a portion above that branch, or part of the stem represented by the extinct *Creodonta*.

The question as to the origin of the whole class of mammals, though much debated at Cambridge, is one which our limits do not allow us here to enter upon. It must now suffice to say that the remarkable resemblances which exist between the monotremes and reptiles, together with different mammalian characters found here and there in different groups of extinct reptilian forms, makes it almost evident that the class Mammalia, as a whole, was derived by development and evolution from the class Reptilia.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Nordau Reconsidered.

To take up to-day Nordau's *Degeneration*, which, Heaven help our public! went through eight English editions, is to see how perfectly it represents the attitude of all modern commercialised society towards art. *Degeneration* is, strictly speaking, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the utilitarian theory in the life of the middle classes. All the ignorance, prejudice, and limitations of the average man in matters æsthetic were deified there, and set up before his delighted eyes as scientific truths. Nordau, in the name of the outraged community, proposed three tests for whole legions of the unhappy artists he examined—viz.: (a) The Test of Indecency; (b) the Test of Obscurity; (c) the Test of Singularity; and no great artist satisfied the requirements of the examining board. It was very difficult for them to get through, poor darlings. Thus: Ibsen was "a malignant, anti-social simpleton"; Walt Whitman was "a vagabond, a reprobate rake, and morally insane"; Tolstoi's talent was "made up of morbid hyperesthesia and emotional gigantism"; Verlaine was "a wicked angel grown old"; Rossetti, Morris, and the pre-Raphaelites were "mattoids, imbeciles with the livery, but without the fecund originality of genius" (*vide* Lombroso's Test, *Century Mag.*, October, 1895); Wagner was "crazy, and not a genius," &c.; and to prevent the Ibsens, Tolstois, Whitmans, Rossettis, Wagners, &c., infecting the community's moral health, Nordau proposed that

an association composed of the people's leaders and instructors, professors, authors, members of Parliament,

judges, high functionaries, should have the power to exercise an irresistible boycott. Let the Society for Ethical Culture undertake to examine into the morality of artistic and literary productions . . . work and man should be annihilated. No respectable bookseller would keep the condemned book; no respectable paper would mention it, or give the author access to its columns; no respectable family would permit the branded work to be in their house;" . . . (p. 559).

The absurdity of Nordau's charlatanism was, of course, hidden under such a cloud of pseudo scientific terminology that the English middle classes really *did* believe that Nordau was an authority on art; but in reality Nordau in all the two hundred thousand words of *Degeneration* addressed only one argument to the public—viz., *These great artists must be mad, because they don't believe in you.* And to expand this argument a little one may re-state it thus:

The community is forced to believe in the ideals of which its own life is an expression. If the artist (a) (as Tolstoi) holds up other ideals, (b) (as Ibsen) exhibits the public in an unfavourable light, (c) (as Maeterlinck, Rossetti, &c.) is not understood by the public, *he is not in harmony with his environment, and is consequently an enemy to society and society's ideals.*

Nordau complicated matters for the critics (and this, no doubt, was partly the reason that the English Press attached great weight to the book) by condemning as anti-social all the ideas and sentiments of artists which clash as truths with the truths of scientific men. Whereas, of course, the evolution of science has been too rapid to suit the evolution of society, and just as too rapid an introduction of material science into the life of the people has produced the hideous physical conditions of the factory towns, so the over-commercialisation of society has had a coarsening and hardening effect on the spiritual life of the middle classes. But modern art, as Morris's, in striving to reach back to the more beautiful ideals of ancient society, is either *ataristic* or *imbecile* (*vide* Lombroso); or, as Ibsen's, in striving to show modern society its false ideals, is *anti-social* and *degenerate* (*vide* Nordau).

Nordau's book would not be worth reconsideration for a moment if it were not a very curious illustration of the extreme difficulty with which art can convey anything to the mind of a naturally inartistic people. Had *Degeneration* been a less vulgar piece of nineteenth century sensationalism it would not have mirrored in so faithful a manner a commercialised public's attitude towards art; but, as it stands, the critic may reverse Nordau's conclusions altogether, and, thus reversed, these conclusions run:

Modern art, where it is morbidly analytic (as Zola's), is healthy in its tendencies, as revealing the evils of modern society to itself.

Where modern art is mediæval and mystical (as the Symbolists') the result is a necessary and healthy reaction from the over-development of material science and its pressure on the spiritual life of the people.

Majorities in society would compel art to evolve in certain arbitrary directions.

Science finds in art a natural evolution, throwing light on the evolution of society, and does not seek to fetter it in any way.

EDWARD GARNETT.

John Halifax, Gentleman.

MRS. CRAIK's most famous novel, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, has just passed out of copyright, and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have signalled the fact by producing an edition of the book, with illustrations in colour, topographical pictures, specially designed end-papers, an introduction and a bibliography. They have, indeed, accorded to it the honours of a classic; and, in a limited, temporal way, a classic it is, or was—the classic of a period, of a particular class, of a certain set of ideas. Although we are assuredly justified in calling it bad art, we shall do well to remember that nearly all art is only good or bad by comparison. If *John Halifax* is inferior to *Jane Eyre* (which preceded it by nine years), *Jane Eyre*, in turn, is inferior, say, to *Eugénie Grandet*; while, on the other hand, by the side of *East Lynne*—another classic of a class—*John Halifax* must be counted masterly. Art of a sort *John Halifax* decidedly possesses, for it has sincerity, a little imagination, and form—though the form is simple and naïve to the verge of crudity.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor, the writer of the somewhat indiscreet introduction, says, by way of an appreciation: "From a critical standpoint it is probable that *John Halifax, Gentleman*, will not be classed as one of our choicest specimens of literature, but as a novel of the imagination it will continue to hold a prominent position. Its language is always of the purest; its style characteristic and free; and is greatly to be preferred to the stilted and involved in fiction which finds so much favour in the present day. No one can doubt the sincerity of purpose with which it is written. . . ."

The pronouncement is rather obscure, but so far as we can put a meaning to it, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Shaylor is mainly in the wrong. *John Halifax* will cease to hold "a prominent position" just because it is lacking in imagination and in style. Its imagination is weak, and it has no style whatever. We have read the book with mild interest, undisturbed by the memory of youthful perusals, and not a single chapter or incident stands forth above the rest; nor can we find in it any evidence that Mrs. Craik had a perception of the beauty of words. All is a smooth level of mediocre and painstaking accomplishment.

But "sincerity of purpose"—in this virtue it is indeed rich. The fine strenuousness of a profoundly religious temperament gives it character and gives it justification. In the days when *John Halifax* was produced, art, in the eyes of the great body of the nation, was less even than the handmaid of morals; it was the very slave and scullion. So much of art as survived was not countenanced, but rather tolerated. It held small place in the general life. It was therefore austere, not joyous; in order to retain the right of existence it had, in some sort, to pour scorn upon itself, bowing its neck beneath the foot of that neo-Puritanism which had forgotten the uses of beauty. Here lies the secret of the enormous vogue of *John Halifax*. (And you may estimate its success when you reflect that it was the one novel lawful to be read on Sunday.) Written sincerely, by a beautiful spirit which was in perfect accord with the spirit of the time, it

flattered, with all the natural adroitness of humility, the current ideals. While its intense earnestness was a strength to the strong, it contained nothing of genius or of originality to frighten the weak, and thus it was everywhere accepted. As an example of the triumph of the commonplace, it is almost supreme. Now, of course, its day is over. It may still be popular, but long ago it has ceased to count as once it counted. Nay, it is dead. And we may lay the flower of our respect upon its grave. It deserves that tribute. Missing all other graces, it caught the grace of spirituality. Had it only been warmed at the divine fire, it might have ranked as one of the books of the century. But the fates were unkind, and its destiny limbo.

E. A. B.

The Contributors' Playground.

Bed-Books.

I WAS looking through Sir Walter Besant's *South London* last night, and came across the lines from Chaucer about the Clerk of Oxenford who had

at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye.

And the spelling worried me. So I went to my own edition—Tyrwhitt's—to check it. Then the clerk and his books worried me. Did he read Aristotle in bed? They must have been a tough-brained generation in the fourteenth century. Macaulay's ideal scholar who could read Plato with his feet on the fender was a schoolboy to the Clerk of Oxenford who read the Nicomachean ethics between getting into bed and blowing out the candle.

Most people, I fancy, read themselves into somnolence; but we of a punier generation do not take Aristotle for a nightcap. It would be rather interesting to catalogue the contents of the bedside table of our eminent ones. What is the ideal bed-book? I have been experimenting for some years, quite unconsciously, and now there is a small library ready for me within a foot of my pillow, the fittest that have survived. A small volume of Coleridge's *Table Talk*, *Clarissa*, *Tristram Shandy*, and, usually on the top, Wendell Holmes's *Breakfast Table*. The ideal bed-book must not be exciting. Once upon a time *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* kept me awake from midnight to sunrise, which is just what a bed-book ought not to do. It should have a dispersed interest, and bear being laid down when eyelids droop. Above all, its author should be dead. If you are in the way of writing yourself and read a good book wet from the press you are annoyed to think that you did not do the same thing sooner and better. In bed you should read some one who is beyond criticism and rivalry. The ACADEMY might take a census of bed-books.

C. R.

A Punster's Confessions.

JUDGING by the severity of Mr. Alden's onslaught on the pun, which was quoted in the ACADEMY last week, I gather that he himself is occasionally guilty of the play upon words. None is so ardent a bigot as the (temporarily) converted rake. A pundit who has punned it before, and

will probably pun it again, is suddenly convinced of the essential inferiority of this species of wit to certain other species, and then says, in his haste, that all puns are bad. Calmer reflection will show him that this is not so. Some puns are good. The pages of Hood will furnish plenty of examples. Others are bad, but the worst puns are sometimes the most laughter-provoking. Mr. G. R. Sims has produced some excruciating specimens, as, for example, in "Faust Up-to-Date":

Mephistopheles: Along the Riviera dudes her praises sing.

Valentine: Oh, did you Riviera hear such a thing?

which always brought down the house.

You are not quite fair to the good old "When is a door not a door" example in terming it "feeble." At any rate, its feebleness is due to age. When it was first constructed, some centuries ago, and the reply possessed the essential characteristic of unexpectedness, it was probably funny enough. Now it has so much become a part of our common heritage that when one asks, "Why is the Archbishop of Canterbury like a tin of sardines?" it is ten to one that the victim replies, "When it's a jar." Few puns will bear transplantation into cold print. Some of the essence evaporates before you can bottle it in black words on white paper, and the *mot* which set the table in a roar makes very flat reading. No punster, however, will willingly give up the practice of his craft at the bidding of Mr. Alden or anybody else. It furnishes too many delightful moments for that.

The luck of the punster is astounding. Here is a true story. A confirmed criminal of this kind was once travelling in a third-class carriage on the London and South-Western Railway. There was only one other occupant of the carriage, who presently, after they had fallen into conversation, remarked that he had been a great runner in his time, and had won many prizes, but that for some time he had been crippled by rheumatism. "I tried lots of things, but they were no good until someone advised me to take celery-tea. I took it, and after a few doses I could run as well as ever." The chance of bringing in "celerity" was too good to be missed, and the man who could pun took it; but the joke was entirely lost upon the man who could run, and he went placidly on with his reminiscences as if nothing had happened. This, at the time, was a little disappointing; yet the memory of it is a joy for ever.

You spoke last week of Mr. William Watson's general style at its best as "marmoreal." If Mr. Watson were to take out a poetical licence, would it be for "marmoreal bearings"?

"Household Words."

I WAS interested in looking at Dickens's Letters (writes "A. J.") to see how many titles were suggested and rejected before *Household Words* was hit upon. This is the list:

"The Forge."	"Home Music."
"The Hearth."	"Change."
"The Crucible."	"Time and Tide."
"The Anvil of the Time."	"Twopence."

"Charles Dickens's Own."	"English Bells."
"Seasonable Leaves."	"Weekly Bells."
"Evergreen Leaves."	"The Rocket."
"Home."	"Good Humour."

Some of these have been adopted since by other promoters of periodicals. Others, such as "Change," "Twopence," and "The Anvil of the Time," never could be used. *Household Words* began in the summer of 1850 with every circumstance of success. In 1859 it was incorporated with *All the Year Round*, and henceforward was known by that title. Subsequently, however, after the novelist's death, the two periodicals were separated and led independent lives, but in a strangely and pathetically undistinguished style. And now—where are they?

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. GASTON PARIS's delightful and sumptuous volume, *Aventures Merveilleuses de Huon de Bordeaux et de la belle Esclarmonde*, rendered into a new tongue in the elegant and scholarly prose of M. Paris, comes to us as a welcome Christmas surprise. The book is superbly brought out by the famous house of Didot, with wide decorated margins and handsome illustrations. The legend treats of Charlemagne, figure of undying interest, and of Oberon, the eternal enchanter. Writing of the part the little King of the Fairies plays in this poem, M. Paris says:

Our *trouvreur* has given his King of Fairyland a charm all his own, whose sweet magic has conquered hearts far beyond the circle of listeners the old French poet had in his mind. Athwart the transformations of ideas, of sentiments, of customs, and of literatures, the figure of the "little wild King," with long golden locks, and his child's visage "more lovely than the midsummer sun"—exquisite mingling of force and grace, of power and kindness, of majesty and malice—has preserved all its attraction and all its freshness. After having enchanted France during four centuries, it delighted Spenser and Shakespeare, and inspired Wieland and Weber, and is still capable of entrancing the curious imagination of the poet and the simple soul of the child.

Huon, the hero, is none the less charming as a creation. He is a typical young French knight, courageous, loyal, and generous, not over wise, and desperately imprudent, whose imprudence forms the most agreeable feature of the legend. Without it he would never have killed the giant Orgueilleux, or met the lovely Esclarmonde. Without it we should have missed that delightful scene where Oberon comes at his call in a mighty rage at his disobedience, and speedily forgives him with such pretty and simple grace. Huon travels the world over, east and west, in search of adventure with far greater celerity and ease than a modern Cook's tourist, unhindered by rolling wave, enchanted land, or burning desert, and wherever he arrives he is safe to find an uncle, a cousin, or an old friend. Every Eastern potentate and tyrant turns out to be a forgotten member of his family, and neither seems in the least surprised. Imagine Prince Henry of Prussia discovering the Empress of China to be his aunt, or Prince Henry of Orleans greeting an esteemed lost uncle in Menelik.

These are the sort of surprises reserved for Huon in his wanderings in unknown, and, it must be added, perfectly unrecognisable parts. All his uncles have a most unhandsome trick of becoming Saracens, and of putting Christians to death with a ferocity unequalled by the true sons of the Faithful. Even French admirals play the grand Turk with monstrous success, and gloriously swear by Mahomet. The legend is a light and joyous one, done into modern French by M. Gaston Paris with exquisite grace, simplicity, and ease.

Before leaving M. Gaston Paris, I must insert a few lines from his fine and manly letter to M. Sorel on the recent and unfortunate League, which adds a fresh shame upon France, already overburdened:

Is it altogether wrong to accuse us of allowing an unjust preponderance to form over matter, to sentiment over reason? of nourishing prejudices to which we attach ourselves while refusing to examine their foundation? of leaning to illusions that flatter our desires, and indulging exaggerations or even lies that amuse our malignity or caress our passions? finally, of being always ready to "believe things because we wish them to be?" I think not, and I believe that those tendencies, which are dangerous, and may become fatal in part, come from the fact that the scientific spirit is not sufficiently spread among us. Above all would I say to youth, if I might hope to be heard. Love truth, wish to know it, believe in it, work, if you can, to discover it; you must know how to face it, and swear to yourselves never to falsify it, to attenuate or exaggerate it, even in an interest that might seem above it, because nothing can be higher, and the instant one betrays it, even in one's innermost heart, one suffers an inward diminution, which, however slight it may be, is soon felt in the moral activity.

Grave and noble words uttered in a grave and ignoble moment. Would they might reach those to whom they are so hopelessly delivered!

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. ST. GEORGE LANE-FOX PITT will marry Lady Edith Douglas in the early spring. Some people may not at once identify in this new Pitt a bridegroom who has won distinction in more fields than one. As a pioneer in the department of electrical engineering Mr. St. George Lane-Fox is well known in the profession; and as an investigator of psychical research he has brought a more than commonly acute intellect to bear on problems which by sensitive men can never be brusquely thrust aside. The Lane-Foxes are a family whose name in Yorkshire has been renowned hitherto rather as that of fox-hunters and of Britishers of the most uncompromising type, than as that of traffickers in spiritual things. To be good shots has been accounted more among them than to have second sight; and to ride straight to hounds an accomplishment far above the possession of hypnotic powers. The father of the bridegroom in question took the name of Pitt-Rivers on inheriting the property of his grandfather, Lord Rivers, and this is why his son, on the eve of his marriage, has added the name of Pitt to his former surname of Lane-Fox. Lady Edith Douglas, the bride, is best described as the daughter of the Marchioness of Queensberry.

THE Duke of Norfolk is going to make Arundel Castle the scene of certain mild festivities, for which since the Duchess's death he has had no heart. The first of these will be a tenants' ball on a scale of quite unusual splendour. The Duke's preferences are for a quiet life; but few people ever put duty above preference more absolutely than he; and the duty of giving pleasure to other people as an entertainer is one of which he does not intend to lose sight.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has gone to India in the interests of the *Morning Post*, a paper with which, from his father's connexion with it, he must be particularly glad to be now steadily associated. Lord Randolph Churchill, it will be remembered, had the cordial support of the *Morning Post* in the days when he was something of a thorn in the side of his leaders. It was then the organ of Democratic Toryism, while the *Standard* stood out for the views associated with Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. Apropos, I remember once a little incident that had its pretty point at the time. Sir John Pope Hennessy, whom Disraeli, in the old days, had noticed in the House, and had picked out for an important governorship, followed always with intense interest the subsequent course of affairs in Parliament. He had a pair of horses, one called Lord Randolph and the other Sir Stafford. The names had been given with design, for the pace of Lord Randolph was the quicker of the two; and Sir John used to delight himself by constantly flicking at Sir Stafford to keep him up to the mark. Thus do retired politicians continue to play at their old business in the pleasant pastimes of private life.

THE author of *The Two Standards*, a novel which will be published on Monday next, figures upon his title-page as "William Barry," on his binding as "The author of *The New Antigone*," and on the paper coverlet that protects the binding as "Dr. W. Barry." Even these three variants leave him still to be described. The Rev. William Barry is a doctor indeed—a Doctor of Divinity. Moreover, he is the priest of the Roman Catholic Mission of Dorchester—a small mission which leaves its pastor free for an immense amount of critical work, varied by a little that is creative. Dr. Barry was the author of the recent article in the *Quarterly* which dealt vigorously with the writings of Miss Marie Corelli and of Mr. Hall Caine. Dr. Barry, who is keenly interested in social problems, and can bring a very telling rhetoric to the treatment of them, is that rare thing in a good writer—a still better talker. He has somewhat the air of a French Abbé of the old times, and he has a thorough acquaintance with the literature of France and of Germany.

SIR HENRY IRVING is looking forward to an early trip to America to complete his convalescence.

THE Earl of Carlisle is nearing Khartum, where lies the body of his son, "the young gallant Howard," killed by mischance after the Battle of Omdurman. The pilgrimage is as melancholy a one as was ever made; but the Earl,

though well advanced in years, is a man of good health and of great activity. He will bring precious relics back to Naworth Castle; and he has with him the sketching pencil and the palette which he knows how to use so well.

THOUGH last Saturday was the seventh anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence, the memorial is still in the studio of Mr. Gilbert. That sculptor is content with nothing less than the best, and he has given to his task care and labour which lesser men would have shirked. At present Mr. Gilbert is engaged on a series of small figures of saints which are to be the chief accessories of the memorial. For their appropriate royalty as well as for their sanctity have these heroes and heroines been chosen, in such cases as those of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Nicholas of Russia, and St. Edward the Confessor. There will be some sixteen such saints; and Mr. Gilbert has commissions for several sets of them from Royalties and others most intimately concerned.

THE Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery were among those who cared enough for Vassili Verestchagin's Napoleon paintings at the Grafton Gallery to enter their names last Saturday as subscribers for the set of reproductions.

Do husbands and wives bore each other if they visit together at country houses? The question arises when one reads and notes some of the announcements of house parties frankly published in the papers. A specimen:

Princess Henry of Pless, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Countess of Warwick, the Countess of Westmorland, Earl Cairns, Earl Cowley, Lord Annaly, Lord Elcho, Lady Norreys, Lady de Trafford, Lady Mildred Denison, the Hon. Mrs. Keppel, Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell, Mr. and Lady Angela Forbes, the Hon. Gertrude Walsh, Mr. Laycock, Mr. A. Coventry, Mr. G. Wood, and Mr. Weigall are staying with Viscount and Viscountess Raincliffe at Blankney Hall, Lincolnshire.

The principle, of course, was admitted when husbands and wives were divided at their friends' dinner-tables: and everybody now is a logician. A change, not of place only, but of persons, too, is said by some fashionable doctors, I am told, to be the essence of a holiday. Be that as it may, so marked a departure in social habits is worth at least a remark in any memoirs of the moment.

LORD AND LADY TENNYSON, who lately dined at Windsor, were the principal guests of the Queen at the concert given at Osborne on Monday evening. They have the advantage of being the neighbours of Her Majesty in the Isle of Wight; but that proximity did not, as is sometimes supposed, bring the late Lord and Lady Tennyson into at all frequent personal association with their Sovereign. It is nearly thirty-seven years since the Queen and her Poet-Laureate first met, and at Osborne. At the same place a year later the Poet and his wife and two sons lunched. Then, after an interval of three years, Lord Tennyson was summoned to Windsor, waited in the corridor to see the Queen, and, later in the day, was taken

by her over the mausoleum at Frogmore. In 1883 Lord Tennyson was again at Osborne, and ended the interview by saying: "Send for me whenever you like." Nine years later he died, and he had not seen the Queen in the interval. "Alas, I never saw him again!" the Queen exclaimed on hearing of his death.

Things Seen.

Tact.

I WAS on my way to the Reading Room of the British Museum; but the sunlight fell upon the battered memorials of Greece and Rome, and I turned aside. I was glad, for there I found that small head of Cleopatra, with the plaited hair and the great eyes—Cleopatra, born 69 B.C., died 30 B.C. It was my luncheon hour, so I stayed near her, and let the world slip by—stayed near her and the mute spoils that keep Egypt company. The spirit of the place encompassed me. Swaying to the psychic influence of the hour, I touched—I touched the very tablet whereon is written the epitaph of the Athenians who fell before the walls of Potidæa, three-and-a-half centuries before Cleopatra was born. I read the Latin words carved roughly on a slab of stone, proclaiming to all time: "Circus full," "Great shouting," "Doors closed." I spelled out the distich (a policeman had thrown his mackintosh cape across it) which some ancient mourner, anticipating *Sartor*, had carved upon the tomb of his dead: "Who can tell from a bare skeleton whether the person had been a Hylas or a Thersites?" I raised my eyes to the stern lineaments of dead immortals, and to that majestic figure, titled simply "Roman Poet," whose face—sad, wise, lined,—gazed over the heads of the heroes and the tales of their deeds. There my eyes stayed. I put Potidæa aside. I forgot Cleopatra. This Unknown fascinated me. "His name—his name?" I murmured. "His history—what was it?" I walked towards the attendant—the attendant whose daily work kept him among these immortals—happy lot! He did not raise his eyes as I approached. I leaned over him. "Who——" I began; then I stopped, blushing to think that I had been on the verge of interrupting him—for he was deep in *Harmsworth's Magazines*.

Sight.

THERE were only three of us left in the waiting-room of the great oculist, and my companions, two elderly people, evidently husband and wife, were nervous to a degree that argued almost unbearable suspense. The presence of a stranger, which in ordinary circumstances would have proved an insurmountable restraint, became as nought. He held her hand in one of his, from time to time placing his other upon it with a caressing touch.

The lady, pale and anxious-eyed, had thrown back her veil and untied her bonnet-strings, as though the atmosphere in that grave, comfortable room stifled her. At every sound she started and looked towards the door: "I almost wish I had gone in with her, she murmured, "but I couldn't bear it."

The man made no answer, but continued to stroke her hand.

Suddenly I found that I, too, was straining every nerve. Then I heard the shutting of a distant door, and the sound of footsteps coming down the thickly-carpeted passage.

My companions sprang to their feet as the door opened to admit a tall young girl with bandaged eyes and an old woman, seemingly a nurse, who carried the girl's hat and cloak.

The girl paused on the threshold, while I—gazed wondering. It would seem impossible that any face in which the eyes were covered could express such rapture as radiated from hers. She held out her hands with a gesture that was in itself a benediction, and said simply: "Dears, I can see—it is so beautiful."

He was Thinking.

Dusk was falling, and the lamps of Piccadilly feebly contending with a misty fog showed blurred grey haloes against the darkness. Hansoms and cabs flitted by comet like; horse hoofs clattered painfully on greasy wood as the red Hammersmith omnibus, nearly full, lurched past St. James's-street. Half a minute later the conductor rang, and the vehicle, slowly stopping, awaited the passenger. He came up with moderate haste, a well-dressed, elderly man, and, grasping the rail with one hand, instead of mounting the step, stood in apparent deep reflection.

"Where for, sir?" rasped the conductor, in a voice pregnant with interrogation.

The old gentleman stared, silent, serious-eyed for about five seconds, and then, in a tone of mild reproof at being disturbed—

"I was thinking," pause. "Ah-h," with a sudden rush of inspiration, "South Kensington Station."

"Brompton white 'bus, just behind." The conductor hurled the information as, with ferocious energy, he simultaneously rang the bell and stamped the foot-board.

Then, as we clattered forward, he turned to us inside, and throwing into his voice an infinity of scorn and contempt, ejaculated:

"He was thinking."

The Book Market.

Reading in America.

THE six books that are now being most read in the United States and Canada, according to the American *Bookman's* returns, are:

1. The Day's Work.
2. The Battle of the Strong.
3. Red Rock.
4. Adventures of François.
5. The Castle Inn.
6. Roden's Corner.

Red Rock is a novel by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and we describe it this week in our "Notes on Novels." *The*

Adventures of François is Dr. Weir Mitchell's new book. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, although not mentioned in the above list, is very popular in the States. It is, indeed, first favourite in Albany, Atalanta, Ga., Cleveland, O., Memphis, Tenn., and Rochester, N.Y. The writers of romantic adventures seem to be as much read as ever. Indeed, the six most popular books in America are all of this class, or near it. Mr. Crockett's *Red Axe* and Mr. Parker's *The Battle of the Strong* must be added to them. In St. Paul, Minnesota, there is little room for any other kind of book. There the people are reading :

1. The Day's Work.
2. The Adventures of François.
3. Rupert of Hentzau.
4. Red Rock.
5. Red Axe.
6. Roden's Corner.

Mr. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* is decidedly in request, for it figures in lists coming from six centres.

We do not notice much war literature, but the following titles are suggestive: *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and War*, *A Yankee Volunteer*, and *The Gunner Aboard the Yankee*. These books, however, are not more read than *Tattle Tales of Cupid*, or *Penelope's Progress*.

Here are a few typical lists :

NEW YORK.

1. The Day's]Work. Kipling.
2. Red Rock. Page.
3. Adventures of François. Mitchell.
4. The Castle Inn. Weyman.
5. Battle of the Strong. Parker.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.

ALBANY, N.Y.

1. *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Rostand.
2. *Battle of the Strong*. Parker.
3. *Gloria Mundi*. Frederic.
4. *Day's Work*. Kipling.
5. *Castle Inn*. Weyman.
6. *Roden's Corner*. Merriman.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War*.
2. *The Day's Work*. Kipling.
3. *Adventures of François*. Mitchell.
4. *Battle of the Strong*. Parker.
5. *Home Life in Colonial Days*. Earle.
6. *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Rostand.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. *When Knighthood was in Flower*. Caskoden.
2. *An Idyll of the Wabash*. Nicholas.
3. *Battle of the Strong*. Parker.
4. *Red Rock*. Page.
5. *A Day's Work*. Kipling.
6. *Adventures of François*. Mitchell.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. *The Great Salt Lake Trail*. Inman.
2. *The Day's Work*. Kipling.
3. *Buccaneers and Pirates*. Stockton.
4. *The Castle Inn*. Weyman.
5. *The Adventures of François*. Mitchell.
6. *Red Rock*. Page.

The Books of 1898.

To the *Publishers' Circular* the literary world is indebted for a tabular record of the book productions of another year. One learns without much surprise that the output showed a decline of 410 volumes on 1897. The Spanish-American war and political excitements generally probably account for this; for, busy as the autumn season was, it could hardly be expected to make up for the inactivity which was so noticeable throughout the spring and summer. The following table, which we quote from our contemporary, explains itself :

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1898.

SUBJECTS.	New Books.	New Editions.
Theology, Sermons, Biblical, &c.	535	153
Educational, Classical, and Philological	732	189
Novels, Tales, and Juvenile Works...	1,758	644
Law, Jurisprudence, &c.	117	46
Political and Social Economy, Trade, &c.	437	97
Arts, Sciences, and Illustrated Works ...	263	32
Voyages, Travels, Geographical Research	133	39
History, Biography, &c.	618	125
Poetry and the Drama	290	81
Year-Books and Serials in Volumes ...	347	—
Medicine, Surgery, &c.	160	36
Belles-Lettres, Essays, Monographs, &c.	182	36
Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets, not Sermons	436	30
	6,008	1,508
		6,008
		7,516

Correspondence.

A Little Mistake.

SIR,—The writer of "Things Seen" in your last number would have made "The Mail Train" more interesting had he told us on what railway it was that he saw the red light on the front of the engine and the green light at the tail of the train carrying her Majesty's mail. No wonder an "absurd enthusiasm" swept over him, and that he "sprang on to the gate and bared his head" at seeing such very unusual things.—I am, &c., A. G. D.

January 16, 1899.

A Word for the Press Reader.

SIR,—Dealing with the question of the rights of authors and publishers in respect to corrections, a literary paragraphist remarked the other day that although "making the author responsible for anything above 25 per cent. of the charge sounds reasonable enough, it tends to throw upon authors what should properly be done by printers' readers." The innuendo contained in the latter part of this statement is unfair, I consider, to a class of literary helpers whose services, to say the least, are insufficiently recognised by authors and writers alike. Those who are in the front rank as *littérateurs* are always ready to acknowledge the assistance of a capable proof-reader; while a certain class of writers leave to the reader work

that pertains legitimately to the author. How many dates does the reader verify? how many grammatical blunders rectify?—to say nothing of the work entailed in maintaining a consistency in the spelling of classical and historic names and localities, too frequently disregarded by the writer. A distinguished publisher not long since termed the press corrector the “author’s friend”—a designation that was re-echoed at the time by several eminent men of letters, despite the annoyance to which they are occasionally subjected when some atrocious blunder escapes detection. When, for example, one sees in the literary columns of a well-known daily “The Chambröid Nautilus” and almost the next day the title of Mr. Watts-Dunton’s novel transformed into “*Asylum*,” press-readers share the chagrin with writers, aware as they are that capable readers can only be secured for, if not a liberal, at any rate a fair salary.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has had, perhaps, more dealings with printers’ readers than any other author, and has more than once been subjected to ridicule on account of their alleged remissness, has on several occasions acknowledged his indebtedness to these too frequently depreciated functionaries of the printing-office. Mr. Lang has told the story of how it came about that a line in the *Tempest* quoted by him in a magazine article recently appeared in this guise: “the dark backward and *Shakespeare* of time.” Mr. Lang was probably unaware, however, that his article was read by an inexperienced person who was not a press-reader. The word “abysm” was queried in the proof; in returning which Mr. Lang graciously gave the authority, when the incompetency and ignorance of the novice was made manifest by the perpetration of the above reading. The reader has so frequently to submit to indignities at the hands of the “printer,” invariably his mental inferior, that the recognition and sympathy of editors, writers for the press, and authors generally, should be enlisted on his behalf.—I am, &c.,

January 2, 1899.

J. G.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

“*Wessex Poems*,”
By
Thomas Hardy.
THE *Daily Chronicle* critic deprecates any technical criticism of Mr. Hardy’s poems as “an uncalled-for pedantry.”

Readers who care more for outward form in verse than for the utterance of a human spirit will find little to their taste in Mr. Hardy’s *Wessex Poems*. Those, on the other hand, who are interested to see a strong and sombre character expressing itself, in an imperfectly-mastered medium, no doubt, but with marked originality and high literary power, will be fascinated by the contents of this singular book. Towards the completion of Mr. Hardy’s mental portraiture it gives invaluable aid; not less in those pieces which are “dramatic and personative” than in those which may be taken as direct utterances of a mood or thought. There is life and feeling on every page of the book; prick it, and it bleeds.

As is well known, Mr. Hardy has illustrated his poems with a number of original drawings. Two of these are

reproduced on another page. The *Daily Chronicle*’s critic allies the poems to the drawings thus:

It is evident throughout that Mr. Hardy has not acquired perfect freedom in the use of his pencil. The attraction of his work is that of extremely able and original effort, not of thorough accomplishment. And this is exactly the case with his verse as well. Its interest, its merit, is psychological rather than technical, though there are a few pieces (as there are a few drawings) whose technical quality also is very noteworthy.

The critic of the *St. James’s Gazette* is more severe. He narrows the limits of Mr. Hardy’s poetry and drawings:

The only thing in the volume which really seems to us to show any proper lyrical genius is the “Stranger’s Song.” Mr. Hardy, in fine, is not a poet, but he has an odd twist in his literary composition which even in his prose gives it a poetical touch, and which when he is using a metrical form cannot desert him, and is occasionally, but by no means continuously, assisted by it. Neither is Mr. Hardy an illustrator, in spite of his illustrations. His drawings are partly those of an architect, such as he was brought up to be, and partly those of a literary man with a pencil, who can draw enough to please himself. The consequence is that these efforts are all personal impressions, sidelights on the man and the author, and very remarkable as such. Whatever they are not, they are original, and significant. No admirer of Mr. Hardy’s novels can, therefore, ignore so autobiographical a commentary.

The *Outlook* compares Mr. Hardy’s poems with Mr. Meredith’s:

They are interesting revelations of feeling, never of intellectuality; a singular contrast to those of Mr. Hardy’s illustrious contemporary, Mr. Meredith. Mr. Meredith glows, walks ardently through the beloved ways of nature, contemplates dazzling heights and developments of intelligence; Mr. Hardy stands still and broods. A few of the ballads are direct, dramatic, entirely successful in their way. There are a few derivative pieces—inspired by Elizabethan and also eighteenth-century sources.

Literature finds that the salt of the poems is Mr. Hardy’s “bitter humour, and the relentless handling of the irony of human fortunes.” Where these elements are lacking there is dreariness, as in the following painful picture:

The two were silent in a sunless church,
Where mildewed walls, uneven paving-stones,
And wasted carvings passed antique research,
And nothing broke the clock’s dull monotonous.
Leaning against a wormy poppy-head,
So wan and worn that he could hardly stand;
For he was soon to die—he softly said,
“Tell me you love me”—holding hard her hand.

She would have given a world to breathe “Yes” truly,
So much his life seemed hanging on her mind;
And hence she lied, her heart persuaded thoroughly
’Twas worth her soul to be a moment kind.

But the sad need thereof, his nearing death
So mocked humanity that she shamed to prize
A world conditioned thus, or care for breath
When Nature such dilemmas could devise.

On these lines the critic remarks:

The piteous little scene might have come straight out of one of Mr. Hardy’s later novels. It might be some weak, unhappy, prematurely-dying Jude who pleads thus, to be

thus answered. And the woman, fresh from her pious fraud, might have revolted, as here, against the scheme of things. But what could be more flat and ineffective than the four concluding lines in which her reflections are embodied! What more laboriously sought and less "inevitable" than their phrasing! There is better than this in the volume, but there is also worse; it is no unfair sample of the whole; and the whole, we fear, is conclusive as to the unfitness of this medium of expression for Mr. Hardy's genius.

The critic of the *Athenæum* sums up as follows:

We do not conceal our opinion that Mr. Hardy's success in poetry is of a very narrow range. He is entirely dependent for his inspiration upon this curiously intense and somewhat dismal vision of life, which is upon him almost as an obsession. Where he is not carried along by this, his movement is faltering, and his touch prosaic. But within such close limits his achievement seems to us to be considerable, and to be of a kind with which modern poetry can ill afford to dispense. There is no finish or artifice about it: the note struck is strenuous, austere, forcible; it is writing that should help to give backbone to a literature which certainly errs on the side of flabbiness. And this applies to diction as well as sentiment.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 15.

LAST week we printed a list of twenty-eight books presented by Mr. Birrell to a small public institute, and we asked our readers to supplement it with a further list of similar character and equal size. This was Mr. Birrell's choice:

Politics: Burke's *Selected Works*, Bright's *Speeches*, Bagehot's *The English Constitution*. Biography and History: Lockhart's *Lives of Scott and Burns*, Boswell's *Johnson*, Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, *French Revolution*, *Past and Present*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and Macaulay's *History*. Poetry: Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth (Mr. Morley's edition), and *The Golden Treasury of Song*. Fiction: Six of Scott's novels; *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Miscellaneous: *Essays of Elia*, Selections from William Hazlitt, and Hugh Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

So many replies have come in this week, that the task of choosing the best has been a very arduous one. After careful collation of the various lists, we have decided that that contributed by Mr. J. B. Lamb, of 25, Ryde-street, Hull, is, all things considered, the most satisfactory, and to Mr. Lamb, therefore, a cheque for a guinea has been sent. These are his suggestions:

Politics: Stubbs's *Constitutional History of England*; *On Liberty*, John S. Mill; *Life of Cobden*, John Morley. Biography: *Life of Charles Kingsley*; *Life of Charles Darwin*. History: Dean Farrar's *Life of St. Paul*; *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Motley; *Short History of the English People*, Green; *History of Our Own Times*, Justin McCarthy. Poetry: Keats; Byron; Tennyson; T. H. Ward's *Selections from the English Poets*; Longfellow; Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Fiction: *Jane Eyre*, C. Brontë; *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray; *Westward Ho!*, C. Kingsley; *David Copperfield*, Dickens; *Pickwick*, Dickens; *Silas Marner*, G. Eliot; *Lorna Doone*, Blackmore; *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, G. Meredith. Miscellaneous: Macaulay's *Essays*; Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*; *Compleat Angler*, Izaak Walton; *Natural History of Selborne*, G. White; *Sesame and Lilies*, Ruskin.

We may not consider this ideal, but the choice of the majority is

sound and is informed by more thoughtful sympathy than has been exercised by many other competitors, who seem to have forgotten that the readers of the books were to be members of "a small public institute." Mr. Lamb, again, has remembered that the list was to be supplementary to Mr. Birrell's; other competitors have practically done Mr. Birrell's work again—that is to say, have chosen similar subjects and apportioned them to different authors. Second to Mr. Lamb's list we should put that contributed by Mr. H. T. Francis, of Caius College, Cambridge, which runs as follows:

Politics: J. S. Mill *On Liberty and On Representative Government*. Biography and History: Plutarch's *Lives* (North or Langhorne's Version); Froissart's *Chronicles* (Johnes Version); Napier's *Peninsular War*; Green's *Short History of English People*; Southey's *Life of Nelson*. Poetry: Pope's *Homer*; Crabbe; Percy's *Reliques*; Keats; Byron's *Childe Harold*. Fiction: De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*; Le Sage's *Gil Blas*; *Arabian Nights*; Dickens's *Pickwick*; J. Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*; G. Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life*; Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Miscellaneous: Milton's *Prose Works*; Goldsmith's *Works* (Globe Edition); Cowper's *Letters*; Addison's *Spectator*; Yule's *Marco Polo*; Kinglake's *Eothen*; Borrow's *Bible in Spain*; Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*; Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography*.

If a census of all our lists were taken, the twenty-eight books mentioned most frequently would be found to differ considerably from either of the selections we have printed. This is the popular choice:

Mr. Spencer's *Sociology* and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; Mr. Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*; Prescott's *Mexico and Peru*, Froude's *Short Studies*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Grote's *Greece*, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, Green's *Short History*, and McCarthy's *Own Times*; Pope's *Homer*, Dryden, Tennyson, Byron, Keats, and Browning; *Robinson Crusoe*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Pickwick*, *David Copperfield*, *Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Westward Ho!* and the *Spectator*, De Quincey's *Opium Eater*, White's *Selborne*, and Darwin's *Naturalist's Voyage*.

Possibly there is among our readers some philanthropist who wishes to give five pounds' worth of books to a public institution. He might glean useful hints from this competition. We would commend to his notice, in addition to those which we have named, a few books mentioned only once or twice in these lists: Froude's *English Seamen*, Mahan's *Life of Nelson*, Frazer's *Golden Bough*, Jefferies' *Field and Hedgerow*, Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*, Thoreau's *Walden*, and Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life*.

Replies also received from: H. E. G. E., Tenby; W. J. B., Cambridge; M. C. E., Forest Hill; F. W. R., London; P. A. K., Dalkeith; M. T. P., Chester; J. R. F., Bellshill; Miss A., Bowdon; H. C., Southport; Miss S., Southbourne; L. N., Bolton; H. R., Hayle; H. H., Rushwarf; T. B. D., Bridgwater; G. H. M. G., London; A. S. W., Edinburgh; J. G., North Shields; W. E. S., Penzance; R. E. R., Oxford; W. G. G., Oxford; G. A. S., London; F. F. H., Anerley; K. K., Belfast; E. M. R. S., London; J. S. L., Newcastle; A. T. B., Forshire; A. M. B., Watton; J. P. S., Acton; G. W. C., Edinburgh; M. A. W., Welford; W. T. C., Roundhay; S. O. G., London; S. G. N. G., London; A. B., Gartcosh; F. S., Belfast; G. S., Thirsk; R. S., Headingley; A. C., Edinburgh; G. C. H., Stockwell; Y. H., West Hampstead; T. A. B., Leeds; R. H., Edinburgh; H. M. H., Clapham; J. G., Peckham; A. S., London; J. A. S., Kilburn; J. T., Streatham; H. C. W., Herne Hill; C. T. B., Beckenham; J. R. M., Westbourne Park; A. G. S., Brockley; W. W., Cambridge; Mrs. L., Richmond; F. W. E., West Kirby; F. H. H., Hull; W. C. F., Birmingham; W. M., York; W. H. S., Killiney; F. J. B., Winchester; J. W., Dundee; A. L. S. W., Kensington; M. Z. H., Chelsea; L. F. P., Oxford; A. R. B., Great Malvern; J. M. M., Ealing; J. B., Carlisle; B. H., London; M. N. A., Barnes; W. J., Glasgow; D. V., Winchelsea; W. J. L., Durham; F. K., Sheffield; P. B., Liverpool; J. M., Glasgow; R. W. M., London; C. E. F., London; H. H. J. F., Sutton; E. T. P., treatham; W. M.; C. J. M. A.; and R. S. P. C. A.

Competition No. 16.

Too many books already exist, and yet it is probable that most of our readers have a pet scheme for some volume that ought to be written, some work that is, they believe, really wanted. We ask competitors this week to name one or more books which do not exist, but which in their opinion should exist. A cheque for a guinea will be awarded to the author of the best suggestion. The kind of literature is left to the competitor. It may be biography, history, travel, or whatever he likes; but we make this restriction—that the book must be one it would be possible to write.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 107. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

POACHING ADVENTURES.

BY "OUTLAW."

A proposal for publication has been made.

STREPHON DEVEREUX.

BY J. P. JAY.

Mr. Jay is a bright, clever, even subtle writer; but—"Proboscia, the scene of the adventures of Strephon Devereux," he says, "lies north of Elysia, east of Imperia, south of Phantasmagoria, and west of Bravaria." This schoolboy-like fooling would have justified our reading no farther. It is purposeless, and not even incidentally amusing. We read on, however, and were much struck with what we found. The tale is full of duels and brawls and love-affairs, all recounted with animation, yet without effort; and some of the dialogue is unusually good. Still, it is always with difficulty that we sustain our interest. Mr. Jay has to go on with his machinery—the "Proboscians," the "Elysians," and all the other unrealities—and we are bored. It is a pity. Had the writer been content with less fantastic terminology, his novel might have been successful.

SCOTIA: A BORDER STORY.

BY "MELIORA."

We have been frequently vexed during our reading of this book. Miss Jean, an elderly spinster, who is a leading character, was subject to headache, and had her hair cut so close that "her 'crown of glory' bore a striking resemblance

to a carefully pared turnip." Facetiousness of that kind is offensive and not in any other respect effectual. It would be useless for the author to explain that there really is a woman to whom the description applies. Facetiousness is not redeemed by the fact that there is rough truth in it. The love-making scenes in "Scotia" are artificial and absurd. Miss Jean and her serving-maid are good characters, amusingly dealt with; but they do not suffice to make the story presentable.

THE DESIRE OF MARNO THE KING. BY W. A. CORBETT.

This MS. is much too slight for the purposes of the ACADEMY Bureau. It is not longer than a complete story in a magazine. As it has come all the way from Winnipeg, however, we cannot dismiss it without sending to the author an expression of our good wishes. Mr. Corbett's subject does not excite us, and his style, which is modelled on that of the Bible, is rather tiresome; but he is a scholar, and has a praiseworthy respect for syntax. Our advice to him is that he should strive to find interest in modern themes and acquire a gayer habit of mind.

A NOVEL.

BY Z. Y. X.

Z. Y. X. must avoid conventionalisms of expression. Then, if he describes an unusual character, the unusualness should be harmonious and convincing. He essays the style of Stevenson; but he is not successful. Still, there are germs of better things in this novel, and with pains and self-criticism Z. Y. X. might achieve something meritorious.

ECHOES FROM ERATO.

BY HAROLD LARZEN.

Mr. Larzen writes verse; but he does not write it very well. In an address to "A Violin," his little volume opens thus:

Dear soul of empyrean heights,
Thou sweet protean voice;
We, loving, here, thy saltant flights
Of melody, rejoice
In thy mellifluous strains that flood
With dulcet chords the soul;
And wake in mortal hearts the mood
On Lethe's breast to loll.

It will be perceived from these lines that Mr. Larzen, whom we take to be a very young man, is in the stage of curiosity and wonder about things. That is promising, and we must not discourage him; but before wishing to have his feelings published he should wait until time and study have enabled him to find more articulate expression.

OLD HALL, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY "HIGHLAND."

Some of "Highland's" lyrics are bright and fresh; but his blank verse is hardly successful. Blank verse is a very exacting mode: it requires peculiar inspiration to divest it of tedium. Sometimes "Highland" is happy. For example:

Youth's golden morn of opportunity!
Lost precious hours, unprized when ye were here,
Whose very wealth made life forget your worth
And youth play wanton with the winged hours,
Spending, poor prodigal, his mint of gold
With both his hands, so anxious to be poor
That never might grow rich again.

"Highland" should avoid such phrases as "umbrageous shade," which is redundant, and "loveliness unusual"—"unusual" can never be poetry. Then, "obliter" will not do for "obliterate," even to rhyme with "bitter."

MAURICE'S FOUR SEASONS.

BY G. M. S.

This is a fairy tale. The illustrations, which are few, are exceedingly well drawn; and the tale itself is not bad as tales of the kind go. We fear, however, that we cannot do more for the author than giving her that opinion. To be published at all, the work should have been prepared for Christmas time; but it reached us only a fortnight ago.

The Singer, by A. E. M.; *In Fair Llanaber*, by H. W. H.; *The Human Tragi-Comedy*, by D. F. H.—Each of these MSS. is too short to fall within the scope of the ACADEMY Bureau.

To Correspondents.

C. F. K.—The plan which you suggest is impracticable.

L. L.—Able as it is, "A Miser's House" does not contain the elements of a popular success sufficient to warrant our arranging to have the novel published. Why not submit it to the Editor of a weekly newspaper, such as the *People*, circulating in the region with which the tale deals?

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, January 19.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Butler (H. M.), "Lift Up Your Hearts"; or, Words of Good Cheer (Macmillan & Bowes)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Walker (J. G.), *The Brides of Death* (Andrews) 5/0
Hitchcock (G. S.), *In Rebel Moods* (Simpkin Marshall) 2/0
Jones (H. A.), *The Masqueraders* (Macmillan) 2/6
Woodroffe (P.), *Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare* (Dent) 3/6
Martyn (E.), *The Heather Field and Maeve* (Duckworth & Co.)
Anon., *The Tale of Archaïs* (Kegan Paul) 2/6
Gray (J.), *Goethe's Satyros and Prometheus* (Glasgow Goethe Society)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Doyle (J. A.), *Memoirs and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier* (Murray) 18 0
Waliszewski (K.), *Marysienka, Marie de la Grange D'Arquien, Queen of Poland: 1641-1710* (Heinemann)
Andrews (W.), *Bygone Church Life in Scotland* (Andrews) 7/6
Cadell (Gen. Sir R.), *Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745* (Blackwood) 10/6
Bell (Rev. E.), *The Historical Development of the Qurân* (S.P.C.K. Press, Madras)
Dawe (Rev. C. S.), *The Growth and Greatness of our World-Wide Empire* (Educational Supply Association)
Storey (G. A.), *Sketches from Memory* (Chatto) 12/-
Hill (G. B.), *Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift* (Unwin) 12/0
Hill (G. B.), *Gordon in Central Africa* (Macmillan) 6/0
Rea (H.), *Tuscan Artists: Their Thought and Work* (Redway) Net 5/0
Stubbs (C. W.), *Charles Kingsley* (Blackie & Fen)
Orr (Rev. James), *Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity* (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
Verrey (M. M.), *Memoirs of the Verrey Family. Vol. IV.* (Longmans)

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Hamblen (H. E.), *Tom Benton's Luck* (The Macmillan Co.) 6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Spencer (B.), *The Native Tribes of Central Australia* (Macmillan) net 21/0
Benson (M.) and Gourlay (J.), *The Temple of Mut in Asher* (Murray) 21/8

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Berry (A.), *A Short History of Astronomy* (Murray)

NEW EDITIONS.

Meredith (G.), *Poems* (2 vols.) (Constable) each 6/0
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Corise* (Ward, Lock & Co.) 3/6
Heath (F. G.), *Autumnal Leaves* (Imperial Press, Ltd.)
Saunders (H.), *An Illustrated Manual of British Birds. Parts 13-15* (Gurney & Jackson)
Carey (R. N.), *Lover or Friend* (Macmillan) 6/0
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Virginians* (Smith, Elder) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Primer (S.), *Goethe's Egmont* (The Macmillan Co.)
Robertson (J. L.), *English Prose* (Blackwood)
Lapworth (C.), *An Intermediate Text-Book of Geology* (Blackwood)
Cambridge University Press, *Lays of Ancient Rome; Caesar, De Bello Gallico III. and IV.; Xenophon, Anabasis IV.; Vergil, Æneid XII.; Picciola, by X. B. Saintine; Boileau, L'Art Poétique; Shakespeare, King Richard II.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Birrell (A.), *Seven Lectures on the Law and History of Copyright in Books* (Cassell)
Things of Everyday (Blackwood)
The Antiquary. January-December, 1898 (Stock)

Bayne (W.), *Stormouth's Handy School Dictionary* (Blackwood)
Andersen (Dr. J. W.), *The Power of Nature in Disease* (Clay)
Bennett (C. E.), *Critique of Some Recent Subjective Theories* (Cornell University)

The Year's Art, 1899 (Virtue) 3/6
Baird (F. W.), *On the Realisation of the Possible* (Parker & Co.) 7/6
Catalogue of Books at Mudie's Library, 1899 (Mudie) 1/6
Voorhees (E. B.), *Fertilisers* (The Macmillan Co.) 4/6
Tarleton (F. A.), *An Introduction to the Mathematical Theory of Attraction* (Longmans) 10/6

Announcements.

The Life and Campaigns of the Right Hon. John Manners, Marquis of Granby, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, is now upon the brink of publication, and Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners has bestowed much care on the production of this memoir.

THE Hon. John Fortescue has completed his *History of the British Army*, and it is expected to appear before the end of the month. Messrs. Macmillan will be the publishers.

A THIRD edition of Prof. Andrew Seth's *Scottish Philosophy* will shortly be published by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons. Although Prof. Seth has within the last year assumed the name of Pringle, Pattison, on succeeding to the Haining Estates in Selkirk and Roxburghshire, the old name is retained along with the new in this edition, and, to avoid confusion, the same course will be followed with the author's other books.

THE second edition of Mr. Henry Newbolt's *The Island Race* is nearly exhausted, and a third edition is in the press.

A NEW book, entitled *In Storm and Strife*, by Miss Jean Middlemass, author of *A Girl in a Thousand*, *Hush Money*, &c., will be published immediately by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish later on this year an elaborate edition of *The Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes, which Mr. W. G. Pogson-Smith, of St. John's College, Oxford, is editing.

AMONG the books which Messrs. Duckworth & Co. will publish during the coming Spring season will be the second edition of *Spinoza: His Life and Philosophy*, by Sir Frederick Pollock. This new edition of the work has been revised throughout. The purpose of the book is to put before English readers an account, complete in itself and on a fairly adequate scale, of the life and philosophy of Spinoza.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will very shortly publish in book form the articles—written in the first place for *Scribner's Magazine*—on *The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns*, by Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis has added a carefully considered summary of his impressions as war correspondent.

MR. JOHN LONG will publish at once a novel entitled *Oswald Steele*, by Gibbon Berkley. The plot turns on Ritualism.

THE second volume of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.'s series of "Mediæval Towns" will be devoted to *Rouen*, and will be published very shortly. It is the work of Mr. Theodore Andrew Cook, whose two volumes upon *Old Touraine* are the best attestation of his ability to deal with French historical and topographical subjects.

A SERIES of articles appeared in the *Saturday Review* during last year, under the initial "X," in which the right of some well-known people to the arms they used was seriously questioned. These articles, which have been revised and considerably added to, will be published in a volume very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON announce for publication early in February *Fields, Factories, and Workshops*, a contribution to the science of economics by Prince Kropotkin.

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No. 16.

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105) must cut out this Coupon
and enclose it with their reply.

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II. JULIETTE LAMBER (Mme. ADAM).

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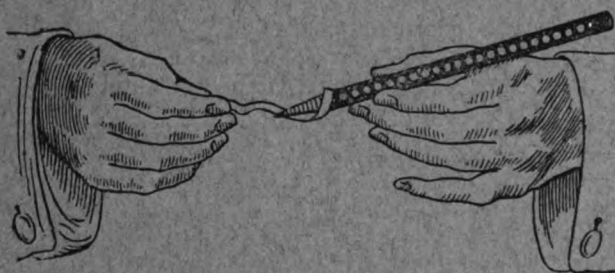


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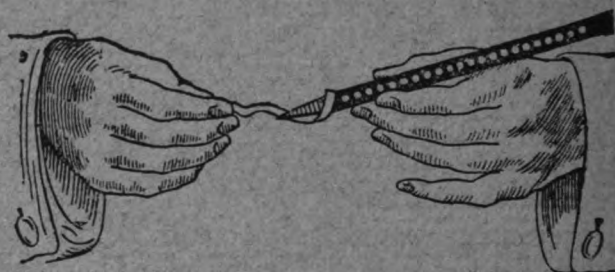
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The Literary Week.

IN noting, last week, the fact that sixpenny editions of *The Forest Lovers* and *With Kitchener to Khartum* are already promised, we remarked: "The publisher who first issues a new book by a popular author at a shilling, or even two shillings, will reap the reward of his enterprise." We did not then know that Messrs. Methuen contemplate an interesting experiment in publishing. They are about to issue, at sixpence, under the general title of "Methuen's Library of Fiction," new stories by popular authors. The first book thus published will be a new novel by Mr. E. W. Hornung. Mr. Robert Barr and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne will follow, and later will be published books by Mr. Baring Gould and others.

THE importance of this scheme, and its possible far-reaching consequences, will be appreciated at once. The stories about to be issued at sixpence are not short stories; they are new novels of the usual six-shilling length. But Messrs. Methuen have not the slightest intention of undermining the six-shilling novel, a form of literature in which their own commercial interest is large. The six-shilling novel has been overdone, and a decline in its production has already set in; nevertheless, for years to come it must be the standard product in fiction. Indeed, the position of the six-shilling novel will be strengthened if the present disposition to limit its production and raise its quality continues.

THERE remain, however, the growing demand for cheap books, and the fact that large circulations are fascinating to publishers and authors. Hence Messrs. Methuen's experiment. They have asked a number of authors whose novels sell well at six shillings to allow some of their stories to appear, in the first instance, at sixpence. At sixpence, it is hoped, these stories will enjoy large and speedy sales. Then, and only then, they will be issued in more expensive form—say, at 3s. 6d. Thus the usual process, which has been to issue a book first at six shillings and then at a popular price, is about to be reversed. Obviously, stories appearing in this form will appeal to the readers of magazines, and they will undoubtedly be sold by newsagents. Thus the author will reap an extra profit, and will reach a new audience. However, the experiment is frankly an experiment, and can only be justified by success.

AMONG the books which Mr. Meredith has just presented to the Dorking Literary Institute are two of his own novels—*Rhoda Fleming* and *Vittoria*.

APPROPOS the present popularity of Burne-Jones, a learned and sincere critic of painting dropped, the other day, this little remark: "Indiscriminate praise of Burne-Jones is now a sign of the higher vulgarity."

IN a letter to the *Daily Chronicle* on Wednesday, Mr. George Moore said: "The public was, is, and always will be, a filthy cur, feeding upon offal, which the duty of every artist is to kick in the ribs every time the brute crosses his path." We presume that henceforth Mr. Moore will issue his books "for private circulation only."

"It is dead, and its destiny is limbo." Such was the verdict pronounced by our contributor, "E. A. B.," last week, on *John Halifax, Gentleman*. "E. A. B." did not mean that this novel is commercially dead. That it is commercially alive is the fact. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett write: "It is not for us to forecast the future of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, but we can say something, with authority, about its immediate past. We find, on consulting our ledgers, that we sold last year of the various editions we have in circulation 24,190 copies of *John Halifax*. From this fact we argue that, if the story is, as 'E. A. B.' so confidently says, 'dead,' it is, nevertheless, a tolerably vigorous and lively corpse."

To this our contributor replies: "I accept Messrs. Hurst & Blackett's communication with proper humility. The figures which they give are astounding, and reflect upon them, as men of business, the highest credit. I cannot but yield before that *macabre* battalion of 24,190 corpses. With gladness I adopt their definition: 'a tolerably vigorous and lively corpse.' So long as they will allow me to select the substantive, they may have their choice of adjectives. Of course, I ought to have been more explicit—this age is so literal. When I asserted that *John Halifax* was dead, when I grew sentimental and laid a flower on its grave, I meant merely that it had ceased to exist as a literary force."

WE seem to have been murderously given last week, for a writer in "The Contributors' Playground"—after giving a list of the numerous titles which were suggested and rejected by Charles Dickens before *Household Words* was hit upon—concluded with a sentence which has been interpreted as a statement that *Household Words* is no longer appearing. The fact is that *Household Words* is very much alive, and a copy of the February monthly part which lies before us is full of entertaining stories and articles.

IN the new number of the *North American Review* Mr. Gosse surveys and praises that new "Literature of Action" of which we have had so many examples in late years. Mr. Gosse sees a real connexion between the "besieged attitude of Great Britain among the European nations," and the literary movement which has given us so many robust tales of adventure and narratives of battle, from *Treasure Island* down to *Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege*. Between these works come the romances of Mr. Haggard and the tales and poems of Mr. Kipling. Mr. Haggard did the rough work, he awakened "a taste for violent and sanguinary action." Mr. Kipling's career has been "one unflagging appeal to the fighting instincts of the race," with this reservation, that "he does not provoke war, or underestimate its afflictions, but he preaches for ever in our ears, 'Be ready!'" For Sir George Robertson's *Chitral*, the last example of the school, Mr. Gosse has the warmest praise. Of Robertson's young officers he remarks: "These British officers of his, with their irresistible pluck and energy merely dormant, ready to break out into a blaze at a moment's notice, are what Mr. Kipling gazes at fondly, and murmurs, 'Mine own people!'"

IN the volume of *Letters of Walter Savage Landor* just published—which we shall review later—the kindlier side of Landor's nature is pleasantly revealed. Enough has been written about his harsher qualities. But in these letters to Miss Rose Paynter (now Lady Rose C. Graves-Sawle) we find Landor writing to one who understood him well. Lady Graves-Sawle has handed to Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who edits the volume, letters which she received from Landor during more than a quarter of a century; and Mr. Wheeler does well to print the graceful letter in which Lady Graves-Sawle committed them to him and to the public. She writes: "In our happy family circle at Bath Mr. Landor found a rest for his impatient spirit; and the welcome always accorded to him there soothed and cheered his solitary life, and was repaid by the outpouring of his enthusiastic and poetic nature." Lady Graves-Sawle is the niece of the Rose Aylmer of Landor's boyish romance.

HOLLAND'S *Suetonius*, forming Volumes XXI. and XXII. of Mr. William Ernest Henley's Tudor Translations, will be delivered to subscribers in the course of the next few days. The dedication is to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

THE death is announced of Mrs. George Cupples at Mossgiel, near Dunedin, New Zealand. She was the widow of the late Mr. George Cupples, who was one of the old Blackwood school of writers. Mrs. Cupples's own contributions to literature were mainly for the young, and they were numerous. Many will remember her book, *Tappy's Chicks; or, Links between Nature and Human Nature*. It was written at the request of Mr. George Macdonald, in whose magazine, *Good Words for the Young*, the matter as a collection first appeared.

THE wailing cry of the Omarite seeking a cheap edition

of FitzGerald's transfusion still reaches us, though from afar. A New York devotee wishes to see the poem included in the "Golden Treasury" series. No doubt it could be suitably added to that collection of standard literature. By the way, an American magazine recently printed FitzGerald's version *in extenso*.

THE *Puritan* is the newest sixpenny magazine, and it is amusing to see how promptly the editor goes to work to prove that Puritans are not puritanical, and that a magazine with such a title may embrace the whole world. We open the *Puritan*, and see portraits of Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. George Macdonald, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, Miss Adeline Sergeant, Mr. Kipling, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. Silas K. Hocking, Lord Lister, and others. All Puritans, or sons or daughters of Puritans! The idea that a Puritan is a gloomy kill-joy is scouted by the editor on flat evidence. Did not the Lancashire Puritans play billiards and hunt? Was not Colonel Hutchinson passionately fond of hawk-ing? And had not John Owen "a weakness for unclerical dress of rather a showy sort"? Go to, and be merry, the editor seems to exclaim, and immediately becomes serious, saying: "Our care must be to . . . fight for God, and for that righteousness which alone 'exalteth a nation.'" We are just a little puzzled by the *Puritan*, but we wish it success.

THE *New York Tribune* reviews in its issue of the 15th inst. the volume of *Songs and Meditations* which Mr. Maurice Hewlett put forth through Messrs. Constable three years ago. Clearly the romancist has recommended the poet. The gulls are now on the Thames, and the *Tribune* quotes a sonnet by Mr. Hewlett on this theme.

WHEN a Socialist has split his quill from nib to feather-tip in trying to prove the identity of *meum* and *tuum*, he usually selects another pen and, for a space, writes exuberantly and well about pictures, or street-life, or tom-tits, or music, throwing in a good deal of autobiography out of sheer good spirits. In this manner Mr. Harry Lowerison—one of the gay, sad, mad writers of the *Clarion*—has produced a little book called *In England Now*. It is a series of short records of holiday rambles taken by the author with his wife and child, whose portraits are engagingly included as a frontispiece. The ensuing chapters take us to Highgate, the Surrey hills, the New Forest, Southend, Chingford, and elsewhere. To all who like keen and loving observations of birds and water-mice, mingled with references to "bat-eyed and materialistic priests," and rich men who have lost their own souls, we commend these light-hearted pages. But we do not commend Mr. Lowerison for ridiculing church-goers and praising Nell Gwynn in one irresponsible breath. "Nell was not respectable. She was too warm-hearted, too passionate, too human to be respectable." This also is cant.

CONTINUING our series of photographs of French writers in their studios, we give this week a photograph of



JULES LEMAÎTRE.

From a Photograph by Dornach et Cie., Paris.

M. Jules Lemaître at his desk. The question whether an author smokes is often asked; in this case it is forestalled by the pipe in the eminent critic's hand.

THE choice of words and phrases in drawing up a document of a formal and businesslike character is a matter which often taxes the most practised writer. Men who will write an essay with ease are at sea when asked to draft a circular. Macaulay could do both, and his skill in drawing up minutes was remarkable. An amusing story shows that the members of the recent Education Commission did not draft their report without difficulty. Canon Lyttelton relates that he and his fellow-workers discussed each phrase in order to be sure that it expressed the exact meaning the Commission intended. The phrase, "the teachers of England, a highly-trained and intelligent set of men," was read out. Some members objected to the adjectives, but the writer defended them, and the dispute was becoming warm when Prof. Jebb quietly suggested that the words would apply equally well to elephants. The phrase did not survive that.

IN our issue of December 17 we described the method which the American publishers of Mr. Ollivant's story, *Owd Bob* (which across the Atlantic is called *Bob, Son of Battle*), have adopted for pushing that book. Their plan is to send it on approval to anyone making application.

On this we remarked: "The method is yet another cut at the retail trade." The letter from the Doubleday and MacLure Company, the publishers in question, which we print in our Correspondence column, is a reply to this remark. But it also reveals the fact that a new system of distributing books has been inaugurated in the States. Not only is *Bob, Son of Battle*, sent out on approval, but all other books published by the firm. The firm still contend that no attack is made on the retail trade, inasmuch as the system has been started for the benefit of "book-lovers who are not within the reach of bookstores."

BUT how can the area of such operations be limited to the village? Will not the town book-lover also want books on approval direct from the publisher? He will, and does. For with their letter of defence Messrs. Doubleday & MacLure enclose an advertisement, which says: "The convenience of such facilities for book buying seems, however, to be almost as keenly appreciated by those in the great centres of population [where, of course, booksellers are plentiful] as by the people far from bookstores." Thus, like the cup in Benjamin's sack, this naïve admission proves our charge. But our remark was only a remark: we do not propose to fight the battles of American booksellers. Rather we are moved to reflection when we observe—as a proof of the fluidity and confusion of the Anglo-Saxon book markets—that in America it is

proposed to do without booksellers, and that in England it is proposed to do without publishers. To each nation its Jonah.

By the way, Mr. Ollivant, the author of *Owd Bob*, which, as our recent review showed, sets forth the virtues of a sheep-dog, is the son of an artillery officer, and twenty-five years of age. His military career had scarcely begun



MR. ALFRED OLLIVANT.

when it was ended by injuries received in a fall from a horse. Compelled by the sad hopelessness of his case to abandon all idea of the Army, Mr. Ollivant began writing in a spinal chair. He was moved to write by Mr. R. L. Stevenson's remark concerning a collie: "Alas! he was that foulest criminal under trust—a sheep-eater." Mr. Ollivant knew something about col-

lies, and he tried a short story of a sheep-murder. From this effort *Owd Bob*—perhaps the best dog-book story that has been written since *Rab and His Friends*—took shape.

It is not long since, with blanched cheeks and sympathetic thoughts, we chronicled the fall of one American literary paper after another. But now that the War is over—Wall-street is busy almost past record—we shall not be surprised if the mails bring us surprise packets. We have just received a copy of *In Lantern-Land* from Hartford, Connecticut. It is political and literary and ten cents. Its appearance is like the *Chap-Book* remembered in dreams. Why *In Lantern-Land*? The answer is in this quotation from Rabelais: "You who presume to move this way, get a good lantern lest you stray." "We took especial care of that," cried Pantagruel, "for there is not a better or more divine lantern than ours in all Lantern-Land." Well, well, we shall see. Already *In Lantern-Land* is a well-printed, well-written little paper not without its points. As it goes on it will learn something about England, and not suppose that the uniform in which Prof. Max Müller is depicted in his *Auld Lang Syne* book is "that of the English Royal Academy."

To Mrs. Ritchie's biographical edition of Thackeray is now added *The Virginians*. This novel grew out of Thackeray's American experiences, which he found pleasant, and particularly out of his second visit to the States in 1855. But the immediate impulse to put the tale on paper came from his failure in 1857 to win the seat in Parliament for Oxford. Beaten at the poll, Thackeray calmly wrote: "I will retire and take my place with my pen and ink at my desk." Thackeray was then at the height of his fame and income; his

meddling with politics was a divagation, almost a freak. The first number of *The Virginians* (the last of his novels published to appear in monthly parts and the last that he illustrated himself) appeared in November, 1857.

Mrs. RITCHIE's introductory notes to the volume are particularly interesting, for few people think of Thackeray issuing a manifesto to the British voter, or lecturing his way up the Mississippi. In his letters Thackeray jotted down some lively notes on America. He had this to say about its climate:

In both visits to America I have found the effects of the air the same. I have a difficulty in forming the letters as I write them down on the page in answering questions, in finding the most simple words to form the answers. A gentleman asked me how long I had been in New York. I hesitated, and then said a week. I had arrived the day before. I hardly know what is said. Am thinking of something else, nothing definite, with an irrepressible longing to be in motion. I sleep three hours less than in England, making up, however, with a heavy long sleep every fourth night or so. . . . There is some electric influence in the sun and air here which we don't experience on our side of the globe: people can't sit still, people can't ruminate over their dinners, dawdle in their studies; they must keep moving. I want to dash into the street now.

In any batch of Thackeray's letters we expect to find playful-weary moralisings on the vanity of all things. Thus, in 1858, he wrote to his friend, Dr. John Brown:

I send no condolences about the departure of your good old father. He was ready, I suppose, and his passport made out for the journey. Next comes our little turn to pack up and depart. To stay is well enough, but shall we be very sorry to go? What more is there in life that we haven't tried? What that we have tried is so very much worth repetition or endurance? I have just come from a beefsteak and potatoes (one franc), a bottle of claret (five francs), both excellent of their kind, but we can part from them without a very sore pang, and note that we shall get no greater pleasure than these from this time to the end of our days. What is a greater pleasure? Gratified ambition, accumulation of money—what? Fruition of some sort of desire, perhaps? When one is twenty, yes; but at forty-seven!

Contrast.

IN bygone springs, when skies were blue
And earth was green, new-washed with rain,
My heart still leaped at thought of you,
While heaven and earth were new again.

Now skies are gray and earth is brown,
And in the distance moans the sea,
While sullenly the rain comes down
And blots out heaven and earth for me.

THE coinages of words which we published in our Literary Competition column a fortnight ago have aroused considerable interest. "Penandincompoop" (a stupid writer) and "blue-domer" (one who says he can worship his Creator better under the blue dome of heaven than at church) are particularly admired. A contemporary makes the rather ghastly suggestion that "filicide" and "filia-

cide" are needed to go with patricide, matricide, and sororicide (a dictionary word, it seems); but we feel indifferent to the multiplication of such words. We may point out, however, that there is an opportunity for writers to employ some of our readers' coinages, and so, in all probability, secure their inclusion in Dr. Murray's great dictionary.

LITERARY coincidences (they sometimes go by a harsher name) are favourite game with a good many literary huntamen. A correspondent has discovered a resemblance, which is certainly unexpected and curious, between writings of Lord Macaulay and Edgar Allan Poe. The question indicated is: Had Macaulay when he wrote his *Essay on Warren Hastings* read Edgar Allan Poe's *Tale of the Rugged Mountains*? and the reason for asking this is to be found in the following comparison:

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(From *A Tale of the Rugged Mountains*.)

P. 484, Minerva Library.

On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandas, of minarets, of shrines and fantastically carved oriels. . . . Besides these things were seen on all sides banners and palanquins, litters with stately dames close-veiled, elephants gorgeously caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners and gongs, spears, silver and gilded maces. And amid the crowd and the clamour and the general intricacy and confusion—amid the million of black and yellow men, turbaned and robed and of flowing beard, there roamed a countless multitude of holy filleted bulls, while vast legions of the filthy but sacred ape clambered chattering and shrieking about the cornices of the mosques or clung to the minarets and oriels.

Beyond the limits of the city arose in frequent and majestic groups the palm and the cocoa, with other gigantic and weird trees of vast age; and here and there might be seen a field of rice, the thatched hut of a peasant, a tank, a stray temple, a gipsy camp, or a solitary graceful maiden taking her way with a pitcher upon her head to the banks of the magnificent river.

Our correspondent adds: "The comparison is even closer as reference to pages given will show."

LORD MACAULAY.

(From *Warren Hastings*.)

P. 635, Paper Edition.

It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and balconies and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls.

P. 652.

The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut . . . the drums, the banners and gaudy idols, the devotees swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with her pitcher on her head descending the steps to the river side, &c.



MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, AS SEEN BY
MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, whose book, *Mogreb-el Ackaa*, we shall review next week, is one of the most active, versatile, and alert of men. Our caricaturist's portrait of him gives more than a hint of these qualities.

APPROPOS the recent discussion as to the condition of Joanna Baillie's grave, it is interesting to note that a handsome monument has just been erected to her memory at Bothwell. The old historic parish church of Bothwell has recently been restored, and in connexion with the restoration several blocks of houses have been removed and the ground thus cleared has been planted with trees, shrubs and flowers. The monument to Joanna Baillie, who, it may be remembered, was born in the manse of Bothwell, has been placed in the centre of this ground. The monument is sixteen feet in height; and its distinctive features are the mosaics in the four panels. On the side fronting the street is a portrait of Joanna Baillie; on another side is a reproduction of Horatio McCulloch's painting of Bothwell Castle; on the third is a representation of the children of Bothwell in the early days of the poetess; and on the fourth the apple and plum trees of the valley of the Clyde. Under the panels are appropriate inscriptions, also in mosaics. These include extracts from her writings recalling her early days in Bothwell.

Bibliographical.

I AM interested in the statement that an Oxford Diary of the late Lewis Carroll is being edited for the press by Miss Isa Bowman. We may fairly assume that this is the Miss Isa Bowman who played the part of Alice in the dramatised "Alice in Wonderland," when that piece was revived at the Globe Theatre in 1888-9, and who enacted the rôle of a fairy in the dramatised "Rose and the Ring" in 1890-1. Miss Bowman is a clever young actress and vocalist, and when I last saw her she was playing the "juvenile lead" with Mr. Arthur Roberts in one of that gentleman's latest "musical comedies"—"Dandy Dan," I think it was. Readers of Mr. Collingwood's *Life of Lewis Carroll* are aware that there are a good many references to Miss Bowman and her sisters in the latter part of the book. The youthful Isa, it seems, was the only young lady Lewis Carroll could tolerate for more than a fortnight. Her younger sister Empsie's title to honour is that she was the Dormouse in "Alice" in 1888-9.

I wonder if the author of the article in the *Quarterly* on "Some Women Poets" would be disposed to come down from the Olympian heights and give me a little information? I want to be told something about two of the writers he refers to at the close of his paper—about "Isa Blagden," and about "L. N. Little." I confess to recognising the name of the former lady, but (alas! that I should have to say so) I attach no idea to it. Of the latter lady I know neither the name nor the work. Is she the Lizzie M. Little who, in 1884, published a volume called *Persephone, and Other Poems*? And is she the L. M. Little who, in 1897, published a book entitled *Wild Myrtle*? To be obliged to confess ignorance in these matters is humiliating; but only thus can knowledge be obtained.

Moreover, there is another point on which I yearn for instruction. I want someone to tell me the literary history of the Miss (or Mrs.) Florence Bright who has collaborated with Robert Macbray in *The Vision Splendid*. Can she be identical with the "Mrs. Augustus Bright" who has some reputation as a playwright? To this lady I find ascribed four (there may be more) plays, entitled "Not False, but Fickle," "Noblesse Oblige," "Bracken Hollow," and "Dane's Dyke," all produced between 1878 and 1881. On the whole, however, I am inclined to attribute the part-authorship of *The Vision Splendid* to a young actress named Florence Bright, whom I saw ten years and more ago in a little piece called "Caught Out," which she had adapted from a German original.

The promised biography of the second Duke of Buckingham, who has a place in literature as the author of *The Rehearsal*, will be welcome. Though this George Villiers was a "boulder" of the deepest dye, he, nevertheless, had a career of great variety, and the story of his successive ups-and-downs must needs be interesting. Perhaps Lady Burghclere, his biographer, will be able to tell us whether Buckingham really did write the farce called "The Battle of Sedgemoor" which tradition attributes to him.

Of the late Lord de Tabley, it appears, we are to have only a biographical sketch, from the pen of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. I should have thought there would

have been material for something fuller. The deceased poet laboured, I fancy, under a disadvantage in being known to the public successively as "William Lancaster" (the pseudonym under which he published at least three volumes of verse), the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, and Lord de Tabley. The British nation is easily befogged over people—such as poets—in whom it takes no particular pleasure or pride; and no sooner had it got accustomed somewhat to "Leicester Warren" than "Lord de Tabley" came along to complete its bewilderment. Late in life the poet secured some measure of recognition; but his vogue is not likely to spread or to last long.

Why resuscitate (or attempt to resuscitate) in the thousandth number of *Blackwood* some of the original participants in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"? Why not have modernised the original idea, and brought to the Ambrosian board certain of the *literati* of to-day? The men of the old "Noctes" have no attraction for the present generation; they cannot be galvanised into life. The thousandth *Blackwood*, to be up-to-date, should have exploited the present contributors to "Maga."

Mr. A. L. Salmon, whose *West Country Ballads and Verses* we are taught to look for, is not wholly new as a bard. He was guilty, a little more than three years ago, of *Songs of a Heart's Surrender, and Other Verse*, which had the distinction of being published at the price of two shillings only. There's modesty for you!

The new memoir of James and Horace Smith, of which I said something some weeks ago, will be published, probably next month, by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. This is as it should be, for I believe I am correct in saying that many of Horace Smith's novels, including *Brambletye House*, were issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett's immediate predecessor at 13, Great Marlborough-street—Henry Colburn. Moreover, was it not Henry Colburn who published James Smith's *Miscellanies*, for which Horace wrote a brief memoir of his brother?

I see that the forthcoming memoir of Francis Turner Palgrave is announced by the publishers as *The Life of the Editor of the "Golden Treasury."* I am not sure that Mr. Palgrave would have liked this, could he have foreseen it. He had some pretensions to be regarded as a poet—look at his *Idylls and Songs* (1854), his *Hymns* (1867), his *Lyrical Poems* (1871), his *Amenophis* (1892), and so forth. He had also some pretensions to be regarded as a critic of literature—was he not Professor of Poetry at Oxford? He had some pretensions to be regarded as a critic of art. Yet, after all this varied and strenuous endeavour, his very own publisher elects to describe him as "Editor of the *Golden Treasury.*" The *Treasury* has been very popular in its day, but its limitations are beginning to be recognised. And the "second series" of it—what is to be said of that "second series"?

There seems to be a certain lack of invention among authors in the matter of titles. Somebody has just brought out a play called—a little abruptly—"Intruders." Well, it was only the other day that Mrs. Walford christened one of her stories "The Intruders." And then there is that little tragedy of Maeterlinck's, "L'Intruse." Really, the iteration becomes—tiresome.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

New Verse.

THE perusal of Mr. Buchanan's latest volume, *The New Rome* (Scott), from first page to last, leaves some such impression as a mass meeting in Hyde Park—for the poet writes (as was said of another) at the top of his voice, and he is usually angry. We believe his anger to be mainly just, we believe his impulses to be mainly right; but he has certainly lost the art of enchaining attention. Poetry that is to reform the world must first allure and then persuade. Mr. Buchanan flings his songs at us, caring apparently nothing for form. The begetter of the book, he tells us, was Mr. Herbert Spencer, who wrote to him: "There is an immensity of matter calling for strong denunciation and display of white-hot anger, and I think you are well capable of dealing with it. More especially, I want someone who has the ability, with sufficient intensity of feeling, to denounce the miserable hypocrisy of our religious world, with its pretended observances of Christian principles side by side with the abominations which it habitually assists and countenances." Mr. Buchanan, however, gave up the idea of a connected satire, and produced this volume of distinct but, he holds, congruous lyrics and ballads. We quote, from the section called "In the Library," a poem to Mr. Hardy:

THE SAD SHEPHERD.

Thy song is piteous now that once was glad,
The merry uplands hear thy voice no more—
Thro' frozen forest ways, O shepherd sad,
Thou wanderest, while wintry tempests roar;

And in thine arms—aye me!—thou claspest tight
A wounded Lamb that bleateth in the cold,
Warming it in thy breast, while thro' the night
Thou strugglest, fain to bear it to the fold!

Shepherd, God bless thy task, and keep thee strong
To help poor lambs that else might die astray!
Thy midnight cry is holier than the song
The summer uplands heard at dawn of day!

We do not quite gather for what Mr. Hardy is commended. Not even at the dawn of his day was he a particularly cheery writer, nor does he, we imagine, aim now at helpfulness. (In another poem, we might add, Mr. Buchanan writes: "Tom Hardy, blow the clouds apart With sounds of rustic fifes and tabors!") Mr. Buchanan also addresses Mr. Bernard Shaw, and bids his work "God-speed." But for Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Henry James, Tolstoi and Ibsen, he has only hard knocks. Altogether, there is a vast deal of undisciplined vigour in this book, but the verses have been thrown together with the utmost recklessness and no suggestion of revision. Many of the pieces are mere rhymed journalism.

MR. UNWIN'S "Cameo" series, in which Mr. Watson's *Wordsworth's Grave* and other noticeable works were first published, has just entered upon a new life. The first volume issued therein is *The Soul's Departure*, by Mr. Edward Willmore, a slender collection of short poems. That which gives the title to the book is quite the most remarkable. In unrhymed and, to our ear,

unmetrical lines of sometimes almost exasperating brevity, the poet relates a deathbed dialogue between a body and a soul. Immediately on release the soul perceives how lacking it has been in fine impulses and noble deeds, and it craves from the body a few hours more of life in which to make some reparation. The poet's technique is certainly crude, but he has informed this tragic and piteous little scene with real force and pathos. It is impossible to read it and not be impressed. Nothing else in the book is so striking. Mr. Willmore has thoughts, but he evidently rhymes with difficulty and is not by nature a lyrist. We recommend him to spend more pains on form.

LESS complex and more robust are Mr. F. A. Homfray's *Idyls of Thought and Lyrical Pieces* (Allen). Mr. Homfray's thoughts are not new, but they are sound, and are clearly presented. He loves the open air, and sings of his love brightly. Here is a less cheerful note:

BY A GRAVE.

Lilies in the valley,
Harebells on the hill,
And in the meadow buttercups,
And wild-rose by the rill;
But only daisies in the turf,
Where my love lies still.

Overhead the heaven,
Where the skylarks soar,
And round about, the waving boughs
As sunny as before;
But the sun that lit this life for me
Is set for evermore.

Altogether, a fresh and healthy little book.

AN author who calls his effusions *Ventures in Verse* (Methuen) has plumbed modesty. He can go no farther without lapsing into abuse of his own wares. Mr. James Williams, whose book is so entitled, we like better than many of our poets whose volumes have a more pretentious name. He divides himself between sonnets and romantic Scandinavian ballads, and both are above ordinary merit. Here is a quotation from the sonnet section:

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

There was no age when England's voice was dumb
Amid the chorus paramount in song,
They do our fathers not a little wrong
Who deem them nought but fierce and quarrelsome.
Yea, even as the honey-bees will hum
Round arid saxifrage in ardent throng,
So out of words and grammar harsh and strong
Men beat out Beowulf and the Ormulum.

Scorn not their writing; seek in them to find
Heart-poetry that strove in vain for phrase,
And look with kindly eye on Layamon.
They sowed their seed beside the stony ways,
It is the centuries that reap and bind,
Maybe that Caedmon gave us Tennyson.

This is like the condensed lecture of a professor of English literature. It is a very fair sonnet too. There is no harm in Mr. Williams continuing to be venturesome in verse.

IN *Love Triumphant* (Innes), by Annie Matheson, the irregular ode is in full swing once more. The subjects are Mr. Gladstone, Robert Browning, and the Diamond Jubilee, and the poet revels in the license extended to her by—as experimentalists in such a medium fondly believe—Pindar. Gladstonians should certainly obtain and treasure this volume, for it contains the fullest panegyric of the statesman that we have yet met with. Other verses deal with social subjects, always from the standpoint of the passionate friend of liberty, progress, and Christianity. The author states that the publishers “generously held out a hand” for this book. It is not their usual attitude with minor verse.

MR. G. HUNT JACKSON, the author of *The Demon of the Wind* (Long), also seeks his subjects in the life of to-day. He lights, for example, upon an anecdote in an article on R. L. Stevenson (“He was about to summon his young native servant for refreshments, when the door opened and the boy appeared with a tray containing cigarettes and coffee. His master, addressing him in the native tongue, said: ‘Great is your forethought’; when the boy corrected him, saying ‘Great is the love!’”), and gives us a little sermon upon it. He hymns Gladstone (“He moved among the forest trees,” and so forth), and Carlyle (“A breezy soul was thine!”), and a remark of Burne-Jones is the motive of another set of verses. A genuine and kindly, although undistinguished, book.

THERE are some hard things in the Rev. T. E. Bridgett’s *Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects* (Burns & Oates). Darwin, for example, once dared, in a private letter, to doubt a future life. The poet comments upon his hesitancy in four scathing epigrams, of which this is one:

Future life is but a guess,
The Bible all a lie;
Sir, I wish you happiness:
Study worms and die.

Again, Renan wrote that he no longer prayed. Thus the epigrammatist:

To Renan this was once as noonday bright;
He ceased to pray, and God withdrew His light.
Then would he strike his matches in the dark,
Enjoy the stench, and glory in the spark.

We cannot but admire a poet so vehemently convinced of the veracity of his own beliefs, but any attack on so sincere a worker for truth as Darwin is painful.

THIS is a passage from the story of “Saint John and the Little Worm” in *Legends of the Saints* (Kegan Paul), by the Rev. G. R. Woodward:

The saint was musing thus that tide,
When he a worm beneath him spied,
So gray and small that good Saint John
Had well-nigh set his foot thereon.
He picked her up from where she lay.

We never expected to live to hear a worm called “she.” This is a quaint and simple little book, which would make pleasant reading aloud for a child: a versified companion to Mr. Canton’s *Child’s Book of Saints*.

THE fact that Maud Holland (Maud Walspole) reprints in her modestly entitled little book—*Verses* (Arnold)—certain poems from the *Spectator*, the *National Review*, and *Literature* indicates that she has something to say. We like her ballad of Margaret Catchpole, the Suffolk girl who was transported for horse-stealing, and advise reciters to look to it. In a different vein is this dirge:

His hound may tarry, his hawk will flee,
Long since his followers fled,
The red fox knows where his grave may be,
The badger hath seen him dead.

The squirrel that through the green wood hies
Espied him where last he stood,
And the little bird that lowly flies
Will dip its wing in his blood.

The volume has thought throughout and some distinction of form. What it chiefly lacks is lyric movement.

ONE of the most extraordinary books of verse that we ever expect to see is the *Poems* of Oliver Orchard (Wilson & Macmillan). Mr. Orchard is in revolt, and he calls on his Muse to help him. She has not helped him well. He is in revolt against Mrs. Grundy, and against royal authors, and against parvenus, and against every kind of humbug, and against evening dress. This is his attitude towards evening dress:

Of alamodes that have their roots in vulgar-mindedness,
Not least contemptible is that of wearing evening dress.
If th’ upper circles ever gain a proper sense of dignity,
This senseless moult crepuscular we shall no longer see.

There is not much to complain of in the phrase “moult crepuscular.” We commend Mr. Orchard’s tirades: not for their clarity, their good taste, nor their music, but purely as curiosities.

WE are pleasantly reminded a little of Locker and a little of Mr. Dobson in Mr. J. A. Bridges’s *In a Village* (Mathews) volume—a collection of homely, simple, honest verse answering to the title. Here are two stanzas from a pretty bit of sentiment called “The Old Church”:

Old sin-worn roof, how many prayers
Your ready chinks have upward passed!
How many thousand burdening cares
Of weary men on Heaven you’ve cast!
The shoemaker’s remorseful throes,
The soul-touched grocer’s promise rasher,
The penitence that weekly rose
From publican and haberdasher.

And could I still, as oft before
I was on many a happy Sunday,
Be here the little child once more
I may have ceased to be on Monday,
And shed my troubles when I come
To this dear porch, I would not sorrow,
No glimpse of the millennium
Forbade me take them up to-morrow.

Mr. Bridges lacks the epigrammatic touch, but he is better company than many more ambitious poets.

WE must admit that on coming to a volume entitled *Ballads of Evolution* (Camborne Printing Co.) we expect more than its author, Mr. Herbert Thomas, gives us. The name is so full and impressive. But Mr. Thomas, although no creative scientific mind is his, is genial and right-hearted, and a true son of Cornwall. By way of frontispiece he offers his own portrait, in fancy dress; which may be a triumph of Nathan's art, but is not the best preparation for serious verses. We may mention that Mr. Thomas is among the poets who eulogise Mr. Gladstone.

NOVELS of modern life in blank verse are hard reading, but they sometimes yield amusing results. It may be said generally that no one possessing a sense of humour would attempt such a task: hence when such a task is attempted there is sport for the cynical observer. *Edmund: a Metrical Tale* (Stock), by Mr. Albert L. Carpenter, is not destitute of sport. Here is a passage:

Gradual the cicatrice affliction's plough
Had torn in Edith's heart less aching smoothed.
And with th' increasing stir of life her love
Sprang from its ashes like the Phoenix, flapped
Its all-enfolding pinions as of old,
Expelling every suppliant to the heart,
His eyrie.

Subsequently Edith enters a nunnery, while Edmund becomes a philanthropist. We cannot honestly say that poesy is the richer for *Edmund: a Metrical Tale*, but collectors of odd euphemisms may be.

THE author of *Scotland for Ever* (Douglas), Mr. R. W. Seton Watson, is intensely patriotic. After his poetry, we are tempted to read anti-Scottish sentiments by Dr. Johnson, or the saturnine John Cleveland, by way of antidote. But to Caledonians stern and wild this little book should be welcome. Also to Wykehamists, for there is a section devoted to Winchester School. We quote a stanza from a football song:

Here's a health to all Wykehamists—Blue, Red, or Brown.
May they ne'er meet in life one who can hot them down!
For they'll rally round Canvas as oft as they may,
And still love the old School, with its world and its play.

Wykehamists will know what "hotting down" is. We can only conjecture.

WHEN a man calls himself a jester we are led to expect either fun or pathos. Mr. Raymond Coulson, the author of *A Jester's Jingles* (Skeffington), has little of the first and none of the second. He offers mere comic-paper verse. The echo of Mr. Swinburne's "Match" is one of his best things:

If you were "Honeydew," dear,
And I the silver leaf,
A cigarette we'd be, dear,
And I would cling to thee, dear,
Together I and you, dear,
Would share our fiery grief,
If you were "Honeydew," dear,
And I the paper leaf.

The confusion of "you" and "thee" ought to have been avoided; but this Jester has no eyes for such niceties.

MR. REGINALD B. SPAN'S *Poems of Two Worlds* (Digby & Long) we notice because it is typical of so many volumes of verse that reach us. The others we are not considering; it is quite useless; the authors do not write for criticism, but sing because they must, and blame or praise is immaterial. Most of them are fairly fluent—Mr. Span is; have very little to say—Mr. Span has; say it without distinction—Mr. Span does (thus:

A child of Nature, frank and true,
Upholding Nature's banner:
Brave and noble, through and through,
Disciple of Diana),

and are gentle and innocent of malice. To notice such work serves no purpose.

Gladstone: a Depreciation.

Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. Lecky. New Edition. (Longmans. 12s.)

IN an Introduction to the new edition of *Democracy and Liberty* Mr. Lecky has endeavoured to determine the place which Mr. Gladstone will occupy in history. We are sure that in doing so he has tried to be fair; we are equally sure that he has not succeeded. It was perhaps impossible that he should. The observer at Chamounix cannot appreciate the height of Mont Blanc—he is overshadowed by the majestic mass, and must either remove himself many miles or scale the summit if he is to realise the mountain's greatness. The mere fact of being Mr. Gladstone's contemporary prevents Mr. Lecky from doing the one, and, as for the other, only a Bismarck or a Beaconsfield could hope to attempt it with success. Mr. Lecky, it is only fair to say, frankly admits that the time has not yet come when the definite verdict of history can be pronounced on that extraordinary career and yet more extraordinary mind; but we feel constrained to add that we wish he made no attempt to anticipate it. The world would have lost an excellent example of Mr. Lecky's always admirable style, but it would have been spared the spectacle of a great historian descending to the level of a party pamphleteer.

There is so much that had better have been left unsaid. Take, for instance, the following passage:

Few men have had so many faces, and the wonderful play of his features contributed very largely to the effectiveness of his speaking. It was a countenance eminently fitted to express enthusiasm, pathos, profound melancholy, commanding power and lofty disdain; there were moments when it could take an expression of intense cunning, and it often darkened into a scowl of passionate anger. In repose it did not seem to me good. With its tightly compressed lips and fierce, abstracted gaze it seemed to express not only extreme determination, but also great vindictiveness, a quality, indeed, by no means wanting in his nature, though it was, I think, more frequently directed against classes or parties than against individuals. He had a wonderful eye—a bird-of-prey eye—fierce, luminous and restless. "When he differed from you," a great friend and admirer of his once said to me, "there were moments when he would give you a glance as if he would stab you to the heart." There was something, indeed, in his eye in which more than one experienced judge saw dangerous symptoms of possible insanity.

That is not history: it is merely brilliant scandal, and the final sentence is equally cruel and unworthy of the writer. It may well be that posterity will not endorse "the language of indiscriminating eulogy" which followed Mr. Gladstone's death, but we feel even more certain that it will reject the suggestion that "the texture of his intellect was commonplace," or that "the subtleties and ingenuities of distinction in which he was inexhaustibly futile were nearly always the mere subtleties of debate." The author of such an estimate of such a mind almost brings us to believe that he shares the vulgar error of rejecting as absurd all dialectic which the listener cannot immediately receive. Much the same criticism has, we believe, been made upon St. Thomas Aquinas, but the Angelic Doctor remains and his critics make no great figure to-day.

Mr. Lecky has not failed to note the width of Mr. Gladstone's mind, but he has failed to measure its depths. To Mr. Lecky he is an enthusiastic and wholly untrustworthy rhetorician, permeated with a kind of religion of which our author has little knowledge and with which he has no sympathy, and gifted with a conveniently elastic conscience. To our mind he completely misses the key to Mr. Gladstone's almost unique character—that intense and magnificent egoism which has dominated all the great leaders of mankind. Mr. Gladstone believed in himself as Mahomet believed in himself, as Napoleon, as Caesar. Withal, he was religious—Christian, if you will—to the very core of his being, and every moment when he was out of power was a moment in which the work of the Devil was being done. This, and not the introduction "into the perorations of his political and even party speeches" of "God, duty, honour, justice, moral obligation, Divine guidance," was the secret at once of his tremendous power over his fellow-countrymen, and of his amazing readiness to adopt any policy which seemed likely to restore him to power. To Mr. Lecky this makes him appear in his later years as a mere demagogue; but there were never two characters so dissimilar as those of Gladstone and Cleon, even when the English statesman seemed most indebted to the arts of the Athenian politician.

To the aristocratic trend of Mr. Gladstone's nature Mr. Lecky does full justice, but he does not seem to us to appreciate at all the innate conservatism of his mind. It is no paradox, but the simple truth, that he was never at any time a Liberal in the sense that the great bulk of his followers were and are. For injustice he had an almost divine hatred, but for privilege he had not even dislike. Nothing is more helpful in endeavouring to estimate his real sentiments than to note the gradual process of change in his mind which accompanied the remarkable struggle that ended in the disestablishment of the Irish Church. There was nothing of the Liberation Society about his attitude. Into that great revolution he was forced, as he conceived, by the inexorable logic of circumstances which drove him to a choice of evils. What he did he did strongly, and it is no reproach to him that, having once made up his mind to a change of front, he bent all the resources of his splendid moral and intellectual gifts to carry his countrymen with him. Mr. Gladstone was, perhaps, the most inconsistent statesman who ever ruled a great empire, but, Mr. Lecky notwithstanding, he was always sincere.

The School Beside the Abbey.

Annals of Westminster School. By J. Sargeaunt. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

MR. SARGEAUNT's history is straightforward and sober. For quaintness the reader must search diligently, for humour he will look in vain; but if he is intent only on the life of the School, from its inception to the present day, he will find all that he asks. He must not ask for trimmings.

To our mind the Busby chapter is the making of the book. Busby began as a Westminster boy, passed to Oxford, where he gained fame both as a scholar and an actor (acted, indeed, so well that he might have taken to the stage as a profession had not the opportunity of ruling Westminster come to him). He was made head master in 1638, and remained in control until 1695. This means that during one of England's most unsettled periods, and a time when more than once the School seemed doomed, Busby held to his post and conquered all difficulties. This is the more remarkable when we remember that Busby was a Royalist. He was, however, accused of ploughing with Parliamentary heifers. Let us leave it by calling him a man of nice tact. One of his most trying experiences was the conflict with Edward Bagshaw, who became in 1656 second master, in succession to Thomas Vincent, whose susceptibility to false Latin was such that he could endure his post no longer. Bagshaw no sooner was in a position of authority than he showed himself a Roundhead and a puppy. He scoffed at Busby's classes in Arabic, he suggested that Busby's Greek grammar might be improved. He wore his hat in the Abbey. Busby tried several plans to make the place too hot for him, and at last procured his suspension. Bagshaw, however, refused to obey, and fortified himself in the tower of the dormitory. Thither, under Busby's instructions, went an army of the boys and removed Bagshaw by force. Few schoolboys have such opportunities.

Subsequently Bagshaw took the only revenge left to angry scholars: he wrote a book against Busby. But he had been born under an evil star, and it all profited him nothing. He became a Conventicler, was haled to various prisons, and died comparatively young. Busby did not lay down his authority until he was a very old man. During his fifty-seven years of office he practically made the School. Mr. Sargeaunt, however, says very little of Busby as a man. Of his terrible swishings there is no word, neither allegation nor denial, although the legends that have gathered about them are numerous; nor does he offer a list of Busby's more famous pupils. Considering how largely Busby bulks in the history of Westminster, we think that less than justice has been done to him. He is one of the great picturesque figures of scholasticism, and Mr. Sargeaunt should have remembered this. One of the Deans of Westminster during Busby's time was John Dolben, whose glory it was in the Great Fire to march a body of King's scholars to the flaming city and there save the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East. Afterwards William Taswell, one of the Westminsters, stood upon the bridge in Palace-yard and read Terence by the light of burning St. Paul's. This should obliterate Nero's great feat.



WESTMINSTER IN 1650.—(From the Etching by Hollar.)

Mr. Sargeaunt places in his appendix some old accounts, and fragments of letters written in 1690 by Mary, Countess of Caithness, concerning her son Colin, then at the School. We quote a passage :

Colin is a busie man at all his leasons is every day at Scoul all this winter befor 7 o'clock and his wax candle with him and doth not come out until past ij and they returne at i and stays until neir six; this was far from his dyot at hom; and in the great cold Scoul he sits the whole day over wth out a hatt or cap; and all the windows broak and yet thanks be to god he taks very wel wth it tho he never seeth a fir but in my hous; at the begining his felow scolers were hard on him upon the account of his Nation but he dooth now hold up pretie wel either at scolding or boxing with them; however, I fear I los a Scotsman for he begins to get ther words and actsent.

Here we leave a book which we cannot consider has been well enough done. There is material and to spare; but Mr. Sargeaunt lacks the capacity to treat it with the interest it deserves. It is not enough, in writing the history of a great and illustrious school, merely to state events in their order of occurrence. There are human touches needed too, character-sketches, and the many little splashes of colour that make histories live. The book has many excellent pictures—views and portraits—one of which we reproduce.

Salmon and Sea-Trout.

Salmon and Sea-Trout. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. "The Angler's Library." (Lawrence & Bullen.)

[BY A SCOTS ANGLER.]

THE coming of Sir Herbert Maxwell's book reminds me that on certain waters in Scotland the season during which salmon may be lawfully caught has already opened. I should like to be fishing, even though the air is snell; but, as duty ties me to town, I have been spending a happy afternoon over Sir Herbert's latest work. Sir Herbert writes so many books that I wonder how he finds time to fish; but there can be no doubt that he does fish, and he put his experiences to good use. This is really an excellent work. In thoroughness and in style it is much above the average book on angling. Most anglers, when they seek to shine in literature, become complacent persons, gar-

ulous or pompous, who bore us to the verge of slumber but Sir Herbert Maxwell is not one of these. He has approached his theme in a workmanlike spirit, and has achieved his task with workmanlike precision. The book, it is true, is not all new. Frequently we come upon chapters which I have read in serial sheets. Still, I am not annoyed. Notably as regards his theories that salmon do not feed in fresh water, and that salmon and trout are colour-blind, he received much criticism when he was publishing his expositions serially; and, although he has not changed his opinions much, he has paid respect to the criticisms, and always, when dealing with disputed points, writes with temperance. In short, this work presents to us the ripest knowledge of its subject which is available.

It cannot have been easy to write the book. Even by the water-side, with rod in hand and fish on the feed, it is difficult to teach the art of angling. One may have full knowledge; but the knowledge, through years of practice, has become instinctive, and an instinct is exactly the thing which you cannot impart. As well try to make a German scholar adopt the literary style of Stevenson as hope for immediate and successful results from the clearest instructions as to how a novice is to get the fly to the fish. The last man I essayed to teach had been a bushranger in Australia. He thought he would manage all right if he used the rod as he was wont to use the bullock-whip. The result was painful. "Crack!" went the tail-fly in the air behind him, and when the line fell in a coil at his feet the lure was no longer on the cast. A timorous gentleness is little less disastrous. It also lands the line in a coil somewhere. Sir Herbert Maxwell knows this difficulty so well that he looks the knotty point straight in the face and passes jocularly on. His remark is worth reciting:

Take the Spey cast, for example—that knack by which a long line is drawn from the water in bewildering curves till the fly rests for a moment on the stream close in front of the angler, apparently utterly out of his control, when a smart downward cut of the rod sends it whirling thirty yards across the current—who can describe the exact adjustment of poise and force essential to the execution of this most difficult manœuvre? Not I, forsooth, for I am no master of the Spey cast. When there is a cliff or a high bank behind me, when the stream runs at a kindly

angle and the wind is not too unfriendly, above all, when there is no professional critic looking on, I am able to project the line somehow in fair fashion towards the desired place. But as for trying to explain how this is done—perish the thought!

That is right. Any endeavour to explain an instinctive aptitude would be quite useless. All casts, however, are not so difficult as the Spey cast; and no novice in angling who chances to read these words need be scared by the passage from Sir Herbert which I have quoted. All knowledge about his subject which is capable of being set forth on the printed page Sir Herbert Maxwell conveys lucidly.

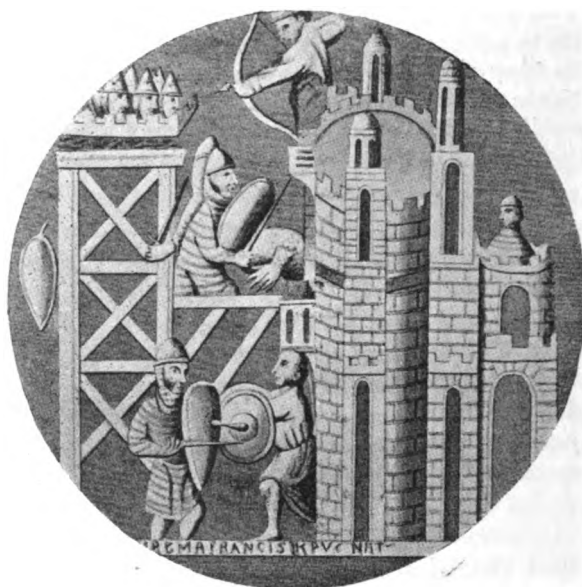
The opening chapter arrested my attention much. Like most men in this pessimistic time, I was under the impression that the poacher and the Lord Manufacturer were, between them, rapidly ruining the salmon streams. I was wrong. The poacher, indeed, has well-nigh ruined the Tweed, once the best salmon river in the kingdom. The poacher there is a constituent of honourable members of the Commons' House of Parley who respect their seats more than their souls; the Lord Manufacturer supplies the funds to administer which, when Parley sets to work again, someone will be appointed in room of Sir William Harcourt as chief trustee in the estate of the late Liberal Party; consequently, there being so many poachers, and the Lord Manufacturer being always free to flourish a shut purse before the beards of the distraught gentlemen who carry on the business of Progress and Reform, the Tweed is both robbed and polluted with impunity. In nearly all other suitable waters, however, fish of the salmon-kind, instead of becoming fewer, are prospering greatly. Sir Herbert Maxwell is able to give quite a cheerful account of the good which fish-culture, together with improved drainage, is achieving. The stock of salmon in the Aberdeenshire Dee "has enormously increased"; the fine rivers of Sutherland show a marked improvement; the north Tyne "became in an amazingly short space of years the most prolific salmon river in England"; "next to it in amount of produce of salmon comes the Usk," which once was a cause of depression to many a sportsman. Even the Thames has a brightening future. Below London it is now actually less polluted than the Tyne in its lower reaches; and, on the authority of Sir Herbert Maxwell, we may expect to be salmon-fishing successfully not far above Richmond. All this is the best of news; but it renders me the more intolerant of the state of affairs here and there in Scotland. Some means to put an end to the desolating clash of interests between the upper proprietors and the lower must be found. Sir Herbert Maxwell makes suggestions on that matter, and I trust that when next the subject is before Parliament the Irish patriots will be good enough not to block the Bill. The poachers and the captains of industry on the Tweed cause graver thoughts; but there might be a way with them also. The means of which I am thinking is sanctioned by the sacred memory of Mr. Gladstone, who, wishing to Liberalise the Lords without abolishing the Second Chamber, thought of strengthening the Peerage by adding to it five hundred Liberals chosen at random. Why should not the Queen, advised by Lord Salisbury, confer knighthoods or baronetcies on all the Radical

legislators who come from Borderland? The honourable gentlemen might then feel it due to themselves to cultivate sportsmanlike and other ancient prejudices appropriate to men of rank, and that would mean the undoing of their understanding with those who are ruining the river on which Sir Walter fished. Lest anyone should suspect that I have been writing in a Tory temper inimical to the Rights of Man, I will, to show that I am a humanitarian philosopher after all, conclude these few remarks by echoing, with fervour, a thoroughly sound social sentiment from the scriptures of Sir Herbert Maxwell: "The favourite argument that God made fish, not for the diversion of landlords, but for the use of mankind, may be extended indefinitely. God made strawberries as well as salmon; but if all the strawberry-beds were thrown open to the public by Act of Parliament, how many people would get enough to make any jam?"

The Great Sultan.

Saladin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By Stanley Lane-Poole. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.)

It is a remarkable fact that although Saladin is a household name this is the first English biography of him that has been published. Scott's portrait of the chivalrous



THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM.

From a Painted Window at St. Denis (Twelfth Century).

Moslem in *The Talisman* is excellent, but it has neither the fulness nor the sanction of biography. Mr. Lane-Poole is the first English writer to approach the subject of Saladin and his civil and military exploits with the will and the ability to treat them thoroughly. He has gone to the two Arabic records—those of Bahn-ed-din and Ibn-el-Athir—and to the other Eastern writings in which Saladin's life is preserved; and also to several chronicles on the Christian side, notably those of William of Tyre and Ernoul, and the *Itinerary* of Richard II. Nearly all these records are contemporary, and Mr. Lane-Poole has constructed from them a narrative at once exhaustive and vivid. He has reduced his introductory matter to the

smallest limit possible, confining it to a survey of the Mohammedan world in the century preceding Saladin's birth in 1138. The quaint illustration which we reproduce belongs to the First Crusade, and represents the taking of Jerusalem in 1099.

Almost a hundred years after this date Saladin laid his great siege to the walls of the Holy City, with a success and with accompaniments of chivalry and mercy which still dazzle the imagination. It was on September 20, 1187, that he took up his position on the west side of the city, but the towers of Tancred and David, and the sun vexing the eyes of his soldiers, he moved to the eastern walls. The Christians thought he had abandoned the siege; they knew better on the morrow, and on October 2, with bleeding hearts, they signed the capitulation. They were then prisoners of war, and must ransom themselves within forty days, each man to pay ten pieces of gold for his liberty, and two women or ten children to be reckoned as one man. Of the poor seven thousand should go free on payment of thirty thousand besants. The clearing of the city and the ransoming were carried out in perfect order, with due severity but with unheard-of mercy. The Christians were distracted to leave Jerusalem, but they left, paying their ransoms at the gate of David.

For forty days the melancholy procession trooped forth from the gate of David, and the term of grace expired. Yet there still remained thousands of poor people whom the niggardly burghers and religious houses had left to slavery. Then el-Adil came to his brother and said: "Sire, I have helped you by God's grace to conquer the land and this city, I therefore pray you give me a thousand slaves from the poor people within." To Saladin's question, what he would do with them, he answered he would do as pleased himself. Then the Sultan gave him the thousand slaves, and el-Adil set them all free as an offering to God. Then came the Patriarch and Balian, and begged likewise, and Saladin gave them another thousand slaves, and they were set free. Then said Saladin to his officers: "My brother has made his alms, and the Patriarch and Balian have made theirs, now I would fain make mine." And he ordered his guards to proclaim throughout the streets of Jerusalem that all the old people who could not pay were free to go forth. And they came forth from the postern of St. Lazarus, and their going lasted from the rising of the sun until night fell.

Such was Saladin's greatness of soul. Let the reader who desires to know his bravery, his amiability at court, his endurance in the field, his wholehearted will to spend and be spent in the Islam cause, consult Mr. Lane-Poole's full and interesting pages.

Royal Biography.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. By A. de Burgh. (Hutchinson.)

THIS book had, of course, to be written, and written after a certain convention. Mr. de Burgh adopts the proper attitude and writes it on his knees. His qualifications appear to be that he has "personally had the happiness of meeting the illustrious lady," that he "has had the privi-

lege of knowing some of those who were in her *entourage*," and that he has access to certain newspaper files. He has also a profound respect for members of Imperial and Royal houses as well as for those in their *entourage*. Thus equipped he conducts us through palaces, and discourses of illustrious personages and Imperial consorts with the air of the butler who shows you over the historic mansion. One of the *entourage* must have told him how the Archduke Rudolf "proposed in person" to Princess Stephanie in the conservatory at Laëken. "As soon as they were alone, the Crown Prince approached her Royal Highness with a low and formal obeisance, saying, 'Madam, will you take me for a husband?' To which plain question the Princess simply replied, curtsying deeply, 'Yes, your Imperial Highness.' 'Your Royal Highness's answer makes me supremely happy,' observed the Archduke." Such is the world into which Mr. de Burgh gives us a glimpse—over the shoulders of the *entourage*. He is also able to tell us which of Heine's poems the Empress marked in her volumes, and even to give us a translation of them. Here is the first. You cannot fail to recognise it:

Your little hand lay on my heart, dearest dear!
Do you in that small room a great knocking hear?
There a carpenter dwells, hard and cunning is he,
Who is nailing together a coffin for me.

That will suffice to give you the measure of the author's literary style.

The Kingdom of Rhodes.

Rhodesia and its Government. By H. C. Thomson. (Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d.)

THIS book is a very curious amalgam, and belongs to what may be called the Balaam order of literature. Mr. Thomson, who is apparently a war correspondent, would seem to have gone out to South Africa as what is nowadays called a Commissioner, and it is plain that he had strong notions about Mr. Rhodes and Rhodesia and ethics, which somehow seem stronger in a London armchair than on the veldt among the Matabili. But Mr. Thomson has come under the personal influence and magnetism of Mr. Rhodes, and cannot help letting his admiration of the empire-maker slip out, even though it seems against the grain. He notes that in Mashonaland a man said to him that nobody wanted to interfere with Lord Salisbury. "As long as he lives he will be the Premier, but when he dies Cecil Rhodes is going to be the next Prime Minister, and he'll settle the native question because he understands all about it." Mr. Thomson confesses that Mr. Rhodes's enormous power is due to his personality as much as to his wealth, and that even in the Dutch Republics they do not think that he is influenced by sordid motives, but by ambition. But, after acknowledging that a strong personal feeling for Mr. Rhodes exists all over South Africa, and especially in Rhodesia, the writer goes on to make the extraordinary assertion that the English Government ought not to take this into account when dealing with the question of the revocation of the Charter, but should "consider the broad principles of right and wrong."

If the English Government were ever so foolish as to ignore South African feeling in this matter, they would raise a pretty storm about their ears, for the one thing a colonist resents is uncalled-for dictation from home. Mr. Thomson is good enough to say that the Chartered Company have failed to govern rightly, not wilfully, but from weakness of administration and extent of territory. That they have acquired more land than they can govern he thinks is the truth of the matter. The book was evidently not written with any such intention, but the impression left by its perusal is that unless Great Britain wishes to fling South Africa after the United States she will do well to support those of her blood who are making their homes and carving out new provinces in the wide lands north of Cape Town.

A Painter's Memories.

Sketches from Memory. By G. A. Storey, A.R.A.
(Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)

THE career of a painter working his way along acknowledged grooves is not likely to harvest any very thrilling experiences. Mr. Storey's book is not thrilling, but it is mildly entertaining. As a youth Mr. Storey saw something of the Revolution of 1848 in Paris, as a young artist he perambulated Spain, and his French and Spanish experiences are set down here with a light hand and with the aid of sketches. Returning from France, Mr. Storey became the friend and disciple of a much older artist, Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. The Leslie home was "full of sunshine and laughter, full of originality, humour, and kindness." We do not doubt this, but it is one thing to say so, and another thing to make jokes and kindnesses which were successful in their setting appear remarkable and interesting on paper, and Mr. Storey's anecdotes of the family strike us as being a little thin.

Mr. Storey saw much of Sir Edwin Landseer, and once saw him imitate a pig with effect. Sir Edwin had a most faithful valet who was called Cerberus. Cerberus would protect his master from disturbance at any cost, and several times told Prince Albert that "Sir Hedwin was hout." Once, when accompanying his master to the north by train, Cerberus fussed greatly about the luggage. "How about them luggage?" he shouted to the guard. "What luggage?" "Why, two trunks as black as hink and marked with hell?" "Marked with what?" "Why, hell for Landseer, of course."

Mr. Storey takes us back to that dingy studio in Newman-street kept by James Mathews Leigh. Leigh was a wonderful talker, insomuch that one old gentleman of means affected to be anxious to study art, and came regularly with the best equipments, his real aim being to listen to the plain-speaking, caustic art master. One of Leigh's aversions was unmeaning phrases. Calling on him once, Mr. Storey said as he entered, "I hope I don't interrupt you?" To which Leigh replied, "You can't help interrupting me if you come in." "Then I will go out again." "That is quite a different thing; I don't

want you to go out again, but society is full of these unmeaning phrases." The largest proportion of Mr. Storey's pages is occupied with his memories of Spain, and here his narrative is wholly entertaining.

The New Far East.

The New Far East. By Arthur Diósy. (Cassell. 16s.)

MR. DIÓSY's book is not written for the expert, but for the many who, knowing a little about the Far East, desire to know more. It is a study of the three nations—the Japanese, the Chinese, and the Koreans; and of their relations to one another and to Europe in the conditions created by the new state of things arising out of the defeat of China by Japan in 1894. It seems strange at first sight that a gentleman of Hungarian extraction should be vice-president of the Japan Society; but perhaps the explanation is found in Mr. Diósy's remark that the Magyars were originally of the same stock as the races of the Far East.

The author deals exhaustively with the subject, and is refreshingly accurate in his statements. But this does not imply that he is not amusing, for his book can be read by even that nonentity, the general reader, without any serious mental strain. Mr. Diósy gives us a word of warning concerning the term "Jap," which is used by us with no insulting intention, but which is most offensive to the punctilious Japanese. So much does it irritate them that a Japanese gentleman once observed to Mr. Diósy, "If you people call us Japs, we shall"—he paused before gravely uttering the dire threat—"we shall have to call you Brits!" It is to be feared that even this will not deter those among us who long for brevity at any cost from their evil ways; but, on the other hand, the Japanese themselves do not always consult European prejudices. For example, there is a dark legend of an elderly nobleman who attended a reception on New Year's Day in Japan in European evening dress complete in every respect but one—the outfitter from whom he had ordered his ceremonial garb had omitted to send home the trousers. But possibly this is only an invention of the evilly disposed. Mr. Diósy's remarks on the home-life of the Japanese are written, not from the point of view of the hurried traveller, but from that of one who has intimate friends among the people, and looks at things from the inside.

Mr. Diósy defends the women of Japan, and points out that the *Geisha* is not the type, but the exception, among Japanese womanhood. To be helpful is the one object the Japanese woman is taught to strive for: helpful to her husband's parents, to her husband, to her children—just as she has in girlhood been helpful to her own parents. And nobly does she realise what is expected of her. But the young wife has not altogether an enviable position, for by one of those queer topsy-turvydoms which occur in Japan, the mother-in-law—who, in the West, is so often the object of cheap satire—is a veritable terror in the Far East—to the wife. The husband's mother insists on being obeyed by her daughter-in-law, and on seeing that her beloved son is made thoroughly comfortable by the wife he has brought home. In the lower classes she frequently enforces her theories with her metal tobacco-pipe, so that

wives have been known to seek refuge in suicide. Thanks to Mr. Diósy, it is possible to get a fair insight into the Far Eastern mode of thought, and the newspaper-reader will have to thank him for a good deal of light thrown on the perplexing Far Eastern Question. The value of the book is increased by the excellent illustrations drawn by the famous Japanese artist Kubota Beisen, who, though he has studied in Europe, is more successful with purely Japanese subjects than with studies in Western costume.

Postscript.

LIGHT-HEARTED and light-headed subalterns, sardonic privates, peppery colonels and majors, long-suffering wives of officers—these are the puppets of Lieut.-Colonel Newnham Davis's *Military Dialogues* (Sands & Co.)—a most amusing and deft collection of army humours. The background in the main is India, but it shifts to England and Aldershot. Practical jokes; the "taking over" of a regimental theatre; a little wife's bravery in refusing to let her distant husband know of the extortions of the native servants—these are some of the subjects. The material is slight enough, but the author has geniality and wit, and a light touch that carries him through with splendid spirit. *Military Dialogues* is the best humorous book about the army that has been published for a long time.

A new edition—the sixth—of Mr. Edwin W. Streeter's *Precious Stones and Gems* (Bell) has just been issued. Mr. Streeter has so revised his work that it belongs absolutely to the present year. There is a coloured plate of Indian blue diamonds which is a joy to look upon.

Whyte-Melville's romance, *Cerise*, reaches us in Messrs. Ward & Lock's new three-and-sixpenny edition. It has several lively illustrations by Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

In *Wonders of the Bird World* (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.) we have the gist of lectures delivered by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe on "Curiosities of Bird Life" in many parts of the United Kingdom during the last ten years. The book is a survey of the more striking and curious facts in ornithology—such as would interest an audience and may still awaken interest in readers who have been hitherto indifferent to a fascinating study.

The Year's Art (Virtue) is just out of its teens. The feature of this indispensable handbook is a series of portraits of gentlemen who own collections. Details of each collector's treasures are given. In the portraits the art student may read, if he is a physiognomist, his probable fate when he asks "permission to view."

Messrs. Mudie send us a new edition of their *Catalogue*. It is a well-printed book, and, apart from its obvious use, may be used for reference with advantage.

Few English tourists who crowd the Swiss hotels have anything but a mere guide-book acquaintance with the history of Switzerland. This is the fact which probably inspired Mr. E. Salisbury to translate Dr. Karl Dändliker's *Manual of the History of the Swiss People* under the title of *A Short History of Switzerland*. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Salisbury has followed the second, and greatly improved, edition of Dr. Dändliker's work. The arrangement of the book is regulated by parts and numbered sections, and there is a good supply of maps.

Fiction.

The Two Standards. By William Barry.
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

WE have read few recent books so full of specifically modern interests as this. It is a storehouse of observations and trenchant criticisms, a museum of latter-day types, and an inventory, if we may use the word, of clamorous problems. To say this is not necessarily to praise the book as fiction; and, indeed, its faults on this score must be apparent to the most casual reader. Dr. Barry, whom we have known as a distinguished *Quarterly Reviewer*, and as the author of *The New Antigone*, has given us rather the material for art to work upon than the finished product. His point of view is far more the moralist's than the artist's; his sense of the emotional *crucis* of modern life is so keen that the dramatic is apt to merge in the rhetorical, and the novelist to become a mere recorder. The book is very rich in the root-qualities of literature, but the multiplicity of problems has baffled the author, and he has sacrificed form to fulness, and renounced the selecting and pruning which is the life of art. Such seems to be the main fictional weakness of the work; its merits, conspicuous as they are, belong more properly to another sphere.

The title is taken from one of the *Exercises of St. Ignatius*, the famous parable which is the Christian counterpart of the Choice of Herakles. The problem is as old as the world—the choice between the pleasing evil and the bitter good. At first everything is obscure: other tests predominate and the great moral distinction has not emerged. The purpose of the book is to trace the progress from indeterminate ease to the crisis which arrives soon or late for every man, when the standard of right and wrong reveals itself as solitary and final. But this is a mere general description; in detail the problem presents itself in a thousand forms. From first to last the history of Marian Greystoke's life is a tissue of problems—from the *schwärmerisch* girl's longing for the great world, to the final renunciation of the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. The antagonism between a harsh evangelical creed and poor human nature, between commercialism and art, between love and duty, between the tinsel and the gold in character—all are presented with great clarity and truth. It is this which makes the book complex and episodic. There are scores of wheels within wheels, dramas in the Æschylean manner within dramas; the author demands a solution of each problem which arises with a moralist's insistence, and he presents each side fairly with more than a moralist's candour. The work is significant in a dozen ways—as an essay in modern realism which demands adequacy in detail, as a "tale of unrest" which forbids a facile completeness, and, maybe, as a revolt, in the manner of *Aylwin*, against a dapper and artificially perfect construction.

The writing is in the grand manner—very rich, coloured, and melodious. We think it less successful in the elaborate descriptions of the production of Elven's two great musical dramas, than in more simple efforts. The author writes of nature with a happy inspiration:

A calm, clear day, with slowly fading colours, warm in

the west, tinging the whole sky with faintish purple, as of henna darkening the finger-tips, themselves rosy.

Or take this of German prose :

I don't feel sure that we have any prose. Goethe is a mellow pipe, playing soft pastorals clear as that blue sky, and almost as passionless. "Werther" was a tropical spring, soon past. Lessing blows great martial music out of bronze—classic bronze; he borrowed from the Romans, and is beyond imitation. Then there is Heine, in golden armour, stolen from the Middle Age, with a harlequin's jacket to damp and perplex the gleam, and a Hermes' wand wreathed about with roses and deadly-nightshade. That is all the prose we can call our own.

Sometimes the words have a sting :

Mr. Randall Stafford, who belonged to that pre-established harmony which fits the well-born for places of large emolument.

Or again :

Heroism never died out; nay, there was an enthusiasm of darkness as well as of light. The modern man, sometimes a recluse in his ivory tower, dedicated to literature, art, metaphysics, or self-indulgence, was often effeminate, but always given up to impulse. . . . Modern books reeked with a sadness too dreadful to be quite human. Behind their frivolous or desperate language the Terrible Shadow lurked. For the veil of things did not hide vacancy, but powers, conscious, never-dying, between whom a warfare went on always, most embittered in the heart of man.

But the finer things in the book defy quotation. Such are the account of the horror of Harland's madness in prison, the whole little idyll of "Rosa Munda," and the extraordinary chapter called "Mater Saeva Cupidinum." Now and then we feel a touch of the rhetorical, the overstrained, or the merely sentimental. The plan of the book, as we have said, is faulty; there is a little too much parade of erudition, and now and then a tendency to the dithyrambic spoils the dignity of style. But, apart from such failings, it is a strong and moving piece of work, full of knowledge and delicacy, a real transcript of life. Some time ago the study in modernity was sickly nervose, or at the best crudely propagandist. It is the merit of Dr. Barry's book that it is a transcript, sober and critical, with no moral save the old cosmic doctrine of right and wrong. His own words furnish the most succinct summary of the tale :

Two lives—and the struggle for victory—whichever won, the issue is tragic. Impulse and law, and the martyrs of each. The world-movement passing through their hearts. A romance, but also unalloyed reality.

The Borderland of Society. By Charles Belmont Davis.

(Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 6s.)

MR. DAVIS bears a name distinguished in modern American literature, and it must be said that he writes astonishingly like his more famous brother. There is the same attitude towards life, the same faculty for finding the picturesque, the same mild brightness of style. Most of the tales in this little volume have been taken from American magazines; it had been better if some—"La Gommeuse" and "The Story of His Life," for example—had remained there; but one or two are good. The best tales are a couple which happen not to have appeared in magazines.

"A Winter City Favourite" is a picture of Monte Carlo society, not showing much original observation perhaps, but treating picturesquely the obviously picturesque, and informed, towards the end, by genuine feeling and dramatic power. "At a Café Chontant" is even better—quite in the de Maupassant manner—but marred by a certain crudity in the presentation of the climax.

Mr. Davis has wandered in the purlieus of American and continental cities, and has a large reserve of exotic local colour, which he uses generously yet with discretion. The book is a mine of strange information. Here, for instance, is some dialogue between the freaks at a dime museum in New York :

"Killed him?" said the skeleton.

"Sure," said the legless man. "Died of a broken heart. She was a fine blonde, too. He met her from the platform, and married her a week later at her home in Harlem. They were very happy for a time, and then she took up with a ticket-chopper on the elevated road, and Radcliffe pined away and died. She certainly did treat him rough. You see, Billy couldn't walk by himself, as his legs weren't big enough to carry him; so when the ticket-chopper had finished his work he would come under the window and whistle, and the blonde woman would lift Billy out of his chair and lay him on his back, on the floor, while she went out. Billy used to lie there on his back, for all the world like a turtle, and kick and hollow [*sic*] for help. . . . And the worst of it was the blonde and the ticket-chopper got fifteen hundred dollars bones money."

"Bones money?" asked the skeleton.

"Don't you know what bones money is? Well, you are new in the business. Skeletons always sell their bones to a hospital before they die."

The virtues of Mr. Davis's first book are negative rather than positive. He has more restraint than power, more correctness than originality, more discretion than artistic courage. But what effects he attempts he accomplishes, and for the most part the tales are very creditable.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED. BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

Fifteen short stories by the author of *A Forgotten Sin*. They vary in complexion from comedy to tragedy, as these titles indicate: "A Bit of Blue China," "A Reprieve," "Captain Ludwey's Jump," "Iwan's Grave," &c.

THE PATHS OF THE PRUDENT. BY J. S. FLETCHER.

This novel is described as "a comedy." It is also perhaps to be described as a defence of phrenology, for the book opens with a delineation of the character of the heroine, Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell, while she is yet an inmate of Miss Hypatia Watts's Home for the Upbringing of Prudent Maidens. The Professor speaks many times more plainly than phrenologists usually do, and does not hide from Miss Watts his conviction that the exceptionally demure Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell will turn out an adventuress. It is perhaps no undue betrayal of the plot to add that in the last chapter Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell is leaving the Frivolity Music Hall with the Earl of Whiteacres, and that the Professor, who has seen her, is smoking a cigar in deep thought. A very readable novel. (Methuen. 6s.)

The Academy.

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The New Planet.

By an Astronomer.

IN the middle of last August a discovery of considerable interest to astronomers was made at the Urania Observatory, Berlin. A new planet was discovered. The importance of the discovery does not, however, entirely lie in the fact that a new member has been added to the solar system. During a period of just over a century such an event has repeatedly occurred. In 1782 Sir William Herschel discovered Uranus, a large planet more distant from the sun than any planet previously known. On the first night of the new century Piazzi discovered a small planet in the region between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. It had long been the idea of astronomers that this region was too vast to be entirely unoccupied by planets. There seemed to be a break in the series. Nearest to the sun is Mercury, then Venus; next comes the Earth, then Mars; then, after a double interval, Jupiter. Piazzi's new planet turned out, however, to be too small to be a worthy companion of the other known planets. In rapid succession, however, more small planets were discovered, and the obvious suggestion was that a planet of respectable size had broken up. More and more planets were discovered. It soon became too troublesome to follow them all. It even became too troublesome to name them. After the first few had been discovered, numbers were used for ready reference. Now letters are used. The new planet is called DQ. The rate at which new planets are discovered may perhaps be best illustrated by remarking that there is already a planet DR. Interest in the discovery of minor planets was, however, almost destroyed by the discovery of another large planet, Neptune, further away even than Uranus, in 1846.

Considering that several hundred minor planets are known, it may be asked why the discovery of planet DQ should be thought so interesting as to be worthy of a paragraph in the newspapers. The reason is, that the

orbit of the new planet lies between the earth and Mars, instead of between Mars and Jupiter, as is the case with all the other minor planets. This fact alone places it in a separate category, and entitles its discovery to rank in importance next after the discoveries of Uranus, Neptune, and the first few minor planets. But the comparative nearness of the new planet is of interest in other ways than as a mere anomaly, a kind of record-breaking. At intervals of a little more than two years the new planet comes into opposition to the sun—that is to say, the earth lies very nearly between the planet and the sun. It will be readily understood, by drawing two circles with the same centre to represent the orbits of the earth and the planet round the sun, that it is in this position that the planet's distance from the earth is least. When, however, an opposition occurs in January the distance is unusually small, for the planet does not move in a circle round the sun, but in an ellipse, and it will then be in that part of the ellipse which is nearest to the sun. These conditions are fulfilled in 1900, though the opposition in that year will by no means be exceptionally favourable. It will be looked forward to by astronomers with considerable interest, for the planet will then supply a means of determining the sun's distance from the earth with at least as great accuracy as any other method available. Newton's law of gravitation determines accurately the plan of the solar system, but it does not give its scale. The scale can only be determined by measuring one line or distance, and all other distances are then immediately determined. When the favourable opportunity arrives, astronomers will try to measure the distance of the new planet. The principle of the method in which this will be done is this: Two observers at some considerable distance from each other will see the planet in slightly different directions, the difference in direction being, of course, the angle at the planet formed by the two lines of sight drawn from the two observers to the planet. As a refinement on the method, it may be mentioned that it is not absolutely necessary to have two observers, since the rotation of the earth on its axis will in a few hours carry an observer several thousands of miles away from the position in space that he occupied earlier in the evening. Now, if this angle can be measured, the distance of the planet is known, and the nearer the planet the bigger the angle will be, and the easier to measure. The distance of the sun is supposed to be about ninety-three million miles, but this estimate may, possibly, be wrong by about a quarter of a million miles. The new planet may be the means of reducing this uncertainty.

The brightness of the planet, of course, varies considerably with its distance from the earth and its position relatively to the sun. When at its nearest it will probably be visible with opera-glasses, not, however, in all probability, to the naked eye. It is not expected that it will even then be more than a point of light. Its diameter, by a very rough estimate, may be put down as twenty miles, and at a distance of twelve million miles—the nearest it ever reaches—twenty miles is not large enough to measure. Finding the distance of the planet from the earth is, in fact, finding how big the earth (in diameter 8,000 miles) looks from the planet, and even this will be difficult. To

measure twenty miles at the same distance is altogether out of the question.

The planet is now too faint to be seen. It may, however, be photographed; in fact, it was in this way that it was discovered. A photographic plate attached to a telescope moved by clockwork to follow the apparent diurnal motion of the stars from east to west was exposed to the sky. The stars are thus made to appear at rest, and are seen on the negative as round points. The planet, however, is moving, and appears to trail across the plate. Hundreds of minor planets have been discovered in this way, but none so remarkable as this one.

Bed-Books.

Another View.

Nor every volume, by any means, is worthy to rank as a bed-book. Clearly, to begin with, we do not want "serious reading"—a convenient, if rather vague, classification, which may be taken to include works of philosophy, history, and the like. The most ardent of bimetallists, for example, would scarce desire to read in bed a treatise on the currency question. Again, our bed-books must be light in a material sense, so that the hands can hold them without weariness. "Well, then," it is argued, "will not the ordinary novel serve the purpose?" Far from it. Indeed, I greatly doubt if any novel should be included among bed-books. For consider: if it be a slovenly, unattractive piece of work, without any special merit of construction or grace of humour, which might be just tolerable at other times, it will certainly bore you if read in bed; and you will go to your sleep in a pessimistic mood. If, on the other hand, it be above the average, it will keep you awake too long; you will resolve on "just one more chapter," and then incontinently add another to that, with the consequence of a slumber unduly curtailed, and perhaps a headache in the morning. Like any other pleasure, reading in bed must be enjoyed in wise moderation, if it is to keep its sweetness. To rank worthily as a bed-book, a novel must be extremely short, and quite free from violent sensation and "horrors"; above all, it should end happily. Might not some publisher of enterprise put forth a series expressly designed for those who read in bed? "Nightcap Novels" would serve as a title at once alliterative and apt.

But better than the novel, as a rule, is the volume of good short stories, for the simple reason that it offers the reader convenient stopping-places. According to his inclination to sleep, he can read one or half-a-dozen. The short stories should be really short; thus, *The Golden Age*, with its eighteen stories on 196 pages, is a better bed-book than *Dream-Days*, with only eight stories on 275 pages. Mr. Jacobs's volumes I find excellent for the purpose, and likewise Mr. James Payn's short stories.

But the bed-reader need not limit his choice to fiction. Essays he may read in plenty; Montaigne, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Stevenson will have charms for him quite new and distinct from those they offered when read in the garish light of day. Montaigne, indeed, might be thought to be disqualified by the length of his essays, were it not for the

fact that these may be dipped into well-nigh at random with no sense of broken continuity. Verse, too, he may taste with delight, especially that of the gayer Muse; may sink to sleep with the pleasant rhythms of Austin Dobson, Praed, or Calverley still lingering in his ears.

To catalogue one's tastes in brief is a duty from which in these days one must not decline. Here, then, by way of ending, are the six bed-books to which, were my choice unhappily restricted, I should give the preference: *Across the Plains*, *The Golden Age*, *Many Cargoes*, *Glow-Worm Tales*, *The Dolly Dialogues*, and Calverley's *Fly-Leaves*.

A. C. D.

An Experience.

T. A. H. WRITES: Apropos of "C. R.'s" remarks on bed-books, there is one book which should, I think, by no means be excluded. Some time ago, a friend who was staying with me returned home, one damp and dismal evening, very much out of humour with himself and things in general. He could not settle down to anything, and kept moving himself and the furniture about in a most aimless and nerve-grating manner. At last I suggested a hot bath, and a book in bed. He took my advice. By and by I heard, in the room above, a sound strongly resembling a stealthy chuckle, followed by an unmistakable laugh, which ended in a roar. This performance was repeated several times, and then all was silent. When I went to see how my friend was getting on, I found him peacefully slumbering, his features wearing a large, contented smile, his arms clasping a dog's-eared tome of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

A Clerical Selection.

A CLERICAL correspondent writes: Honestly, not reckoning Scripture (but St. John in Greek is good), the following are to my taste: Any of Jowett's Plato volumes, not the Jowett, but the Plato, earlier and shorter dialogues preferred, or *Republic* in non-continuous snatches.

Browning's *Ring and the Book*, anywhere except the advocate's Latin juggleries. Or the small one shilling selection of R. B.; Karshish, Cleon, or Andrea del Sarto for preference.

Anything of Pater's—Appreciations or Renaissance best.

Cur Deus Homo, translated. But part of this seems professional; and isn't the other part—odd?

A Suggestion to Publishers.

A THIRD correspondent writes: "C. R." stands aghast at the Clerk of Oxenford who read Aristotle in bed. Are we to assume from this that modern Clerks of Oxenford are incapable of the feat? And if this assumption is justified, are we to look for the cause in the fact that a Liddell and Scott does not easily lend itself to manipulation by hands thrust from beneath bed-clothes?

The scholar who reads Aristotle for mere pleasure must be the rarest of birds. But even in these degenerate days there are many scholars who could, and perhaps do, very agreeably read themselves to sleep with a Greek play or

a dialogue of Plato, or even a Pindaric ode. I have an idea, however, that the number of such scholars is much smaller than it might be. There are many college graduates whose undergraduate years were chiefly spent in diligent, and perhaps distinguished, study of the classics, and who, in after years, take down their Plato or Aristophanes for an hour's desultory reading, but find that, although the structure of the language is familiar, and presents comparatively little difficulty, they are frequently stumbling upon words whose meaning has escaped their memory, or which, possibly, they have never met before. This naturally spoils their pleasure in the book, for who would keep a Liddell and Scott by his armchair or bedside? The consequence is, that their thirst for the Pierian spring must be slaked, if slaked at all, by an English decoction of it; and translations are, at best, insipid. Now, if some benevolent publisher were to give us an edition of the best Greek authors in small volumes, with tasteful typography, paper, and binding, and on the margin, or at the foot of the pages, a running glossary of all the most unusual words of the text, he would earn the gratitude of a not inconsiderable class. There should be no annotations, with the exception, possibly, of a very occasional and very concise explanation of obscure historical or typographical references; and the edition ought not to be prepared by eminent scholars, but by men of the class for whom it is intended, for they would best understand where explanations were needed.

An Old Map.

THERE lies before me a map of London issued exactly one hundred years ago. To examine it for half-an-hour is a liberal education in the growth of London in the nineteenth century. For what do we find? In this map,* published in January, 1799, by Mr. Thomas Evans, Islington is still cut off from the main body of London by green fields. The City-road is only laid out; it has no houses on it from the Angel all the way down to Old-street. Hoxton is just being enmeshed by the streets of London. The "Road to Hackney," along which tram-cars now run, is a country lane. Vast meadow lands, intersected by a few new roads without houses, appear where now Bethnal Green and Cambridge Heath and Old Ford spread their mean streets. The Mile End-road leads nowhere but to Essex. Stepney is a village, Rotherhithe a marsh with one street winding by the river edge. Long before the great southern arteries reach the Elephant and Castle they are running through green fields and marshy lands. Chelsea is far, far away. The British Museum is backed by fields, and from Guilford-street your eye travels to the woods of Highgate.

When I had amused myself with these observations it occurred to me to discover the literary men and women who dwelt in this London of 1799, and in what streets they lived. Without difficulty I could muster about thirty writers of note to whom this map of Evans's represented the London of everyday life. Let us see who these authors were.

In 1799 the Johnson band had been thinned by death. Sir Joshua had been dead seven years, Boswell two years, Burke two years. Fanny Burney was, of course, alive. She actually lived until 1840, and could have told Macaulay how Johnson hugged her in St. Martin-street when *Evelina* took the town by storm. Sheridan was living in London, perhaps in Hertford-street, Mayfair, but you were pretty sure to find him with his fellow "Eccentrics" in Chandos-street. Junius (if Junius and Sir Philip Francis were the same) was housed in St. James's-square. In 1791 he wrote: "I have removed into a very convenient house in St. James's-square, where I believe I am 'at anchor for life. The name of the situation sounds well, but you would be much mistaken in concluding that I live in a palace."

Among elderly writers were Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Inchbald, the one writing moral stories at Hampstead, the other translating French plays in town. Joanna Baillie was cultivating the Muse in Great Windmill-street, Piccadilly. On the other hand, Miss Mitford was going to school at 22, Hans-place, Chelsea; in after life she described the school-house as new and blessed with a garden full of flowers. Captain Marryat was also at school, in Baker-street.

The year 1799 at once recalls Charles Lamb and his circle. Lamb, on whom the tragedy of his mother's death had rested only two years, was living in Chapel-street in rural Pentonville. His name had appeared on the little volume of poems to which Coleridge and Charles Lloyd contributed their share of verses. And here he wrote his fine poem, "Hester," in honour of Hester Savory, the young Quakeress, whom he often encountered in his walks. Coleridge, who was twenty-seven years of age in 1799, lodged in King-street, Covent Garden. Hazlitt was but twenty-one, and had not yet come to live in London, though he could be found occasionally at his brother's house in Rathbone-place. Leigh Hunt was still at the Blue Coat School in Newgate-street. Godwin, by far the most elderly of Lamb's friends, was living in Somer's Town. Southey was twenty-five, but even at that age London did not attract him. "London disorders me by over-stimulation," he wrote seven years later. Exactly a century from the date of this issue of the ACADEMY, Lamb was telling Southey, by letter, that Robert Lloyd "hath eloped from the persecutions of his father," the Quaker banker of Birmingham, and sending a sample of "John Woodvil."

Wordsworth was occasionally in town at this time, but apparently not in 1799. Scott had not yet been to London; he was, in fact, attending the High School at Edinburgh. Byron was eleven years of age, and in 1799 he was brought to Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, to have his foot attended to by an eminent surgeon. Moore was twenty, and was entered at the Middle Temple, but he lived in George-street, Portman-square. Shelley was seven years of age, had not yet seen the city which he afterwards compared with Hell. Keats was four years of age, and running about Finsbury Pavement. Hood was just born in the Poultry. The most mature poet actually settled in London was Samuel Rogers. In 1799 he was thirty-six years of age, and was living in the Temple. He

* Reprinted in the *Post Office Directory*, 1899.

had gone as a boy to Bolt-court to present his youthful poems to Dr. Johnson who was then nearing his end, but the boy's heart failed him and he fled from the lexicographer's doorstep. Now, in 1799, Rogers had won a laurel-sprig or two with his *Pleasures of Memory*.

Of these writers many are now classics. How many writers have we within the four-mile radius who will be read in 1999?

JOHN O' LONDON.

The Contributors' Playground.

The Little Wild-Looking King.

WILL you think it worth noting that the "beautiful vision of Oberon which has charmed France for four centuries" has, in fact, charmed all lovers of poetry and romance for a much longer period? Surely the little wild-looking King, "with long golden locks and child's visage more lovely than the midsummer sun," is one of the manifestations of Merlin. It was in that form he visited Vivian, in that earliest legend from which Robert de Borron took his story; the very words are the same, and the midsummer sun marks in both the true nature of the god. Merlin visited Vivian only on St. John's Eve. But he also appeared at Arthur's court under the same form of a golden-haired child, with his golden harp also. Apollo himself become King of the Fairies—the little people of joy and laughter!

G. W.

The London Expression.

A PASSAGE in Mrs. Meynell's new volume, *The Spirit of Place, and Other Essays*, has greatly interested me. Mrs. Meynell is writing of Solitude, and she concludes a beautiful and suggestive essay in these words:

If there is a look of human eyes that tells of perpetual loneliness, so there is also the familiar look that is the sign of perpetual crowds. It is the London expression, and, in its way, the Paris expression. It is the quickly caught, though not interested, look, the dull but ready glance of those who do not know of their forfeited place apart; who have neither the open secret nor the close; no reserve, no need of refuge, no flight nor impulse of flight; no moods but what they may brave out in the street, no hope of news from solitary counsels.

I recognise this London expression, but would interpret it differently. To Mrs. Meynell it suggests that a vast number of London people have forgotten or have never known solitude, and—such is their unhappy state—have no desire for its privileges. I am accustomed, in my own mind, to claim great things for London, but I do not like to think that London can thus reduce human beings to mere particles of its huge self, and be to them the whole hard world. I suggest that this "London expression," so well described by Mrs. Meynell, is really the outward sign of an inward attitude of defence against the myriad and wearying calls which faces and incidents in the streets make on London people. The "dull but ready glance" which you receive from the passer-by is that share of his attention and feeling which he can afford to give you, and it is a small share because you have four million rivals.

De Quincey thought that the visions that came to him, under opium, of innumerable human faces — faces "by myriads, by generations, by centuries" — might have had their origin in his London life.

We who do not eat opium, but are London-bound, must somehow conquer or evade the tyranny of the human face. Hence this quick, dull glance—quick with the quickness of the eye, but dull with the wise dulness of a brain that would sicken in an hour's sustained alertness. Solitude denied, not solitude abdicated, I read behind the "London expression." And though the impulse of flight may be weakened by defeat is it not always there? Even in the least refined does it not glow like a spark?

W. W.

Cornish Diamonds.

THERE are some capital stories, racy of the Cornish soil and seashore, in the *Cornish Magazine*, the first volume of which has just been issued. Before we quote some of these "Cornish Diamonds" we must express our admiration of this magazine. Edited by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, Cornishman and man of letters, it has already gathered into its pages much curious matter connected with one of the most romantic of English counties. Cornish people, customs, history, and by-way lore, are treated of in turn. Mr. Quiller-Couch has summoned good men to his aid: Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. H. D. Lowry contribute poems, Mr. Baring-Gould several articles, Mr. Eden Philpotts two poems, and so on. And then there are the "Cornish Diamonds," a page of them to each month. We shall not attempt to generalise on Cornish humour (conscious or unconscious) from these specimens, for they are not yet numerous enough. But it would seem that Cornwall breeds "bulls" of a sturdier breed than Ireland. Here are a few "diamonds" from Mr. Quiller-Couch's collection:

"PLEASE God," said Aunt Mary Bunny, "if I live till this evenin', and all's well, I'll send for the doctor."

"I SHA'N'T name no names," said Uncle Billy, "but Jack Tremenhoe's the man."

JOHN CARTER, the famous smuggler of Porthleah, went throughout Cornwall by the name of the "King of Prussia." A Mousehole man, on hearing news of the real King of Prussia's defeat at Jena, remarked: "Misfortunes never come single. I'm sorry for that man. Not more 'n six weeks ago he lost three hundred keg o' brandy, by information, so I'm towld."

ALL the crew had been saved, but one poor fellow was brought ashore unconscious. The curate turned to the bystanders:

"How do you proceed in the case of one apparently drowned?"

"S'arch his pockets."

CHAIRMAN OF PARISH COUNCIL: "What? You keep us here till nine o'clock at night and then cast the town

drains in our teeth? You keep us here ploughin' the san's, and then, at nine o'clock at night, you drag in that everlastin' red herrin' and expect us to swaller it? You rake up a motion that was carried *non com* at the last mittin', and away you go into the public drains, causing unnecessary friction. 'Tis too barefaced to hold water."

A PEDLAR, having lost his way on a Cornish moor at night, rode up to a cottage and tapped with his whip at a bedroom window.

"Can you tell me the way to Redruth?"

"Who's theer, stankin' down my lil likes and lil taties?"

"I've lost my way to Redruth."

"Where be comin' from?"

"From Liverpool."

"What be goin' to Redruth for?"

"To sell needles and pins."

"Niddles an' pins! Niddles an' pins. Come all the way from Liverpool to sell niddles an' pins. Go's 'long with 'ee, stankin down my lil likes and lil taties!"

Our final example would alone justify the existence of the *Cornish Magazine*:

A WEST-COUNTRY squire on his death-bed was visited by the parson.

"You are going to a better world," said the Parson.

"I don't want no better world. With my white-faced mare and a thousand a year I don't want no better world. Her 'd go over gates one arter t'other—tip—tip—tip."

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THIS week three of the less prominent men of letters were decorated: François de Curel, Georges Courteline, and Georges d'Espèrès. François de Curel is a young and original dramatist, audacious, but not at all of the *rosse* school. Social problems engage his fancy as well as the eternal theme, and he is said to have tried his hand at philanthropy before introducing it on the stage. The hero of the *Repas du Lion*, in distributing a large share of his wealth among his workmen, only did what M. de Curel himself had previously done. His best piece is *L'Invitée*. Georges Courteline is the modern expression of French gaiety. He is implacably gay, like our own new humorists with wit and intellect thrown in. There is a large, coarse humour about his realistic military stories which carries off their grossness, and makes them excruciatingly funny and, at the same time, terribly true. Laughing loudly, he seizes with ferocious justice all the iniquities, the baseness, and stupidity of military despotism. If Europe ever disarms, and barrack-life in times of peace should fall into a state of legend or historical study, the stories of Courteline will read like a laughable nightmare. Georges d'Espèrès is a military writer of another quality. He glories in banners and flags, and trumpets and bayonets. His dream is a France ever on the march, ever defying Europe to deadly fray, with her officers always in coquettish array

and the pink of gallantry. Not for worlds would he recognise any of the drawbacks of military life. 'Tis, in his opinion, the only life worth living. His is the romance, Courteline's is the realism of martial law. His style is anything but impeccable; indeed, he can hardly be said to have any style at all, but such tales as those which comprise the attractive volume *Guerre en Dentelles* (from which was taken the story translated for the ACADEMY, "The Honours of Death"), are of an alluring brightness and gallantry—*crâne* is the French word that best expresses their delightful spirit.

Since the appearance of *Ramuntcho*, no such thing as a pleasing French novel has been published until to-day, when M. René Bazin's most fresh and charming *Terre qui Meurt* comes to us as an immense surprise. Not for nothing has M. Bazin been a careful and admiring student of George Eliot. Here is a book to place on one's shelf between *Silas Marner* and *La Petite Fadette*, and greater praise of a simple tale of humble folk than this no one to-day can bestow. *La Terre qui Meurt* has every old-fashioned quality we have, alas! learnt to regret: gentleness, distinction, delicate pathos, simplicity, and lucidity of diction, that fragrance which is the charm of easy grace and supreme honesty. This is the sort of story that breeds affection for the author in the breast of the reader. You never stop to think what a dreadfully clever fellow he is, but every moment you say what a good, what a kindly, what a sweet nature! In the midst of all the brilliant pornography, the ferocious and venomous wit, literary scandal-mongering, dull psychology, it comes to us like a perfumed breeze blown to us from the dear remembered hillsides of our youth; like the living ghost of almost forgotten joys and dead dreams. Imagine Washington Irving in a group composed of Henri Lavedan, Gyp, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, Abel Hermant, and you may have some notion of the contrast of *La Terre qui Meurt* with modern French novels.

Here are accents of tender and faithful love we have long ceased to be familiar with in French prose. Rousille, the farmer's daughter, loves the farm-lad her despotic father has just dismissed because of this love. She, in her sorrow, goes to see two kindly old maids who have adopted her as a sort of niece. The scene is very pretty and touching:

"Little one, you are in grief, you have wept. Tell me, my Rousille, what is it?"

"They have sent away Jean Nesumg," she said.

"He, dear? such a good workman? Why?"

"Because I love him. They dismissed him this morning. And they believe that it is all over between us because I shall not see him again. Ah, no! They don't understand the girls here. I will give them all my money, yes, gladly. But my friendship, where I have placed it I will leave it. It is sworn like my baptism. I am not afraid of poverty; I am not afraid he will forget me. The day he returns, for he promised he would return, I will go to meet him. No one will prevent me. If there were the whole Marais to cross in a yawl, and snow and ice, and all the girls of the village to jeer at me, and my father and brothers to prevent, I still would go."

Standing, irritated, she cast her love and her rancour against the walls of that room, unaccustomed to hear high words. She spoke for herself, for herself alone, because

she suffered. She looked before her, vaguely, without thinking of Michelonne. Yet the latter had risen. She listened, her whole body shaken and lifted up, so seized by Rousille's words, so carried away, and beyond her limited circle of thoughts, that the peace of her visage had vanished, and a woman looked forth from the eyes of the old maid oppressed by life, a woman who remembered and found youth again in the suffering of another: "You are right, little one. I approve of you. Love him well."

Rousille at these words dropped her glance on Michelonne, and had the revelation of a being unknown to her. There was a flame in the eyes; the poor arms full of rheumatism were stretched toward Rousille, and trembled from emotion.

"Yes, love him dearly. Your happiness is in him. Let time act, but don't yield, my Rousille, for I know of others who in youth refused to marry to please their father, and who afterwards found it so hard a pain to kill their heart! Don't live alone, it's worse than death. I know your Jean. Your Jean and you are such as now are rare in the land; and if the old aunt can serve you, defend you, give you wherewithal to start in life, come to me, child, come to me."

And she held Rousille in her embrace, bent over her black bodice; and Rousille, now that she had said everything, let herself go in tears.

Space forbids me to say more of this delightful story than to recommend it as something strong and delicate, tender and restrained, a noble, a poignant, and a truthful study of peasant life.

H. L.

Things Seen.

A Confession of Faith.

It was the night of the great gale. In the usual mid-night altercation at Piccadilly-circus for the inside seats of omnibuses we had suffered defeat; we sat on the inclement top of the vehicle, a disconsolate row of four, cowering behind the waterproof aprons (which were not waterproof), and exchanging fragments of pessimistic philosophy. We knew we were taking cold; at first we were annoyed, but with increasing numbness came resignation. We grew calm enough to feel an interest in the imperturbable driver, who nonchalantly and with perfect technique steered his dogged horses through the tortuous mazes of traffic, never speaking, never stirring, only answering like an automaton to the conductor's bell. Some drivers will gossip, but this one had apparently his own preoccupations. We could see only his hat, some grey hairs, his rotund cape, and his enormous gloved hands; and perhaps we began to wonder what sort of man he was. For mile after mile he drove forward in a Trappist silence, till we were verging upon Putney, and the rain-washed thoroughfares reflected only the gaslights and the forbidding *façades* of the houses.

Then at last, but without moving his head, he suddenly joined the conversation.

"I've been out in worse," he said. "Yes, we gets used to it. But we gets so that we *has* to live out of doors. If I got a' indoor job I should die. I have to go out for a walk afore I can eat my breakfast."

A pause, and then:

"I've driven these roads for eight-and-twenty year, and the only pal I've found is Cod Liver Oil. From September to March I takes it, and I never has rheumatism and I never has colds nor nothing o' that sort. I give it my children ever since they was born, and now I'm blest if they don't cry for it."

He finished; he had imparted his wisdom, delivered his message, and with the fine instinct denied to so many literary artists, he knew when to be silent. We asked him to stop, and he did so without a word. "Good night," we said; but he had done with speech for that evening, and gave us no reply. We alighted. The 'bus rolled away into the mirror-like vista of the street.

A Find.

My edition of the *Spectator* is the eighth, "Printed for F. Tonson at Shakespear's-Head, over-against Katherinestreet in the Strand, MDCCXXVI," but it lacked the first volume. It is wonderful how constantly one meets with stray volumes of the *Spectator*; but in my case it was never the volume that I wanted.

One evening I came upon a bookshop, or rather stall—for the window was glassless, and the serried lines of shabby books lay open to the street.

A white ticket proclaiming the magic word "*Spectator*—sevenpence" caught my eye. With trembling hands and a curious sense of premonition I lifted it out from the grim grammars and text-books that surrounded it. One of its calf boards was loose and fell with a clatter on the pavement; but what cared I? for it was the first volume, and of my edition.

I hastened into the shop—not, however, without a sense of shame that I should tender so base a sum as sevenpence in payment of this long-sought treasure.

A keen-eyed, grey-whiskered, genial little man, aproned as from some handicraft, met me. There was something sympathetic to his environment in his appearance, and I could not forbear the remark: "I've been looking for this book for years, and I feel as though you had made me a much longed-for present."

I held out towards him the poor, shabby little book, with its loose calf board.

The man's eager, grey face lit up. "Ah," he said—and there was infinite understanding in his "ah"—"I'll tell you what it is, sir, they write a deal faster nowadays; but they don't take such pains. They don't take such pains to say exactly what they mean."

"THERE is a line in 'A Vagrant Heart,' by Miss Dora Sigerson, that must strike an echo in the heart of many a woman—'Alas! to be a woman and the nomad's heart in me.' 'The Kine of My Father' is pre-eminently a Celtic poem:

The kine of my fater, they are straying from my keeping;

The young goat's at mischief, but little can I do;

For all through the night did I hear the Banshee keening;

O youth of my loving, and is it well with you?"

Fiona Macleod in the "Fortnightly Review."

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE terms on which Mr. John Morley has undertaken the Gladstone biography have naturally been the subject of a good deal of surmise. I should not mind adventuring a guess that the handsome fee of £10,000 has been decided upon—indeed, has been already paid over—for the arduous and honourable task that Mr. Morley has undertaken.

So far from separating Mr. Morley from his constituency, the writing of the Life will bring him more than ever into touch with it if he takes a house near Montrose in which to get to his herculean labour. It is London that will lose him, and Westminster itself that may henceforth rank him no more among her most industrious of legislators. The "Conservative M.P." who gave us the other evening in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the best sketch of Mr. Morley the Parliamentarian we have yet had may no longer have the same constant opportunities of observing the orator who, in a posture that is not Demosthenic, "alternately studies his notes and directs a perplexed stare into vacancy," as if he were "a tame jackdaw inspecting a marrow-bone and blankly dismayed to find so little on it." He is not one of the members whose name, when it appears on the glorified tape-machine in the smoking-room as the speaker who has newly risen, at once causes a rush into the House. But he is a member who, all the same, will be much missed from St. Stephen's, even though it be from a seat below the Opposition gangway by the side of Sir William Harcourt.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN is to have a new bishop auxiliary, and he has gone beyond the bounds of his own diocese for his new future colleague. Possibly it is another and a subtle evidence of the Imperialist or military mood of the nation that the new prelate is an army chaplain—"best beloved of army chaplains," says Mr. George Steevens—the Rev. Robert Brindle. Father Brindle was specially mentioned in Sir H. Kitchener's despatches for his services to the wounded at the battle of Omdurman, and only some technical difficulty prevented his receiving a knighthood at the end of the campaign. Had that come about there would have been a Bishop Sir Robert Brindle, a military knight in a mitre, a unique combination of offices and decorations, yet one that is quite in accordance with the spirit of the nation and the time. As it is, he will probably be called the Tommy Atkins Bishop, and will be famous accordingly.

LADY COLERIDGE has returned from the country this week to her house in Hyde Park Gate. It is understood that some welcome memorials of the late Lord Chief Justice are sooner or later to be expected from her own editorial hands.

THERE is no truth in the statement someone has circulated, that Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson is the author of the historical play about to be produced by her brother, Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson. The hero of the piece, the Man with the Iron Mask himself, wears not a more impenetrable vizor than that which the real author of the piece is anxious to assume.

MRS. DU MAURIER is on her way to Cape Town, a voyage which it is hoped will greatly benefit her health. Cape Town has its own literary associations, and it knows how to rate the native novels, and especially the novel of Miss Olive Schreiner; but Mrs. du Maurier will find plenty of traces of *Tribby* even at the end of her two or three weeks' journey from London. Similarly Lady Butler, who sails next month, will find engravings of her pictures in the shop-windows there as familiarly as in our own Strand, and there she will herself take advantage of the fine climate, and of the comparative freedom from social duties that were particularly binding at Dover, to pursue her art. At this moment she is finishing, in London, a picture which she hopes to leave behind for exhibition at the next Academy, and which she ranks among all her pictures as the most satisfactory to herself.

MR. GEORGE AITCHISON, R.A., is a lecturer to whose discourses on architecture even laymen can listen and not be bored. Most at home in the halls of his own Royal Academy, he is also at his ease among the Royal British Architects, and is able to assure them cheerfully on a gala-night gathering—such as last Monday's—that the wheel of fortune has dragged architecture into the mud. Amid many glooms, however, Mr. George Aitchison (who as a despiser of Gothic architecture is out of sympathy with the revival that has marked the greatest triumphs of our time) is able to reflect with satisfaction that Sir Christopher Wren once lived to be the nearest approach to an architect possessing all the qualifications of greatness, a sort of Shakespeare in his own profession. Mr. Aitchison had another cause of satisfaction—the last you might expect from a bachelor—in the Institute's admission of ladies to its associateship.

MR. GEORGE AITCHISON was an attached friend of Lord Leighton, whose house in Holland-park-road he designed, and the tiles of whose Arab Hall he helped to range in their present patterns. But Lord Leighton was the friend of many. Browning used even to complain that he was nearly equally the friend of all. Among the friendships of Mr. George Aitchison the most memorable, therefore, is that which unites his name to a man of genius whose friends were of the fewest—Mr. George Mason, A.R.A. It must sometimes have been a distress to the architect to think that his painter friend received his earliest impressions of life in Wetley Abbey, the Gothicised house of his father—a potter of renown. Turning the tables on Pugin, who practically refused to believe in the sanctity of anyone who worshipped in a classic church, Mason had survived this influence, and had not even succumbed to a spell of surgery in Birmingham when, at the age of twenty-seven, he went to Italy, free to wander, free to paint, and (for his father lost his riches) free also to starve. It was at this period—a Bohemian one in every good sense of the word—that the friendship of Mr. Aitchison must have counted much with him, how much can be realised only by those who have heard the survivor's particularly interesting reminiscences. "Solitude," says Cowley, "can be well-fitted and set right upon very few persons"; and George Mason was not one

of these. Later in life, with his Associateship of the Academy, friends came in numbers: a happy home with wife and children at Hammersmith; Leighton, Dante Rossetti, and Frederick Walker as comrades. They, too, are all gone, except Mr. George Aitchison, who lives to lecture pessimistically, and might yet live to be that very desirable being, Mason's biographer.

MR. SWINBURNE has just lost a sister, Miss Charlotte Jane Swinburne, who died at her house in Onslow-square. Admiral and Lady Jane Swinburne had six children in all, four daughters and two sons, of whom the eldest, the poet, was born in the year Queen Victoria began to reign. His only brother, who married a lady of Berlin, died eight years ago, and another of his sisters, Alice, has been dead for nearly forty years. Among Mr. Swinburne's near relations are, strange to say, certain Roman Catholic priests—Father Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, and his brother, being the poet's first cousins. Another first cousin, the Earl of Ashburnham, is a convert to the Roman Catholic religion—a religion which all the Swinburnes professed until the beginning of this century.

Correspondence.

Publisher and Public: An American Method of Distribution.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for December 17, which has just reached us, we find a paragraph referring to the American publishers of Mr. Alfred Ollivant's new story—called in England *Owd Bob*, and in this country *Bob, Son of Battle*—commenting upon the fact that we send the book to anyone "on approval," to be paid for if satisfactory or returned, and drawing the deduction that this "method is yet another cut at the retail trade." As this does us an injustice, and is entirely foreign to our plan, we trust that you will be willing to allow us to state the exact facts.

We not only send Mr. Ollivant's book out "on approval," but we offer to send any of our publications on this same plan. It is, however, not aimed at the retail trade, but quite the contrary. In this country—as you, no doubt, know—there is a very large class of book-lovers who are not within reach of book-stores. It is to appeal to these readers that we some months ago started our plan of sending out books by mail. The result is, that we are sending from 600 to 1,400 volumes a day to individual buyers all over the country, who pay full retail prices, and the majority of whom are in the country districts. This system, which we started less than a year ago, has become so successful that a considerable part of the editions which we publish are sold in this way to direct subscribers. Of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*, for instance, which we publish in this country, we are just now printing the sixty-first thousand, which we understand is even a larger number than have been sold in England up to this time. If the book has sold more in this country than in England, one of the chief reasons is because our method

reaches the people who are not convenient to book-stores. To say that this is "another cut at the retail trade," as you will see under these circumstances, is, we think, quite unfair, as we sell entirely for the full price; whereas not one bookseller in a hundred charges more than 80 per cent. on the retail price.—We are, &c.,

DOUBLEDAY & McCLELLAN Co.

New York: Jan. 7, 1899.

"The Golden Girl."

SIR,—I must ask you to be kind enough to correct your last week's paragraph in regard to a stage-version of *The Quest of the Golden Girl*. I have not adapted my book as stated, nor do I intend doing so; but I have agreed to the suggestion of my friends, Mr. Mostyn Piggott and Mr. Ranger Gull, that they should adapt it under my supervision.—I am, &c.,

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

69, Chancery-lane: Jan. 25, 1899.

The Country of "The Forest Lovers."

SIR,—On reading *The Forest Lovers* lately, I was struck by the character of its place-names. Apart from a few like Morgraunt and Marvilion, which might have come straight out of Malory, they mostly recall the south of England, especially the New Forest. Many real names are but thinly disguised, and one or two not at all, such as Market Basing and Cadman, which is a hamlet a few miles north of Lyndhurst. Castle Malwood gives Malbank, Boldre becomes Goltres, and Mark Ash appears as Martle Brush. Beaulieu Abbey is represented by Hauterine and Gracedieu. Matley Bog becomes personal in Matt-o'-the-Moor. Thornyhold is typical of many real names, such as Holly Hatch, Bramble Hill, or Brockenhurst. As for Starning and Parrox, they are plainly in the South Down country. "The deep lanes, the woods and pastures, the grassy spaces of the Downs"—it is an exact description; and Sussex is full of such names as Starning. Here, no doubt, it stands for Steyning, and Parrox is probably Parham, a village about six miles to the westward.

It seems, therefore, that Mr. Hewlett is also among the localisers, and with his knights and shepherds is invading Wessex with a bold front. "Properate vias ejus!" as Master Porges has it.—I am, &c.,

W. C. C.

Jan. 21, 1899.

A Little Mistake.

SIR,—Surely in Art one may be allowed to stray a little way from the lamp arrangements of railway companies. Both red and green lights must form a part of everyone's mental conception of a railway at night; in referring to lights one naturally chooses from the possible colours those most in sympathy with the emotion of the moment.

I am sorry to learn that my emotions have transgressed against the regulations of the Board of Trade—or whoever may determine what colours the lamps are to be—but such a pretty sentence of satire has been drawn from A. G. D. that I am consoled.—I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF "THE MAIL TRAIN."

Jan. 23, 1899.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 16. Books That Are Wanted.

LAST week we asked for the best suggestion for one or more books which do not exist, but which ought to exist. We have received numerous replies; but, speaking frankly, we do not think that many of the suggestions offered will attract publishers. After full consideration we have decided that the best suggestions are those of Mr. J. W. Feaver, of Elmstone Lodge, Dagmar-road, South Norwood, S.E., and Miss F. L. Paterson, 16, Greencoat-mansions, Westminster.

These competitors have suggested the same work in different terms. Mr. Feaver formulates his need as follows:

A skeleton *History of the World*, upon which one could gradually build up a full conception of history and see every period in perspective. A boy after going through his school "England" may still be uncertain whether William the Conqueror was a contemporary of Charlemagne or Tancred, &c. As his reading extends he may arrive at a comprehensive idea of history, but why not start with a skeleton history of the world.

Miss Paterson's suggestion is:

A *Contemporaneous History*, giving a bird's-eye view of historical events, &c., taking place all over the earth's surface at the same time from earliest days.

To these two competitors cheques for half-a-guinea have been sent.

Below we print a selected list of the suggestions which we consider to be valuable or interesting:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

The Cure of Self and the Cure of Souls. A book of counsels to the clergy of all denominations. This has been done almost, but never quite, because its brilliant writers have said some things they need not to have said, but chiefly have not said some they ought. Such a book must be absolutely frank as to all departments of ministerial work, addressing ministers as men and students; also as guides, reprovers, friends, and soothers of men. It must try to tell a minister how not to make a fool of himself, as well as how to suffer fools gladly, how to deal with rogues, cads, penitents, the hungry, and—boys. It will have to know what to say about games as well as prayers, about secret vice and public worship, and all with simple, guarded honesty. I think I know a man who could write this book if he had only the time and—the brains.

[J. J. P., Oswestry.]

A book the antithesis of *Robert Elsmere*, bright, lucid, clever, showing knowledge of patristic lore, both orthodox and heterodox, revealing both sides, yet Christian.

[Rex, Aston Manor.]

LITERATURE, ART, DRAMA.

(1) *Literary Criticism: its History and Development.* There is no such volume, though many fragments are to be found in all quarters. Consideration should preferably be limited to English work, using foreign as side-lights.

(2) *George Eliot: a Biography and Criticism.* Cross's "Life" is no life; and there is no study (except in the *Dictionary of National Biography*) worth naming.

[F. S., Belfast.]

(1) Biographies (collected in one volume) of those Contributors to Periodical Literature whose writings have never been collected in book form.

(2) *The Feminine Element in Literature.* A work dealing with (a) Female Writers; (b) Writers mainly influenced by the feminine element in life.

[D. F. H., Dublin.]

A History of Realism in Literature, Music, and the Fine Arts.

[H. O., London, S.E.]

(1) A book on the *Dialects of the English Language*, as spoken in all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world.

(2) A book on the *Dialect of the London Lower Classes.*

(3) A book on the *Sense of the Ridiculous*, and the defects of character arising from its absence.

(4) A book in the manner of Lavater on the expression of the *Emotions*, illustrated by many different artists.

[A. M., Clapham Common.]

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[H. J. W., Tonbridge.]

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[C. E. F., London, N.W.]

A History of Plot in the English Novel.

[T. B. D., Bridgwater.]

A Kipling Bibliography. The "collected edition" of Mr. Kipling's works is far from complete, and it is difficult to obtain information about many important fragments.

[F. C. W., Southwark, S.E.]

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[E. R. F., Sunderland.]

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[M. T. P., Chester.]

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[D. F. C., Hull.]

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[E. B., London, W.]

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[H. T. F., Caius College, Cambridge.]

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[H. T. F., Caius College, Cambridge.]

The Role of Woman in Thought and Literature. Innumerable books exist on the History of Women, Women's Rights, Evolution of Sex, &c, but apparently not one exists which passes in review or summarises the attitude of the great authors of the world, or even of the majority of authors of any given period or people, with regard to woman. Nor is there any attempt at classification or comparison of the heroines of literature, or of ideals of womanhood. What is wanted is a comparative study of the different points of view from which the "eternal feminine" has been regarded by the great thinkers and writers of the world.

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, ETC.

A book on *Insects*. The books now available generally tell us that such and such a work gives the anatomy, and that so and so explains the habits, but I think a good deal might be compressed into one decent volume. The *Cambridge Natural History* comes nearer the mark, but only parts of it are out, and these are 17s. each. If I want a good book on Beetles where is it to be found?

[R. J. F., Leeds.]

Trees, Shrubs, and Bushes, Native and Foreign, Found in a Wild State in Great Britain and Ireland. This book should enable one to identify the trees and shrubs; as a fern-lover I have found it easy to supply my literary needs, but I have found that neither money nor research can provide the book I have named.

[O. F., Baildon, Yorks.]

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[W. P., St. Albans.]

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[G. H., Glasgow.]

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[F. L. P., Westminster.]

Calendar of Deeds in Private Hands. On the lines of the Historical MSS. Commission Reports. [F. B. B., London, N.W.]

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[M. L., Chester.]

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[X., Dorchester.]

We have received many other replies to this competition.

Competition No. 17.

IN another column of this issue of the ACADEMY will be found an article introducing a series of Cornish stories. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best local anecdote that is sent to us. The anecdotes should be short and pithy; they must have a distinct local flavour; but neither by excessive nor obscure dialect, nor by any other local characteristic, must they be beyond the understanding or enjoyment of those who are unacquainted with the districts to which they relate.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 31. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 140. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

* * * Owing to the exceptional pressure on our space, the "Academy" Bureau is held over.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, January 26.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Fairbairn (A. M.), *Catholicism: Roman and Anglican* (Hodder) 7/6
 Zahn (T.), *The Apostles' Creed* (Hodder) 5/0
 Leadbeater (C. W.), *The Christian Creed: Its Origin and Signification* (Theosoph. Pub. Society)
 Burn (A. E.), *An Introduction to the Creeds and to the Te Deum* (Methuen) 10/8
 Hurl (E. M.), *The Life of Our Lord in Art* (Longmans) net 10/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Wheeler (S.), *Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public* (Duckworth & Co.) 10/8
 Earle (A. M.), *Home Life in Colonial Days* (The Macmillan Co.) 8/6
 MacLagan (C.), *A Catalogue Raisonné of the British Museum Collection of Rubbings from Ancient Sculptured Stones: a Chapter of Scotland's History* (Douglas) net 2/6
 Curtin (J.), *Creation Myths of Primitive America* (Williams & Norgate) 10/6
 Hill (G. B.), *Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift* (Unwin) 12/0
 Simpson (Rev. W. J. S.), *Memoir of the Rev. W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D.* (Longmans) 4/6
 Worsfold (W. B.), *The Valley of Light* (Macmillan)
 Compton (B.), *Edward Meyrick Goulburn* (Murray) 5/0
 Massé (H. J. L. J.), *The Cathedral Church of Gloucester* (Bell) 1/8

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Thomson (A. D.), *Euripides and the Attic Orators, a Comparison* (Macmillan) net 6/0
 Pinero (A. W.), *Trelawny of the "Wells"* (Heinemann) 1/6
 Phelps (W. H.), *Words for the Wind: a Book of Prose-Points* (Allen)
 Reade (C.), *Umbra Coeli* (New Century Press)
 Morris (W.), *Art and the Beauty of the Earth* (Longmans)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Lowerison (H.), *In England Now* (Dewis)
 Walters (F. R.), *Sanatoria for Consumptives* (Swan Sonnenschein)
 Bindloss (H.), *In the Niger Country* (Blackwood) 12/6
 Semon (R.), *In the Australian Bush* (Macmillan) net 21 0

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- Sharpe (R. B.), *Wonders of the Bird World* (Wells, Gardner) 6/0
 Thorp (F. H.), *Outlines of Industrial Chemistry* (The Macmillan Co.) net 15/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Brown (H.), *The Secret of Good Health and Long Life* (Bowden)
 Wyckoff (W. A.), *The Workers, an Experiment in Reality* (Heinemann)
 Norman (A. W.), *A Digest of the Death Duties* (Clowes) 25/0
 McCable (J.), *Can We Disarm?* (Heinemann)
 Burton (I.), *The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. By his Wife, Isabel Burton* (Duckworth) 10/6
 Shakespeare (W.), *Eversley Edition of Works (in 10 vols.)*. Vol. I. (Macmillan) 5 0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Public Schools Year Book, 1899 (Sonnenschein) 2 6
 Devine (E. T.), *Economics* (The Macmillan Co.)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Johnson (R. B.), *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* (Blackwood) 1/6

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No. 17.

All readers attempting this week's Competition (described fully on page 138) must cut out this Coupon and enclose it with their reply.

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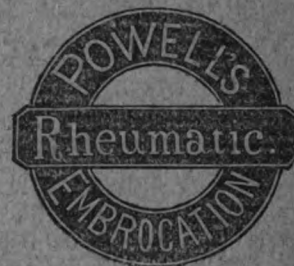
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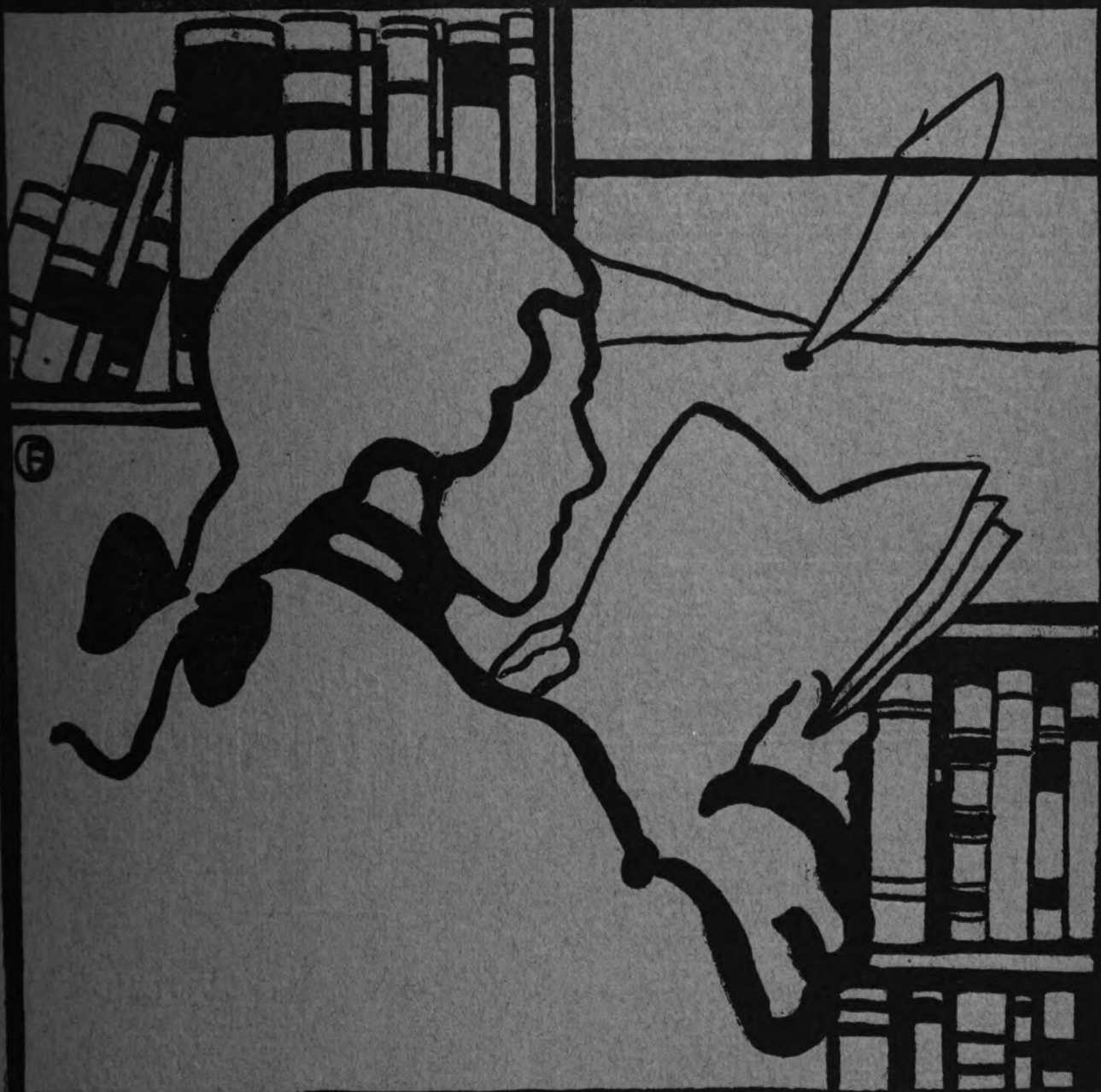
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The Literary Week.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL'S proposal to perpetuate William Black's memory, by placing a lifeboat bearing his name in some station in the West Highlands, seems to us a very fitting and excellent one. We shall be glad to receive subscriptions to this end, and forward them to the Editor of *The Oban Times*, who, we understand, has the matter in hand.

THE February issue of *Scribner's Magazine* contains the second instalment of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters. Written in his twenty-fifth year, mainly from Edinburgh, they are stimulating and delightful reading. We shall return to them next week. Meanwhile, we quote a passage giving an account of his first meeting with Mr. W. E. Henley:

Yesterday, Leslie Stephen, who was down here [at Edinburgh] to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary, and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more. It was very sad to see him there, in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. A girl came in to visit the children and played dominoes on the counterpane with them; the gas flared and crackled, the fire burned in a dull, economical way; Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air. He has taught himself two languages since he has been lying there. I shall try to be of use to him.

IN this connexion we may recall the impression Stevenson made on Mr. Henley when he visited him in the Edinburgh Hospital:

APPARITION.

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist,

IN the disturbances that are now agitating Samoa, "Vailima," Robert Louis Stevenson's house, has been looted.

THE spectacle of booksellers and librarians exercising the duties of censor of morals has never been an agreeable one to us, but we cannot consider that there is much logic in the proceedings now being taken against Mr. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., in the Strand Division. Apparently for no other reason than that Mr. Smith's firm has boycotted certain novels, an attempt is being made by Mr. Mullett Ellis, who happens to be the author of one of these novels, to unseat him, and represent the constituency in his stead. Were Mr. Ellis a political opponent we could understand the situation better; but he is not. In addition to being the author of the work in question, he is a member of the Primrose League.

MR. CONAN DOYLE and Mr. Kipling were both asked for their support, and both, in their replies, very properly distinguished between Mr. Smith as bookseller and Mr. Smith as legislator. Mr. Kipling wrote: "I cannot see my way to join in the plan you suggest. I do not like the W. H. Smith monopoly, from which I have also suffered; but if the Mr. Smith in Parliament does his duty, and votes straight on the Naval Estimates, I do not think it is fair to worry him on account of the performances of Messrs. Smith." It is fair, perhaps, to worry him; but not in this way. As Mr. Conan Doyle remarks, the worrying should come from the Authors' Society.

ONCE again—this time by the *Chronicle*—Mr. William Sharp has been taxed with the distinction of being Fiona Macleod. On being requested for an authoritative communication on the subject, Mr. Sharp replied to us:

If I desired to answer the question raised by the *Chronicle*, I could wish no better or more influential periodical than the ACADEMY wherein either to disclaim or affirm the assertion in question.

But I am in honour bound to respect Miss Macleod's wishes of silence as to her identity: and I may add that I have, therefore, nothing to say on the point at issue, either in the ACADEMY or elsewhere.

WILLIAM SHARP.

So Fiona Macleod remains the lady in the iron mask, and Mr. Sharp the most flattering letter writer of our acquaintance.

WILL the Queen accept the copy of Mr. Walsh's *Secret History of the Oxford Movement* which was sent to her from

the Albert Hall on Tuesday night, with ten thousand requests that she would read it? We do not know. It is interesting to find that this controversial and historical work is in its fifth edition, completing thirty-two thousand copies.

Blackwood's thousandth number, which has already reached its third edition, is a portly handful indeed. It runs to three hundred pages less five, and is a most interesting miscellany of story, criticism, and adventure. Mr. Lang opens the ball with a poem on the great men of Maga's birth—Scott and Wilson and Hogg. Maga reaches four figures auspiciously.

THE new "Nox Ambrosianæ"—the author of which is not stated, but we have a guess—is livelier than some of the old, if not so vigorous. Here is a passage:

SHEPHERD.

O man! It'll no hae far to gang. But I'm weary o' the stage. What think ye o' modern poetry, Mr. De Quinshy?

[ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER *fingers his pill-box, but finally replaces it in his pocket.*]

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A great poet died but lately, Mr. Hogg—

NORTH.

A very great poet. The name of Tennyson will be revered so long as the memory of English literature endures. But what would Alfred have been but for the sage counsel of "crusty Christopher"? The discipline was painful to the young poet at the time, but he was wise enough to profit by it. His note of patriotism, I am glad to think, has been well caught up by Mr. Kipling.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

A wonderfully vigorous and versatile writer, sir; but we still have one great poet of the older generation.

SHEPHERD.

Ye mean Mr. Swinburne? He's a wee thing ower luscious for ma taste.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Mine he pleases to perfection.

NORTH.

A vice of most of the others, as of their brothers the novelists, is introspection and the possession by vague and ill-understood ideas. For example, there's Mr. Davidson—

SHEPHERD

A Scotsman—speak weel o'm—

NORTH.

Mr. Davidson can write pretty songs that might almost have been made by you, James. But he must needs expound theories and philosophies, and so he comes to grief.

AND Mr. Gosse will hardly be expected to like this. The Shepherd has been speaking of Mr. Henderson's volume as *Scottish Vernacular Poetry*. Christopher North replies:

Such a happy combination of taste and learning is not too common nowadays. There are plenty of pedants on the one hand, like Mr. Furnivall, and plenty of *dilettanti* on the other, like Mr. Gosse; but not many who possess both learning and discrimination.

SHEPHERD.

Is yon the Maister Gosse or Guse wha ance preshoomed to speak o' "*Mary Ferrier*"? Haw! haw! haw!

NORTH.

Yes; and he has committed a thousand other gross blunders for which a schoolboy would be scourged.

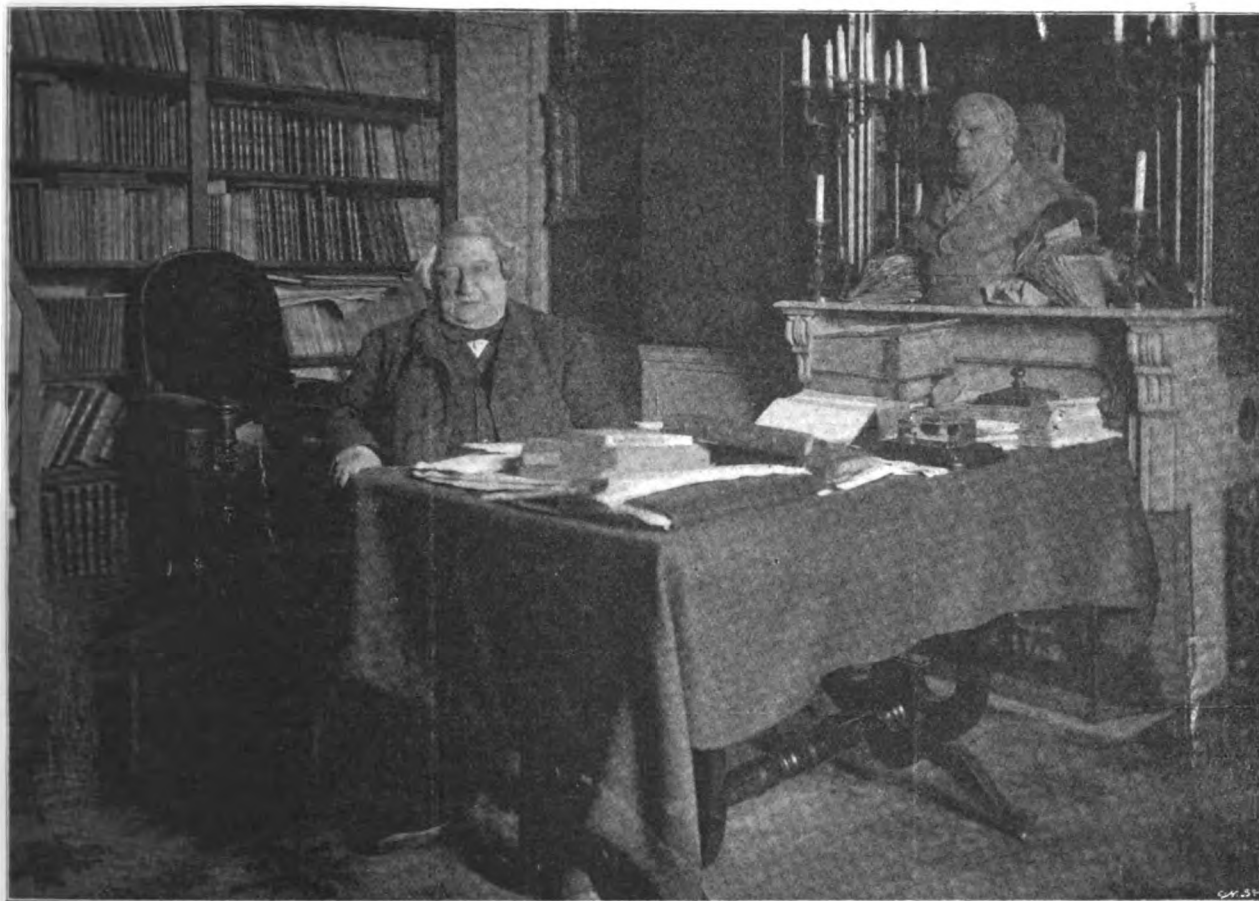
Before leaving Maga's Number M. we might whisper that the author of the anonymous chapter from the *New Gibbon*—a nice piece of political satire—is not totally unacquainted with the duties of special correspondent for the *Daily Mail*.

THE *Art Journal* having lived fifty years, the proprietors have arranged for a jubilee series of twelve monthly parts which shall illustrate the progress of English Art during that period, and also the progress that has been made in the journalism of Art. The first number contains steel engravings after Turner and Lawrence, and an appreciation of the work of a comparatively young painter in those days, one Thomas Sidney Cooper. The experiment is, we think, very interesting.

WE would crown Mr. Andrew Lang if we wished to reward the critic who can be most genially angry. Just now Mr. Lang is upholding in *Longman's* Mr. Nutt's complaint in the ACADEMY, that the public and the libraries are indifferent to works of research. Mr. Lang cannot get the recent "proceedings" of a certain learned society at the London Library, or at another large library. Both these institutions began to take them in, and have left off. "Look," says Mr. Lang, "at such a theme as the Gnosticism of Savages. I can imagine none more curious, but who cares? Not the Bishops." Poe said: "As a literary people we are one vast perambulating humbug," and Mr. Lang thanks him for that word. People read novels, although "Mr. Oman's *Art of War in the Middle Ages* is a thrilling book." Mr. Lang adds: "New novels are literature to the literary world." Meanwhile, Mr. Lang's own novel, *Parson Kelly*, is appearing in *Longman's*, and he particularly recommends *Mord Em'ly*. Mr. Lang is not inconsistent; he wants books of research and he wants good novels, for he reads both, and many papers too. The public has not time to read both, so it takes its choice.

NEXT Wednesday Mr. Ruskin will enter upon his eightieth year. He was born in Brunswick-square, in Bloomsbury, on February 8, 1819, the same year in which the Queen was born. There is talk of a testimonial signed by his admirers. This strikes us as an unnecessary project, and one which is more calculated to disturb the serenity of Mr. Ruskin's retired life than to give him pleasure.

THIS week we give the last of our series of portraits of French authors at home. Ernest Renan, author of the *Life of Christ*, is the subject. It will soon be eight years since Renan died. His biography, by Madame Darmesteter, which appeared in French and English in 1897, is not likely soon to be excelled as a charming and beautiful record.



ERNEST RENAN.

From a Photograph by Dornach et Cie., Paris.

ARRORS of book distribution in America, concerning which we printed last week a letter from Messrs. Doubleday, McClure & Co., an amusing project is put forward in the *Dial*. Recalling the successful adventure of Mr. Caleb Atwater, who sold copies of his *History of Ohio* at the buyers' own doors, a correspondent suggests that in such a practice is "a bonanza for some literary celebrity who is bold enough to embrace it. Imagine Mr. Marion Crawford drawing up to your door in a Roman chariot with a supply of *Ace Roma Immortalis*, or Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in a jinrikisha with a lapful of his latest Japanese studies, or Colonel Roosevelt dashing up on a mustang with a knapsack full of his forthcoming *Rough Riders* and a commissary wagon with the rest of the edition following behind! Who could resist the temptation to buy, especially when the distinguished author could without any extra charge put his autograph on the fly-leaf while you were fumbling in your pockets for the money?"

ENGLISH authors might take the hint. Mr. Kipling, in a torpedo catcher, could visit the sea-board towns and send off boatloads of *A Fleet in Being*; Mr. Crockett might peddle his works from a colporteur's knapsack; Mr. Hewlett, lance in rest, could draw rein before the house, and fling down a copy of his romance wrapped up in a gauntlet; and so forth.

THE above suggestions are, of course, ironical. We do

not mean them. Authors seem ready to do and tolerate so much that we hasten to make this statement. In the current *Pearson's Magazine* is an article entitled "Authors at Play," wherein the side of a literary man's life which ought to be his own property is given to the public with every frankness. Mr. Hall Caine, it seems, "loves the heather" by way of play, and there is the inevitable photograph of him loving the heather in a graceful *negligé* pose. Mr. Silas K. Hocking "plays tennis," and behold the gifted author of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's books racquet in hand. (It is, of course, not tennis, but lawn tennis.) Mr. Haggard "farms." Hence a portrait of Mr. Haggard carrying a gun and a satchel, as all farmers do. Finally, "Mr. Fred Whishaw bathes." Singular person! Three views of Mr. Fred Whishaw follow. In one, practically naked, he prepares to dive, in another he dives, in the third he stands on the bottom and gazes around. Prodigious!

MR. RUSKIN once said that if an angel visited England her sportsmen would be out at once with their guns to shoot the winged visitant. Mr. Watts, R.A., is of the same opinion. He hates the slaughter of little birds that they may be pillaged of their plumage to make Bond-street gay. So he is painting, for exhibition in London, a picture with a purpose. It will present an altar on which are heaps of feathers, and over which bends an angel of compassion, one of Dante's "birds of God."

MR. PATERSON, one of the winners of last week's Prize Competition, writes: "The competitions, covering so much ground of general interest to the public, seem to me to be not the least successful feature of your entertaining publication. Is there not also room within your scope for lending a hand at times to some much needed reform—e.g., some competition wherein six or eight or ten good reasons, briefly condensed, should be stated in favour of cremation over earth-burial; or points which are most pressing in educational reform? I trust these do not wander too far off ground which is purely literary." We fear that they do.

WITH reference to our Prize Competition of two weeks ago, when we asked our readers to supplement a list of twenty-eight books presented by Mr. Birrell to a public institution, a correspondent sends us particulars of the balance of Mr. Birrell's gift. This is the complete list: *Meditations and Reflections: Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, The Imitation of Christ, Bacon's Essays, Sartor Resartus.* Politics: *Burke's Selected Works, Bright's Speeches, Bagehot's The English Constitution.* Biography and History: *Plutarch's Lives, Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, Lockhart's Lives of Scott and Burns, Boswell's Johnson, Carlyle's Oliver Cromwell, French Revolution, Past and Present, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, and Macaulay's History.* Poetry: *Pope's Iliad and Odyssey, Longfellow's Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Wordsworth (Mr. Morley's edition), and The Golden Treasury of Song.* Fiction: *Don Quixote, The Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Vicar of Wakefield, The Antiquary, Guy Mannering, Heart of Midlothian, Old Mortality, Waverley, Bride of Lammermoor.* Miscellaneous: *Essays of Elia, Selections from William Hazlitt, Hugh Miller's My Schools and Schoolmasters, Sheridan's Plays, and Macaulay's Essays.*

IN making the presentation, the Member for the West Fifehire Parliamentary Division remarked that the best way of showing what could be done was to do it yourself. He had, accordingly, laid out exactly £5 in the purchase of books in which, he had no hesitation in saying, a considerable portion of the wit and wisdom of the world—its accumulated treasures—were embodied. The character of the collection was without fear and without reproach, and each volume might be read over and over again. Some of the books needed to be tackled, but everyone would repay it.

"C. K. S." prints the following letter from Mr. Hall Caine in the *Illustrated London News* this week:

Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.
27 Jan., '99.

MY DEAR S—,—You ask me can I give you any information about my story, *The Drunkard*, "who publishes it, and how?" After all that has been said about my story under this title, and about my proposed methods of publishing it, it may be a shock to you to hear that no such story, no such subject, no such title, and no such methods of publishing have ever for one instant had any place in my plans. You will ask me why I have not contradicted a report which has gone so far? For the same reason that I have not contradicted a hundred other reports

concerning my doings, or supposed doings—because it is impossible to rectify every error, and if you correct one out of many you seem by implication to authenticate all the rest. Moreover, my experience has been that it is worse than useless to contradict an erroneous statement. If a lie is spicy enough it will go far, and no denial in the world will overtake it. Four or five years ago somebody told the public that I thought "all women inferior to all men." This wise word being nearly the opposite of my belief I contradicted the report, but the contradiction was never heard of by anybody, and the lie went on poisoning for me that part of the public which I desired beyond any other. Two years ago somebody else said that by authorising an "interview" some days before the publication of my last book I was attempting to advertise my own work. This being the exact reverse of what I had really done, I asked the interviewer to explain that I had expressly forbidden the publication of the interview until five days after the publication of the book, but nobody took any heed of the explanation, and the first statement went on and on. A month ago some irreverent humorist announced that I had likened my face to the face of Christ, and though the jest was too foolish and too blasphemous for notice, I was foolish enough to notice it, but no one regards my denial and the lie still lives and flourishes. Unlike these reports the report you refer to is quite harmless, and only silly in the supposition that any man who knows the public as I ought to know it would call his book by a name so stupid and impossible; but though you should publish this contradiction (as you are welcome to do) I know I shall read in the books of reference for the year 1900 that in 1899 I published a story called *The Drunkard*.

The moral seems to be that it is folly to contradict anything. The more reason there is to contradict an erroneous statement the less wisdom there is in contradicting it.

With thanks and greeting.

My dear S—,

HALL CAINE.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who is now in America on a short visit, recently presented a set of his works to a captain in the American Navy, accompanied by these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower
Bossing eight hundred men.
Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand tons
Sky-hooting through the brine.
Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

A GOOD story of a Marryat novel is told by a writer in the *Church Gazette*. A philanthropic lady in a fishing village offered to read to a class of young fellows, and hit upon *Frank Mildmay* as a likely book. As the story progressed, and the Captain's language grew in intensity, she was constrained to substitute such harmless expressions as "dear me" and "bother it" for some of the originals. All, however, was going well until, during the Bible

reading, one lad picked up the book and found out how the class had been defrauded. He thereupon told his fellows, and they taxed their benefactor with the bowdlerisation of good literature. She admitted it, and promised to amend her fault, resolving, however, in her own mind to continue to soften Marryat here and there. But her end was defeated, for the boys bought another copy, and one of them checked her off in a loud voice until she could hold out no longer.

THE *Chicago Dial*, in reviewing a large batch of new books of verse, is severe upon certain names which are usually treated with reverence or respect in this country. Mr. Meredith's *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, for example, provokes this comment: "These tailings of Mr. Meredith's ore are not rich enough to be worth treatment. What was once merely an affectation with him has become a disease, and we have no wish to inquire too curiously into his understanding of 'incalescent scorpions' and 'hydrocephalic ærolites,' or to ask his interpretation of that Jabberwocky verse,

The friable and the grumous, dizzards both."

And of *Songs of Action* the same critic writes: "If Dr. Conan Doyle has any regard for what is left of his literary reputation, he will allow his *Songs of Action* to remain the only volume of verses to which his name is attached." It is piquant to see ourselves as cousins see us.

A FEW weeks ago we reproduced the cover of a new American journal, *Public Opinion*, which seemed to approximate more nearly to the cover of the *ACADEMY* than it perhaps ought to have done. The editor now writes to explain that the cover was the result of the imperfectly-understood instructions received by the artist, and a new one has been substituted. Hence we no longer feel as sincerely flattered as we did. *Public Opinion*, by the way, is a well edited summary of the week's events.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S *Pleasures of Life*, which began its career in 1887, and in 1890 had already reached a twentieth edition, is now re-issued at sixpence, together with its second part. It is in the chapter on the Choice of Books that Sir John Lubbock gives his celebrated list of a hundred best books. The *Pleasures of Life* has already had a career as a shilling book. One wonders if the sixpenny form will be its last incarnation.

In publishing some particulars of the libraries in our great public schools a fortnight ago, we regretted that in only a few cases were we able to indicate the favourite reading of the boys. A correspondent now kindly sends us an analysis of books taken from the Tonbridge school library in one year. It is interesting to note that among novelists Ainsworth is the favourite, and Marryat a good second.

	Vols.
History, Politics, Geography...	95
Sports and Pastimes ...	76
Science and Natural History ...	71
Poetry ...	44
Biography ...	43
Art, Archaeology, Architecture ...	15

NOVELS.

Ainsworth ...	172
Marryat ...	112
Marion Crawford ...	83
Stevenson ...	80
Rider Haggard ...	56
Lever ...	44
Edna Lyall ...	42
Scott ...	35
Dickens and Thackeray ...	49
Other Novelists...	280
Adventure (chiefly Ballantyne) ...	116
Miscellaneous ...	92

MR. J. LOW WARREN has been appointed editor of the *New Quarterly*, a Church review, which starts in March under the auspices of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Ltd. The *New Quarterly* will chiefly deal with the new social, political, and intellectual forces arising in the Church. Among the articles in the first number will be one by Canon Scott-Holland on "Gladstone's Religion." The price of the new review will be sixpence.

WE join in the wide regret which is felt at the death of Mrs. Joseph Parker. Just a month ago we noticed, under the title of "A Gentle Voice," Mrs. Parker's volume of *Summer Sonnets*—a book which will perpetuate among a large circle of friends the memory of a delicately-cultured mind.

THE death has also occurred, at the age of sixty-one, of Mr. Edward C. Bigmore, who for thirty-three years was assistant to Mr. B. F. Stevens, of the United States Despatch Agency, 4, Trafalgar-square. Mr. Bigmore was an authority on early printed books, and some years ago, with Mr. C. W. H. Wyman, compiled an authoritative work on the Bibliography of Printing, published by Mr. Quaritch. He was a frequent attendant at book auctions, where not a few of the literary treasures that have of late years found their way to America fell to his bid.

IN our article on Recent Verse last week the reviewer, in writing of a very sweet and simple little book called *Legends of the Saints*, by the Rev. G. N. Woodward, made merry over the fact that in telling the story of St. John and the worm the poet called the worm "she." "We never expected to live to hear a worm called 'she,'" wrote the critic. The author now points out that the worm being a shining glow-worm it could not be anything but she, since it is the female that gives light to attract the male. This is accuracy indeed, and our reviewer can but bow to it. At the same time there is, perhaps, a point where, in ordinary non-scientific references, distinctions of sex may stop and the pronoun "it" be employed. And that the glow-worm is below that point is what our reviewer wished to suggest.

A CORRESPONDENT, "G. C. M.," points out that the writer of "Memoirs of the Moment" last week was in error in stating that Miss Alice Swinburne is no longer

living. "Miss Alice Swinburne," he says, "is, I am glad to state, still living. I heard from her this morning, and also from her only sister, Isabel. It was Miss Edith Swinburne who died in 1863."

AN epigram, quoted in *In Lantern Land*:

Don Quixote read romances till his wits,
By nature weak, became extremely hazy;
The modern reader quite collected sits,—
It is the writers only who go crazy.

Bibliographical.

IN the current issue of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Arthur F. Davidson, discussing Dumas père, says that "the only professed narrative of the great man's life existent in English—if, indeed, it still exists—must be described either as an egregious parade of unsifted scandal, or at best as a mere compilation of the more or less amusing gossip freely circulating" round the character of Dumas. This is Mr. Davidson's unkind way of describing the *Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas*—a work written by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, and published in two volumes about twenty-five years ago. That this work is out of print may, I think, fairly be assumed, though some copies may be on the shelves of the second-hand booksellers. It is at least certain that Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes would not now be accepted as genuine biography; and a satisfactory English *Life* of Dumas has yet to be written. Mr. Davidson was himself the translator (eight years ago) of some portions of Dumas' *Mémoires*, and, to show his impartiality, he now speaks of his version as "rather inadequate"—a phrase which may appease the wrath of Mr. Fitzgerald.

Slowly, but surely, Björnson's dramas (though not at all in the same proportion as his novels) are becoming known to the English public through translations. Ten years ago an American version of his *Sigurd Slembe* was obtainable in this country. It was not, however, till 1893, when Messrs. Longmans published Mr. William Wilson's rendering of *Over Æene* (under the title of *Pastor Sang*) that a Björnson play was put prominently before the English reader. Then, in 1894, came Mr. Osman Edwards's version of *En Hanske*, which he called *A Gauntlet*; this also was issued by Messrs. Longmans. It was a translation of Björnson's revision of *En Hanske*; some time before, Mr. H. L. Brækstad had turned the original text of *En Hanske* into English. Now he promises us a rendering of the master's *Paul Lange* and *Tora Parsberg*. It will be welcome, but ought not *The Editor*, or *The King*, or *The New System*, or *Leonarda*, to have had precedence? One would like these to be Englished. *A Bankruptcy* has been performed in English in America. The only Björnson play that has been performed in England is an adaptation of Mr. Edwards's translation of the revised *En Hanske*.

In periodical literature how persistently old titles re-appear! Next month, it seems, we are to have "a critical review of church work," to be called the *New Quarterly*. We have already been presented, during the last few days, with a Roman Catholic newspaper entitled the *New*

Era. There is no likelihood of the latter being confused, even for a moment, with the *Era*, one of the organs of the theatrical profession; and the *New Quarterly*, we may presume, will have very little in common with the *New Quarterly* which many of us read with so much interest a few decades ago. Nevertheless, the word "new" as part of the title of a periodical is rather to be deprecated, if only because the course of time necessarily renders it more and more inappropriate and inapplicable.

Great interest, of course, will attach to the new series of literary monographs which Messrs. W. Blackwood announce. Speaking, however, only for myself, I confess to some perturbation about the *Matthew Arnold* of Mr. Saintsbury and the *Robert Browning* of Mr. Birrell. Mr. Birrell, you remember, has edited the poetry of Browning—"with notes"; and I recall those notes. Mr. Saintsbury, again, has written about Matthew Arnold in his sketch of the history of English Literature; and I recall the passage. One must not prejudge; and at the same time there is no harm, I hope, in giving expression to a little personal anxiety.

We shall all of us, I think, turn to Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography and Letters* with pleasurable anticipation. I wonder whether the letters will include one which I read within the last twelvemonth, and in which the good lady professed herself quite bewildered by the change brought about in the world of fiction by the abolition of the three-volume novel. She was offering a story for publication, and seemed not to know what, under existing conditions, she ought to ask for it. She was emphatically one of "the old guard," and had not had time in which to adapt herself thoroughly to the circumstances of modern literary labour.

The lady novelists should really be more careful. One of them has been taking up the cudgels in the interests of the rest, and in the course of her protest refers airily to "Susan Centlivre," adding, in parenthesis, and quite unnecessarily, ("the Astræa of Pope"). Now, most of us know that "the Astræa of Pope" was not Mrs. Centlivre at all, but Mrs. Aphra Behn. But how characteristic of the lady novelist that she should not be accurately acquainted even with the literary history of her own sex!

Concerning No. 1 of their "Bibelots" series, Messrs. Gay & Bird advertise that they "will send this volume on approval to any address, if it cannot be seen at your local booksellers." Is this, or is this not, a new departure in the publishing trade in this country? I know, of course, that the plan is being tried in America, and with success. It seems to have its risky side, and it would be interesting to know, by and by, its practical results. Suppose a recipient of the book refused or delayed to pay for it, would it be worth while to put the law in motion to enforce payment?

The old school of punsters, who revelled in the obvious, would probably have called Mr. William Westall "a well-read man." And why? Because he has already published stories called *Red Rycington* and *With the Red Eagle*, and now presents us with one entitled *A Red Bridal*. Mr. Westall seems determined that his titles, at any rate, shall be read.

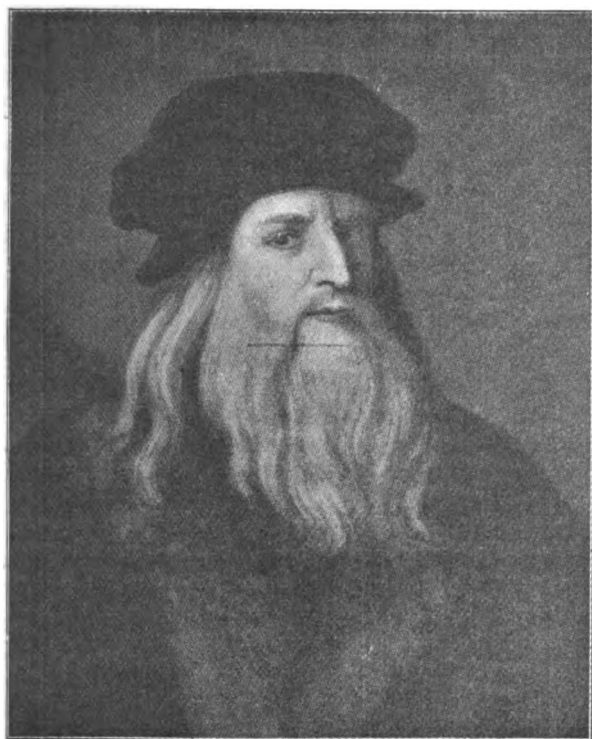
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Magnificent and Multiform Leonardo.

Leonardo da Vinci: Artist, Thinker, and Man of Science.
By Eugene Müntz. (Heinemann. £2 2s.)

WERE atheism true, Michael Angelo could not have been an artist: certainly not the artist whom generations have called, and shall call, "the divine." For *Il Divino*, more truly than Spinoza, was "drunk with God." But Leonardo da Vinci is the archimage of art; in whom was incarnate, royally and greatly, the pride of the spirit of the natural man superbly lusting after knowledge and lordship over nature, hungry for familiarity with the secrets of her heart: from his youth of strength and



LEONARDO DA VINCI.

From the Portrait in the Uffizi, Florence, by an unknown painter.

beauty, to his old age of majesty and awe, he led the wizard life of a candidate, an aspirant to universal science. Upon the external side of facts he is well described by the now too little studied Fuseli:

Such was the dawn of modern art, when Leonardo da Vinci broke forth with a splendour which distanced former excellence: made up of all the elements that constitute the essence of genius, favoured by education and circumstances, all eye, all ear, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chemist, machinist, musician, man of science, and sometimes empiric; he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but, without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed in her turn each. Fitter to scatter hints than to teach by example, he wasted life, insatiate in experiment.

Or, as Vasari puts it by a quotation from Petrarch, Leonardo's accomplishment was "hindered by his desire": the ever curious spirit loved more the idea than the reali-

sation of it, the perfect theory than its demonstration, the conscious possession of power than its outward use. To this princely painter the dream of the picture, vivid and immortal before the mind's eye, was dearer than the making it visible to the eyes of men; to execute was less noble than to conceive. And all this, painfully frequent as the attitude of incapable small men, was in his instance the attitude of a golden performer, an imperial executant, whose hands were as masterly as his brain was masterful. Imagine Coleridge, full of magic music and vision, but able to finish *Christabel*, if he would, yet not finishing it; imagine him, full of metaphysical and theological theories, but, while able to cast them into permanent and complete form, refraining from the light task; imagine him, opulent, at ease, caressed and courted, able to do in his own way all that he was able to do at all, yet almost disdainful or disliking action. We know that this *is* an imagining, that Coleridge lost his power of initiative, his self-will: but that imagined Coleridge has much in common with the real Leonardo: Leonardo, to quote the old jest, had an impassioned interest in "everything knowable and certain other things," yet the tale of his achievement, as tested or reckoned by great accomplished work, is as poor in quantity as it is rich, splendidly rich, in quality.

To a Baconian zeal for experiment and practical power over nature Leonardo added a spirit of mystical phantasy; the man of science was also the mage, the pursuer of mysteries, the lover of Eleusinian darkness and light. Mr. Swinburne speaks of "that indefinable grace and grave mystery which belong to his slightest and wildest work." An elusive strangeness almost daunting and fascinating together is his note; he gave something of it to his master Verrocchio, much of it to his pupil Luini; he broods, he dreams, his patience surprises hidden things; he moves in "worlds not realised" by the common liver.

Raphaël est baisé par la Grâce à genoux;

Léonard la contemple et pensif, la devine.

That is Sully-Prudhomme. This is Baudelaire:

Léonard de Vinci, miroir profond et sombre,

Ou des anges charmants, avec un doux souris

Tout chargé de mystère, apparaissent à l'ombre

Des glaciers et des pins, qui ferment leur pays.

Gautier, describing Baudelaire, says that his lips had the "sinuosités mobiles, voluptueuses et ironiques" of the haunting faces that Leonardo loved to paint. M. Huysmans speaks of "de Vinci dont les troublantes princesses passent dans de mystérieux paysages noirs et bleus." Lamb, the enthusiast for Hogarth, was enamoured of Leonardo, as appears in his prose and verse. He writes to Hazlitt:

O la! your Leonardos of Oxford made my mouth water.

I was hurried through the gallery, and they escaped me. What do I say? I was a Goth then, and should not have noticed them. I had not settled my notions of beauty; I have now for ever: the small head, the long eye—that sort of peering curve—the wicked Italian mischief; the stick-at-nothing Herodias' daughter kind of grace. You understand me?

Assuredly Hazlitt understood; and Lamb's informal,

dashing phrases express a certain truth about Leonardo not less truly than the elaborate locutions of Mr. Pater, with whom is the last word of æsthetic, as distinct from historical, criticism. A complexity, a secrecy, invests this artist and his art: he is occult, and it is not easy to feel at home with him, to feel sure of his thoughts and tendencies, to realise the manner of the man. We can follow, with fair certainty, the external splendours of his proud progress through a long life to his death in the embrace, as some assert, of King Francis; among the pomps of the Sforza Court at Milan, or in the service of Cæsar Borgia, or in rivalry with Michael Angelo at Florence; but the internal history of the man is dim and veiled. Even the outer history has its conjectured strangenesses: one erudite writer would have us believe that Leonardo visited the East, served the Soldan, and embraced the creed of Islam. We disbelieve it; but how "clouded with a doubt" must be the character of the man about whom it may be plausibly maintained! A votarist of the distinguished and the princely in life, a lover of the choice and rich and rare, a contemner of "the crowd incapable of perfectness," an enthusiast for wisdom and understanding, a man of regal mind and bearing, he has, despite of and because of all that, a very lonely look, as of one "voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone": a man, as a strange poet has said of him,

with eager eyes, that ever restless gleamed
Further to find, yet ever further sought.

Taking the famous symbolism of Goethe, we can say of Leonardo that he sought *die Mutter*, and was haughtily disposed toward the shallows of thought and faith. Paganism and Christianity were deeply mingled in the man, whose John Baptist points us to the wilderness with the subtle smile of Dionysus alluring to the revel. He would have said with Augustine: "Res ipsa, quæ nunc religio Christiana nuncupatur, erat apud antiquos, nec defuit ab initio generis humani." His imagined epitaph by Platino Piatto makes him say: "Mirator veterum discipulus que memor, Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca." In a profounder sense than the obvious, it is true: he longed for the "symmetria prisca" of the eternal design, for the harmony of the spheres, for the rhythm to which, in light, and speed, and beauty, sprang forth the morning of the world; "symmetria prisca" meant more to him than to Mantegna and Signorelli. There is something in him of Goethe; a like aristocracy of mind and person, a like universality of outlook, a like aloofness amid the mass of men, a like insatiable curiosity, a like self-centred passion for art and science, a like lack of provincial patriotism, a like longing for more light, a like absorption in things of the intellect. And he has something in common with Blake; the spiritual pride of vision, the flame of the mind, the devoted labour, the vastness of speculation, the mystic sense, the interior loneliness. He seems to have had that exaltation of feeling which has made many a madman: the feeling of identity with the universe, yet of isolation from it, a feeling half divine and half infernal, an intoxication and a torment. It is hard to think of Leonardo as a happy man: a nympholept of knowledge may escape the pettier cares, but his desire is illimitable and so unsatisfied.

M. Müntz writes out of the resources of a great learning, a patient laboriousness, a wise judgment, and the fine volumes before us are enriched with a wealth of illustration. It were impossible, from the point of view of artist, critic, or historian, to demand a more complete and worthy setting forth of the magnificent and multiform Leonardo. The work is German in thoroughness and French in charm. Were it but for the catalogues and reproductions we should be right grateful for the goodly volumes. They set to rest certain points of controversy; but to read them with care is not to receive a new or altered impression of Leonardo; rather to deepen and confirm our traditional view. He abides in his mysterious glory, in the rare royalty of his searching spirit and triumphant hand, the man whose least fragment of work is of incalculable suggestiveness and revelation. "Some men," says the Psalmist, "are so strong that they come to fourscore years"; strong of spirit and mind and will and bodily presence, strong in splendour of personality, in reach and aspiration of genius, Leonardo well-nigh fulfilled that span of life. If, at the Manor House of Cloux beside Amboise, he died indeed in the arms of King Francis, there were two kings in the chamber of death, and "Messire Leonardo da Vinci" knew himself to be the greater, by so much as the imperishable exceeds the perishing. The thoughts and dreams of Leonardo are in eternity.

The Pedigree of Man.

The Last Link: our Present Knowledge of the Descent of Man.

By Ernst Haeckel. With Notes and Biographical Sketches by Hans Gadow, F.R.S. (A. & C. Black.)

THE leading actors in the great war of evolutionism who still remain to us are few. Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Hermann Müller, Asa Gray are gone; Herbert Spencer, Wallace, Haeckel, among the protagonists, alone survive. But they survive as acknowledged victors in a closed struggle. Only in the Caroline Islands, at Inverary Castle, and in parts of the Soudan untouched as yet by the culture of the Gordon College, do people still regard evolution as an open question. Elsewhere all is over except the shouting. At the International Congress of Zoology at Cambridge last August, Dr. Haeckel was, therefore, invited to come over and shout. He showed, as it was easy to show, that subsequent research had confirmed almost all his early guesses. His former pupil, Dr. Gadow, has enlarged his utterance on that occasion into a slender booklet by adding a few biographical notes on the fathers of the development theory, and a few excursions on such cognate subjects as evolution and geological time.

Nevertheless, one is glad to have Haeckel's final pronouncement on the question of man's ancestry and its various levels in a convenient form for library reference. For the Jena professor is one of the few learned biologists who possess the priceless gift of imagination, his original sketch of the pedigree of our race, from the simplest organism up to the present day, was marked by powerful imaginative faculty, working under the control

of the widest knowledge of biological probabilities. It was a fanciful pedigree, to be sure—fanciful, that is to say, in the sense that many of the successive stages it postulated were not known by geological evidence to exist, but were inferred from the facts of embryology or from survivals in other groups of animals. Some of the sterner biologists looked askance at it accordingly as “too hypothetical”; but time has justified its audacity on the whole; the progress of knowledge has shown that what were once brilliant guesses of Haeckel’s are now ascertained truths of zoological science.

The title, *The Last Link*, will make the general reader, if there is such a person, conclude in glib haste that the book deals mainly with some recent discovery connecting man with his too-much discussed monkey-like ancestors. In that the general reader will be wholly mistaken. Indeed, the popular notion of “the missing link,” about which we used once to hear so much inept pleasantry, is one which has never troubled men of science. Long ago biology recognised that the true division of the order Primates is not into men and monkeys, but into the three groups of Lemurs, Platyrrhines, and Catarrhines; that man and the higher apes form, together, one section of the Catarrhines; and that man differs less from the great apes of this section than the great apes differ from the lower members of the Catarrhine group. That is as to bodily structure alone; when we come to mind, it may well be questioned whether the greatest gap does not occur within the human species itself—whether Mr. Herbert Spencer is not raised higher above the naked Fuegian than the Fuegian is raised above the chimpanzee; or whether the average European who is capable of constructing and dwelling in a civilised house, with its furniture, books, pictures, musical instruments, and endless appliances, is not raised higher above the Andaman Islander who sleeps in the bush than the Andaman Islander is raised above the howler monkey. The truth is, we have already in our midst endless surviving links between the chimpanzee-like level and the civilised man; we had long ago traces of yet other links in the Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal skulls; and we have recently obtained, in the *Pithecanthropus* of Java, the skull and femur of an early form of man which stood more than half-way between the Australian savage and the higher apes.

It is not, therefore, this later and higher part of our pedigree which troubles Haeckel most: it is the far earlier chapters, when the ancestors of man were slowly evolving from the simplest invertebrate condition, through fish-like and amphibian forms, to the semi-reptile and the mammal, in types something like those still preserved for us by the duck-billed ornithorhynchus and the spiny anteater. A single sentence will show how much more Haeckel feels the difficulties of these earlier chapters than the advance from ape to man: “Particularly obscure is that part of our ontology which extends from the *Gastræa* to *Amphioxus*”—the *Gastræa* thus airily alluded to being a hypothetical form (not unlike the water-hydra) whose existence at one time is deduced from embryological evidence, while the *Amphioxus* is the first rough draught of a vertebrate animal lower than any of the true fishes.

God, who has given many great gifts to the German people, including invincible patience, the German language, and the Kaiser, has withheld from them the art of writing clearly; and I cannot honestly say that the man in the street will derive a very graphic picture of the course of evolution in the main line of man’s ancestry either from Haeckel or his more or less English interpreter. The graphic picture is there, it is true, but you need to know the terminology and the nomenclature before you can unearth it. Our genealogical tree, according to the newest lights, starts with the simplest form of animal, an organism without organs, a structureless mass of protoplasm, such as is still preserved for us in the existing Monera. The probable date of this founder of the family is vaguely set down as “the Laurentian period”—that is to say, the epoch of the earliest sedimentary rocks known to us. In the second stage, the naked protoplasm grew into a cell, sometimes clothed with a cell-wall, and became possessed of that mysterious property a nucleus, which acts to the cell pretty much as brain and nervous system act to the complete animal. This is the stage of the existing Amœba, and also of the egg-cell of any modern species. Next, the cells divided, but remained in union with one another in a small community—and this monastic level is the type preserved in modern eggs by the state of “cleavage” which follows fertilisation. The group of cells so produced looks like a mulberry, and has therefore been described as the morula. After that, we get a hollow ball filled with fluid, and then again a similar ball with its outer wall turned in upon itself, so as to form a cup or sac, the primitive stomach. Thence we progress through various forms of worms, each of which adds a few internal organs such as kidneys, till we arrive at the first faint beginnings of a spinal cord and vertebral column. The onward stages, through creatures resembling the *Amphioxus*, the lampreys, the mud-fish, the frogs, the primitive reptiles, and the primitive mammals, are easy to trace: no competent evolutionist feels here any grave difficulty. As to the line of development within the mammalian class itself, it is absolute simplicity, the links are evident. Indeed, on the whole, Haeckel’s review of things proved and vindicated is one continued pæan of victory.

But, admirable as it is in its own way, the ordinary reader will find its interest somewhat diminished by sentences like the following: “The Blastula of most animals assumes a new larval form called *Gastrula*, in which the essential characteristics are that a portion of the blastoderm by invagination converts the Blastula into a cup with double walls”; or this again: “Stage of *Prochoriata* or early *Placentalia*: a further development of the Metatheria by the development of a placenta, loss of the marsupium and the marsupial bones, complete division by the perineum of the anal and uro-genital chambers, stronger development of the corpus callosum, or chief commissure of the two hemispheres of the brain.” This is not easy or pretty reading. I cannot honestly describe it as popular science.

GRANT ALLEN.

The Little Language.

Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier. Edited by John A. Doyle. (Murray. 18s.)

THIS is a memoir—brief and workmanlike—followed by the letters of a distinguished novelist of the early nineteenth century, whose name is less known now. Recent editions of her novels—*Marriage*, *Inheritance*, and *Destiny*—have called renewed attention to Susan Ferrier, and prepared the way for this volume. A Scot, she followed in the wake of Sir Walter's Scottish studies; a woman, she shared the movement represented by Jane Austen. That was a movement towards developing the interest, the humour, and the character in plain everyday life. Miss Ferrier seized



SUSAN FERRIER.

on the humorous side of it with success; her vulgar or eccentric characters—Miss Pratt, or Uncle Adam, or Molly Macauley—are still fresh and taking at the present day. The serious side of her novels is "incredibly faded," and never could have been more than successful convention. The best thing in these letters of hers is her own character, in its fresh and humorous days; not the glimpses of other celebrities, which are not worth speaking of, nor the letters from other celebrities, which are few and unimportant. In her later days her joyous heart forsook her, and her letters flag accordingly. It is the earlier letters, particularly those to Miss Clavering, that are most entertaining. Many of them are concerned with the composition of her first novel, *Marriage*; and, of course, to the student of her novels, are full of attractive

detail. But to the majority, who know Miss Ferrier, the novelist, only by name, the chief charm will certainly be the spontaneity of these letters, their life-like flow of high-spirited nonsense. We seem to be overhearing the gay rattle of one merry schoolgirl folly with another; to hear the flutter of light skirts, to see the shaking of long locks, and arms twined round necks. Then some sentence recalls us to the fact that it is the mature Miss Ferrier sparing time from her duties as her father's housekeeper to write to her younger friend. For a woman no longer in youth the high spirits are remarkable—one only wonders that more did not escape into her novels than is actually the case. The jokes may not be first-rate, but the animal spirit is; and if the jesting were of a higher level, the letters would lose in nature what they gained in wit. Here is a fair specimen of these frank, unconsidered epistles—they are too long to quote entire:

As for what you call your *perfect man*, I can only say our ideas on that subject differ very widely. I've lately discovered that I had the felicity of dancing with this prodigy about two years ago, and I remember I then thought him a *perfect child*, and could have patted his head and set him on my knee and fed him with sweetmeats for being a good boy and a pretty dancer. But as to his being a perfect man! Wait till he has attained the ripeness of my currant and had some fifty suns to warm him, and then I'll own it possible for him to be perfect.

She goes on to tell a story about a daughter of Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling":

You must know his eldest daughter has been begotten, born, and bred in such a delicate, elegant, chaste, modest, refined, sentimental manner as baffles the description of a poor, ignorant, homespun maiden like me. Her father's Man of Feeling is a ruffian compared to her. . . . It so happened that one day lately, as she was teaching her little sister to read, what should present itself in black and white but the word *bastard*! The lady, as all modest maids would or should do in a similar situation, trembled, turned pale, and would undoubtedly have swooned away but for the importunities of the child to be informed of the meaning of the word. After much hesitation she at length told her in a faltering tone that it signified a child without parents, "just such as little Tommy," naming a poor orphan she takes charge of. The child was satisfied. There was a very large party came to dinner shortly after, and one of the party happened to ask this little innocent girl what she was working. "Oh," quoth she, "I am very busy indeed; I'm making a shirt for my sister's bastard."

"My currant" in this letter is probably a punning reference to the famous Curran, whom she had met shortly before. This is her characteristic account of the matter:

I'm going to tell you that I'm deeply and desperately in love! And what makes my case particularly deplorable is that there's not the least prospect of the dear man lending me so much as a little finger to pull me out of the mire into which he has plunged me! Were I possessed of the same mean spirit of bartering as you, I'd have you to guess his degree; but you'd as soon bethink yourself of the Great Cham of Tartary as the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls, Ireland!!! I wish I could give you any idea of his charms, but, alas! my pen does not, like Rousseau's, *brûle sur le papier*; and none but a pen of fire could trace his character or record

the charms of his conversation. Don't set me down for mad, for I assure you I'm only bewitched, and perhaps time and absence may dissolve the magic spells. He had the cruelty to tell me he liked me, and then he left me. Had my eyes been worth a button they'd soon have settled the matter; but there's the misery of being sent into the world with such mussel-shells!! I (a modest maiden) said nothing, and it seems they were silent; and so we parted, never to meet again!!! But, seriously, I have been very much delighted and gratified by a visit from this most extraordinary being, "whose versatility of genius" (as Sir John Carr justly observes for once) "is the astonishment and admiration of all who come within its range." I'll certainly live seven years longer for having seen him.

In this vein she writes to all her friends of the earlier period, but especially to this one bosom friend. Now she is parodying the insufferable epistolary style of Mrs. Montague, now consoling Miss Claverling because her book has brought her under the lash of certain people.

I am not surprised that B.'s purity should take the alarm at your *dear works*, since she held me up to the scorn of the virtuous and the detestation of the pure in heart for having written a letter to her poor brother, who is now gone, on the subject of "Corn-cutting." You will allow I must have had some ingenuity if I could extract either immorality or indecency from a corn! But so it was. I was reprobated by all the members of that *Holy* family as one of the most abandoned of my sex. I dare say B., if she were in your situation, would think it a far more innocent way of passing her time to fall into the vapours, or yield herself up an unresisting victim to sullenness and spleen, than exert her faculties, call up the aid of imagination (a thing, by-the-bye, I suppose she thinks no modest maid should have), support her spirits, and, while amusing herself, at the same time take the chance of amusing others—rather than do all this, I ween, she would sit with her "hands folded, eating her own flesh."

Here is a specimen of her favourite way of beginning or ending a letter by pure nonsense.

Go, go, you bad girl, you deserve to be put in a dark closet; but if you'll promise to be good I'll forgive you, so kiss and be friends, and there's a pocket-handkerchief for you to wipe your eyes with, and hem it neatly, and put a loop to it and wear it by your side, and every time you blow your nose you'll become better, and better; by the time it's dirty you'll be quite perfect. Adieu, my dearest.

On the one side it is the wild-spirited schoolgirl; on the other, in its real tenderness, it is something suggestive of a feminine Swift. For, after all, women are the natural masters of the Little Language.

The letters which deal with the composition of her first novel, *Marriage* (planned between Miss Claverling and herself, and partly assisted in by Miss Claverling), have an interest apart from that of the literary workshop. They show the reaction from romantic fiction in full sway. Miss Claverling appeals to nature, in criticising her friend, as anxiously as any modern realist. "I don't like those high-life conversations," she says; "they are a sort of thing by consent handed down from generation to generation in novels, but have little or no groundwork in truth." So Miss Ferrier's duchesses have to lower their tone and

strip their talk of French, which the sensible critic likewise arraigns as unnatural. She truly says that fashionable talk is the most featureless imaginable in real life. Anyone who knows the terrible "high-life" talk in the old-fashioned novel will thank Miss Claverling for banishing it from *Marriage*. We are reminded, indeed, by more than one allusion, that Miss Ferrier and her *confidante* lived in a period which threw forward the advance-guard of modern realism. Scott had led the way in his lower-class studies from Scottish life, and across the Border had arisen Jane Austen. Twice Miss Austen's name is mentioned with admiration by Miss Ferrier at the time she herself was working on *Marriage*, and the English lady cannot have been without influence on her Scottish sister.

But of personal contact with her great contemporaries there is little trace in Miss Ferrier's letters. Her life was too retired, her disposition—with all her early high spirits—too reserved. The letters from Scott included in this book are few and trifling; Miss Ferrier's letters about Scott are featureless and trite. They convey little beyond the fact that she found him a kind and unaffected host. The epistles belonging to the later period of her life become grave, and, to say truth, dull. Miss Ferrier without her spirits is but gray reading. For those early letters—the Claverling correspondence—the book is remarkable; and their transparently natural unfolding of a happy, shrewd, affectionate character, veering between youth and maturity, will attract everyone to whom character is fascinating.

Mohammedans and Christians.

Mogreb-el-Aksa: a Journey in Morocco. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Heinemann. 9s.) 1898.

SUPERFICIAL is the term that has to be applied to most books of travel. The traveller must needs judge men and things by first impressions, and cannot, as the artist, reject his experiences at will, but must ever stitch singly away at the strange pattern of foreign life with the threads of his slender journeys. Accordingly we find only the journeys of a *temperament* survive amid the dark continents of past travellers, for temperament creates fresh values, whereas a traveller's mere experience only shakes the old world's kaleidoscope. But the temperament must match or "go with" the colour of the foreign environment—a reason why most Britons, met abroad, seem admirable speeding home—or glaring discords bring us too painful an amusement. Mr. Cunningham Graham's *Mogreb-el-Aksa* is a book we place high in the scanty ranks of good travel; to the ordinary travel-book it is as an etching of Paul Helleu is to the fashion-plate of the illustrated papers. In place of the usual traveller's prosaic budget of interesting facts we have in it a delicately handled pastel, a picture that does not misinterpret the atmosphere of the Mohammedan world it brings before us, as do almost all the books of travel of Westerners on the East. Furthermore, *Mogreb-el-Aksa* is a delicious commentary on our Anglo-Saxon civilisation; a malicious and ironic comparison of British commercialised world with the feudal world of Morocco; a subtle, witty commentary that must rejoice all who are

rejoiced by *Candide*. In England, as Meredith bitingly emphasises in *One of our Conquerors* (a book itself the most acute of all modern criticisms of the Anglo-Saxon mind), we have no good critics of the national life. The Englishman's uneasy self-consciousness cannot stand or understand criticism, and his formidable will-power holds within it too many contradictory worlds for him to do anything but detest clear revelation of self. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Mogreb-el Acksa* has the very unusual quality of presenting us with a world where the *humanity* of its many passing figures—emirs, caids, sherifs, sheikhs, learned men, wandering poets, Jews, mountebanks, missionaries, horse dealers, negro slaves, and cut-throat tribesmen—is brought out instantly by means of natural finely adjusted tests and placed in amusing relationship to the world of members of Parliament, clergymen, stockbrokers, barristers, journalists, Socialists, minor poets, factory girls, manufacturers, cab-drivers, and blacklegs who pleasingly constitute London society. What is most diverting to us is that the author uses a very large net with a very fine mesh; every type of man can get in, and there he can sort himself out, or swim about as he pleases, for awhile, but the mesh—the mesh is silken and fine. For example:

I had a friend who, being for a short time governor of a province in a Central American Republic, and, finding things become too hot for him, collected all the public money he could find, and silently one night abdicated in a canoe down to the coast, and taking ship came to Lutetia; and then, his money spent, lectured upon the fauna and flora of the country he had robbed; and, touching on the people, always used to say that it was very sad their moral tone was low (p. 78).

This is a little poem in itself. Observe how the rhythm of the passage flows sympathetically round the knave's doings, till the listener feels how natural, how human, how like himself is the governor of that republic. Again, take this passage, and compare it with Borrow:

... a tall, thin, cuckoldy-looking Arab knave, dressed in a suit of slop-made European clothes, his trousers half-a-foot too short, his boots unblackened, and himself closely watched by two Franciscan friars. It appeared he was a convert. Now, in Morocco a convert is a most rare and curious animal, and he is usually not a great credit to his capturers. On this occasion, it appears, the convert had been dallying with the Protestants, had given them hopes, had led them on, and at the last, perhaps because he found the North-British water of their baptism too cold for him, or perchance because the Friars gave a dollar more, had fallen away to Rome. However, there he was, a veritable "brand," a sheep who had come into one of the folds, leaving the other seven million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and ninety-nine still straying about Morocco, steeped in the errors of Mohammedanism. His captors were a gentlemanlike, extremely handsome, quiet Castilian, who, to speak silver (*hablar en plata*), seemed a little diffident about his prize, and went about after the fashion of a boy in Texas who has caught a skunk; the other guardian had no doubt, a sturdy Catalonian lay brother, who pointed to the "brand" with pride, and told us, with a phrase verging upon an oath, that he was glad the Protestants had their noses well put out of joint. The victim was a merry sort of knave, who chewed tobacco, spoke almost every language in the world, had travelled,

and informed me, when I asked him where he was going, that the "Frayliehs" (Friars) were taking him to Cadiz "to have the water put upon his head." He seemed an old hand at the business, and recognised my follower Swani as an old friend, and they retired to talk things over, with the result that ere night fell the "convert" was in a most unseemly state, and singing Spanish songs, in which Dolores, Mercedillas, and other "chicas" figured largely, and were addressed in terms sufficient to upset a convent of Franciscan Friars (p. 22).

The ironic, kindly delicate insight of this picture might be matched with quotations as good from nearly every other page; it is the style in which the book is written, the style of a rare temperament. Those who do not like wit should not read the book, for it is a succession of such flashes as:

The Caid was of opinion that polygamy was natural to mankind, and asked me if the English did not really think so in their hearts. It is most difficult, without having been duly elected, to speak for a whole nation, so I replied that many acted as if they thought polygamy was right, but that I ventured to opine that "advanced thinkers" in general inclined to polyandry, and that seemed to be the opinion which in the future would prevail. This he thought clearly wrong (p. 239).

Here lies the author's gift, the art of flashing at antagonistic worlds the kindly smile of double-edged acceptance. Now whosoever reconciles to himself the multifarious vagaries of mankind, while criticising all by his fine standard, must pay the penalty of standing by himself. So we find among the great modern authors the man Whitman, who represents the fineness of democracy, is the most unpopular, and the man Meredith, who represents best the aristocratic tradition (mind, we say tradition), has been the least understood by the aristocracy. And Mr. Cunninghame Graham's scattered writings and his *Mogreb-el-Aksa*, which show the keenest insight into the values of our commercialised life, will be naturally as Arabic to the commercialised public at large. Safe in the bosom of the British system, the individual does not see that its public values are as the values of Britannia metal. But some eccentric few will smile, and smiling take from the shelf the author's *Guide to Menteth*, and re-read irrelevantly a favourite chapter—"On the Incontinence of Kings."

The Philosophy and Religion of the Greeks.

The Philosophy of Greece. By Alfred William Benn. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Religion in Greek Literature. By Lewis Campbell, LL.D. (Longmans. 15s.)

MR. BENN'S charming book was written, he tells us, to show how Greek philosophy was the outcome of certain characteristics peculiar to the Greek people. Foremost among these was the striving after moderation, the appreciation of design, and the sense of the interdependence of things which first, according to him, led the Ionians of Asia Minor to look upon the universe as an ordered whole, and thus to lay the foundations of all

future philosophy. Then came the rise of the Persian power, driving the Ionians westward into Greater Greece, and thereby producing the Italian school of thought generally associated with the name of Pythagoras, in which the investigation of Nature was combined with the doctrines of immortality and of the transmigration of souls. To this succeeded the Eleatic school, asserting the identity of thought with being, and suggesting, says Mr. Benn, the two great truths of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. Then a pause due to the beating back of Persia from the shores of Greece, and we come upon the half charlatan Empedocles and the students of Nature, whom Mr. Benn classes together as the "minute" philosophers, to be followed by Protagoras and the Sophists, who set up the perfecting of man's nature as the end of philosophy. And so the way was left clear for the great Sophist, Socrates, concerning whom Mr. Benn gives forth rather an uncertain sound, alleging that his "great philosophical achievement" was "his creation of logical method." But this is in part due to his wholesale rejection of the Platonic dialogues as representing the teaching of Socrates. For Plato himself, "the greatest thinker and writer of all time," Mr. Benn reserves all his enthusiasm. He even lends his idol a personal beauty with which he has not always been credited, and depicts Socrates as tasting "the sweets of a final victory in the ready and rapturous responses of this beautiful youth," and as "catching a reflex of its glory in the light of his half-laughing, half-earnest eyes." His statement of Plato's aims are best given in his own words:

He from whose name the world has coined an adjective to express what is most impracticable and unreal, was through life the most in contact with reality, the most practical of all philosophers, differing from his master in this, as in other respects, only by the greater reach and depth of his views. Purely speculative problems occupy a relatively small part of his writings; and it was perhaps only as a means to the moral reformation of mankind that he ever studied them at all. He might easily have taken refuge from what seemed a hopelessly corrupt world in the contemplation of eternal verities or of eternal mysteries; but this, as he tells us himself, though a good life, was not the best life. The best was to do his part towards the redemption of that world by bringing down the eternal verities and forcing them on its unwilling gaze. His one ambition was to be the happier Aristides the wiser Pericles of an ideal state.

After this it is hardly to be expected that Mr. Benn should be quite fair to Aristotle, whose rejection of paradox does not seem to him a virtue; nor to the Stoics and Epicureans, whom he passes over with rather brief notice. From the study of Neo-Platonism he is debarred by his self-imposed limits, although he speaks in terms of admiration of the "majestic thought" of Plotinos.

In a sketch of such vast extent he would be more than human who entirely avoided error, and it would be easy to point out instances where Mr. Benn has decided disputed points in a way from which many scholars will dissent. Nor are we so sure that he is entirely right in the exclusive and commanding position which he claims for Greek, and specially Ionian, thought. But we are prevented from

laying further stress upon this by the admiration that we feel for the masterly manner in which Mr. Benn has accomplished a most difficult task. In a small volume of 300 pages he presents with an entire absence of pedantry the most lucid digest of the earlier Greek philosophy that it has yet been our lot to read, and one from which everyone can derive some benefit. He who knows the Greek philosophers only by hearsay will find here a most attractive introduction to their study; while to the more advanced student the book cannot fail to give much food for reflection.

Turning to Prof. Campbell's book, we had hopes, at the sight of its bulk, that here at last was the classic work on the Greek religion which should be for the English public what Alfred Maury's *Religions de la Grèce Antique* is for the French. But we were disappointed. The book is founded on the author's Gifford Lectures of 1894-5, and contains hardly a single note or reference to the materials out of which they were constructed. Moreover, though carefully and pleasantly written, it has all the besetting sins of the successful lecturer, such as diffuseness, repetition, and the use of quotation for rhetorical rather than for dialectical purposes. Prof. Campbell expressly disclaims any inquiry into the origins of the religion of the Greeks, but starts in effect with Homer, going on through Hesiod and what he calls "the pantheistic awakening" of the sixth century B.C., to the rise of the Mysteries, and, of course, Socrates and Plato, that which he has to say about post-Platonic writers being so slight that it may safely be neglected. The book is eminently readable, and compiled with care and judgment, but we think the author sometimes takes a too strictly professional view of his subject, particularly when he speaks of "the priestly caste" in Greece—which, as a matter of fact, did not exist—and is apt to confuse religion with ethics. With these exceptions, we have read it with pleasure, and regret that it remains, as Prof. Campbell acknowledges in his title-page, "a sketch in outline." We hope, however, that he will some day follow it up by a more complete work.

Mr. Money-Coutts's Poems.

The Alhambra, and Other Poems. By F. B. Money-Coutts. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

FRANKLY, we must express some disappointment with Mr. Money-Coutts. The bulk of this book has not the quality which his first volume warranted us in hoping. Only in one or two poems do we find the union of fresh thought with closeness of expression, which seems to us his gift at the best. One alone seems to us thoroughly representative, and that is so wholly admirable that, although it has already been quoted in this paper, we make no apology for quoting it again. It is called "The Inquest."

Not labour kills us; no, nor joy:
The incredulity and frown,
The interference and annoy,
The small attritions wear us down.

The little goat-like buzzings shrill,
 The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
 The common curses of the will—
 These wrap the cerements round our feet.
 And more than all, the look a-kance
 Of loving souls that cannot gauge
 The numbing touch of circumstance,
 The heavy toll of heritage.
 It is not Death, but Life that slays:
 The night less mountainously lies
 Upon our lids than foolish day's
 Importunate futilities!

The equal match of thought with weight and dignity of utterance in this excellent poem make it difficult to understand how Mr. Money-Coutts could write such a lyric as the following—and there are but too many like it:

GENERAL LIFE.

Here, as if cast by pilfering fays,
 Are scattered Nature's gems:
 Her olivine, her chrysoprase,
 Her crowns and diadems!
 Scarce held the Garden God first made
 And gave the man to till,
 More flowery lawns, more fragrant shade,
 Or birds of sweeter bill!
 Here couches Love 'mid fronded fern;
 Here maidens, venturing in,
 Achieve their liberty to learn
 The sacredness of sin!

The cheap ornament of the first stanza, the undistinguished expression of the second, the general commonplace of the whole are not redeemed by the attempt to administer a shock (and a hackneyed shock) in the last two lines. Though we care for none of the sonnets greatly, it is yet true that meditative compression best suits the poet; when he expatiates in the ampler lyric form, we feel the lack of strong impulse and emotion. Nevertheless, some stanzas of "Mors, Morituri Te Salutamus" rise to Mr. Coutts's worthier level, and deserve to be cited.

Like mariners we sail, of fate unwist,
 With orders sealed and only to be read
 When home has faded in the morning mist,
 And simple faith and innocence are fled!
 Oft we neglect them, being much dismayed
 By phantoms and weird wonders
 That haunt the deep,
 By voices, winds, and thunders,
 Old mariners that cannot pray nor weep,
 And faces of drowned souls that cannot sleep!
 Or else our crew is mutinous, arrayed
 Against us, and the mandate is delayed.
 But when the forces that rebelled
 Are satisfied or quelled;
 When sails are trimmed to catch the merry wind,
 And billows dance before and foam behind;
 Free, free at last from tumult and distraction
 Of pleasure beckoned and of pain repelled—
 Free from ourselves and disciplined for action—
 We break the seal of Destiny to find
 The bourne or venture for our cruise designed,
 Then, at that very moment, hark! a cry
 On deck; and then a silence, as of breath
 Held. In the offing, low against the sky,
 Hoves the black flag. . . . Therefore I hate thee, Death!

There is here a thought, delivered through an original image. Nor, elsewhere, are there lacking nature-poems of a certain charm. But, as a whole, Mr. Money-Coutts has done, and will do, better work than this volume.

Tales That Do Not Die.

West Irish Folk-Tales. By W. Larminie. (Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. LARMINIE is a specialist in folklore, but despite that fact he has produced a book of fascination for the ordinary reader who has imagination enough to accept the improbabilities of the folk-story. He has gathered his tales in Donegal, Achill, and Connemara, sitting by turf-fires in smoky cabins, and winning the reticent Irish peasant to open his heart with the key of sheer sympathy. So far he has something of the magic of that prince of folklorists, Dr. Douglas Hyde. As for poetry, the mere literal rendering of the tales is poetry enough. Nearly all have those strange formulae common to the folk-story, which, occurring again and again, have the air of chanting; as, for example:

She went then and fitted out a ship, great and gallant,
 till she raised the great sails, speckled, spotted, as long, as
 high as the top of the masts; and she left not a rope
 without tearing, an oar without breaking, with the crack-
 ing, creeping creatures, the little beasts, the great beasts of
 the deep sea coming up on the handle and blade of the oar,
 till she let two-thirds of the sail go, and one-third held in
 till the eels were whistling, the froth down and the sand
 above; till she overtook the red wind of March that was
 before her, and the red wind of March that was after her
 did not overtake her; and she was sailing nine months
 before she came to land.

The present writer well remembers the fascination of these conventions recited in the fire-lit dusk to a circle of wondering children. The stories must be common to all Ireland, for though the tellers were Wicklow peasants, these recitals took place in the county of Dublin. Another feature common to the stories is the curious nonsense endings. The Irish folk-story is made up of heroes and kings, ghosts and graveyards, giants and talking animals. Once in this book it is concerned with Christian beliefs as peasants read them; but "The Woman who Went to Hell" must be an almost unique example. There is no story here possessing the quite perfect horror of Dr. Hyde's "Teig O'Kane and the Corpse," but there are horrors enough, only lightened for the educated mind by odd simplicities and marvels. How old they are, who knows? Mr. Larminie places one no further back than 1870, because the coward in it is the King of Prussia's son, and Prussia was the enemy in that year of calamity to France, Ireland being French to the backbone. But most are old, out of date, and have a common origin with the folk-tales of other people. This, however, is for the specialist. There is no ground so gleaned as not to show corn for the careful gleaner, and Mr. Larminie's volume is a welcome addition to our knowledge of folklore. His labours are worthy to be ranked with those of Kennedy, Curtin, and Dr. Hyde in our own day. For the folk-stories, having been left so long to oral tradition, have at last found a band of energetic, scholarly, and enthusiastic gatherers.

Notes on New Books.

BIOGRAPHY.

IF Mr. Henley's *Essay on Burns* still rankles, as we believe it does, an antidote or lenitive will be found in *The Memory of Burns* (Hodge), a collection of addresses on the poet edited by John D. Ross, LL.D. These discourses range in date from 1844 to 1897, and in speakers from Christopher North and Henry Ward Beecher to Mr. Lang and Lord Rosebery. At the close of Christopher North's eulogy are printed a few remarks by Colonel Burns, the poet's son, who confessed modestly that "poetic genius is not hereditary, and in this case the mantle of Elijah has not descended on Elisha." Lord Rosebery's two speeches were made in one day, one at Dumfries and one at Glasgow. Both are warm and eloquent tributes. The latter ended: "How shall we judge anyone? How, at any rate, shall we judge a giant—great in gifts and great in temptation; great in strength and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength, and be comforted in his weakness."

Two clerical biographies, each concerned with a quiet, uneventful, but distinguished career in the Church, are those of *Edward Meyrick Goulburn, Dean of Norwich*, by Mr. Berdmore Compton (Murray), and *The Rev. W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D.*, by Mr. W. J. Sparrow Simpson (Longmans). Both volumes have the merit of being short. Goulburn occupied the deanery of Norwich for twenty-three years, and was a liberal as well as an efficient guardian of the Cathedral. The Bishop (the Hon. John Thomas Pelham) and the Dean lived on the north and south sides of the Cathedral during the whole of this period. They never got beyond "My dear Lord" and "My dear Mr. Dean." Goulburn was a warm-hearted, sensitive man, and he would exclaim: "Oh, that want of effusiveness in the good Bishop's character! It is a want, and, however much one may esteem a man, it is impossible to love him without a little gush." The book gives an insight into cathedral-close life, but it is rather tepid reading. Mr. W. Sparrow Simpson was librarian of St. Paul's Cathedral for thirty-five years. He used to say—*apropos* of interruptions—that "people must really want you if they will come up two hundred steps to speak to you."

We should have liked the Dean of Ely's monograph on Charles Kingsley ("Victorian Era" series, Blackie) better if parts had been less suggestive of a tract for the dissemination of Dr. Stubbs's views on the "Christian Social Movement," the "Great Co-operative Movement," &c. Apart from that, Dr. Stubbs has done his agreeable task well. Those who have not the *Letters and Memorials*, which must always remain the standard Life, on their bookshelves, will find here a vigorous, sympathetic account of a great personality. The extracts from his books are well chosen. They are tonic. Time cannot dim their virility, their bustle, their glow, and their splendid humanity.

TRAVEL.

Everyone has some glimmering knowledge of the sufferings of the Vaudois in the seventeenth century. Milton burned that story into English memories. It is now

revived by Mr. W. Basil Worsfold in *The Valley of Light* (Macmillan), a book of mingled travel and history written as a series of letters "to Sibyl." This epistolary form is not, we think, well sustained. Sibyl's letters are not given, and Mr. Worsfold resorts to the expedient of quoting to her her own letters. We read: "Really, Sibyl, you are ungrateful. You write——" and then half a page of Sibyl's ungrateful letter is quoted to herself in order that we may understand the reply. This is awkward. However, these matters are not of the essence of the book, which consists of careful, loving notes on the Piedmontese topography and scenery, written in the light of, and with constant reference to, the tragedies and martyrdoms of early times. Here is a typical passage written at Villar:

And now, as I sit here, I hear the voices of the congregation gathering outside. They speak in low tones, and bear themselves in a grave, staid manner, as befits the descendants of the martyrs; so that it is only now and then that I catch a word or hear any stir of movement. There is another sound which never ceases. It is the murmur of the Pellici, as it flings its waters over the rocks or grinds the loose stones along its pebbly bed. A fit counterpart, this never-ceasing murmur in the valley, to the chain of snowy peaks—the wall of rock where (in the beautiful figure of one of the Vaudois synodal letters) the poor, persecuted dove, the Church of the Valleys, was driven to make its nest. "We were driven from the Roman Church—they drove us forth, we did not fly—like the dove which makes its nest in the rocks and in the hiding-places of the precipice."

A good point about *The Valley of Light* is that it is illustrated from the author's own pencil sketches.

In these days of pessimistic warnings about the decline of British trade it is good to learn of new markets that are ripening. In his book, *In the Niger Country* (Blackwood), Mr. Harold Bindloss emphasises the fact that behind the coast colonies of West Africa, with their thundering beaches and quaking swamps, there is "a dry land of plume-grass, dotted with the small white cattle or checkered by fields of grain. The clusters of rickety hovels give place to strong walled towns with mosques raised high to Allah; and here the camel-trains come in, on the one hand, from Morocco and, on the other, from the Nile." Mr. Bindloss takes us to this region by way of the Gold Coast, the Niger, and New Benin. His conclusions derive special interest from the present negotiations for the taking-over of the Niger Company's territories by the British Government.

All things are double, one against the other, says an old Book, and in literature it is an axiom that when one man is preparing a particular kind of work, another man is also similarly engaged. Mr. Bullen's *Cruise of the Cachalot*, that curious and informing record of fo'c's'le life, had only just left our hands when there appeared *A Shuttle of an Empire's Loom*, by Mr. Harry Vandervell (Blackwood), also the narrative of a hand before the mast on a voyage round the world. Mr. Vandervell is, however, more of a traveller and gossip than a writer; his book is yarns and snatches of yarns, fo'c's'le facts and figures, and is not a work of art. Indeed, his main object in writing it seems to be the desire to see the sailor's life ameliorated. With regard to the fo'c's'le's literary tastes, Mr. Vandervell

says that among the books brought on board by his companions were Charles Reade, Tennyson, and Carlyle. His own contributions were Weyman, Kipling, Whyte-Melville, and Lytton. Benevolently disposed shipowners and captains might read Mr. Vandervell with profit, and boys suffering from the go-fever might find it tonic.

CRITICISM.

Another of the admirable lectures delivered by Mr. Morris from time to time to craftsmen has just been published in *Art and the Beauty of the Earth* (Longmans). The discourse in question was addressed chiefly to an audience of potters, in the Burslem Town Hall in 1881, and it is an excellent example of Mr. Morris's clear and clean manner and honest good sense. This is a typical passage:

Again, take another museum that we have still left us, our country churches. Take note of them, I say, to see how art ran through everything; for you must not let the name of "church" mislead you. In times of real art people built their churches in just the same style as their houses; "ecclesiastical art" is an invention of the last thirty years. Well, I myself am just fresh from an out-of-the-way part of the country, near the end of the navigable Thames, where, within a radius of five miles, are some half-dozen tiny village churches, every one of which is a beautiful work of art, with its own individuality. These are the works of the Thames-side country bumpkins, as you would call us, nothing grander than that. If the same sort of people were to design and build them now (since within the last fifty years or so they have lost all the old traditions of building, though they clung to them longer than most people), they could not build anything better than the ordinary little plain Nonconformist chapels that one sees scattered about new neighbourhoods. That is what they correspond with, not an architect-designed new Gothic church. The more you study archaeology the more certain you will become that I am right in this, and that what we have left us of earlier art was made by unhelped people.

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the phrase "unhelped people" quite expresses the situation: even in those days an architect was necessary, even if he bore another name—but that was one of Mr. Morris's pleasant exaggerations. The book is printed with the author's own golden type.

Certain Americans seem to have taken the shy recluse of Woodbridge under their patronage more completely even than the Omar Khayyam Club; and the Caxton Club of Chicago have been holding an exhibition of first editions of his writings and Fitziana generally. The little pamphlet before us, entitled *Edward FitzGerald: Chronological List of His Books*, &c. (Chicago: Caxton Club), served as a catalogue of the exhibits, and, for those not yet initiated, as an introduction to the man set apart for honour. It proves at any rate that English collectors of FitzGerald literature have permitted much interesting material to cross the Atlantic.

THEOLOGICAL.

A book that may be expected to appeal to a wide circle of readers is Dr. Fairbairn's *Catholicism: Roman and Anglican* (Hodder & Stoughton). The distinguished Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, approaches a group of burning questions from the vantage-ground of a privileged outsider; and to students of the Oxford Move-

ment and its sequel these essays, republished from the *Contemporary*, are of first-rate interest. The interest of the author was roused first by Newman's *Apologia*; and the part played in the development of the latter by his innate tendency to scepticism is the subject of a group of important papers. Jowett, Hatch, the Cambridge critics, and Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, are among the other subjects treated by Dr. Fairbairn.

An Introduction to the Creeds and to the Te Deum (Methuen) is designed by its author, the Rev. A. E. Burn, for the use of students reading for the Cambridge Theological Tripos. Mr. Burn has advisedly discarded the endeavour to decipher the history of the Christian Symbol backwards, in favour of the straightforward reading of that history in the light of a theory. "I will venture [he writes] to begin from the beginning, passing from the evidence of the New Testament down to the final and polished forms of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, hoping by resolved restraint of language and imagination to commend my theory of their growth."

With Mr. Burn's book is by no means to be confused *The Christian Creed: its Origin and Signification*, by C. W. Leadbeater (Theosophical Publishing Society). Mr. Leadbeater is not hide-bound by critical traditions. He is in a position to assure us, on clairvoyant authority, that for ΙΗΣΟΥΝΧΡΙΣΤΟΝ (Jesus Christ) we should read ΙΗΤΡΟΝΑΠΙΣΤΟΝ (the chiefest healer); and that Pontius Pilate is a corruption of πόντος πηληγός, which "simply means a compressed or densified sea—by no means a bad description of the lower part of the astral plane." These variants (we agree with the author) will receive more serious attention from scholars "when some explorer on the physical plane discovers a manuscript containing them."

VERSE.

To anyone wanting a tremendous revolutionary work we can recommend *Umbra Cali* (New Century Press), by Compton Reade. The author, in somewhat lurid verse, unfolds a new system of philosophy. We do not pretend to have read it all. We tried, but were fascinated by this couplet:

Here our ideas diverge. Let me say rather,
I am no separate soul. I am my father.

The italics are Mr. Reade's.

Mr. F. J. Chapman, the author of *A Drama of Two Lives* (Kegan Paul), is a Canadian, but he has come to the old country for his influences:

Trust it not, the wild, treacherous gladness—
The twin hounds of Passion and Pain
Are swift to arise. In their madness
They rend, and they rest not again!
The day-dream is sweet in the dreaming,
But dreamless the night's dull despair,
When the voice, and the touch, and the gleaming
Have lured thee, and left thee—ah! where?

There is no doubt as to the origin of that strain. Elsewhere Mr. Chapman essays a conclusion to *Christabel* in the original metre; which proves him to have courage. The most individual thing in the book is a comic bioloquial ballad. Mr. Chapman has fluency and considerable command of rhyme, and his book is quite a pleasant one.

MISCELLANEOUS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The first sentence of *The Merry Gee-Gee*, by J. G. Lyall (F. V. White & Co.), is sufficiently expressive: "Returning home from Newmarket the other evening after a particularly unsuccessful week, and being in an extra-contemplative mood, the thought recurred to me, as it had so often done before, that I would, by one vehement resolve—a real copper-bottomed, armour-plated, life-and-death resolution—bind myself never to back another horse in a race." This negative resolve was quickly followed by a positive one to write a book on the merry gee-gee, and "how to breed, break, and ride him for'ard away"; also on "the noble art of backing winners on the Turf." These informing and candid pages are the result.

Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have issued a new edition of William Carleton's romance, *The Black Prophet*. This, it will be remembered, is a tale of the Irish famine of 1847—"Black '47." Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue contributes an appreciation of Carleton, in which he describes this novel as "a genuine story of 'hard times' in Ireland, by one who is admittedly supreme over all delineators of Irish life and character."

We have also received the third volume of Messrs. Bell's new edition of *The Works of George Berkeley, D.D.*, and the seventh volume of Mr. Ashton Ellis's translation of *Richard Wagner's Prose Works*.

Fiction.

Ashes of Empire. By R. W. Chambers. (Macmillan. 6s.)

In *The King in Yellow* Mr. Chambers showed a remarkable power to depict the terrible and the abnormal. Eccentricity, madness, murder, struggles to the death of individuals and states, the attitude of men and women in times of stir and strife—these are the things that attract him. He brings to their portrayal a gift of narrative, picturesque expression, and a vivid, if somewhat rough, insight into character that removes him from the ranks of those who strive to conceal weakness of characterisation in a plethora of incident.

The story of *Ashes of Empire* passes mainly in Paris, in the terrible year 1870, and deals with the adventures of two American war correspondents, and their love affairs. History and romance are ingeniously blended; and if we are not always able to agree with Mr. Chambers in his presentment of the men of that period, his staccato pen pictures are, at least, good reading. The reference to Renan in the concluding lines of the paragraph we quote is not only unkind, but also unjust:

The courage and splendid fortitude that brightened the gloom of the year of punishment, the terrible chastisement of a guilty nation, was displayed by the army and the people; the leaders, the politicians, the men in high places, the Government, must look elsewhere for eulogy. Thiers, agitated by senile convulsions; Gambetta, bawling nonsense; Rochefort, brilliant and useless as a will-o'-the-wisp (and as easy to catch); Favre, self-effacing, patriotic, and unequal to his task; Trochu, sombre, fervidly good, living amid hallucinations, a monument of martyred indecision—will some historian, or writer of fiction (whichever you please), be pleased to gild the letters of those great

names? And, while the romancer, or historian, is about it, let him regild the name of Renan as he sits feeding himself at Tortoni's in the starving city, splitting platitudes with De Goncourt. He preaches universal brotherhood; he is on good terms with humanity. Incidentally he talks much and familiarly about our Saviour, and eats, eats, always eats.

There are many excellent passages of description scattered through the volume. The story of the ghastly mismanagement of the sortie to Le Bourget is vivid, and carries the reader breathlessly along. The observation, or rather the realisation of things seen with the mind's eye, is often keen and sure. For example:

Off they clattered in the teeth of the storm, the crimson pennon of the orderly's lance cracking like a wet whip-lash in the wind.

Mr. Chambers is not for those who prefer their fiction to amble gently through the gray scenes of everyday life; but if you like a galloping narrative, of war, love, and heroism, deftly touched in upon an historical background, and are willing to let an author have his head in the matter of opinions, read *Ashes of Empire*.

The Optimist. By Herbert Morrah.

(Pearson. 6s.)

The Faithful City was not a good novel, but it aroused hopes of Mr. Morrah, which are dashed by *The Optimist*. Here you have neither masterly treatment nor any evidence that the writer has gathered together sufficient material from life to justify him in rushing into print at all. The book displays little observation and little thought. Its psychology is a shallow thing. The plot is full of digressions that merely serve to give a general scrappy and spotty effect. Most of the characters never were on sea or land; also, there are too many of them. And the most nebulous of all is the mild old parson whose temperament gives a title to the book. Mr. Morrah lacks humour. On the other hand, he can write fairly well, in an uneventful, uninspired way.

The Gospel Writ in Steel. By Arthur Paterson.

(Innes. 6s.)

MR. PATERSON, like Mr. Stephen Crane, goes for his local colour to the American War of Secession; but, unlike Mr. Crane, he is less in quest of impressions than of melodrama. Of this he finds plenty. The hero, John Burletson, is a wonderful young man. He stays at home from the war for the sake of his widowed mother. Then, for the sake of the girl he loves, he joins Sherman's army as a courier, in the hope of rescuing his more fortunate rival from a rebel prison. He not only does this, but proves himself a military genius, and wins the personal thanks of Abraham Lincoln for his services; and, in the end, the fortunate rival handsomely gives him up the girl. John Burletson's military adventures seem to us, who know nothing of war, wildly improbable; but they are undeniably exciting reading. The sentimental parts of the book, on the other hand, fail altogether either to convince or interest us.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE GLAMOUR OF THE IMPOSSIBLE. BY COSMO HAMILTON.

The author calls this an "improbability." He also dedicates it to the heroine. The heroine is Mabel Jefferies, who, having lost her own heart to a fashionable artist, captures the affections of the seven pupils of an Army coach, and, unknown to each other, plays with them very cleverly. In the end she turns them all adrift. A flippant, amusing trifle. Mabel's mother was the kind of woman "who spends two hours every morning in the meat department of the Army and Navy Stores." (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

A BRACE OF YARNS. BY W. BRAUNSTON JONES.

The yarns are: "Jack's Luck," which tells of wrongful imprisonment in San Francisco and a conspiracy of villainy against an honest British tar; and "A Strange Survival," a love story with a happy ending. They are both written with spirit; but persons who dislike the historic present will dislike the latter. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE PRIDE OF LIFE. BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART.

A rather old-fashioned story of modern life. Says the hero, Mortimer Piers Fitzpiers, eleventh Earl of Arrandale, in the beginning of the book: "I intend to see a little more of the wicked world before I settle down. Cakes and ale, or rather Perrier-Jouet and Bocks, first, and then virtue." He does so before the volume closes, as every practised novel-reader may feel assured. Sir William Magnay is faithful to convention. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

SOME FANTASIES OF FATE. BY M. W. WELBORE.

Mr. Welbore, whose name is fortunately not prophetic, in at least three of his stories sets out to make the flesh creep. One tells of the Boa Cabella, the most terrible of snakes. Another is of a ghost. Another is of a victim of the gods and the sufferings to which they put him. The author has not skill enough to make his tales anything but yarns, yet as yarns they are well told. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

RUPERT ARMSTRONG. BY O. SHAKESPEARE.

This is a history of odd people. The narrator is Agatha Armstrong. Rupert's daughter; and Rupert is an artist who began his career by painting good pictures, and at the time of the story is painting only popular ones. There are many artists like him. The book is a presentation of his character, vaguely but delicately done. (Harpers. 6s.)

PHILIP HELMORE, PRIEST. BY K. A. HOWARTH.

By the rules of modern fiction a man named Philip Helmore must be a priest, and ought by right to have doubts and die a saint. It is so in this book. On the first page Philip Helmore remarks, "It is true. I am seriously determined on taking Holy Orders. Seems damned funny, doesn't it?" He then passes onward to seriousness and unselfish labour, and is killed in a street row in attempting to protect a woman. Another character is named Coryn Tremayne. (Downey. 6s.)

THE COUNTESS TEKLA. BY ROBERT BARR.

A mediæval romance of love and battle, by the author of *The Mutable Many*, and other novels of modern life and sensation. Mr. Barr's hero is the Emperor Rodolph, who is set down somewhere about the twelfth century; but we are spared archaic talk. The story, which is brisk and exciting, tells how the lovely Countess Tekla became the Empress Tekla. The pages ring with the twang of bow-strings and the blows of axes; and there is enough of treachery and intrigue to satisfy the most exacting reader. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT IS STILL. BY A. CAMPBELL.

Another romance of the supernatural. The narrator, after many years in Australia, returns to the family home in Scotland, and straightway acquires the gift of mingling with the dead in their occupation and talk. He then meets his ancestors, and learns from them the rules of life beyond the grave, all of which are explained here at some length. It is a wild, but not uncanny, book; indeed, if Mr. Campbell is to be believed, the spookish existence is a wofully humdrum business. (Redway. 6s.)

THE LOVE STORY OF MARGARET WYNNE. BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

The hero of this novel is named Bayard, and he models his life on Mr. Henley's lines:

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

To our mind, however, Jasper cuts rather a poor figure in the early stages of the story; there is too much "repressed suffering" about him; and we are inclined to agree with Sir Jasper Lestrangle, his tyrannical father, that "no man of spirit would put up with what *he* bears." (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE DAY OF TEMPTATION. BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

The frontispiece of this novel gives us a well-arranged struggle in a cosy room. A lady is lying on the carpet, and a butler is seizing a military looking gentleman, with the remark: "I won't see a woman murdered in that cowardly manner, even if you are my master." Mr. Le Queux's chapter headings are, as usual, concentrated drama. We have: "Her Ladyship's Secret," "Silence is Best," "A Secret Despatch," "By Stealth," "I Bear Witness," &c. Ten pages of press notices of Mr. Le Queux's other novels bear witness to his fertility of invention. (F. V. White. 6s.)

HARRY INGLEBY, SURGEON. BY FREDERIC J. WEBB.

This novel is compounded of medical student life, Irish wit and humour, football, and love-making; and it is written in high spirits. We open the book at "The Lay of the Unfortunate Medical Man," and read:

Oh I was a medical student,
And, being uncommonly prudent,
In time became a qualified medical man;
And I got my name emblazoned
On a door and lamp adjacent,
And says I, "I'll help the public all I can."

The ensuing sixteen stanzas are concerned with the comical encounters which the young doctor had with his first patients. A very bright novel. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE SENTIMENTAL MARIA. BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Eight short stories by the author of *Bootle's Baby*. (F. V. White. 1s.)

The Ascetic.

THE narrow, thorny path he trod.
"Enter into My joy," said God.
The sad ascetic shook his head;
"I've lost all taste for joy," he said.

From "*At Dawn and Dusk*," by Victor J. Daley.

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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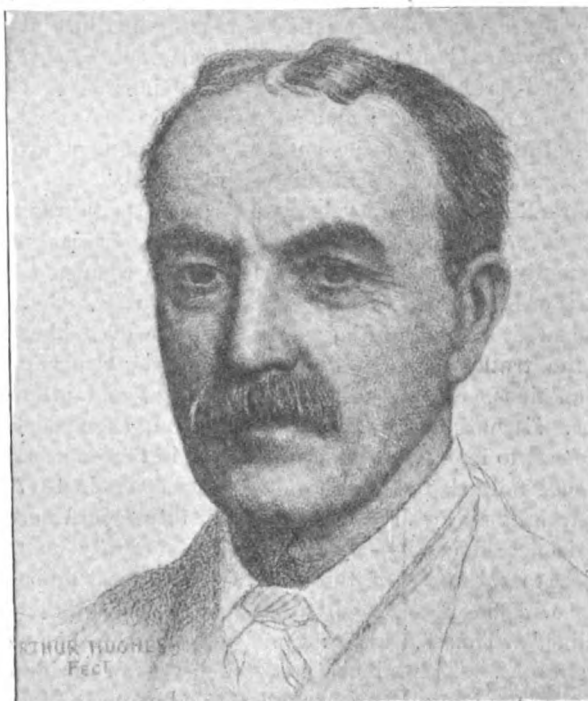
Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. type-written.

The Art of Mark Rutherford.

WHY are the novels of Mark Rutherford like none others that we know? Why do we place them on the same shelf as Spinoza's *Ethic*, and refer to them a good deal oftener? Because they are informed with a wisdom austere and sweet, a magnetic sympathy, an altruism which rejoices in contact with life. Because without them the blacks and duns of life remain for us untranslated, affronting the eye with mere dowdiness. In these stories, unmoulded by plot and ungilded by epigram, there is yet a fine symmetry and a flashing insight. Every sentence is perfectly clear, and this clarity extends to the exhibition of character and landscape, the working out of the incidents and the effect of the whole. Moreover, the clearness is a natural clearness—it does not mean deprivation of atmosphere, sentiment, eloquence; but it means that there is no “negligible quantity” in the novels, it means that a selective instinct of a high order has assisted at their production. Observers of character know that the *cliché* of custom lies so strongly on individuals that it is only in one action out of twenty that the average man expresses his own idiosyncrasy in a recognisable form. Mark Rutherford's novels evince the talent that recognises the typical action, and so is able to present the type. When Zachariah, in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, under stress of emotion informs his guests that unless they believe God's Word they are lost, his wife says: “My dear, will you take any more tea? . . . Major Maitland, may I give you some more tea?” Nothing could repel us more effectually from the chilling nature of this ordinary woman. Mr. Hexton, of whom a similar anecdote is told in *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, is a being of the same stamp. He did not beat his wife; but he told her to take her books down from the shelf in her sitting-room because they were shabby, and “he wanted a stuffed dog there.” Mrs. Jane Coleman and Mr. Hexton are depreciators, the most formidable of the non-criminal community. It is a class against which Mark Rutherford is specially qualified to direct his deadly camera. Mr.

Furze, the ironmonger, belongs to it. He gets a young man—whose benefactor he regards himself—to write difficult letters with which he is incompetent to deal. “Ten minutes after the letters were posted [he] was perfectly convinced that he had foreseen the necessity of each one—that he had personally and thoroughly controlled the whole day's operations, and that Tom had performed the duties of a merely menial clerk.” As an illustration of the pathos of the depreciated, nothing can be finer than Baruch Cohen's experience when, in a moment of supreme danger, he sees his son Benjamin—once so devoted to him—leave him to his fate in order to rescue his sweetheart. As an illustration of the pathos of the depreciator nothing more beautiful can be found than the story of Miriam, whom the stars and the dawn taught to love her husband.

In the provincial world of shopkeepers, the industrial and “dissenting” world to which Mark Rutherford intro-



“MARK RUTHERFORD.”

duces us, the depreciator is, it must be understood, only one of many subsidiary types, each presented with memorable distinctness, though it be for only a few minutes. Generous and sympathetic people are not rare. Witness Theresa Wollaston (a true comforter), M'Kay (the Drury-lane philanthropist), Mrs. Caffyn (who gave a rector a lesson in charity), and Mrs. Joll, to name no more. Mrs. Joll stands before us in a portrait which no canter—and which of us has not canted at some time in his life?—can contemplate without wincing. She was

a rude, stout, hard person . . . fond of her beer, rather grimy, given to quarrel a little with her husband, could use strong language at times, and was utterly unintelligent so far as book learning went. Nevertheless . . . in her there was the one thing needful—the one thing which, if ever there is to be a Judgment Day, will put her on the right hand; when all sorts of scientific people, religious people, students of poetry, people with exquisite emotions, will go on the left, and be damned everlastingly.

Although they afford a unique exhibition of the types to be met with in "dissenting circles," and show a reverent regard for, and a deep knowledge of, the Scriptures, it were vain to seek in the novels a specific announcement of religious faith. It is not for Mark Rutherford to depreciate the value of pure living and the pursuit of noble purposes by giving them letters of credit on a divine exchequer. "Virtue," says Spinoza, "is to be desired for its own sake; nor is there anything more excellent or more useful to us than virtue, for the sake of which virtue ought to be desired." Integrity of the loftiest kind is the ruling passion of Mark Rutherford's eponymous heroines, of the before-mentioned Zachariah and of himself. Note his career: he breaks his engagement with Ellen because he doubts his own love; he relinquishes his Independent pastorate because his heterodoxy brings him into conflict with his flock; he resigns his appointment as preacher to a Unitarian chapel because "the desire for something like sympathy and love absolutely devoured" him; he tasted the bitterness of poverty and semi-serfdom, but he saw "the Kingdom of God through a little child"; and not too late in his gray and weary life recognised the authentic voice of love in his own heart, and found it Ellen's voice after all.

Mark Rutherford was "delivered"; but Death was not the deliverer, though Death came while his tyrant was apparently dominant. He had learned to command the depths of himself, to pay, not with blood, but the Gethsemane sweat exacted of him who would save even himself, for the truth that was wider than creeds, richer than explanations, being, as it were, both light and ultimate peace. Zachariah, the Calvinist, a "friend of the people," sentenced to imprisonment for complicity in that most sadly comic of failures the march of the Blanketeers in 1817, is led straight by loyalty to an indefinite future in America. "It is not known"—wrote the only authority on that subject to the writer of this article—"and most probably never will be known, what became of Zachariah and Pauline." This we know: they were arrows—bound to go straight. Zachariah's first wife was an incidental victim to the imperious command of his loyalty. We feel him so dutiful that it is natural not to be detained either in his Cimmerian dark of captivity or in his Elysian field of second marriage. We enter and are dismissed from both in half a page. As with the heroes, so with the heroines. In Catharine Furze and Clara Hopgood, a fixity of intention towards a free and pure spiritual life is as evident as in Mark Rutherford. To my mind nothing in literature is more touching than the relations between Catharine and the Rev. Theophilus Cardew and his wife. Here we have passion awakening in a girl of heroic honesty for a man of less indelible nobleness. We see a divine interposition in the girl's favour, one of those accidents more subtle than miracles, and the man is withdrawn from her ere he has wronged by some perfidy of anarchic love the warm-hearted woman wedded to him, whose commonplace echo of himself he disdains. It is not more strange than credible—such is the novelist's persuasiveness—that, in their love for each other, Catharine and the clergyman were both saved: she taught him, by one of those revelations that come to us when the great gray cliff

holds us up above and against the surging sea of our desires, to love his wife and to bear with her, and to be simple in his teaching. Over Clara Hopgood the public that speaks of books as "edifying" or "unedifying" has loudly mourned. What a departure! What dangerous, if not wicked counsel! Why? Because Madge Hopgood is a seduced girl who refuses to marry the father of her child on the ground that she no longer loves him. Madge's sensual error is presented with an economy of circumstantial evidence which should satisfy the sensitiveness of all ordinary people. Surprise at the view of marriage put forward is unintelligent. It embodies Miss Arbour's energetic advice to Mark Rutherford, and that principle of sincerity to oneself and others which influenced his own conduct. It is noteworthy that the book is called after the elder sister, "Clara Hopgood." Clara deliberately stood aside at the crucial moment, that the man whom she loved and who loved her might transfer his love to her embarrassed sister. He did so, knowing her history, and his name was Baruch, Spinoza's Jewish name. Clara we leave in Italy, dead in Mazzini's cause, her name living on her niece's lips. With such fine delicacy does Mark Rutherford subordinate the iconoclastic to the heroic. While a scandalised section of his readers are wrangling over Madge with enthusiastic "Individualists" the novelist is thinking all the time of Clara.

There are other imaginative writings by Mark Rutherford. An apology for Saul, supposed to emanate from Rizpah, is a wonderful *tour de force*. "David turned everything into songs"—how powerful is the sneer!—"my lord never sang nor danced, nor played; it was as much as he could do if he smiled." In this and other theological writings we perceive the strength of the born novelist as much as in the novels. For, after all, it is the faculty of adoption that separates the man of imagination from the mere parrot-perceiver. Not that the mere parrot-perceiver were not great in comparison with the numbers of cleverish novelists who falsify or neglect real happenings to chime with a gross optimism, for at least he is a reporter of facts. But in Mark Rutherford's novels we have much more, we have the submission of facts to the irresistible movement of souls determined on uprightness and sincere in strife. The trumpet of this world is not needed to confirm the imperfect, but authentic, felicity they ascribe to two or three, and would be an impertinence in that dark labour-world of which the fullest and most documentary of them—their putative author's own narratives—gives us such harrowing glimpses. To accept the light in the novels and reject the shadows, on the ground of progress made since the epoch of which they treat, were vain. The millennium is still Himalayan in its aloofness. The "Thing" is no more; and demonstrators are not fired upon. But, with multitudes of pin-pricks and little agonies long drawn out, the strife between superciliousness and philanthropy, capital and labour, sect and sanctity, still goes on. Some of the blacks are now gray, but till the grays vanish before the theophany of paramount day Mark Rutherford's lantern will be a helpful guide.

C.

Toplady as Literature.

THE most touching moment of the black pageant of Mr. Gladstone's funeral, a moment which still vibrates in the memory of those who were present, was when choir and congregation sang the plaintive "Rock of Ages" in the statesman's own Latin translation — "Jesu, pro me perforatus." In that hour it did not matter that its Latinity had been questioned, or that paraphrase had perhaps been carried to extremes. The unveiling on Friday week in the Devonshire Church of Broad Hembury of a mural memorial to Augustus Toplady, the author of the most famous example of devotional poetry in English, reminds one, indeed, that the constant attitude of most minds towards hymns is that of the congregation at Westminster on that historic day. It is not critical. Many people, indeed, seem quite as ready to accept some dreadful doggerel or some silly jingle with the same favour as the "Adeste fideles" or "For all the Saints." Toplady, happily, is beyond criticism in so far as he is revealed to us in "Rock of Ages." No hymn of English origin has been more widely used by every denomination, outside the Roman Church—which stands alone in rejecting the doctrine of free-trade in hymns, and even discards the "Lead, kindly Light," of its own great son. Toplady wrote at least a score of hymns, to say nothing of those which have been attributed to him with insufficient warrant; but, although there are others still in the books, this one alone has lived. It is not surprising that it should be so, since "Rock of Ages" combines in itself all the essential requisites of devotional poetry. Its very conception is poetical; fervent piety burns in every line; in its utter abandonment of self it is suited to all varieties of Christianity; its exquisite simplicity commends it to the least cultured mind. Its plain unmythical directness has had much to do with its popularity, alike with great minds and with small. We find versions of it in most languages, and there are six or seven in Latin, the most familiar of them being, of course, the "Jesu, pro me perforatus," which Mr. Gladstone wrote when he was no older than Toplady was when he composed it.

The career of the distinguished Vicar of Broad Hembury is a terrible example of the futility of theological controversy. Much of his short life—he died at thirty-eight—was devoted to the intemperate advocacy of militant Calvinism, when he might have been adorning the English hymnary with the literature it still so sorely needs. The days in which he lived—he was born in 1740 and died in 1778—were full of hot disputation upon matters of faith and dogma, and Toplady, who had begun by being an admirer of Wesley, was not long in resenting the vivifying impulses which that great man was giving to practical religion. The founder of Methodism was himself a man of his hands when it came to fighting with the carnal weapons of the pamphleteer, but he was a mild controversialist beside his opponent, and it is difficult, indeed, to recognise the author of "Rock of Ages" in the extraordinary virulence with which he attacked those who were so unlucky as not to agree with him. Estimable as he was in private life, the saving grace of charity did not distinguish his printed utterances. Calvin himself spoke

charitably of Luther, even under provocation; but it was reserved to Toplady to say of Wesley that his "satanic guilt" was equalled only by his "satanic shamelessness." Wesley retorted by declining to "fight with chimney-sweepers," and his antagonist took his revenge by calling him "an old fox, tarred and feathered," and by proving him to be a not very reprehensible plagiarist from Dr. Johnson. Such were the "apostolic blows and knocks" of the days when people still discussed election, reprobation, predestination, and the rest, as grimly as though they mattered.

Isa Blagden.

ISA BLAGDEN, who is mentioned in the current *Quarterly* article on "Some Women Poets," and about whom curiosity has been expressed, is entitled to remembrance. For years she was the centre of English society in Florence. Her cultured tastes and kindly disposition attracted many notable persons to her villa on Bellosguardo. She dabbled both in poetry and fiction; and not long after her death, in 1872, her poems were issued in a modest brown-covered volume, with prefatory memoir by Mr. Alfred Austin. The following sonnet is a favourable example of her muse:

SORROW.

If trampled grass gives perfume; if the bowl
Must be well broken ere the wine can flow;
From the abysses of this storm-tossed soul,
From this my destiny's last mortal blow,
From sobs, and sighs, and agonies of tears,
From tortured life, and happiness forborne,
The utter ruin of my youth's lost years,
And from the bitter present's strife forlorn,
The future's terror and the past's despair;
And from this crushed and grief-wrung heart I dare
To call on Thee, O God! Let others bring
Their love, obedience, faith, as offering:
I lay my sorrows prostrate at Thy feet,
Avenging God! to Thee bruised flowers are sweet.

But it is Miss Blagden's intimate connexion with the Brownings that will keep her name fresh for many years. It was at her house in Lucca that the late Lord Lytton fell ill in 1857, and Robert Browning shared in the nursing to such an extent that Mrs. Browning protested against her husband thus trifling with his health. Miss Blagden's association with Mrs. Browning was close and long, and when the crushing sorrow of his wife's death fell on Robert Browning she it was who rendered him the greatest help. She took immediate charge of his boy; under her roof the poet lived while the sad duties connected with his wife's burial still kept him in Florence; and she accompanied him and his motherless child to Paris on their departure from the scene of mourning. Mrs. Orr thus writes of Robert Browning when at Miss Blagden's house for the few weeks after Mrs. Browning's death: "He at least gave her [Miss Blagden] cause to deny what has been so often affirmed, that great griefs are necessarily silent. She always spoke of this period as her 'apocalyptic month,' so deeply poetic were the ravings which alternated with the simple human cry of the desolate heart, 'I want her, I want her!'"

To Miss Blagden, "perfect in all kindness to me," Browning wrote the affecting letter concerning his wife's provisional disinterment at Florence, consequent on the placing of the monument designed by Leighton, and, to her death, a delightful and affectionate correspondence was maintained between them. One extract—a tribute to his wife—from Browning's letters to Miss Blagden ought not surely to be forgotten: "But *no*, dearest Isa. The simple truth is that *she* was the poet and I the clever person by comparison—remember her limited experience of all kinds, and what she made of it. Remember, on the other hand, how my uninterrupted health and strength and practice with the world have helped me. . . ."

Things Seen.

A Lesson.

I HAD been where bitter things had been spoken of the Church of England; where passion had run riot, and the hissed words "treacheries" and "traitors" had been frequent as "love" and "forgiveness" in a sermon. When I reached home I picked up the thousandth number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and I said: "Good! here is something that will distract my mind from the bickerings of this flock, who cannot hear their Shepherd's voice for their own shrieking." But the magazine opened on p. 437, and there I read that one bishop had remarked that the difficulty was caused by ecclesiastical marauders; another, that they had to contend with secret societies; a third (an archbishop, this), that there were men in the Church of England false to their engagements. Then I flung the magazine aside, and went out into the streets, for it was a fine night of stars, and up there was law and harmony, and love too, perhaps. And I walked past the Abbey, till I came to a great open place, and in the midst of this place was the shell of an enormous building that dwarfed the neighbourhood. Then I stopped a wayfarer, and said to him: "What is that black thing that looms so bravely skyward?" He gazed up at the towering walls—so quiet—that seemed to challenge the strength of the still night sky that arched London, and answered: "It's the new Roman Catholic Cathedral."

Glamour.

It was the midday luncheon hour, and one of the many refreshment rooms in the Strand was filling rapidly. The oblong marble-topped tables became more and more congested. Each takes four comfortably, and at mine there was still a vacancy. An oldish man sat facing me poring over a book as he ate. Next him was the empty chair. It was taken by a youth who ordered a pork pie and a glass of lemonade. My opposite neighbour was by now well through his repast, but remained dallying with the printed pages. He was entirely unmoved by the rattling of plates and the strident commands passing between customers and waitress.

The advent of the pork pie roused him momentarily,

but he returned to his reading, presumably to finish the chapter. By that time the youth had forgotten all but the sullen delicacy before him.

The stranger rose, and for a brief space hesitated, waiting for some action on the part of the lad. It did not come. Then, in a perfectly grave and composed manner, he said: "I am sorry that I must disturb the symmetry of your meal." The youth moved aside to enable him to slip past. I managed to catch the title of the volume responsible for the older man's absorption. It was *Euphues*, by John Lyly.

The Grief of Parting.

THE man leaned right into the railway carriage. There was positive anguish in his drawn face. The lady inside was very pretty and beautifully dressed; her softnesses of complexion and hair, of lace and filmy material, triumphed in the searching glare of the electric light, which showed the rich luxury of every detail of her costume. She smiled with a pretty, regretful tenderness as she replied lightly to his earnest words. He looked at her as if he could never look long enough, as if her face held for him the whole meaning of life. As the train began to move, his fingers fell passionately on the ungloved hand resting on the window ledge, then instinctively he sprang back, raised his hat, and I caught in full light a glimpse of his white face.

Directly the train steamed out of the station the lady rose, carefully rolled up her veil, and, quite indifferent to my presence, proceeded before the mirror in the carriage to dust her face with a dainty pocket handkerchief, and to apply to forehead and nose the minutest layer of powder with a tiny puff. She patted and arranged her curls, drawing them with a hairpin into coquettish position and curve, and then, lowering her veil, she sank into the seat with a sigh of satisfaction.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE fact that a sculptor's life is nearly always a tragedy does not prevent his death from being something of a tragedy too. Mr. Harry Bates has died before he had time to pause on his upward path to fame. He fought like a tiger against the difficulties that beset the career in England, and beset, too, the execution of nearly every separate commission—stupenduous difficulties they often seem. One speaks, of course, of those sculptors only who are artists first and everything else afterwards—men like Bates and Gilbert and Onslow Ford. Despite his triumphs Bates died still a struggler. His great equestrian statue of Lord Roberts, with its elaborate base, will be his own best monument. The thing had but to be seen to make its own conquests; but at the end of that Herculean labour of production—sufficient in itself, one thinks, to tax the strength of a man and to free him from fresh toils for the rest of his life—there still remained one last incidental despair: where was it to be seen? Its size was such that it could not be got inside even the Academy's hospitable halls: hospitable enough to Bates anyway, though

he was not as yet numbered among its Associates. It happened to be the present writer's lot to be at hand when Bates made his plea to Lord Leighton to be allowed to put up the great image of Bobs and his charger in the courtyard of Burlington House. The President was paralysed for the moment by the memory of past refusals to others. He began with the formula he had often used: "But the courtyard does not belong to the Academy, and the Council has no control over it." The eye of Bates was fixed upon him. "Anyhow, my dear Bates," said the President, softening, "we have said that year after year to bores, and only last year said 'no' to a man with a monster fountain (a very fine fountain it was too); so you see the difficulty." Bates made no such weak admission; and before he left he knew he could depend on Lord Leighton's sense of art-comradeship to defy the laws of that dearest of all things to the official mind—precedent. The Leighton he left was not the President of the Council; he was the brother artist and the brother sculptor too. What passed at the Council meeting I do not know; but the statue of Lord Roberts was there to break the sacred and immemorial line of attending carriages at the private view day at Burlington House before it went to its own predestined position in Calcutta.

PASSING along High-street, Kensington, nearly opposite to St. Mary Abbott's, you may see two large bronze bas-reliefs in the doorway of a baker's shop. An idyllic beauty, undoubtedly theirs, causes many a pedestrian to pause before them. But not all their admirers are aware that they are the early work of Harry Bates.

AMONG the seventy men called to the Bar the other day, a certain proportion probably have no expectation of practice. One of them, for instance, is already an officer in the army, and two others are doctors. Sharing the opinion of a popular general, who is a barrister and a doctor as well as a soldier, these new men of law evidently think it does a man no harm as a practitioner in his own profession to be admitted a member of others as well. Approved wearers of wig and gown, they have no more intention, probably, of putting higher pressure than ever on the practising barrister's life by a capture of briefs than the Prince of Wales has of becoming a competitor among surgeons when he is made a Fellow of their Royal College. Of the seventy "called," however, some, no doubt, will rank among "chosen" ones in a career in which there are great prizes. These loom large, no doubt, to the eyes of some among the newly called. "Gentlemen," said a bencher once to the young men he was admitting, "the Woolsack is probably nearer to you to-day in your own vision than it ever will be again." Which dark saying he enlightened by the parable of a man who, walking in hilly country, sees a spire that looks near at the first bird's-eye view, but becomes further and further removed as you approach it by devious tracks. Still, there are men who do "arrive": some to the Woolsack—though the windings of the road may be beginning to look more and more interminable to Sir Richard Webster—and others to only lesser goals; for the bencher who made the remark just quoted, and, no doubt, made

it feelingly at the moment, is now the Lord Chief Justice of England.

A LITTLE estate in Warwickshire, not far from Knowle, which was once the property of Lord Byron, has just been sold by his grandson, the present Earl of Lovelace. The Earl is also Baron Wentworth, but it is a little odd and confusing to see the minor title used in the papers this week, in an announcement that "Lord Wentworth is in town, and not, as stated, in Monte Carlo."

THE Rembrandt exhibition at Burlington House has beaten the record of attendances at its winter shows. This is exactly what ought to be, but it is rather better than what many pessimists supposed would be, and the people who are perpetually wretched about the decline of public taste may really take heart. It is a fine thought, too, that England itself is the possessor of nearly all the Rembrandts that are now on exhibition. And England, owning such treasure, should know how best to preserve it. A great difference may be observed in the degrees of care given to the preservation of the pictures, the Duke of Westminster, with his glass covers and the evident silk-handkerchief dustings periodically given to the surface of the canvas, setting an example of care which Lord Spencer and some other owners would do well to take to heart.

LADY BUTLER, before she sails for the Cape in a fortnight, hopes to finish a picture she is painting of a charge at the Alma. In that charge Lord Wantage, then a young lieutenant, carried the English colours with a daring that won the Victoria Cross. Those colours have since hung in the Wellington Chapel at the Barracks in St. James's Park. The other day they were taken down and brought to Lady Butler's studio, whither also came Lord Wantage, who waved the flag once more as he had waved it all those years ago: a spectacle by which those who witnessed it—Lady Wantage and the artist—could not but be moved.

THE elections of Associates at the Academy, on Tuesday night, brought up its members from the ends of England. Mr. Napier Hemy came all the way from Falmouth ("it's a fine town") murmuring the name of Tuke. The conventional contingent meant to have a conventional man, and they had their way with Mr. Cope. The election of Mr. Alfred East, who has been an insistent ghost at the door of Burlington House, allowed several members to breathe freely again, they said; but it was carried by only a single vote. One little irony of the evening was that a large number of votes went to Mr. Edward Scott, a fine artist who is not always sure of being accepted by the selecting committee.

MRS. STANHOPE FORBES has written a book and has illustrated it. Legendary stories from the text and the accompanying drawings are in colour and will, in colour, be reproduced. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Fire of London," which had its private view in Mr. Alfred East's studio, has already been put in its place at the Royal Exchange, and he and his wife start for St. Jean de Luz next week, returning to London in time for the Spring exhibitions.

LITTLEMORE station, near Oxford, was burnt down on Tuesday. At this same Littlemore was started by Newman the first monastery of modern Anglicanism, and there it was that he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. On Tuesday, the day of the Littlemore fire, the Protestant demonstration was held in the Albert Hall to protest against what is in fact the result of Newman's influence on the Anglican Church. The coincidence among any but stalwart Protestants might easily become tinged with superstition.

THE following story of the Sirdar, which comes to me bearing the authority of a relative of Lord Kitchener, illustrates, more than any, perhaps, his readiness of resource, his determination, and his painstaking, far-seeing preparedness for events. One evening, as our forces neared Khartoum, a Dervish spy was discovered in camp and promptly taken to headquarters for examination. It was a juncture at which information as to the enemy's position and plans was of the highest importance: but neither the richest bribes nor the direst threats could elicit one word from the prisoner; he affected to be both deaf and dumb. Scarcely was his hearing over—if hearing it can be called—when another spy was led in, who proved equally obdurate. It was maddening; and in "the good old times" torture and short shrift would have been the fate of these brave gentlemen. As it was, they were led away bound, and placed for the night in a well-guarded tent. About half an hour later, when all was settling down to rest in camp, there was a fresh stir and hubbub, and a third spy was dragged in, who, also, would reveal nothing, and was finally placed in the tent with his fellows. Soon the guards outside heard a murmur of voices from within; the dumb spies had found their tongues; but it was impossible to overhear their talk distinctly, or to understand it. An hour or more passed. Then the door of the tent was thrown open, and the third spy appeared and asked to be conducted to headquarters. It was the Sirdar, who in disguise had discovered all he needed to know! It seems that Lord Kitchener always takes the greatest pains to make himself master of the vernacular of any country to which he is sent. He seizes every opportunity of talking with the poorer folks, until he literally speaks like a native.

The Book Market.

A Provincial Library.

THE statistics of a good lending library are always interesting and often instructive. Take those which have just been issued by the Librarian of the Bristol Museum Subscription Library. Bristol is a large town, a centre of culture, and populous of readers. Its tastes in reading, when known, have a value for publishers and authors, and they are set forth with some clearness in the annual report which was submitted to the subscribers last week.

The twelve most popular works in general literature in demand during 1898 were as follows:

Landor's *In the Forbidden Land*.

Busch's *Bismarck*.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson.

Pigou's *Phases of My Life*.

Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartoum*.

Trotter's *Life of John Nicholson*.

Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.

Bishop's *Korea and Her Neighbours*.

Collections and Recollections

Birrell's *Sir Frank Lockwood*.

Peary's *Northward Over the Great Ice*.

Kearton's *With Nature and a Camera*.

The twelve most popular works of fiction in this Bristol Library in 1898 were:

Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.

Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*.

Merriman's *Roden's Corner*.

Merriman's *In Kedar's Tents*

Hope's *Simon Dale*.

Montresor's *At the Cross Roads*.

Stevenson's *St. Ives*.

Twain's *More Tramps Abroad*.

Crawford's *Corleone*.

Weyman's *Shrewsbury*.

Crockett's *Lochinvar*.

Kipling's *Day's Work*.

This Subscription Library was opened in 1894, and it is managed in conjunction with the Public Reference Library, which is of greater antiquity, and contains 50,000 volumes. A century, and less, ago the Reference Library was used by Coleridge, Southey, Landor, and Sir Humphry Davy. To it, we gather volumes are being continually transferred from the Subscription Library, which is kept in a state of flux as new books pour through it. Last year 1,520 new books, or about two-thirds of the total number of volumes now in the Subscription Library, were put on the shelves.

These and other particulars have been furnished to us by the librarian, Mr. L. Acland Taylor.

Correspondence

The Red Book of the Exchequer.

SIR,—As the ACADEMY (October 15, 1898) was alone in calling attention to the gravity of my "most damaging" attack on the official edition of the Red Book of the Exchequer, and as it urged the absolute necessity of "a complete and well-considered defence," I ask permission to make it known, through your widely read columns, that an unequivocal judgment has just been pronounced upon the matter. The *English Historical Review*, through the mouth of one of its editors (the Oxford lecturer in Diplomatic), announces that, "after the most careful consideration" of my own treatise and the attempted reply to it, he must withdraw, as unjustified, the favourable judgment which the above work had obtained, and deliberately admit that, though my "charges are very sweeping," they are, in fact, "made out." On the gravity of this admission, in the case of an official production, there is no need to comment.

I should, perhaps, add that, having no case, the editor of this unfortunate production has, in accordance with a

well-known adage, relied on making personal charges, of which it need only be said that they are worthy of his historical theories. His assertion that I made use of information in his advance sheets for purposes of my own is not only absolutely unfounded, but is demonstrably so. As a matter of fact, I am under no obligations to him in the matter of the *Red Book*, while his preface admits "many obligations" to myself in the matter.

My treatise is for private circulation only, but I shall be happy to send some spare copies to historical scholars interested in the study of our national records, or to libraries possessing the *Rolls* series and used by students of history.—I am, &c.,

J. H. ROUND.

31, Alfred-place West, S.W.

Light.

SIR,—In your article in the *ACADEMY* of the 28th inst. you ask for information concerning Isa Blagden and L. M. Little, referred to in the article "Some Women Poets" in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. Isa Blagden was a contemporary of the Brownings; was in their set in Florence; and was a friend of the late Lord Lytton, who, you will remember, was also at one time in that set. You are right in thinking that L. M. Little is the author of *Persephone*, and *Other Poems*, and of *Wild Myrtle*. She is Irish, and was classed by Mr. Gladstone among the women poets whom he considered worthy of a place in literature.—I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE,
"SOME WOMEN POETS."

50, Albemarle-street: January 30, 1899.

Books That Are Wanted.

SIR,—Competition No. 16, you say, was "for the best suggestion for one or more books which do not exist, but which ought to exist," and you award the prize to the suggestions of "a skeleton *History of the World*" and "a *Contemporaneous History*, giving a bird's-eye view of historical events, &c., taking place all over the earth's surface at the same time from earliest days."

May I point out to you that such a book exists, and has existed since 1888, in *Tables of European History, Literature, Science and Art from A.D. 200 to 1888, and of American History, Literature, and Art*. By John Nichol, M.A. Oxon, LL.D. Fourth edition. Published by J. Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow.

In parallel columns we have contemporaneous events in Foreign History, English and Scottish History, English Literature, Foreign Literature, Science, Inventions, &c., and the Fine Arts.

The work has been of so much assistance in my own case that I trust you will pardon me for introducing it to the notice of your readers.—I am, &c.,

January 30, 1899.

G. S.

[We note that the work mentioned by our correspondent covers less than half the world's history.—ED. ACADEMY.]

"John Halifax" and E. A. B.

SIR,—The hypercritical remarks upon my introduction to *John Halifax*, in your issue of January 21, would have remained unnoticed but for the letter from Messrs. Hurst & Blackett in your last issue. May I be allowed, for the edification of "E. A. B.," to add some additional information which has come under my personal observation? As your readers are aware, the copyright of *John Halifax* expired last year, and nine different publishers have considered it a desirable speculation to issue new editions; in all there have been some nineteen different editions and prices in circulation since the expiration of the copyright, so that of this "dead book whose destiny is limbo" there were certainly one hundred thousand copies sold during the year. Most publishers would, I think, like a book in this *decayed* condition.

The construction "E. A. B." has placed upon my introduction is, I think, equal to his knowledge of the popularity of this book. I will not, however, attempt to criticise this part of his review, but I should esteem it a favour if he can come down from what he has so ably illustrated "the stilted and involved" and tell us what he means by the statement, that had *John Halifax* "been warmed at the Divine Fire it might have ranked as one of the books of the century."

In his last attempt to excuse an indiscretion, he says: "I meant merely that it (the book) had ceased to exist as a literary force." No one, as far as I know, now claims for it this distinction; and even, if it ever possessed such a characteristic, it is quite possible for it to have exhausted itself in this respect after a lapse of fifty years.

4, Stationers' Hall-court, E.C. JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

SIR,—There is a mixture of flippancy and bad taste displayed by your contributor "E. A. B.," which I venture to say will be resented by that macabre battalion of 24,190 corpses who bought the book "whose destiny is limbo." Probably fifty years hence we shall have the *Superfine Critic* of the period describing us as microbes or fossils for preferring *Tales of Unrest* to the latest Soudanese romance issued from a Khartoum press; but if we number 24,190, "the literary force" will be then, as now, a sufficient reply to the S. C.—I am, &c.,

G. C. CLARK.

[Far be it from me to call Mr. G. C. Clark, or anyone else who buys books, a corpse. All book-buyers have my respect. If Mr. Clark will peruse my flippancy again, he will see that I applied the term which has aroused his annoyance to the volumes themselves, and not to the purchasers thereof. I maintain my right to call a book a corpse, and not 24,190 accusations of bad taste shall induce me to withdraw the phrase.—E. A. B.]

Bed Books.

SIR,—May I add a few words of personal experience to the interesting correspondence on this subject?

I read Guide Books in bed. Murray's delightful series I prefer, especially the volumes on Spain, Italy, and Greece. Occasionally I take up Baedeker's Guides, and lately I have

been reading Grant Allen's most interesting Guides. Nothing is so delicious to me in the short time before I sleep or in wakeful times as a foreign Guide Book. The volumes are easy to hold, full of good reading, and very varied in their contents, and the introductory chapters in Murray's volumes, especially those on Spain, entertaining and sound literature.

I fill my mind with pleasing pictures, set imagination to work, awaken pleasant memories, read myself into a sleepy, composed condition, turn down the gas, and fall sound asleep. The experiment, I can assure you, is worth trying.

—I am, &c.,

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

The Mount, Guildford, Surrey.

"Hood's Own," not "Pickwick."

SIR,—Your correspondent who reminds you (ACADEMY, January 21) of the quarrel between Miss Deborah Jenkyns and Captain Brown in *Cranford* says that "Captain Brown was a champion of Boz, Miss Jenkyns of Johnson." You will find the discussion in *Household Words*, conducted by Charles Dickens, vol. iv., p. 268 (1852). Of course, Dickens could hardly allow a favourable comparison of his own writings with *Rasselas* in a periodical edited by himself. Consequently, though, as your correspondent says, Miss Jenkyns "read one of the conversations between *Rasselas* and *Imlac* in a high-pitched, majestic voice," &c., Captain Brown's reading was not the account of the Bath "swarry" from *Pickwick*, but was an extract from *Hood's Own*.—I am, &c.,

T. V. HOLMES.

28, Groom's-hill, Greenwich Park, S.E.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 17. Dialect Stories.

To our invitation for pithy local anecdotes, somewhat in the manner of the Cornish Diamonds in the *Cornish Magazine*, there has been an excellent response. A number of the stories sent in are printed below. The best was from Miss L. Allen Harker, 7, Painswick Lawn, Cheltenham, and it runs as follows:

"Shall we have the prayer for rain, Thomas?" asked the vicar of the clerk, during a protracted drought.

"O, sir, you do exactly as you do please."

"But don't you think it would be a good thing? Rain is badly wanted."

"You do as you please, sir; you'd better 'ave it if-so-be as you do want it."

"But, Thomas, you don't seem to realise the necessity for having the prayer?"

"Bless you, sir! You 'ave that ther' prayer if you be so sot on it—but it won't rain till the moon do change."

To Mr. Harker a cheque for a guinea has been posted.

Here are the contributions of certain other competitors:

"You naughty little girl!" exclaimed the exasperated Sunday-school teacher in Shropshire, "don't you know that if you behave like this, you will never go to Heaven?" "Well, miss, I went to Ellesmere fair last week, and one can't go everywhere."

An old Yorkshire farmer died. The funeral being over, the widow decided to have a tombstone that should do credit both to the deceased and herself. To the local stonemason she explained

her wishes: "I don't want nothing out of th' way, but handsom' and simple. Like this—

WILLIAM WILSON,

Died Oct. 4th, 1896.

Aged 85.

'The good die young.'

Some years ago a new clergyman was taking Sunday duty in a remote hamlet among the Yorkshire Wolds. After morning service the old clerk came up to him, and observed: "So ye calls them *Sunnus*, do ye? Noo, we never knew what to mak' o' that 'ere P. We allus called 'em *Spassus*."

[E. T., Malton.]

An old couple lived on the Welsh side of Monmouthshire. The husband was a large, heavy, mild man of eighty; the wife perhaps fifteen years younger, brisk and energetic, with red withered cheeks and brown eyes. A lady came to see them, and asked after the old man's rheumatism. "How—do—you—do?" he answered with solemn deliberation. "My Gaffer," cried the little wife, "is terrible back'ard in his English; but [reflectively] he helps in the garden; and he doos what I tells him."

[G. M., London.]

A woman in Cumberland received a letter from her son, who was on a long voyage and had not been heard of for many months. Being unable to read, she took the letter among her acquaintances and heard it read so often that she remembered it all.

Unwilling to be thought ignorant, she one day took the letter to a friend and held it before her, pretending to read it. The friend noticed the position of the letter, and said: "Dorsey, woman, thou hods t' letter t' wrang side up!"

"Hod ty tongue," was Dorsey's emphatic rejoinder, "thou windy feull [fool]. Duzzent thou know I'se left handit?"

[R. W. R., Cardiff.]

Many years ago, during my first curacy, I lodged in an old-fashioned farmhouse in "Zomerzeshire." Mrs. L., the farmer's wife, very hardworking herself, would never allow that any work her dairymaids, &c., had to do was beyond them; all they had to do was to persevere, or—in her dialect—to "*volly on*" (=follow on). On one occasion we had for dinner a large dish of good substantial apple dumplings, of which, I should say, quite half a dozen went out into the kitchen. The next day Mrs. L. asked Molly, her maid, for the dumplings left over, and, to her astonishment, learnt that Molly had "*vinished*" them. "Why, Molly, how did you ever manage that?" "Lor, missus, I did as you've always told me to do; I just *vollyed on*."

[M. T. P., Chester.]

At the gate of the Hampshire farmhouse stood Sam Rogers, holding a pony, while its owner paid her visit within. The monotonous task had lasted two hours ere the visitor came out, and, gathering her reins, drove away, leaving Sam gazing at his open palm. "Well!" he said aloud as he looked after the carriage, "I'd ha' lent ye a ha'p'ny to ha' made it tuppence!"

[L. E., Budleigh Salterton.]

A woman living at a farmhouse on the moors above Meltham (a manufacturing village) was asked if she did not feel very lonely up there. "Nay," she replied; "I can't abide busy places like Meltham and London."

[C. M. W., Huddersfield.]

A small gardener's boy in a Herefordshire household—greedy—comes into the kitchen, where the rector's wife has just made some cakes, and remarks:

"A should la-ike zum ca-ake." Then, recalling the lesson for the morning, "Blessed are they that expect nothing": "But A doan't eggs-pax A shall gat ut."

[R. E. V., London.]

The still, hot July afternoon was slumbrous, its soporific effect had penetrated the little village church, with its high pews and whitewashed walls. The musicians in the gallery had laid aside their instruments and assumed various attitudes of repose, for the last psalm had been sung, and their duties were over for the day. A faint odour of rosemary and sweet herbs was exhaled by the posies of

the village matrons, and mingled with the taint of peppermint and fustian wafted from the little knot of school children.

Heads nodded, struggled to regain their consciousness with jerks, and then succumbed to the inevitable. Presently one alone remained erect, and eyed the grey-haired vicar in the dizzy height of the three-decker pulpit with a mixture of cunning and solemnity that would have done credit to a jackdaw in the church tower. It was the village idiot. The discourse was sound, but the monotonous voice of the preacher soothing. He looked up from his manuscript and beheld his slumbering flock, and for the moment entrusted himself to extempore words: "And yet, with all this before your eyes, you permit slumber to overtake you! All sleeping save you poor fool!"

The pause which followed invited a reply. It came in a thin, cracked voice: "Ess, sure! an' if so be I 'adn't bin a fool I'd 'a bin asleep too!"

What could follow but benediction, and the sound of shuffling feet on the red tiles? [E. W. H., Ledbury.]

Kirsty Cruickshank was an inveterate gossip; her bosom friend, Nanny Brewster, admittedly the shrewdest observer of public morality—and immorality—in Aberdeenshire. The cronies were deploring a more than usually harrowing catastrophe, and Kirsty, as was her wont, exaggerated as she went along.

"Weel, A'll tell ye what it is, Kirsty Cruickshank," said Nanny, summing up with all the air of finality, as her patience oozed out at the finger tips, "A w'udna be God for a' the world. He maun hae a terrible sair conscience whiles." [J. W., Dundee.]

Scene: The shores of Loch Lomond.

Time: New Year's Eve, 1800.

The revelry was at its height; the lairds were waxing merry in their cups.

During a momentary lull:

First Laird (looking askance at a brother reveller further down the table): "Garscadden's looking unco' gash!"

Second Laird: "Gash? He may weel look gash. He's been *deid* these twa hoors, but I wadna mak' mention o't, for fear o' disturbin the company." [F. M. W., Ilford.]

Some years ago a proposal was made to build a high wall round a Nottingham cemetery. When the matter was brought before the town council, most of the members were in favour of erecting the wall. One, however, objected in the following terms: "Mr. Mayor, though I may stand alone, I strongly object to buid'ing this 'ere wall, and my reasons is that them as is inside the cimitery canna git out, and them as is outside doan't want to git in."

[F. E. B., Manchester.]

Other replies received from J. B., Carlisle; Mrs. S., Clapham; H. C. W., Herne Hill; F. C. W., London; J. G. L., Norwich; J. G. L., Liverpool; H. W. P. S., Royston; M. L., Leeds; W. A. F. B., Dublin; R. B. H., New Romney; E. M. G., St. Ives; Mrs. T. G., Edinburgh; R. H., Aston Manor; A. C., Edinburgh; Mrs. L. B., Forest Gate; H. T. F., Cambridge; W. H. S., Killiney; and C. A., Chelsea.

Competition No. 18.

IN the first chapter of *Vanity Fair* it is related that in the cover of the *Johnson's Dictionary* which Miss Pinkerton presented as a leaving-gift to Miss Amelia Sedley was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." We ask for this poem. It should not exceed twelve lines, and it must be Johnsonian in diction and sentiment. To the author of the best effort a cheque for one guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 7th. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 172. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

LAYS OF LONDON.

BY "SOSTRATUS."

This volume has given us considerable pleasure. Many of the pieces have grace and wit. We hold the MS. over for further consideration.

THE DEATH OF LOYS, AND OTHER POEMS. BY "CAROLUS."

Some of the pieces in this volume we have read two or three times. That was because we could not easily discover what "Carolus" wished to say. At length, we think, we catch his intention. He has had, or affects to have had, unfortunate experience with women, and writes laments full of sorrow and death and the flames of Hell. We cannot say that we have found the dirges either instructive or wholesomely alarming. Besides, "Carolus" is rather wordy. He makes his rhetorical points; but his pages are so much tricked out with decorative stanzas about the flowers, and the rivulets, and the moon, that the points are much obscured. The result is that we seem to be reading an allegory when we are reading nothing so ambitious. This is so in the cases of "The Death of Loys," "The Kiss," and "The Garden of Sin." Further, we are sorry to note, in a scrutiny which the nature of "Carolus's" muse obliged us to make close, that in some of the pieces there is patchwork of an objectionable kind. For example, a young woman strolled out into the garden where the poet was ruminating about noxious weeds.

There, some dull green metallic frond
She raised and held to her warm lips
A long while—and then moved beyond,
Trailing in leaves her finger-tips.

I feared to pray. Ah! wonder-sweet
Was her young bosom's breathing bend;
The limbs were known, though veiled; the feet
Were bare—and she appeared to wend
With a keen sense of cool delight
Among the embathing herbage.

"I feared to pray." We cannot imagine it possible that amid such circumstances the poet thought of prayer at all. The words are put in, not because they are felt, but merely because four syllables are wanted. The result is that an interesting situation is falsified and disfigured. We have dealt thus carefully with "Carolus" because we feel that he really does have a gift. He must strive to use it more worthily.

POEMS.

BY "SOUTHERN SCOT."

"Southern Scot" is a prolific bard. Here we have verses enough to make a volume which would be much nobler, in bulk, than the collected works of Mr. William Watson. Most of them have merit of a kind. Here is a specimen:

TO SIR FAUDEL PHILLIPS.

Sir Faudel! Ere you quit the Civic Chair,
Which you have graced with masterly address,
We Londoners would fittingly express
The fond appreciation which we bear
For all your virtues. Courteous, *debonair*,
And unexcelled in princely bounteousness,
Withal most ready to relieve distress,
We can but hail you the ideal Mayor.
The happy chance which gave your services
To London in this year without compare
Has given us the privilege to bless
Your rich beneficence and bright success.
Farewell, Sir Faudel; we'll forget you ne'er,
And Fame shall crown you London's Record Mayor.

In what respect do these lines differ from prose? The only difference that we ourselves can see lies in the fact that, having been put into rhyme and rhythm, the tribute to a worthy man is laughable. A minstrel ought not to render absurd the person whom he wishes to extol. Many of "Southern Scot's" pieces are akin to that which we have quoted. They were written for passing reasons, and have no claim to permanence. We do not wish to discourage our clever correspondent; but he should have had more respect for Poetry, and perhaps for ourselves, than he shows by submitting to us a volume in which the ephemeral pieces are so many.

BEGGARS OF THE SEA.

BY D. R. B.

D. R. B. strikes us as being well-informed about the period of Queen Elizabeth, in which his tale is laid. Of our various impressions of this work, that is the most favourable. The work is not in other respects equal to writings which we understand to have come from the same pen. It lacks lightness and sparkle: we find it rather hard reading. Incidentally let us note that the style is occasionally slack: for example, when D. R. B. says "replaced" when he means *supplanted*. Such details as that seem small; but we consider them important.

POEMS.

BY "NESTOR."

"Nestor" is in the boyish stage of poesy. He is fluent, and has feeling; but he lacks mastery of his medium. Here is a passage which is typical of many others:

The spirit of Unrest is now abroad;
The winds *do* moan among the forest trees
In ill-timed unison, as though they sought
To linger yet awhile. The rippling waters
Of the peaceful stream where beasts *do* quench their thirst
Are fain to quarrel 'mong the pebbly rocks,
Which rise all silent 'mid its winding course.
The lion, too, *does* fiercely paw the ground,
As though he sought to cast off from his mind
Some fell disquietude. While high above
The moon *does* mocking play with earthly thoughts,
For hers are hid, so that she may not tell
The secrets that *do* haunt the midnight air.

Note the words which we have italicised. The clumsy locution of which in each case they are a part is one of the commonest faults in immature verse-writing. The passage has errors of other kinds: indeed, it is almost all error. "Nestor" has not written poems. He has written only notes for poems.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"The Widower,"
By W. E. Norris. THE disagreements of critics are not really more remarkable than their agreements. Here are extracts from two reviews of Mr. Norris's latest novel, which in form and matter are singularly alike. In each the same question is asked and answered:

Literature.

Why is it that a novelist who scorns to enliven his pages by "incident," amusing or sensational, who disdains atmosphere, and never stimulates our fancy with the picturesque, whose characters never talk cleverly or reveal any acquaintance with books or with any kind of life but their own, and whose range is absolutely circumscribed within the limits of a society narrow both in numbers and area—why is it that such a novelist should detain the reader so that he "cannot choose but hear," as Mr. Norris unquestionably does?

First, Mr. Norris, as a writer of fiction, has what was so conspicuous in Anthony Trollope—perfect sincerity. He has no notion of intruding himself into his story. His sole object is to endow his puppets with life, and give them perfectly free play without putting his own witticisms in their mouths, or befogging them and the reader with his own reflections on life.

The Daily Telegraph.

Only compare Mr. Norris's work with that of a host of writers whom it would be invidious to particularise, and you see at once the difference between a photographic reproduction of the commonplace and a masterpiece of *genre* painting. Nothing could be quieter than *The Widower*; there is scarcely any incident, there is no elaborate analysis, yet long before the picture is completed we are as well acquainted with James Pennant and his wayward daughter, Cuckoo, with Lady Wardlaw and Harry Carew, as with our own familiar friends.

How is it done? Largely by a complete self-suppression. From the first page to the last the author never obtrudes his own personality. In a word, whilst keeping to the quiet conversational tone of good society, he puts before you certain well-bred men and women with exactly as much detailed description as is required to make the portraits living.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, February 2.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Foote (G. W.), *The Book of God* (Forder) 2 0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Parker (C. S.), *Sir Robert Peel. Vols. II. and III.* (Murray) 32/0
Clutton-Brock (A.), *The Cathedral Church of York, and Hiatt (C.),
Beverley Minster* (Geo. Bell & Sons) each 1 6
Arbuthnot (Sir A. J.), *Lord Clive* (Unwin) 5 0
Dodd (A. F.), *A History of France*... (Universal Examination Postal Union)
Ross (J. D.), *The Memory of Burns* (Holt) 9
Lyll (J. G.), *The Merry Gee-Gee* (White & Co.) 2 6
Atkins (J. B.), *The War in Cuba* (Smith, Elder) 7 0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Chapman (E. J.), *A Drama of Two Lives, and Other Poems* (Kegan Paul)
Wagner (H.), *Prose Works. Translated by W. A. Ellis*... (Kegan Paul) net 12 6
FitzGerald (E.), *A Chronological List of His Books* (Caxton Club)
Mener (Dr. Hans), *Das Deutsche Volkstum* ... (Bibliographisches Institut)
Daley (V. J.), *At Dawn and Dusk* (Bowden) 5 0
Holiday (E.), *Parson Dash* (Redway) net 2 6
Taylor (U.), *Early Italian Love Stories* (Longmans) 15 0
Stanley (C. K.), *Forget-Me-Not* (Simpkin) 2 6
Stone (W. J.), *On the Use of Classical Metres in English* (Frowde) net 1 0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Vandervell (H.), *A Shuttle of an Empire's Loom* (Blackwood) 6/-
 Kingsley (M. H.), *West African Studies* (Macmillan)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Dale (N.), *The Walter Crane Readers: First Primer, and Steps to Reading* (Dent)
 Dale (N.), *On the Teaching of English Reading* (Dent)
 Weiss (A.), *Vor dem Sturm, von Theodor Fontane* (Macmillan) 3/-
 Lane (G. M.), *A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges* (Harper & Bros.)
 Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons' Publications: *French Business Letters; German Business Interviews; Examinations in German, and How to Pass Them; German Shorthand; Schiller's Der Neffe als Onkel; Allerlei: Tit-Bits in German; Molière's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme; Economie Domestique.*
 Lyde (L. W.), *Black's School Geography of Africa* (Black net) 1/0
 Church (Rev. A. J.), *Latin Exercises* (Seeley & Co.) 1 0
 Mills (T. R.), *Plato: Apology of Socrates* (Clive) 3/6

JUVENILE.

- Sheldon (C. M.), *His Brother's Keeper* (Sunday School Union) 1 0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Year Book of Treatment, 1899 (Cassell) 7 6
 "Nathaniel Gubbins," *Pink Papers* (White & Co.) 1 0
 Kropotkin (Prince), *Fields, Factories, and Workshops* (Hutchinson) 12/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Dickens (C.), *Sketches by Boz. 2 vols.* (Dent) 3/0
 Watts-Dunton (T.), *The Coming of Love, and Other Poems* (Lane) net 5/0
 Carleton (W.), *The Black Prophet* (Lawrence & Bullen)
 Ward (A. W.), *A History of English Dramatic Literature. 3 vols.* (Macmillan) 36/0
 Browning (E. B.), *Aurora Leigh* (Dent) 1/6
 Browning (E. B.), *Men and Women* (Dent) 1 6
 Sampson (G.), *The Works of George Berkeley, D.D.* (Bell)

Announcements.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish, in the course of a few days, the fifth volume of the *History of Egypt* which they are issuing under the general editorship of Prof. Flinders Petrie. This volume is written by Mr. J. G. Milne, and deals with Egypt under Roman rule. It is profusely illustrated.

THE next volume of Mr. Elliot Stock's "Book Lover's Library" will be *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century*, by John Lawler.

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to issue a revised and cheaper edition of Sir George Robertson's *Chitral*.

MR. W. H. WILKINS will read a paper on the late Sir Richard F. Burton's *Pilgrimage to Mecca* at the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday next. The Earl of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor, in the chair.

UNDER the title *The Solitary Summer*, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish, in the course of the Spring, a new volume by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*.

THE Hulsean Lectures recently delivered at Cambridge by Archdeacon Wilson will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. under the title *The Gospel of the Atonement*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to issue in instalments an entirely new edition of the works of the eminent American historian, Francis Parkman.

MESSRS. SANDS & Co. will shortly publish a new humorous story by W. Septe, jun., author of *A Century's Sensation*, *Uncle's Ghost*, &c., called *A Lucky Dog*.

MRS. ATHERTON has written another novel, entitled *A Daughter of the Vine*. It will be issued this Spring by Messrs. Service & Paton.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT have in the press a novel by Mr. Hamilton Auld, which will be published on the 17th.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S NEW LIST.

NEW BOOK BY PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN.

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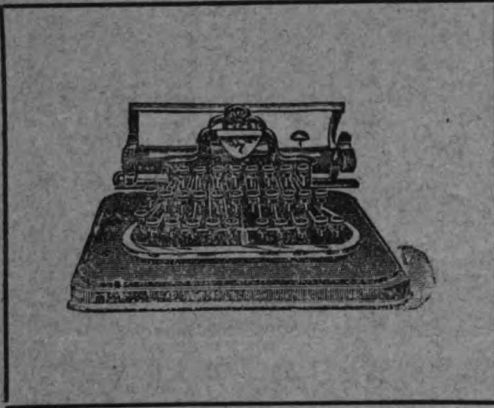
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The Literary Week.

SPEAKING a few weeks ago at Montrose, Mr. Morley assured his constituents that his employment on *The Life of Mr. Gladstone* would not lessen his attention to their interests in Parliamentary affairs. We note this matter from the fact that Mr. Morley's *Chatham*, in the "Twelve English Statesmen" series, is still awaited by the reading world; that the work has been "announced" these ten years past; and that the public have been frequently informed that the author's pressing Parliamentary duties have left him little time to devote to the writing of that book. The eleventh volume of the series (Lord Rosebery's *Pitt*) was published eight years ago, and the lack of Mr. Morley's contribution gives the set of "Twelve English Statesmen" a somewhat ludicrous appearance. The issue of the *Chatham* must now be a matter of very remote probability. It passes into the category of books that are wanted.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN purpose bringing out in the spring a cheaper edition of the *Life of Tennyson*. The book will be in one volume, and the price will, probably, be the same as the price of the one-volume edition of Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*—viz., ten shillings net.

In looking through the 1899 issue of *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* we have been much struck by the omissions. Renan is condemned, and Strauss, and Gibbon, and Lord Acton's contributions to the history of the Vatican Council; but where are the names of Froude, Bright, Robertson, Milman, Stubbs, and Creighton? You must not read Dr. Mivart's articles on "Happiness in Hell," but Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism* is without reproach. Boccaccio is condemned ("until expurgated"), and of M. Zola's output not even *Le Rêve* escapes damnation; but Maupassant is judged innocuous; so is M. Marcel Prévost; and so is the earlier work of M. Huysmans. Messrs. Smith will hardly believe it, but the name of the author of *Evelyn Innes* has escaped. After which it need hardly be added that Ibsen and Tolstoy may still be enjoyed by the faithful.

We have received from Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A., a cheque for five guineas for the furtherance of Lord Archibald Campbell's project of perpetuating Mr. William Black's memory by placing a lifeboat in a station in the West Highlands. Mr. MacWhirter describes the idea as an excellent one. We have sent his cheque to the editor of the *Oban Times*.

Who is Fiona Macleod? Mr. William Sharp is met on the literary highway with the alternative "Her name or her life!" If he will not produce the author, whom he has called his friend and his cousin, he is told that himself will be adjudged to be Fiona Macleod and no other. For, says one of the lady's pursuers, though she has written letters, and her photograph has been shown, nobody has ever seen her in the flesh. But on that point a correspondent can speak with authority when he says that the lady referred to by Mr. Sharp has undoubtedly an actual existence of her own. She has been seen repeatedly by her publisher, and she has been a pilgrim to at least one literary Mecca, where an English man of letters discussed with her the Celtic movement in modern literature. About two years ago she was in London on a visit, and one biographical fact at least she let drop—that she was a married woman. Of course this does not prove that she wrote the books attributed to her, either wholly or in part; but that there is a living woman who claims to be the author, and upon whom others have set eyes, is beyond dispute.

THE six books which sold best in America during the past month were:

Rudyard Kipling's *Day's Work*.
Gilbert Parker's *Battle of the Strong*.
Weir Mitchell's *Adventures of François*.
Thomas Nelson Page's *Red Rock*.
Stanley Weyman's *Castle Inn*.
Translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

It is a little odd that *The Forest Lovers* seems to have met with no popularity across the Atlantic.

MR. "BENJAMIN SWIFT'S" new novel will be called *Siren City*. It will deal with the continual battle waging between Puritanism and Paganism. As the author writes to a friend: "Puritanism is made, I think, to win the victory without any ambiguity. I have dreamed over this book a long time, but the mere mechanical work of putting it together I do very quickly. Human passion and emotion are rapid, and I think they should be rapidly portrayed. I hate long novels."

Two of our London realists, Mr. Arthur Morrison and Mr. Edwin Pugh, have each finished a new book. Mr. Morrison's is called *To London Town*, Mr. Pugh's is a companion to his *Tony Drum*. Meanwhile, we notice that Mr. Clarence Rook is contributing a series of studies of Hooligan character to the *Chronicle*.

Mr. Ruskin's eightieth birthday was celebrated on Wednesday, the 8th. It found Mr. Ruskin well and peaceful. The old fires no longer burn; nothing is left



JOHN RUSKIN IN MIDDLE LIFE.

Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

but pure white ash. Although he was strong enough to receive a deputation in person he was unable to reply to their good wishes and ardent sentiments; for in such felicitations, pleasant though it may be to offer them, he can now himself have little pleasure: he is outside it all. The thought that the inspiring friend of so much splendid effort for humanity is passing so quietly and happily should be a very consoling one. That, for his admirers and disciples, must be enough. Mr. Ruskin is wearing his crown of wild olive: "type of grey honour and sweet rest."

WE have so recently printed an article on Mr. Ruskin's work and influence, illustrated by a reproduction of Mr. Holman Hunt's fine portrait of the Master seated in his library at Brantwood,

overlooking Coniston Lake, that we say only these few words now. But that portrait is here reproduced in little, together with an old likeness of Mr. Ruskin taken in the sixties, in a characteristic attitude, his walking-stick grasped as though for the castigation of carelessness and fraud.

THE following is a portion of the text of the address presented to Mr. Ruskin by the members of St. George's Guild, various Ruskin Societies, and a number of Royal Academicians, other artists, and literary and scientific men and women:

OUR DEAR MASTER AND FRIEND,

The eightieth anniversary of your birthday gives us the opportunity of offering our united loving greetings and heartiest congratulations.

As the representative members of the St. George's Guild and the Ruskin Societies of the country—owing so much of the good and joy of life to your words and work—we feel that the world is richer and happier for the lasting

benefits which you have been able to confer upon all who have come under your influence.

Year by year there is, in ever-widening extent, an increasing trust in your ethical, social, and art teaching, an increasing desire to realise the noble ideals you have set before mankind, in words which we feel have brought nearer to our hearts the kingdom of God upon earth.

It is our fervent hope and prayer that the joy and peace you have beneficently brought to others may return in full measure to your own heart, filling it with the peace which comes from love of God and the knowledge of the love of your fellow-men.

It will be a great happiness to us if you will consent to your portrait being painted by your life-long friend, William Holman Hunt, and accept the same as the national property of the St. George's Guild, in token of our affectionate devotion.

Whether or not Mr. Ruskin's friends will permit Mr. Holman Hunt to paint this portrait remains to be seen.

THE Faculty of Ruskin Hall, which is to be opened at Oxford on the 22nd inst., also presented Mr. Ruskin with a photograph of the building and an address. It ran thus:

We venture to ask your acceptance of the photograph of Ruskin Hall, on this your eightieth birthday, when the English-speaking nations turn to you in grateful admiration for your immortal work in the service of humanity. Not alone to Ruskin, the eloquent art critic, has this college been dedicated, but to Ruskin the Prophet, Ruskin the Road-builder. You found the labourer branded by the literature of the world as a mere commodity, a contemptible mechanism; you lifted him up before all mankind, declaring him to be "the holiest, perfectest, and purest person the earth can at present show." Our highest wish is that those who study at Ruskin Hall may prove by their lives that this statement is not exaggeration.

This, however, was forwarded by post, and not carried to Brantwood by the Faculty in person.

WAS it, we wonder, intentional or by coincidence that Wednesday, the occasion of Mr. Ruskin's birthday, should



JOHN RUSKIN IN OLD AGE.

Photograph by F. Holler.

have been chosen for a meeting to discuss the scheme for a memorial to his old friend, the late Sir John Millais? At this meeting, over which the Prince of Wales presided, it was agreed that, St. Paul's being declared an impracticable site, a statue of the artist be erected in a prominent position

in connexion with the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank. The sum of £727 was collected in the room.

HITHERTO the Americans have admired rather than liked Mr. Kipling. His letters to the *Times* were too outspoken, and his verses on the American Spirit did nothing towards a reconciliation. But "The White Man's Burden," which appeared in the February *McClure's Magazine* and in *Literature*, &c., and has since been copied into most American papers, seems likely to obliterate rancour. Therein Mr. Kipling calls on the victors of the recent war to realise what their responsibilities as colonists are, and to range themselves with the Mother Country as the friends of the "sullen peoples, half devil and half child," and the forwarders of Anglo-Saxon dominion.

THE poet is bitterly ironic, but he sees "duty a dead sure thing," whatever may be the difficulties on the road. The White Man's Burden must not be shirked.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought!

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

For its immediate effect, this new poem takes rank with the "Recessional." Mr. Kipling may sometimes be cryptic, but as Imperialist he has hit upon the simplest way of reaching the people's intellectuals.

LAST week we quoted the lines written by Mr. Kipling to accompany a gift of his books to his friend Captain Robley D. Evans. Therein he paid the Captain certain compliments, contrasting his naval prowess very favourably with the work of artist and author. But the critic is abroad, and even so casual a piece of verse, never intended for print, must be reviewed and corrected. Says Mr. Leonard Bell, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Mr. Kipling must not damn with faint praise my old friend, Captain Robley D. Evans, whose yarn about whaling in the Mozambique so many of us enjoyed when he visited Bermuda in the U.S.S. *Saratoga* in 1878. I don't know whether Captain Evans sits in his conning-tower. I imagine he stands in it, but I am not sure. But it is no compliment to Captain Evans to say that he can 'handle a ten-inch gun to carry seven mile.' Let us alter the words to read 'To hit at over a mile.' It is a deadly insult to ask a man how far his guns will carry. He will answer you solemnly: 'They will penetrate so many inches of such and such armour at so many thousand yards.' And Captain Evans would not claim to be able to hit at a seven-mile range in ordinary weather." These conscientious commentators!

SOME few months ago Mr. Heinemann announced a book to be called *Via Lucis*, by Kassandra Vivaria; and in the preliminary paragraph with which, after the kindly habit of publishers, he furnished the press, he stated that the author would never see her work in print, for she was about to enter a nunnery and there immure herself for ever more. But circumstances alter cases, for when the novel—a remarkable one—appeared, the author appeared too, despite Mr. Heinemann's interesting prophecy, and received the congratulations of the readers of the book. And now, so far from abiding by the original statement concerning her, Donna Magda Stuart Sindici, for that is Kassandra Vivaria's real name, is about to unite with Mr. Heinemann in the bonds of marriage. Who shall say that romance has departed from life, especially the publishing life? The ceremony will be solemnised in Rome on the 21st inst.

A WELL-KNOWN American writer at present residing in this country, who has done some notable work as special correspondent, recently received a startling offer from a well-known New York journal. He was (says the *Bookman*) to proceed at once to Devil's Island, rescue Dreyfus, and bring him to New York. The payment was fixed at a thousand pounds, to be increased to three thousand if the expedition were successful, and five thousand for expenses. The offer was refused.

It was the New York *Bookman* that first gave publicity to the quatrain quoted by us a few weeks ago, praising Poe to the depreciation of Boker, Tabb, Longfellow, and Bryant—the verses being credited to Mr. Dobson, and by him since repudiated. We now learn from the *Bookman* that the author was Mr. Lang, who must have been enjoying the fun resulting from the false ascription. Father Tabb took the joke in good part and sent to the *Bookman* the following retort:

TO MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

Dear Sir,—It is a cruel stab,
With Edgar Poe to measure Tabb,
As well with Tennyson to rate
The present poet-laureate.

A Mr. Newton Macmillan also replied, but less amusedly. He wrote:

I wonder when wee Dobbie will find out
That, though we're 'Yanks,' we know our way
about;
The ranking of our poets—we can fix it
Without the help of Austin's *ipse dixit*.

It remains now for Mr. Lang to produce another quatrain that shall compensate Mr. Dobson for undesired publicity and attack.

ROTHLEY TEMPLE, in Leicestershire, the birthplace of Lord Macaulay and of Sir G. O. Trevelyan, his nephew, was partially damaged by fire last week. "Macaulay," says his biographer, "occupied, by choice, a very small chamber on the ground floor, through the window of which he could escape unobserved while afternoon callers were on their way between the front floor and the drawing-room." Fortunately, the portion of the house most intimately associated with Macaulay escaped harm.

A CONVERSATION, turning on autobiography, between Miss M. A. Dickens, the granddaughter of the novelist, and Mr. B. L. Farjeon, which appears in the *Windsor Magazine*, contains a very pleasant picture of the world-wide popularity of Charles Dickens. We give the passage in Mr. Farjeon's own words :

I was in New Zealand at the time [thirty years ago] editing a daily paper in a little bit of a township. There were only 18,000 inhabitants, but we published every day as much matter as would fill the *Daily Telegraph*. Well, I wrote a little Christmas story, called "Shadows on the Snow," and I dedicated it to Charles Dickens and sent him a copy, I think with a little note. Time passed on until May came. In a bit of a town like ours it's almost like a big family, you know. Everybody knows everybody and everybody's affairs. We had only a little wooden post-office, carried on in a free and easy way, and one morning, when I went down to my business, everybody I met stopped me and said : "What's Charles Dickens writing to you about ?" "What's Charles Dickens got to say to you ?" "There's a letter for you from Charles Dickens !" I was very much excited, as you can understand, and I hurried into my office, and there it lay—the envelope with "Charles Dickens" signed on it—he always signed his name outside his letters, you know. That letter decided me. I had always had half a mind to go in and make a bid for fame, and it decided me. I made up my mind to go to London.

Those people in the street, all brimming with the great news of a Dickens letter—they give the magic of the name very vividly.

THERE are also Dickens reminiscences in Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's autobiography in the *Atlantic Monthly* :

At a dinner at Charles Dickens's we met his intimate friend, John Forster, a lawyer of some note, later known as the author of a biography of Dickens. When we arrived, Mr. Forster was amusing himself with a small spaniel which had been sent to Mr. Dickens by an admiring friend, who desired that the dog might bear the name of Boz. Somewhat impatient of such tributes, Mr. Dickens had named it Snittel Timbury.

And again :

After dinner [at Forster's], while we were taking coffee in the sitting-room, I had occasion to speak to my husband, and addressed him as "darling." Thereupon Dickens slid down to the floor, and, lying on his back, held up one of his small feet, quivering with pretended emotion.

"Did she call him darling ?" he cried.

THE writer of Literary Notes in *Country Life*, in commenting upon the statement in our columns that Mr. Ollivant, the author of *Owd Bob*, is an invalid, remarks : "There is something very touching in this statement, for the book is fragrant of the open air, and nothing is more plain in its every page than that, next, perhaps, to a gallant dog, the author rejoices in the sight of a lusty man, and sympathises in his hearty strength. The coincidence, however, is far from being unprecedented. Some of the most robust of muscular novels have been written by crippled men, and the best writer of our day on race-horses and their breeding, a man who prefers to remain anonymous, but attracts general attention whenever

he writes, has been for many years confined to his room." A list of such authors—who remember emotion, and depict it so vividly in their enforced tranquillity—would be interesting. Stevenson may be said to be among them. Mr. Clark Russell, we believe, is debarred from exercise. Frank Smedley was small and very frail.

ANOTHER new word. To addresses on Dante, and Dante readings, in a certain centre of culture, come numbers of elderly ladies, who bring their knitting and sit receptive through lecture after lecture. Some irreverent minds among a recent audience were exercised for a fitting name for these devotees. "Why not Dantediluvians ?" said one.

It is stated that Lawn Bank, the house at Hampstead where Keats wrote his "Ode to a Nightingale," is likely to be demolished unless someone saves it. A new road has already cut into the garden, and projected shops threaten to ruin it as a dwelling. It is suggested that the house and grounds should be publicly acquired. Are there sufficient "Keatsians" ?

A MOST interesting sale of Sir Walter Scott relics will be held at Sotheby's on March 2. Among the lots will be one of 83 new letters, never yet published, written by Scott to his brother and his brother's wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, between 1807 and 1832. In one of them he expresses his willingness to go to India in a situation under Dundas, as Governor, notwithstanding that it would mean pitching "the Court of Session and the booksellers to the Devil." We may be thankful that the appointment was conferred elsewhere. For these treasures there should be spirited bidding among the publishers, to say nothing of collectors.

MR. WILLIAM CANTON, whose *W. V.'s Golden Legend* (here called *A Child's Book of Saints*) is having popularity in America, was recently asked if W. V. and The Boy were real characters or figments of his imagination. He replied : "W. V. (Winifred Vida) is a very real person. At least, the *phenomenon* of her has persisted now for eight and a half years, and I don't think that the most inveterate philosopher would contest her probable permanence and actuality. If he had to pay for her boots, at any rate, the last doubt as to her reality would be promptly dissipated. The Boy, too, is as uproariously objective as a person of two years can be. He is very sympathetic and affectionate, and if he does not distinguish himself as a postman or message boy when he grows up, he will probably command the British fleet, whence you will gather that he is versatile, active and imperious—with large possibilities in front of him."

IN a recent Prize Competition our readers were asked to name books which seemed to them to be most needed. The prize was awarded for the suggestion of a history wherein the contemporary history of the various nations of the world could be seen at a glance. In connexion with this suggestion we have received the following letter from Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson :

A friend has drawn my attention to p. 137 of the ACADEMY, where, under the heading of "Books that

are Wanted," "A Skeleton History of the World" is mentioned. He thinks, and to some extent I share his opinion, that my book, *The Centuries*, is very much what your correspondent desires. I have asked my publishers to send you a copy for your inspection and possibly for your use. Many have assured me that they find it a very useful book of reference for the library table.

Should you mention it, I am quite willing that my name should be given, although it was published anonymously. Its authorship is no longer a secret.

IAN MACLAREN is fortunate in his eulogists. At any rate, they do not lack fervour. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, writing of *Afterwards* in a magazine, says: "I am not afraid to prophesy that it will be read and loved for a generation of years. I call it a great story, and have no fear that I shall be called upon to retract the adjective. The characterisation is a mirror of dazzling intensity, and the *motif* is a chariot of holy fire. The story deals with one of the great situations of human life, and touches it with a simplicity that gives it immortality. We read till our heartstrings snap, and then we read again."

THE committee in charge of the fund for the erection of a statue of Byron in Aberdeen, for which only £422 has been raised (towards £1,500 asked); has the consolation—if it is a consolation—of knowing that promoters of other Scottish memorials have also had difficulties to contend with. The response to the appeal for an R. L. Stevenson memorial was much less hearty than was expected, and everybody appears to have forgotten about the proposed Carlyle memorial for Edinburgh. Then there is the "National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes" at Mauchline, a scheme which has been before the public since 1895. The memorial and homes have, it is true, been erected, but notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, and in spite also of the "national" character of the memorial and of the poet, the whole of the £5,000 required to pay for them has not yet been scraped together. A sum of £4,500 has been gradually collected, but there remains a balance of £500 still to be raised, and another appeal—the latest of a long line—has just been issued. At present memorials and monuments do not appear to be in demand north of the Tweed.

IN introducing a new French periodical—*L'Âme des Bêtes*—to the notice of readers, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* gossips on the love of animals displayed by French literary men:

I can remember Lamartine and his dogs. He said of them, "They are at once my bodyguard and my friends. They read my thoughts, and conduct themselves accordingly." I also recollect Michelet and his white Angora cat. This beautiful creature twisted round his neck like a boa, and kept it warm in winter. When in cold weather he walked out, he kept his hands in the wide sleeves of his overcoat as in a muff. The cat was rolled up in them. George Sands loved birds, but she did not care for domestic animals. Old Dumas was the friend of all animals that would respond to his friendship, and especially of dogs. He had some sea-gulls that really stood high in the intellectual scale. Renan did not care

for dogs, unless for a darling poodle of his wife's; but he was devoted to cats, which he thought the best models of deportment. Dumas *fil*s disliked the dog, but was full admiration for the cat. Pierre Loti confesses friendship for his cats. They understand him, and he them. They are not intrusive, or awkward, or brusque in their ways, and are most at home in a snugly luxurious salon. M. Coppée prefers cats to dogs. They are more discreet, and he finds they are just as friendly if well treated. M. Coppée's actual pet cat is a young Angora that sits motionless on his desk when he writes. Were he to go on writing for hours, there it would stay. It walks among his scattered sheets of MS., never disturbing them, and does not set its paws down on writing that is not dry.

English authors, with exceptions, are more disposed to dogs. But Mr. Swinburne, we believe, adores cats.

THE *Author* gives as an illustration of the decay of the book trade a quotation from a circular issued by a firm of booksellers in Bradford. "Bookselling," they say, "has been very unremunerative for many years past, and as we require the room for our quickly increasing stationery trade, we have decided to give up bookselling altogether." The *Author's* correspondent adds: "There are 300,000 inhabitants in this city. There is not *one* shop now selling new books and nothing else. And there is only one second-hand bookseller."

THIS was the *Chronicle's* humorous story for Tuesday of this week:

The following shows how it is possible to make money by publishing even a first book of poems. A budding poet took this step—at his own cost, needless to say—and was agonised when good-natured friends said, "You'll be half ruined." At last, in fear and trembling, he wrote to the publisher to know the worst (which he calculated at £70). "Let me know how many of the edition have gone off," ran his humble epistle, "and what is the balance I owe you." The publisher wrote back: "Dear Sir,—Your whole edition has gone off, leaving a balance of £25 in your favour; cheque enclosed." The poet was delighted. He rushed to the publishers to obtain particulars of the unexpected sale. "My dear Sir, I think you had better not ask." "Not ask. Why not? You wrote to say the edition had all been sold; it must have been sold to somebody." "Pardon me. I wrote that it had 'gone off'; so it had, the whole of it. There was a fire in the warehouse, and the contents were insured."

CONCERNING the critics of his criticism of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, E. A. B. writes: "Mr. Shaylor desires to be informed what I meant when I said that had *John Halifax* 'been warmed at the Divine Fire it might have ranked as one of the books of the century.' I should have thought the phrase moderately clear; but perhaps it may be clearer to certain minds if, instead of 'warmed at the Divine Fire,' I substitute 'inspired by the imagination of genius.' The protesting letters which my article has called forth go to show how profound and widespread is the belief that against popularity there can be no appeal, that popularity is, in fact, sacred." This reply must end the discussion.

"In an article on 'Toplady as Literature,' in the last issue of the ACADEMY," writes E. S. N., "you state that the Roman Church stands alone in the doctrine of free-trade in hymns, and even discards the 'Lead, Kindly Light' 'of its own great son.' The accompanying leaflet, containing Newman's well-known hymn, with 'A Prayer for the Light of Truth,' published by the Catholic Truth Society, speaks to the contrary. That the Church which you call 'Roman' does not discard the writings (*ceteris non obstantibus*) of those outside its fold, is proved also by the fact that Henry Newman's *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* was not only allowed to appear without being revised by the proper authorities, but that the writer's offer—made after his joining the Catholic Church—to submit the *Essay* to a revision, was declined on the ground that it would come before the reader in a more persuasive form if he read it as the author wrote it."

Bibliographical.

A NEW novel from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Aidé—it is quite like old times. Unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Aidé's first story was called *Confidences*, and appeared in 1859. Then came *Carr of Carrlyon*, and *Mr. and Mrs. Faulconbridge*, and *The Marstons*, and *In that State of Life*, and *Penruddocke*—all of them much read in their day. For Mr. Aidé's later tales I cannot say so much. In the sixties and the seventies there was not so keen a competition among novelists as there has been since. On one of his works of fiction Mr. Aidé founded, I believe, his comedy of "A Nine Days' Wonder," in which Mrs. Kendal used to be so good. Then, not so very long ago, Mr. Aidé cropped up again as the adapter (from the French) of the farcical piece called "Dr. Bill." His first work was a book of verse. All of which goes to show that Mr. Aidé is a man of versatile powers, in which respect he is quite one of the old school. In our fathers' time versatility was more common than it is now.

I said something the other day about the late Mr. F. T. Palgrave's pretensions to be called a poet. I have just come across a letter which he addressed to me some twenty years ago, and in which he made frank reference to his rhythmic performances. He described certain of his pieces as "only rather fluent verse, without any of the inner life of poetry." And he went on to say: "To judge by the sale of my lyrics, which is about ten copies a year, I fear that to this 'inner life' I can have no real claim." This, perhaps, is too disparaging an estimate. Personally, I have always had a hearty liking for at least two of his pieces: that pretty, tender love-song beginning—

Ask what you will, my own and only love,
and the two stanzas "To a Child." But, certainly, if Palgrave was a poet, he was only a "minor" one.

That "amoosin' cuss," Mr. "Arthur Pendenys," makes a quaint remark *re* the publication of the text of plays. "Good little plays," he says, "should be seen, and not read." That they *are* read, however, is made clear by the success which has attended the issue of the dramatic works of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr.

Jones's plays are coming quite thick upon us. The other day "The Tempter," "The Rogue's Comedy," and "The Masqueraders," and to-day "The Physician"; I find that Mr. Jones has published no fewer than eight of his stage productions. And "The Triumph of the Philistines" and "The Middleman" are to follow shortly. I presume "The Dancing Girl" will not come until Mr. Jones has re-written that very poor fourth act. Best of all his work, perhaps, is "The Liars," which is still (so far as the public is concerned) in MS. I possess, I am happy to say, a privately printed copy.

It was very amiable of the *Quarterly Reviewer* to come down from his pedestal and tell us something about Isa Blagden and L. M. Little. Apparently he regards the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone as an authority on poetry; which leads me to suspect that perhaps the writer of "Some Women Poets" is identical with the *Quarterly* sage who pronounced Mr. W. S. Gilbert the most notable of living bards. I remember all about Miss Blagden now; the magic word "Browning" recalled it. But ought not Miss Blagden to be regarded as a novelist rather than as a poet? Did she not publish some half-dozen stories between 1861 and 1869? Was she not for a long time best known as "the author of *Agnes Tremorne*"? It was, I suppose, the *Poems* of 1873 that captivated the *Quarterly Reviewer*.

Has anybody yet pointed out that Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a poet by heredity? Among the publications of his father, Mr. Henry Gay Hewlett, were at least two volumes of verse—*A Sheaf of Verse* (1877) and *A Wayfarer's Wallet* (1888), neither of which, however, startled the world into attention. In truth, it may be assumed that the elder Mr. Hewlett will go down to posterity mainly, if not wholly, as the editor of the *Autobiography* of H. F. Chorley, and as the editor, also, of Chorley's *National Music of the World*. The said *Autobiography*, though little read (I suspect), is nevertheless eminently readable.

Those who have perused Miss Betham-Edwards's story, *A Storm-Rent Sky*, will not be in the least surprised that a French writer should have decided to base a play upon it. Nothing more natural. The central figure of *A Storm-Rent Sky* is the famous Danton, who is presented to us in quite engaging fashion, and should make a very good hero of melodrama—a much better hero, I should say, than Robespierre. We have had Marat, of course, in the plays dealing with Charlotte Corday.

So we are to have a *Pocket Magazine*, are we? Well, it will by no means be the first of its name or kind. There is record of a *Pocket Magazine* produced so long ago as 1794; and it would seem that the *Pocket Magazine of Classic and Polite Literature*, started in 1818, lasted (with abbreviated title from 1827 onwards) till 1833. There is record, further, of a *Pocket Magazine or Literary Gleaner* as existing in 1819-20.

It would appear that "George Egerton" contemplates putting a dangerous trap in the way of the unsuspecting Cockney. Announcement is made of a novel from her pen, to be entitled *The Hazard of the Ill*. What will the man in the street—if it catches his eye—make of that?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Human Documents.

The Verney Memoirs. Vol. IV. Compiled by Margaret M. Verney. (Longmans.)

THE fourth volume of the Verney Memoirs, written with such singular grace, patience, and historic sense by the present Lady Verney, extends from the Restoration to the very eve of the eighteenth century. Less occupied with tragic affairs of State than some of its predecessors, it is no whit behindhand in all the qualities of domestic and sentimental interest. To say of a history that it is as interesting as a novel is, perhaps, scant praise; but the truth is, that this intimate chronicle, drawn from the yellowing papers in a real archive room, of life once actually lived, reminds us of nothing so vividly as of the deliberate photographic presentment of a society removed from Sir Ralph Verney's by the space of a hundred years, which Jane Austen has left us in the pages of half-a-dozen masterpieces. So close comes genius to nature, for the precise effect which in Jane Austen is due to art springs in the "Verney Memoirs" precisely from their artlessness, from the innocence, the complete absence of *arrière-pensée*, of the every-day letters and account books that furnish their material.

As in the Commonwealth, so at the Restoration, the centre of things at Steeple Claydon is Sir Ralph Verney, the old Parliament man, the son of the standard bearer who fell for Charles. Puritan by instinct and training, there must have been much in the new order of things which did not please Sir Ralph; but the reaction of manners and morals under Charles II. had but little effect on the country districts, and the revels and wantonings of Whitehall reach Steeple Claydon merely as echoes and distant gossip. Sir Ralph's numerous London correspondents regale him occasionally with some anecdote of the times. Dr. Denton describes how

neighbour Digby did uppon a wager of £50 undertake to walk (not to run a step) 5 miles on Newmarkett course in an houre, but he lost it by half a minute, but he had y^e honor of good company, y^e Kinge & all his nobles to attend & see him doe it stark naked (save for a loincloth) & barefoot;

and how

the Queen, for a joke, in a disguise rid behind one to Newport (I thinke Faire) neare Audley Inne to buy a paire of stockins for her sweetheart; y^e Dutchesse of Monmouth, Sr Bernard Gascoigne & others were her comrads.

More serious matter is sometimes the burden of these letters. Lady Hobart writes from her house in Chancery-lane with the Great Fire of London blazing at Baynard's Castle within a few hundred yards of her:

Thar was never so sad a sight nor so dolefull a cry hard, my hart is not abell to express the tenth nay the thousenth part of it, thar is all the carts within ten mils round, & cars & drays run about night & dy, & thousens of men & women carrying burdens.

Sir Ralph is getting an old man, and the claims of his somewhat troublesome family take up much of his time; but he sits once more in Parliament, and gets

black looks from My Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys for opposing him in Bucks politics, and in the end lives to see a second Revolution, and to join with the other county squires in welcoming in Dutch William. To the last of his days the resolute, self-confident, dictatorial, but, on the whole, kindly hearted man is master of his family and of his surroundings generally. Naturally, however, the sentimental interest slips away to another generation, and especially to the household of his eldest son, Edmund or "Mun" Verney, of whose philanderings with Mary Eure a former volume has told. Edmund Verney is not such a man as his father: an indolent, good-natured fellow, and but little a man of the world, for all his French polish, he grows fat and gouty for want of employment, while his estate dwindles and becomes burdened with debt through his shiftlessness and ill-management. There is a sadder tragedy than this in his life. He marries Mary Abell, heiress of the White House at East Claydon, whose lands march with his father's. Soon after her marriage the poor lady becomes moody and hysterical. "Zelotypia," writes Dr. Denton, "is gott into her pericranium, & I doe not know what will gett it out." She quarrels with those about her, becomes slovenly in her manners and indecorous in her speech. "She gos out with her mayd to Lincson-dend Chapell. They goo so lick trampis, so durty 'tis a sham to see them." She thinks herself bewitched, and accuses Lady Hobart of having an evil eye. "Ephsome waters," then coming into fashion, are prescribed, and presently she is better, and is working "a dimity bed in gren cruells." There are three children, and then the cloud comes upon Mary Verney and her house again. She lives many years, outlives her husband and all her children, and dies at last, as the parish books recall, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. "She was the Relict of Edmund Verny, Esq^r . . . who for several years, xxx, was very Melancholy, during her husband's life . . . & continued soe 27 years after his decease, Lady of this Manor; and notwithstanding her lunacy shee was a Woman of Extraordinary Goodness, Piety & Devotion."

An interesting chapter is made up of the letters between Edmund Verney and his younger son, also an Edmund, during the lad's days as a fellow-commoner at Trinity College, Oxford. He starts off gaily with his "new sylver-hilted sword, his new striped Morning gown," and his "6 new laced Bands, whereof one is of Point de Loraine." But, as is not unknown among modern undergraduates, he soon finds that his costume is not quite in the latest mode.

MOST HONOURED FATHER,—I want a Hatt, and a payre of Fringed Gloves very much, and I Desire you to send them me if you can possibly before Sunday next, for as I Come from Church everybody gazeth upon me and asketh who I am. This I was Told by a friend of Myne, who was asked by Two or Three who I was.

He gets his hat, and doubtless his fringed gloves, and a silver seal engraved with his arms into the bargain. Presently he bespeaks a new table and cane chairs, and the father, as fathers will, turns restive.

I Do not understand why you should Bee at that unneces-sary Charge, as long as you Have that wch. will serve y^r turne, neither Do I like the Vanity. You do not tell me

whether you are matriculated yet or noe, and I am impatient till I know Thats done. You say you want money, weh. I will supply you with very shortly, but not to Lay out in Vaine moveables, and so God blesse you.

The undergraduate's elder brother dies, and he becomes the heir, and pious letters, formal of phraseology, but breathing of tenderness beneath, pass between father and son. Presently the lad distinguishes himself in his studies and is to speak verses in the theatre; but there is a fear lest the small-pox, which is in the college, may prevent him. The father writes:

CHILD,—I pray when you speak in the Theatre doe not speak like a mouse in a chees for that will be a great shame instead of an honour, but speak out your words boldly and distinctly and with a grave confidence, and be sure to articulate your words out of y^r mouth Soe that every body may heare them playnly.

The next letter contains even more amusing and equally sound advice:

CHILD,—I heard that the players are gon down to Oxford, but I am unwilling that you should go to see them act, for fear on your coming out of the hot play house into the cold ayer, you should catch harm, for as I did once coming out of the Theatre at a publick Act when it was very full and stiaming hot, and walkin a Broad in the cold, and gave me sutch a cold that it had Lik't to a cost me my Life. Your best way in Sutch a cold is to go hom to your own Chamber directly from the play house, and drink a glass of Sack, therefour Be sure you send your Servant At your hand for a bottle of the Best Canary and Keep it in your chamber for that purpose. Be sure you drink no Kooleing tankord nor no Cooling drinks what so ever . . . harkon Thou unto the voyce & Advise of mee thy ffather, Loving Thee Better than him selfe,

EDMUND VERNEY.

After all, the verses do not get spoken, for Bishop Fell—the hero of the famous lines

I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell, &c.—

dies, and Act, or Commemoration, as it is now called, is put off. In the autumn the scholar gets into trouble. His tutor writes that he comes not to afternoon lecture, and will give no reasons. Still worse, he “lay out of the College on Wednesday night last.” In fact, it is clear that the authorities were reluctantly going to send him down, when the small-pox breaks out again, the whole college is dismissed, and Mr. Verney's particular matter blows over. He goes up again with his father's advice to avoid “Damed Company,” gets his accounts into disorder, strains his arm wrestling, buys “a Cravat Ribbon of any modest colour,” wants to learn “Chymistry” (which his father confuses with alchemy), does learn to fence and exercise the pike and musket, and forgets to send home the desired news of Magdalen College, then, in the days of James the Second's persecution, the cynosure of every political eye. The happy, careless life, so little different in essentials from the undergraduate life of our own day, comes to a sad and sudden end. The elder Edmund dies suddenly in his sleep. His estate is in disorder, and the tale of his debts draws words of unusual bitterness from the austere and mortified Sir Ralph:

I finde y^r Brother died very much in debt [Sir Ralph writes again to John], but as yet I cannot say how much,

therefore in my opinion it will be the best way to bury him privately in the night-time, without Escutcheons, or inviting of Neighbours to attend with their Coaches, which is very troublesome & signifies nothing.

The younger Edmund comes home to take up the burden of his inheritance, but in less than two years he, too, is dead of a fever caught in town. And so old Sir Ralph has outlived two generations of those who should have been his heirs when the day comes for him who so long has been the mainstay and prop of his family and his country to receive his own quietus. He has left orders for a very private burial, but they hang with black “the entry from the Hall door to the Spicery door, and the best Court Porch, likewise the Brick Parlour from top to bottom,” and “the rooms looked very handsomly, though the Heavens wept with all his relations at his funeral.”

So ends one of the books fullest of humanity and entertainment with which we are acquainted. We trust that the good old Verney habit of keeping private letters did not end with the seventeenth century, and that Lady Verney will some day trace for us the fortunes of this typical English family through yet another age.

When America was Young.

Home Life in Colonial Days. By Alice Morse Earle. (Macmillan.)

THIS is one of the most refreshing books that we have read for many a day. Mrs. Earle could not have foreseen how timely and gracious its appearance at this moment would become. Just when the Old country and the New are being drawn together by blood and circumstance she gives us a wonderful reconstruction of the home life of those first English colonists who were the first Americans. It was the home life of England in part transplanted and in part remodelled, inspired by hope yet consumed with regret. You cannot read this book without a thrill. England had the power to deny bread and liberty to her children, but she could not sequester their English instincts and wholesomeness of heart. Like good seed carried on the wind, the exiles no sooner touched earth than they took root. And this is the intimate story of their rooting and upgrowth. We behold them hewing their wood and drawing their water, fashioning their drinking cups and spinning their wool, forging their tools and appliances, building their boats and trolleys, and re-making England with tears and laughter.

They re-made it so fast that the day of small beginnings seems infinitely remote. Hence these pages breed astonishment by their wealth of minutiae. Mrs. Earle has photographed and described the very pots and pans, the lamps and jack-knives, the table-ware and fowling-pieces of the pioneers. She takes us to their firesides and gives us their cider to drink; shows us the needlework of their girls, and empties the drawers and wardrobes of the mothers. In all we feel the pathos of that enforced new start in life. We see a civilised people set down to begin life without many tools, without shops, or imports, or roads, or bricks, or stores of metal, or protecting soldiers. Everything had to be made, and to be made under diffi-

culties. How significant is the fact that when a colonist left his wooden house he burned it down in order that he might recover the nails from its ashes.

Yet there was nothing mean or niggling about these new-made homes. The best that was possible was found in them, and every arrangement revealed a homely science. The kitchen fireside of a settler was of triumphant size, a challenge to the climate, and a citadel of warmth to which the family retired when the day's toil no longer kept blood in quick circulation. We read of fire-places so huge that the fore-logs and back-logs for the fire were dragged into the kitchen by a horse, or run into it on a hand-sled. "Often there were seats within the chimney on either side. At night children could sit on these seats and there watch the sparks fly upward and join the stars which could plainly be seen up the great chimney-throat." Above the fire, resting on ledges on either side of the lower chimney, ran the back-bar, or lug-pole, from which the great iron and brass pots hung pendant over the fire on "pot-hooks" and "pot-brakes" and "gallows-crooks." The lug-pole was of green wood, and would stand the heat for a long time, until at last it collapsed, causing maybe the ruin of a dinner, and sometimes a death. Iron back-bars came in due season. No wonder that toasting-forks and waffle-irons had "long adjustable handles which helped to make endurable the blazing heat of the great logs." For the same reason there hung on a nail a pair of pipe-tongs wherewith the New Englander lifted an outlying coal to light his pipe. The pots were tremendous—the great iron one, in which all the vegetables were boiled, sometimes weighing forty pounds. "Over the fire-place and across the top of the room were long poles on which hung strings of peppers, dried apples, and rings of dried pumpkin. And the favourite resting-place of the old queen's-arm, or fowling-piece, was on hooks over the kitchen fire-place. . . . Chafing-dishes and skimmers of brass and copper were also cheerful discs to reflect the kitchen firelight."

Imagination does not stoop to trace the kitchen splendours of those days. Rather she rises, on envious wings, to inspect the utensils of the housewives of New England. Behold these skillets, and rabbit-broilers, and braziers, and grid-irons, all fitted with legs so that they might stand at a safe height in the red hot humus of coals and glowing wood on the fire-place. Even a toasting-fork was not always held in the hand, but approached the fire on spindling legs of its own. Behold these and irons of goose-neck pattern, and this shining Dutch oven, and this curious bake-kettle. The last is a shut-up urn to be buried in the heart of the fire. "Such perfect rolls, such biscuit, such shortcake as issued from the heaped-up bake-kettle can never be equalled by other methods of cooking." We believe this from our soul. Although these great fire-places soon shrank in size, many are still left, and we owe pictures of their delights to such modern poets as Lowell and Whittier. Whittier's "Snow-bound" is the final chronicle and eulogy of the old colonial kitchen and all that it meant. Its poetic fire was snatched from an oak log.

We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;

The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then hovering near
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

It were a filial disrespect to think that because the colonists ate from wooden trenchers, and poured new milk into leathern jacks, and dispensed with forks and saucers, they were therefore rude in their table manners. Mrs. Earle shows that they taught their children a discreet behaviour, as not to sit down to table until grace was said, not to ask for anything on the table, not to bite into a whole slice of bread, and not to throw bones on the floor. "Hold not thy knife upright," ran one code, "but sloping ; lay it down at right-hand of the plate, with end of blade on the plate. . . . Look not earnestly at any other person that is eating." Even adults were instructed in the diction and forms of serving and carving food. Mrs. Earle quotes these upbraiding words from an old author :

How all must regret to hear some Persons, even of quality, say "Pray cut up that Chicken or Hen," or "Halve that Plover," not considering how indiscreetly they talk, when the proper terms are "break that Goose," "thrust that Chicken," "spoil that Hen," "pierce that Plover." If they are so much out in common Things, how much more would they be with Herons, Cranes, and Peacocks ?

The preparing and serving of meals make four-fifths of the work of a home in an old country. In the American colonies there were twenty primitive occupations. Making candles was one of them. The first colonists used the pine knots of pitch-pine, "candle-wood" as it was called. These pine torches gave no bad light, and we are told that the Rev. Mr. Newman, of Rehoboth, compiled his great Concordance of the Bible with no better illuminant. Soon tallow candles were made by the careful housewife :



CANDLE-DIPPING IN OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

it was an autumn task in every well-regulated home. The wicks were of closely spun hemp or tow or cotton, and the molten tallow bubbled in huge kettles slung from the lug-pole. As our illustration shows, the wicks were hung perpendicularly from short rods, and were alternately dipped and allowed to dry until they became clothed in tallow to the required thickness. Tin and pewter moulds were also used.

There was a whole series of "home-spun industries." Flax was grown, dried, ripple-combed, cleaned, broken on the flax-brake, swungled with a swingling-block and knife, spun into thread, skeined, and bleached in buttermilk. The spinning industry was of vital importance, and was fostered with great care. Prizes were given for quantity and quality. "At the fourth anniversary, in 1749, of the Boston Society for Promoting Industry and Frugality, three hundred 'young spinsters' spun on their wheels on Boston Common. And a pretty sight it must have been: the fair young girls in the quaint and pretty dress of the times, shown to us in Hogarth's prints, spinning on the green grass under the great trees." Wool-spinning was just as active. The colonists scorned to import woollen cloth, and denied themselves mutton that they might have wool. They soon had wool in such quantities, and prepared it so well, that the mother country took alarm, and forbade the importation of colonial worsteds, kerseys, serges, and what not. Colonial woollen cloth was dyed in many colours: dyed to glorious reds with cochineal and logwood, dyed brown with the bark of hickory, dyed green in the juice of golden-rod mixed with indigo, dyed orange with the bark of sassafras, dyed black with field sorrel, dyed crimson in the juice of the pokeberry, dyed yellow with the petals of Jerusalem artichoke. What processes! What household arts! What cheerful days of toil and reward! Woven linen was exchanged at the village store for sugar, spices, and tea, or sold for forty-two cents a yard. Blankets, bed-coverlets, grain-bags, and all-wool coats were woven everywhere. To this day there survives in Narragansett one of the last of this race of weavers. Mrs. Earle has told the story of Weaver Rose and his family in her book, *Old Narragansett*. Rose's pattern book is more than a hundred years old, and he lets slip the technical words of Elizabethan craftsmen.

We resign the attempt to indicate the multifariousness of home life in the American colonies a hundred years ago. Mrs. Earle's industry has been equal to the task, and in one chapter alone—that on "Girls' Occupations"—she makes us wonder how the day could be long enough for the day's employments. A well-taught girl could raise small stock, do dairy work, go marketing, sew, knit, pickle and preserve, make a broom of guinea wheat, pleat and iron, pick live geese without wincing, scour pewter, boil fat into soap, plait straw into hats, work on a netted purse or Job's Trouble quilt, and still find time to read Doddridge's sermons and confer with her sweetheart. And she did but bear her girlish part in the Arcadian economy. We cannot distil any more essences from these charming pages. Fitly enough, Mrs. Earle ends with a chapter on "Old-time Flower Gardens," so that her fragrant book is dissolved in fragrance.

An Adventuress on the Throne.

Marysiencka. By K. Waliszewski. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Heinemann.)

LADY MARY LOYD, already favourably known as the translator of the fascinating previously unpublished letters of the great Napoleon, has now given us an excellent rendering of a very clever book by a Gallicised Pole. M. Waliszewski claims that his work is an experiment in historical style. Such it doubtless is to the French public. But (whether M. Waliszewski be aware of it, or whether it be a curious coincidence) to the English public it has a derivation. It is a polite, a smoothed, a French adaptation of Carlyle's historical methods; or of some of Carlyle's methods. The introduction of dramatic conversations, based on actual letters or documents, is its main innovation. And this is a distinctive feature of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*. The result is very bright and lively, if it lack the depth, the richness, the genius of Carlyle. A work of undeniable talent, French to the finger-tips—in spite of the English parallel.

A Gallicised Pole, he has written the history of a Polebred Frenchwoman, who became queen of her adopted country. *Marysiencka* was the Polish pet-name super-



MARYSIENCKA.

induced upon her French name, Marie; and it is significant of the hybrid destiny of this singular adventuress. She was born into a picturesque period and a picturesque milieu; and her story makes picturesque reading. It was the late seventeenth century, the age of Charles II. and Mazarin and the young Louis XIV. She was the compatriot and contemporary of the Three Musketeers, and the Court which surrounded her first childhood was that depicted in *Twenty Years After*. To understand her character you must read Dumas. Not a Miladi, but, rather, a pretty Mme. de Chevreuse: her yearned-for paradise was the frivolous intrigues of Saint Germanis; her regretted destiny, to assist in making the history of Poland.

To complete the incongruous caprice of Fate, she became the wife of a mediæval warrior-hero born out of due time, who might have ridden horse to horse with Cœur-de-Lion at Acre, and shaken the beard of Sultan Saladin: she became the wife of Sobieski. An *intrigante* from the Court of Charles II. married to Hunniades or Scanderbeg would not be a more "amazing marriage."

She had astounding luck, which it can hardly be said she deserved, and with which she was never contented. Marie de la Grange d'Arquien (to give her full titular honour) was a daughter of a shady captain in Monsieur's Guard, who came of ancient but not very exalted family. She went to Poland as a child, in the suite of Marie de Gonzagne, when that restless schemer set out to marry the then King of Poland. Marie de Gonzagne took with her a bevy of French beauties who wanted Polish husbands—and got them. The little Marie d'Arquien, it was hoped, under the patronage of the new French Queen of Poland, might grow up to obtain a like desirable result—for Polish nobles were rich, and had a pretty taste for pretty faces. To her Poland was generous indeed: it gave her two husbands and a crown. Little could Marie de Gonzagne have guessed that the small d'Arquien was one day to sit on her own throne! The child had an evil training in an evil Court. The Court of Poland seems to have rivalled the French Court in corruption, if not in wit and polish. Marie de Gonzagne's second husband, John Casimir (the first soon died), was a monument of instability. He had been prince, monk, and cardinal; and had then unfrocked himself, and laid by the robes of cardinal for the robes of king, marrying his brother's widow. Marie de Gonzagne herself belonged to the school of Mme. de Chevreuse, Mme. de Longueville, and the *dames galantes* who intrigued with love and politics through the squables of the Fronde. Under her patronage, Mlle. d'Arquien grew up what might have been expected—selfish, luxurious, dissolute, with an incurable taste for backstairs plotting and scheming. Ardent and impetuous, her face was her fortune, and she played it for all it was worth. Everyone made love to her, Sobieski among the rest. But he was a *parvenu*, and she wanted riches and power; so under the prudent guidance of the Queen she married riches and power in the person of an old Polish noble. He turned out a drunken sluggard; Sobieski was a near neighbour, and presently she was heart and soul in an intrigue with him.

What followed is a cynical specimen of the manners of the Court. The Queen was as disappointed in the marriage as Marysiencka (the Polish name is convenient) herself was. She wanted a leader for the Court party, and had hoped to secure it by the match; but an inert toper was useless. Lubomirski, leader of the National party, a kind of shuffling Warwick, was threatening her with arms over her scheme for French succession to the Crown. She fixed on Sobieski as her only hopeful champion. Through Marysiencka she could influence Marysiencka's lover; therefore, as she had blessed the marriage, she blessed the intrigue, and took it under her royal wing. Charming morals! The husband, like a good fellow, at this precisely proper moment gracefully died, and left his shoes for Sobieski. Sobieski, however,

seemed in two minds about stepping into them. His hesitation disconcerted the royal plans, which required that he should at once be made sure of; and the royal action was prompt. Marysiencka laid a disgraceful trap for him, which had been concocted by the Queen's own royal mind, in collusion with the French ambassador—a Bishop! Nor did Her Majesty disdain her personal assistance in the vile affair; thanks to which Sobieski was successfully duped into a private marriage—after a decent interval made into a public one. Delightful delicacy!

Having got her Sobieski, she tired of him, betrayed him, and whisked off to Paris, where it is not probable she was more faithful to his memory than she had been to his person. He complained, indeed, that she had lived almost wholly apart from him since their marriage. Poor man! Such was the tradition of the French Court. But John Sobieski, at any rate, was in earnest, and waged passionate epistolary war of entreaties and upbraidings against her. We do not share the author's taste for Sobieski's love-letters. They are curious and characteristic, but they like us not. Perfervid, sincere, grossly amatory, a singular mixture of high-flown expression with physical coarseness in feeling, they are the love-letters of an amative Tommy Atkins who has read Mlle. de Scudery—if you can conceive such a fabulous monster. But the crises of Sobieski's love-agony were exceedingly hard on the Turk. Instead of beating out his brains, he rushed to the field and knocked out the brains of the infidels; so that a cruel repulse by his wife was followed by a great victory over the Ottoman.

In this way Marysiencka may have been Sobieski's "gad-fly," in the Socratic phrase. But how else she helped him is not over-evident; how she thwarted him, too evident. The death of the Queen, followed by the abdication of John Casimir, left his way open to the throne; but her mind was fixed on French intrigue and French gold, she never saw the possibility to which a cleverer woman would have urged him. It was not French aid, to which she continually directed his attention, but his own sword that ultimately raised him to a dignity she was too short-sighted to foresee. The close of Michael's brief reign coincided with a brilliant victory over the Turks, which turned all thoughts on Sobieski as the national saviour; and his election was practically unopposed. The little d'Arquien intriguer was Queen of Poland. In that capacity she proved herself a superb marplot. If her husband had any large project of policy on hand, she cut across it with some petty intrigue for a petty personal end, and sent it to the ground. It was in no little degree owing to her that the sole great action of her husband's disappointing reign was the immortal relief of Vienna, which put an end to the expansion of Turkey, and set the name of John Sobieski among the heroes of Christendom. She ceased her infidelities, it is true, and became a much more tolerable wife. But she was growing old, and the time for infidelities was passed. After his death, she finished her career by dividing the family interest, and so preventing all chance of the crown remaining in Sobieski's family. Having thus ruined her sons and herself, she retired to Rome. Even there she finally contrived to quarrel with the Government; and at last ended her days, poor and overlooked, in her native

France. For a more favourable view of her than ours, read M. Waliszewski's charming book, which says all that can be said, and without partiality. She was the victim of a bad Court, an unscrupulous patroness, and her own beauty, no doubt; but, like Louis XIV., we cannot like her.

"O Sovran Blanc!"

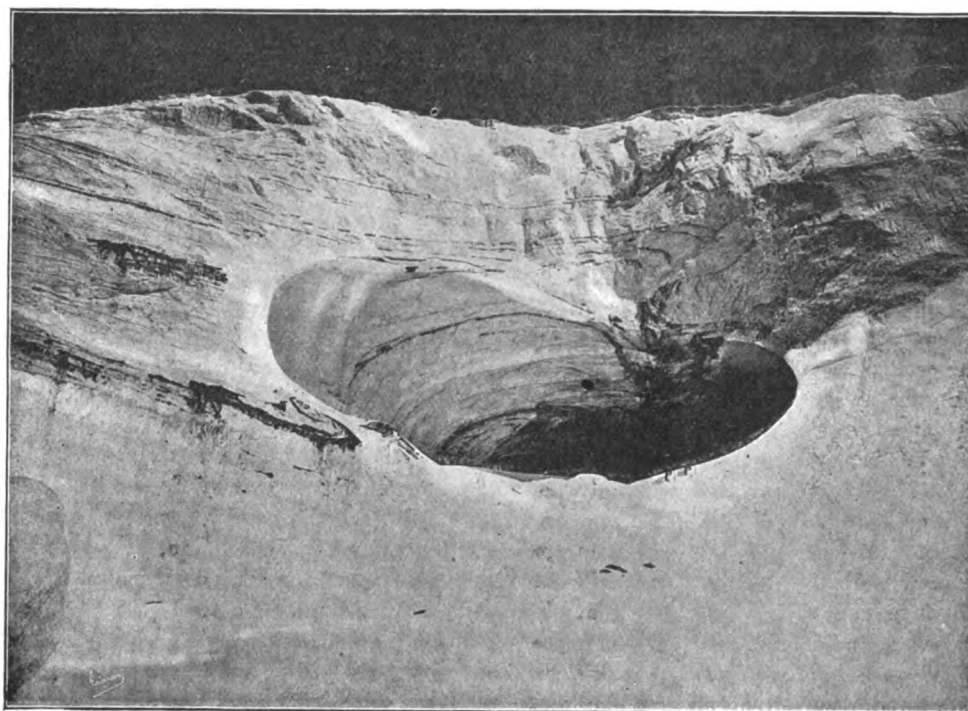
The Annals of Mont Blanc. By Charles Edward Mathews, sometime President of the Alpine Club. With a Chapter on the Geology of the Mountain by Prof. T. G. Bonney. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

THE unique charm of Mont Blanc lies in its surpassing grandeur and its wealth of associations. The mountaineer with a passion for adventure may no longer think it worthy of his steel, but he must continue to reverence it for its beauty, and as the cradle of the art he loves. The

certain Dr. Paccard, who is believed by some to have played no less important a part than Balmat in the first ascent. The evidence is conflicting; but Mr. Mathews unhesitatingly pronounces for Paccard, and demands his rehabilitation. The first woman to reach the summit was the peasant Maria Paradis, in 1809; the next, in 1838, was Mlle. Henriette d'Angeville, who, it has been somewhat unfairly affirmed, "planted the flag of feminine alpinism." To modern women climbers Mr. Mathews refers without particularising. Can the Alpine Club be in danger?

The story of the early attempts on the mountain—successful and unsuccessful—and of the comparatively rare ascents during the next seventy years, is a story of extraordinary fascination; even though "everybody climbs Mont Blanc now," there is no longer any need for the making of wills at the start, or the holding of thanksgiving services on the return.

The change began in 1851, when the celebrated Albert Smith—whose initials Douglas Jerrold once said only expressed two-thirds of the truth—having managed to struggle to the top more dead than alive, came home and introduced Mont Blanc to the great British Public at the Egyptian Hall. The national imagination was touched, a fashion was set, and since then the mountain has been visited and climbed by an increasing number of people, not only from England, but from every part of the world. We believe that Mr. Mathews's book, in striking contrast as it is with Smith's panorama, will contribute towards a somewhat similar result, and, in addition to strengthening love already established, will prepare much new ground. Nor can there be any regret that this



THE SITE OF THE LAKE AFTER THE CATASTROPHE OF ST. GÉRYAIS.

"Annals" before us are little more than the story, gathered with infinite labour from a hundred obscure sources, of the first attempts to reach the summit. The name "Mont Blanc" appears for the first time in literature in 1744. Up to that time there is no record that the idea of climbing the mountain had ever been conceived; but, in 1760, a naturalist of Geneva, Horace Bénédict de Saussure, offered—in the interests of science—a tempting reward to the man who should find his way to the top, and, in 1786, Jacques Balmat, a Chamonix peasant, achieved the feat, and claimed the reward, and the following year fulfilled for M. de Saussure the dream of his life by leading him also to the summit. These two men are now commemorated in Chamonix by the well-known bronze, but it has always been a question whether at least a third of the honour is not due to a

should be so. The chief use of mountains is to educate us—"to startle the lethargy of the human soul with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment"—and the more people that can be brought under their influence, whether by *diligence* or excursion train, in bivouac or hotel, the better for us all. Mr. Mathews and the older mountaineers bemoan the changed conditions; but they forget that emotion is largely coloured by association, and that a sunset from the comfortable bench of the Mulets, the untired start by moonlight across the waste of snows, the first gleam of gold on the Dôme, the welcome hospitality of the Valkot, the excitement of the ridge of the great Bosse in a wind biting shrewdly, the sublimity of the summit, can only leave in the mind of a man who has never known anything better unspeakable and ineffaceable memories.

Of course no concealment is made of the fact that Mont Blanc has claimed its victims. Guides and travellers, forty-seven men in all, have perished on it since the first accident in 1820—nearly all, if we may accept Mr. Mathews's authority, from the neglect of proper precautions. The generalisation is probably as sound in the mountains as elsewhere, and yet it will never satisfy the fearful. An avalanche that kills one man may be as much "an act of God"—as our fathers loved to call it—as the appalling disaster to which the illustration we reproduce refers, and which, according to Mr. Mathews himself, "could neither have been predicted nor averted."

"Owing to the stoppage of the sub-glacial drainage, in some manner never precisely ascertained," we read, "a lake was formed under the Tête Rousse glacier, in which an enormous body of water was pent up at a spot ten thousand feet above the sea level. Between one and two o'clock on the night of the twelfth of July, 1892, the ice that held up the lake gave way. The water swept in a torrent of tremendous force over the Désert de Pierre Ronde, gathering up thousands of tons of rock and stones in its course. It passed with a terrible roar under the hamlet of Bionnassay, which it did not injure, destroyed half the village of Bisnay, on the high road between Contamines and St. Gervais, and, tearing up trees by the roots as it went along, joined the main river of the Bon Nant; following its bed and destroying on its way the old Pont du Diable, it hurled its seething flood of water, timber, stones, and mud upon the solid buildings of the establishment [the Baths of St. Gervais], and crushed them into fragments; then crossing the Chamonix-road, it spread itself out in the form of a hideous fan over the valley of the Arve, destroying part of the village of Le Faget on its way. Such was the catastrophe of St. Gervais, which claimed more than a hundred and fifty victims."

Though it can hardly be hoped that human foresight will ever be able entirely to avert such catastrophes as this, the climber, it is urged, may safeguard himself by ordinary precautions. But in spite of all Mr. Mathews's eloquent pleading, these precautions will not always be taken, and men, even the most experienced, will continue to be killed—and in a better cause, it seems to us, than most of those who fall in battle.

The book is pleasantly written, paper and type leave nothing to be desired; the six electrotype reproductions of photographs by Signor Vittorio Sella are, with one exception, entirely worthy of the beautiful and majestic mountain they represent; the numerous other illustrations have historic, if not artistic interest; the map is good and clear; the science is adequate; and the appendices, especially the Bibliography and the Facsimile of Martel's Pamphlet, form a valuable addition to the volume.

Celtic Drama.

The Heather Field and Maeve. By Edward Martyn. With an Introduction by George Moore. (Duckworth)

THE weakness of Mr. George Moore, as a literary critic, lies in his failure to realise the importance for an artist of independence. Hence his extravagant laudation of Mr. W. B. Yeats's clever *pastiche* of Celtic dream in "The

Secret Rose"; and hence he tells us now, almost in a breath, that Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heather Field" will "hold its own by the side of 'The Wild Duck,' or 'Macbeth,' or 'Hamlet,'"; and that it is "the first play written in English inspired by the examples of Ibsen." The second statement contains a truth. Mr. Martyn is at present of all things derivative: an echo, not an individual voice. He gives you the persistent symbolism of Maeterlinck, the eerie glamour and mystic whisperings of Mr. W. B. Yeats, the sordid settings—though, indeed, a touch of sordidness belongs to a certain side of the Irish temperament—of Ibsen himself. Therefore we discount Mr. Moore's praise, for which, indeed, we have a notion that Mr. Martyn himself must blush.

It is somewhat hard upon him to come into the world thus prefaced, for his work is by no means without merit. Both in "The Heather Field" and in "Maeve" the central theme—it is the same in both plays, the incompatibility of the idealist of dreams with real life—is well grasped and presented. In "The Heather Field" the idealist, Carden Tyrrell, has married a wife who sets to work to civilise him. He carries his idealism into the reclamation of a heather field on his estate; and this field, which ultimately breaks out into its native wildness and ruins him, becomes a symbol of his own untameable temperament. The poetry of the man is well brought out, and there is a good dramatic scene where his wife brings in the mad doctors to spy for signs of insanity in his imaginative talk. But Grace Tyrrell herself is surely theatrical in the bad sense. "Although all right and good sense are on the wife's side," says Mr. Moore, "the sympathy is always with Carden." Naturally, for the dice are loaded by making the wife an unnatural and vindictive shrew. Another weakness in the play is the number of slightly-sketched minor characters. This appears to be a concession less to the spirit of drama than to the *convenances* of a modern representation. But a tragedy, if it is to be truly tragic, must pass as nearly as possible in solitude. Numbers stifle it.

In "Maeve" the idealist heroine is to be married to an Englishman rich enough to restore the faded glories of the house of the O'Heynes, Prince of Burren. Up to the day of her wedding she dreams over the fairy lore of Erin, and in the white moonlight Queen Maeve—Queen Mab, we suppose—bears her off to the fairy cairn. There is some pretty writing.

MA. (*wistfully*): "He is the only one I have ever loved. Let me stay. I hear him coming."

FIN. (*frightened*): "You hear him —?"

MA. (*pointing towards the abbey*): "Yes, there—far away—coming on the wings of the March wind. Don't you hear?"

FIN.: "I hear the bitter wind, Maeve, through our old ash-trees."

MA. (*smiling in reverie*): "The fairy March wind which races at twilight over our fields, turning them to that strange pale beauty, like the beauty of a fairy's face—oh, it is fit that my beloved should ride on such a steed."

FIN.: "Dearest, you must go to rest. He will never come. He is dead."

MA.: "He is not dead. He will come. I know he will. But the way is long. A long—long way."

FIN.: "A long way, indeed, without beginning and without end."

MA.: "It began from the land of everlasting youth."

FIN.: "You have often told me of that land—Tirnan-ogue, is it not?"

MA.: "The Celtic dream-land of ideal beauty. There he lives in never-fading freshness of youth. (*With a steadfast visionary look.*) I am haunted by a boyish face, close-hooded, with short gold hair; and every movement of his slender, faultless body goes straight to my heart like a fairy melody. Oh, he has a long way to journey, for that land of beauty was never so far away as it is to-night!"

But the play would never "act." It has the worst of faults, an *aurora borealis* and a ghostly procession emerging to the sound of harps like vapour from the cairn. Even Celtic glamour will not survive a lime-light *aurora borealis*, and the kind of vaporous ghost that they make with gauze.

Celt, Saxon, and Norman.

The Foundations of England. By Sir James H. Ramsay of Banff, Bart., M.A. 2 vols. (Sonnenschein. 24s.)

Six years ago Sir James Ramsay gave, in his *Lancaster and York*, an instalment, first in time, last in design, of an intended summary of the first fifteen hundred years of English history. Those volumes covered a period of precisely eighty-five years, and the prospect of the whole work, written upon such a scale, became sufficiently alarming. It is not to be so. Sir James Ramsay has turned from the end to the beginning of his task, and in another two volumes has polished off twelve of his fifteen centuries. The first of these deals with the origins, from the earliest glimmer of these islands in history down to the death of Edward the Confessor; the second takes up the tale of the Conquest, and pushes on through the four following reigns. Some two hundred and fifty years remain, and one may reasonably calculate that another four volumes at most will see the end of them. Even so, it will make a goodly work—the work of a lifetime; for before a line was published, the book had been on the stocks a full score of years. Obviously, we cannot, in the space at our command, attempt any detailed estimate or criticism of such a book; all that can be done is to indicate in the briefest fashion its chief qualities and its place among histories. That place will be, we think, rather that of a book of reference than anything else. Sir James Ramsay is a thoroughly learned and a thoroughly industrious man. He has worked over, with immense care, the masses of material, the innumerable special studies, bearing upon his subject. His analysis and summary of them is both careful and just. His book might serve for many years as a thread to hold together the results of later research. But that it will ever be, even in the better sense, popular, or that, when once it has ceased to be an adequate digest of the existing state of historical knowledge, it will endure, we do not believe. For it has not the saving grace of literary quality. Erudite as he is, Sir James Ramsay cannot write a bit. His composition and his phrasing are alike tedious, flat, and uninspired. Of the structural distinction between sentence and paragraph he has no

conception. Life, colour, movement, picturesqueness, humour, enthusiasm, are not his. His volumes are most useful on the shelf, but they cannot be read. We defy anyone — except a reviewer — to read them straight through. Macaulay might have done it, for Macaulay read Guicciardini and Nares, or implies that he did; but, unfortunately, Macaulay is dead. It is fair to try Sir James Ramsay upon some of the occasions where the purple patch would be only reasonable. If you do it, you will find that Hastings fails, the White Ship fails, the death of Rufus fails, and that this is the characterisation of the Conqueror:

William the Great, as men of his time called him, was a man of wonderful parts, and accomplished many things; but he does not present a many-sided character for study. We have in him a most masterful man of blood and iron; of great intelligence, energy, and good sense; one who could be mean, but not petty; perfectly selfish, unshrinking in purpose, determined to win at all hazards, and absolutely reckless as to the means he might employ or the misery he might inflict in the pursuit of his ends. He was a man more hated than loved, probably even more feared than hated. In the words of the Peterborough writer, "he was over all measure stark (i.e., stern) to the men who withstood his will. . . . He recked naught of their hate; they must all follow his will if they would live or keep lands or goods." But William was not wantonly cruel or capricious. Whatever he did he did with a purpose and did it thoroughly. This was perhaps his best point as a ruler. Men knew what to expect, and the thoroughness of his measures in the end worked for humanity. His politic self-restraint was not less remarkable than his promptitude. As he knew when to strike, so also he knew when to stop. Essentially vindictive, he could always swallow his wrath if he found that the gratification of his passion would cost him too dear.

Pedestrian, is it not? In his earlier preface Sir James Ramsay mildly lays claim to the title of a "drum and trumpet" historian. The suggestion raises a smile. His battles do not certainly move us, as the ballad of Chevy-Chase moved Sidney, with the sound of a trumpet.

HE found his work, but far behind
Lay something that he could not find—
Deep springs of passion that can make
A life sublime for others' sake,
And lend to work the living glow
That saints and bards and heroes know.
The power lay there—unfolded power—
A bud that never bloomed a flower;
For half beliefs and jaded moods
Of worldlings, critics, cynics, prudes,
Lay round his path, and dimmed and chilled
Illusions past. High hopes were killed;
But Duty lived. He sought not far
The "might be" in the things that are;
His ear caught no celestial strain;
He dreamt of no millennial reign.
Brave, true, unhoping, calm, austere,
He laboured in a narrow sphere,
And found in work his spirit needs—
The last, if not the best of creeds.

From Mr. W. E. Lecky's "Poems,"

Notes on New Books.

WAR.

IN these days war books can scarcely keep pace with the wars which inspire them. Chitral and Omdurman are still in our minds, and now come two works on Cuba. *The War in Cuba* (Smith & Elder) is by Mr. John Black Atkins, who went out to New York, Tampa, and Cuba as correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, his duty being to supplement news rather than to convey it at first hand. A light volume in a red cover, printed in large type, and throughout interesting, Mr. Atkins's book should be read if only as a commentary on Mr. Kipling's hortatory verses, "Take up the White Man's Burden." For Mr. Atkins goes to the root of things, and gives us the spirit as well as the facts of the struggle. His book is full of human touches and by-way facts, conversations, anecdotes, and well-founded comment. Here is a story. While many of the U.S. transports were more or less under the fire of the Punta Garda batteries, and while everyone on board the *Santiago* had still a whole skin and a fiery heart, a poor private lay on a stretcher, prosaically dying of bronchitis:

Nothing could be done except to place him between the two doors, where the hot draught blew on him. The sound of the firing appeared to break in on his mind and harass him deeply. While we were being fired at, men ran excitedly from one side of the ship to the other to see where the shells struck, and twice, at least, someone (quite inadvertently) ran his foot against the stretcher, which stood rather in the way, and the sick man gulped. The accident was just an incident of warfare; everyone desired to be kind to this man, but all the circumstances encouraged carelessness. So he went on to his death in a black eddy, as it were, of the great stream of war, while excitement and laughter were about him.

Mr. Atkins's narrative is graphic and enthralling; quite a document.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is a novelist with an eye for effects. He writes easily, if with no great distinction. He is active, and he takes the hail of bullets and the fall of shells as part of a war correspondent's day's work. In *The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaign* (Heinemann) he has run together the story of all he saw as correspondent of a New York journal during the late campaign. The result is a book for the general reader rather than for the military student. It is an enthusiastic appreciation of the American soldier, his bravery and his bounce, and a very plain-spoken depreciation of General Shafter. We do not envy the General's feelings on reading such a passage as this, although, no doubt, by this time the columns of the Press have hardened him to criticism:

On the day after the battle of San Juan, he said hopelessly to a foreign *attaché*: "I am prostrate in body and mind." He could confess this to a stranger, and yet, so great was the obstinacy, so great the vanity and self-confidence of the man, that, although he held the lives and health of 13,000 soldiers in his care, he did not ask to be relieved of his command. . . . His self-complacency was so great that, in spite of blunder after blunder, folly upon folly, and mistake upon mistake, he still believed himself infallible, still bullied his inferior officers, and still cursed from his cot.

In spite of gross mismanagement, unnecessary hardships, and suffering that might have been avoided, the rank and file behaved admirably; but in his endeavour to glorify the "boys" of his native land, we are inclined to smile when Mr. Davis wishes us to be most serious. For example: A youth, being

badly wounded, was given over to the surgeons. The operation being over, he opened his eyes and regarded the surgeons scornfully. "Then he shook his head from side to side on the pillow and smiled up at them. 'Ah, you'se can't kill me,' he whispered. 'I'm a New Yorker, by God! You'se can't kill me.'" "That," remarks Mr. Davis, stopping, no doubt, to wave his pen in the air, "is the spirit of the men who sunk the Spanish fleet at Manila and at Santiago, and of the crew of the warship that is named after the city of New York." Apart from this example, and a few others scattered through the pages, of "young America's way," the book may be recommended as a bright and very readable account of the campaign as the author of *Gallagher* saw it.

HISTORY.

The integrity of a series—viz., "Builders of Great Britain"—rather than a definite need, is met by Sir Alexander John Arbuthnot's *Lord Clive* (Unwin). Biographies of Clive are numerous, and Macaulay's essay, founded on Malcolm's *Life*, has had an immense circulation. At the same time Sir A. J. Arbuthnot's new *Life* has a character of its own. It does not treat Clive so badly as Caraccioli's does, nor so generously as Sir John Malcolm's biography. Sir John Arbuthnot holds, that although Clive was "doubtless at times unscrupulous, what he did he never attempted to conceal, nor was there anything in his conduct or his character to which the term 'base' could fitly be applied." Looking through these pages, we observe that the author does not throw the cold water of doubt on the story of Clive's duel with an officer whom he had accused of cheating:

Clive, having fired at, and missed, his antagonist, the latter came close up to him, and, holding his pistol to his head, desired him to ask for his life, which Clive did. His opponent then called upon him to retract his assertions regarding unfair play, and, on his refusal, threatened to shoot him. "Fire and be d—d," was Clive's reply. "I said you cheated, and I say so still, and I will never pay you."

Sir John Arbuthnot justly points out that Browning's version of this story in his dramatic idyll, "Clive," omits all mention of the officer's demand that Clive should beg for his life, and Clive's compliance. Browning also embellished the story by making the officer acknowledge his guilt under the spell of Clive's righteous anger. The frontispiece portrait of Lord Clive is from a painting at Powis Castle. Who was the painter?

The chief interest of Austria to the rest of Europe at the present day is that she is one of the Triple Alliance, and a bulwark against the westward advance of Russia. In this connexion her relations with the States of the Balkan peninsula are of the highest interest to the student of politics, and Mr. Whitman is, therefore, quite justified in adding *Austria* to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series. Austria, though a strangely composite nation, has had a past of great influence on the history of Europe; and from the time when she began to represent the Holy Roman Empire, there have been few wars and disputes in which she has not borne her share—generally to her detriment—her fortune lying in the successful marriages of her ruling family. Again, Europe owes Austria a debt of gratitude for having borne the brunt of the Ottoman invasion in the Middle Ages, when the tide of conquest rolled up to the very gates of Vienna, and for having saved all but the Balkan peninsula from being overrun by the warriors of Solymun and Muhomet. The quarrels with Hungary and the neighbouring States are of but little interest to English readers, though they have gone on through the centuries to almost our own day. What is of real value, is to trace the

gradual decadence of Austria as the great Central European Power, and her steady disappearance from Western European politics. The absorption of Bosnia was a great step towards the East, which even the alliance with Germany cannot overbalance. This is brought out fairly well in Mr. Whitman's book, which, however, is, it must be remembered, not a history of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but of the German provinces so inseparably bound up with the fortunes of the Hapsburgs. The book is afflicted with a lamentable index. This series would be increased in value tenfold if it had good and sufficient indices.

THEOLOGY.

In *Our Prayer Book: Conformity and Conscience* (Smith, Elder) Canon Page Roberts furnishes another demonstration of the convenient elasticity of the Anglican formularies. That nothing within the boards of the Prayer Book contradicts the definitions of the Council of Trent has been freely asserted for fifty years; the Canon of Canterbury shows with humorous ingenuity that such stumbling-blocks as priestly absolution and the unkind threats of the pseudo-Athanasius need constitute no bar to religious communion with the most primitive or the most rationalistic of Puritans. So, from one side as from the other, shall the see of St. Augustine be found the rallying-point of a perplexed Christendom.

The Holy Land in Geography and in History (S. W. Partridge) is the title shared by two volumes of which the author is an American scholar, Mr. Townsend MacCoun. They are intended for the use of Sunday-school teachers, and we are driven to suppose that this class of preceptor on the other side of the Atlantic is of an extraordinarily vigorous and inquiring character. The results of the latest investigations are presented to him in a highly condensed form, illustrated by some three hundred maps, physical and political; and his knowledge of the ins and outs of Palestinian strata, and of the vicissitudes of Syrian history, should soon be an astonishment to the *manes* of the Twelve Apostles.

BELLS.

Other folk than campanologists will find much that is interesting in *The Church Bells of Huntingdonshire*, by the Rev. T. M. N. Owen, M.A. (Jarrold). The book contains 149 quarto pages, which are kept in a kind of wakefulness by numerous woodcuts, Gothic letterings, churchwardens' accounts, &c. Mr. Owen is the rector of a Huntingdonshire village, and we imagine that the six years which he has spent in putting this book together have brought him the consolations, as well as the burdens, of his task. In his Preface, Mr. Owen drops a remark which enables us to picture him as one of two clergymen in a dog-cart, bowling serenely along between the hedges fragrant with dog-rose; their talk being of "ancients," and the tenor of Hamerton—"a good bell"—and the Ellacombe chiming apparatus, and the iniquity of clapper-tying, until the hedges open and the church tower of Stukeley Parva, or Pidley-cum-Fenton, appearing in sight, turns their thoughts to the immediate joys of research among the rafters and jackdaws. The most interesting part of Mr. Owen's book is that in which he discusses the quaint "Local Uses" to which church bells are put in the county. The Death Knell in Huntingdonshire is usually 3 × 3 for a man, 3 × 2 for a woman, and very often 3 × 1 for a child. In Dorsetshire these informing strokes come at the end or *tail* of the ordinary tolling: hence the saying, "Nine tailors (tailers) make a man." The "uses" of bell-ringing in Huntingdonshire are many and curious. In no fewer than twenty-one villages one or more bells are sounded *after* morning service (as well as before) on Sunday. It is not suspected by the yokels that these peals are survivals

of the Sanctus peal in the Mass, but such is probably the fact. One Sanctus Bell survives at Great Staughton, unused and unroped. The county contains forty-eight pre-Reformation bells. At Braughton there is a "Priest Bell," which is rung only at fires, its tone being shrill, and it is locally known as "The Old R. C. Priests' Bell." There are but two instances of the curfew left in Huntingdonshire; but the Pancake Bell (on Shrove Tuesday) and the Gleaning Bell (during harvest) are heard in a good many villages. We do but indicate the scope and atmosphere of a book which is an important contribution to campanology.

TRAVEL.

Dr. Nansen's *Farthest North* is now supplemented by the story of his right-hand man, Lieut. Hjalmar Johansen, who was Nansen's sole companion in his long sledge journey across the ice in search of the North Pole. Lieut. Johansen's story does not add much to the information we derived from Nansen's far bulkier work; nevertheless *With Nansen in the North* (Ward, Lock) is not the less acceptable. As translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad, it is an easy-running narrative, simple and vivid in every line. Nothing in the book is more suggestive than its ending, which, if not new to those who have read Nansen's book, bears repeating. One day the two bearded, grimy, blubber-fed travellers were startled to hear the barking of dogs, indicating the presence of man. Nansen went off to investigate, while Johansen's shirt waved heavily on a pole. Suddenly Johansen saw a solitary figure, like a dot on the eternal snows. It approached and revealed itself as a man; he wore decent clothes and his face was washed. This was Mr. Child, of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition. He was followed by Mr. Burgess and Mr. Fisher, the botanist; and then came wandering by—lots of people, including Mr. Jackson. There was a débacle of solitude. A "well-spread table," hot water, tablecloths, chairs, and soap were provided; and if the travellers retained a doubt that they had reached the abodes of civilisation it was dispelled when the Jackson-Harmsworth musical-box began to tinkle in the Arctic night.

Mr. E. C. Oppenheim is a member of the Alpine Club, and in the summer of 1897 he lusted to climb untrodden peaks in Norway. To make sure that he should climb none but the untrodden, Mr. Oppenheim applied to Mr. Slingsby, the best authority on Norwegian climbing, who suggested several districts, including the one our author selected—the Sondmore. Hence *New Climbs in Norway* (Unwin), a book of some 250 pages, full of interest to mountaineers.

VERSE.

A little while ago a contributor to the ACADEMY uttered a plea for a satirist. To some extent that plea is now answered. In *Parson Dash*, by Erasmus Holiday (Redway), we have a dexterous and good-humoured Hudibrastic satire against Ritualism. Parson Dash begins at Turniptop in the homely way of his fathers: he passes onward through various phases to something very nigh Rome. The contrast between the new parson and the old is marked in the soliloquy of one of Dash's late parishioners, who, visiting London, attends one of his services:

Turn ash to oak, and oak to ash,
If this be our parental Dash,
Our rector, the beloved of old,
Who safely shepherded the fold,
Shared all our merry games and sports,
The jocund friend ne'er out of sorts,
With open heart and ready hand
Cheering the pilgrim in the land.

And so forth. The various rays at ritualism, as the author calls them—

Spoil not the neat wax chandler's trade—

we shall not quote here. It is too dangerous in these days of Kensitism and anti-Kensitism: the ACADEMY's space must be preserved for other things; but we can recommend readers to this witty and amusing book on the subject.

This generation of children know little of Mrs. Sewell's stories in verse, but in the forties, and fifties, and sixties they were in most nurseries. Hence there must be many of those children, now parents, who will be glad to have the complete edition of Mrs. Sewell's *Poems and Ballads*, which Messrs. Jarrold have just issued, in order that the impressions that they received from them may be transmitted again. Mrs. Sewell, whose best known work is probably "Mother's Last Words," had an easy rhyming method, and a considerable power of appealing to simple hearts. She wrote what practically were versified tracts. In her children's pieces she followed on the lines laid down by the Taylors, but with less humour and dramatic force. She was certain, however, of an audience wherever her stories were read aloud. To this complete edition of her writings is prefixed a memoir by Miss E. Boyd Bayly.

Wordsworth, in his great ode, imagined heaven lying about us in our infancy, the reflection of its glory still on the face of babes. Mr. Horace Eaton Walker, an American, in his *Intimations of Heaven* (Putnam: Claremont, N.H.), imagines foretastes of heaven in whatever beautiful things of earth most please us. His argument is contained in many complicated stanzas. The poem gains additional interest by being a commentary on the present times. Herr Anton Seidl's death is mentioned more than once, and the name of McKinley occurs. Here is a specimen:

The Queen of England! Here is earthly glory;
The Tsar of Russia! Here is earth renown;
Our President may wear Imperial crown
And still lose Heaven! Our Gladstone, old and hoary,
Is crowned by Love! But Corsicans are gory
In butchered blood! And hostile cannon drown
The cry of Pity! Some are great in town;
A Stevenson is great in tranced story.

In another poem, "Aidenn," Mr. Eaton mentions his favourite authors:

Taine, Lamb, Montaigne, and Zangwill,
Yea, glorious are to me
The friends I love, the friendships
Best for their rarity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Year Book of Treatment (Cassell) has reached its fifteenth annual issue. A new feature in the present volume is an article on the Open-air Treatment of Phthisis, by Dr. Burton-Fanning, who has had practical experience of the method at Cromer.

To Messrs. Bell's "Cathedral Series" are added volumes dealing with Beverley Minster, by Charles Heath, and York Cathedral, by A. Clutton-Brock. The York volume is very well illustrated with photographs, but the Beverley photographs leave a good deal to be desired in the matter of clearness. The series is an admirable one.

We have also received a new edition of Muirhead's *Historical Introduction to the Private Law of Rome*, revised and edited by Henry Goudy, LL.D. (Black); Mr. H. A. Jones's play, "The Physician," in the edition of his works which Messrs. Macmillan are producing; and *The Year's Music*, 1899 (Virtue), edited by Mr. A. C. R. Carter, with portraits of fifteen eminent composers and conductors, and useful information for musicians, professional and amateur.

Fiction.

Gösta Berling's Saga. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Lily Tudeer. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THIS is a novel of a totally new kind. Saga is perhaps the best name for it, although it is in some parts as emphatically not a saga, as we understand the word, as in others it is. Imagine a sentimentalist and hero-worshipper brought up in a Scandinavian wild rich in legend and stories of the great men and lovely women of a past generation, and then imagine him, many years after, reconstructing the old society of which in his impressionable infancy and boyhood he had heard so much from nurses and elders. Then you have some notion of the book before us. It is, however, more than that, for not only is the author a sentimentalist and hero-worshipper, he is poet, too, and romanticist, and he is filled with sympathy and compassion for the weak no less than with joy in revelry and courage.

So much for what he has. What our author has not is sense of form and reticence. He has given his saga with both hands; flung incidents and reflections on the paper with the slightest thread to join them; leaped recklessly, now forward, now backward, into time; explained some things, forgotten others. But the book lives none the less. It is shapeless, bewildering, inconstant, and all the time it is alive, passionate, vigorous, picturesque, and absolutely foreign to English methods of thought. We return to the word saga with some relief: that is certainly the best description.

Gösta Berling is a young priest who has been deprived of his sacred office on account of his drunkenness. He becomes a beggar, the lowest of the low, and is seeking death in a snowdrift when the Major's wife of Ekeby drags him forth and reasons him back to life. Thenceforward Gösta Berling is one of the Ekeby cavaliers, and for the rest of the book he is brilliant and handsome and masterful, at once the strongest and weakest of men. How he crosses the lives of others, and, through suffering, finds himself and justifies the core of good that is in him—that is the story. But never was plot unfolded with more doublings and divergencies, never was allegory (if it is allegory) so bravely tricked out in the garments of romance. One passage can give no notion of so varied a book; yet here is part of the conversation between the Major's wife (the most striking figure in the story) and Gösta Berling:

But suddenly the Major's wife was silent—and took two or three turns about the room. Then she drew up a chair to the fire, placed her feet on the hearth, and rested her elbows on her knees.

"Good God," she said, half laughing to herself, "what I said was so true, I didn't notice it myself. Don't you think, Gösta Berling, that most people in the world are dead or half dead? Do you think we are all alive? Ah no! Look at me, I am the Lady of the Manor at Ekeby and the most powerful woman in Värmland. If I lift a finger, the county police must skip; if I lift two, the bishop does the same; and if I lift three, I can make the Archbishop and Council and all the judges and land proprietors in Värmland dance polka on Karlstad market-place. And

yet I tell you, boy, I am nothing but a dressed-up corpse. God alone knows how little life there is in me!"

The beggar leaned forward in his chair and listened anxiously. The old lady rocked herself before the fire, and never glanced at him as she spoke.

"Don't you think," she continued, "that if I were a living soul and saw you sitting there, miserable and sad, with thoughts of suicide in your mind, that I could dispel them in a breath? I should have tears and prayers to move you, and I would save you—but now—I am dead. God knows how little life there is in me!"

For the later life of the Major's wife, for the cavaliers (who were of the tribe of the Three Musketeers) and their escapades, and for Gösta Berling's history, the reader must go to this remarkable book himself. He will find himself in a new world. It is too long, it is often tantalising, and it is not too well translated; but *Gösta Berling's Saga* is very well worth reading.

A Prince from the Great Never Never. By Mary F. A. Tench. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE heroine of this novel, Molly Despard, came back to the parental Irish home, after serving as companion in India, and found the various members of her family sorely abraded, as to their tempers, by the continual grind of poverty. It had not always been so with the Despards, as appears from the entertaining gossip of an ancient peasant crone, who talks through whole pages without a break.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of a past magnificence which intensified the acidity of the Despard household.

The technique of the tale is crude, sometimes painfully so. Molly is much too angelic; her sister much too Satanic. The action is continually forced; in particular, the advent of Mollie's Prince is managed with a maximum of clumsiness. Further, the style leaves something to be desired. Slang phrases such as "negotiate," in reference to a distance, abound. But the book has merit, promise, and some performance. The sketches of Irish character are often very good indeed, and the whole story is informed by a pleasing vivacity of movement.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BY BERWEN'S BANKS.

BY ALLEN RAINE.

A new novel by the author of *A Welsh Singer*. This also is Welsh. Gwynne Ellis and Caradoc Wynne—these are the principal men, and Valmai (which means "like May") is the heroine. Incidentally, we meet with Belto and Shoui, Deio and Essec Powell, Gwladys and Shôn Gweydd. The story is of love and sadness. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LOVE AND OLIVIA.

BY MARGARET B. CROSS.

Olivia was Miss Olivia Wynworth, blue-stockings and very charming girl. This little comedy-novel opens with the concluding words of one of Olivia's lectures, and concludes with her betrothal to Leslie Jolliffe and abandonment of her great work on Persephone. On the way she was engaged to George Gorst, but it seemed well to disregard the promise. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

OMAR THE TENT MAKER. BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Mr. Dole has edited the "Multiforum Edition" of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, and we suppose that it is in a sort of intellectual reaction from the nice balancing of texts that he now puts on the spectacles of a novelist and gives us this "romance of old Persia," with Omar for its hero. We note that Omar's career is followed up to his death. Someone has said that nothing has less novelty than death, and we read that the report of Omar's demise was "received with sorrow by a wide circle." (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

THE MANDARIN.

BY CARLTON DAWE.

The mandarin was Wang, a Chinese villain of the utmost turpitude, and the story tells how he and his myrmidons tried to gain possession of an English girl named Rose, and how the first-person-singular of the book prevented them. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

JOHN BEDE'S WIFE.

BY CECIL WENTWORTH.

Accurately speaking, John Bede had two wives. One was Kate, whom he married when he was drunk and she was suffering from loss of memory. Hence neither knew anything about it. Subsequently he married Bessy. Then Bessy died, and John and Kate, in the last chapter, are again, and consciously, united. The book has New Zealand for background. (Digby & Long. 6s.)

BROWN, V.C.

BY "MRS. ALEXANDER."

We do not know whether this is the Mrs. Alexander of *The Wooing O't*, or another. The quotation marks suggest that the name is a pseudonym. The story begins with the arrival of Mrs. Brown at a lodging-house, the birth of a man child, and the mysterious departure of the mother. The boy is brought up by the lodging-house keeper, assisted by a doctor. He enters the army, wins his V.C., and on p. 349 learns that he is Viscount Hazelhurst of Caresford Court and Baronston. There is also love interest. (Unwin. 6s.)

LADY LANARK'S PAYING GUEST.

BY GERTRUDE FORD.

A flippant tale of society and its fringe. The paying guest is Miranda Higg, an American, and Lady Lanark's son loves her from the first, but is kept waiting until the end, while a variety of complications are being unravelled and removed. There is also a profane peer. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

A GIRL OF THE KLONDIKE.

BY VICTORIA CROSS.

A novel by the author of *The Woman Who Didn't*. The story contains plenty of climate, gold dust, and gore. "Like a flash Katrine interposed between them, and Jim's bullet found a lodgment in her lungs. She had fired also. The shots had been simultaneous, and the miner fell, without a groan, without a murmur, forward across the table, carrying it with him to the floor. The gold pile scattered amongst the filthy sawdust on the ground." Katrine "sank backwards into Talbot's arms, and her head fell to his shoulder like that of a tired child falling asleep." (Walter Scott. 3s. 6d.)

THE BLACK CURTAIN.

BY FLORA HAINES LONGHEAD.

There is a great find of gold: "Robert Judith was a good enough arithmetician to be able to calculate an approximate measurement of the red hill. He realised that, if a few spoonfuls . . . could yield half a thimbleful of gold, there was untold wealth in the entire hill, with its thousands upon thousands of tons." This story is laid in California and is full of local colour. The Black Curtain mystery is pleasantly raised and solved, and the rest is courtship and marriage. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

The Academy.

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R. L. Stevenson Again.

I.—As Letter Writer.

WE all have friends among the dead of whom we can say, to read them is to be touched to an emotion that is as indefinable as it is delightful. Robert Louis Stevenson has that effect upon me. Open him where I will the thrill never fails. Gaiety is tethered to his pages. They gleam with sunlight. Moorland winds blow through them. I give him five minutes, the walls of the room fall apart, and my imagination is skipping to his mood. The turn of his sentences is so unexpected, the style so magical, and often — often, where we would have been content with the second best, the right word, the only word, darts to the eyes. Ill-health he had and many troubles, yet how radiant he remained, how light-footed even in graver moments. I think of him as some Oberon eternally young, running here, roaming there, seeking the bright eyes of adventure. He trips on tip-toe across the panorama of our time, interested in everything, obsessed by nothing, never swerving from the dominating passion of his life—to express, in the best possible way, the fancies and images that chased through his brain. The gift of expression was his from the beginning. "Heroic industry," no doubt, made it articulate, but there it was even at the age of twenty-three, when the earliest of the letters printed in the February number of *Scribner's Magazine*, from which I quote below, date. These letters, Mr. Colvin tells us in a prefatory note, were written between the years 1873 to 1875—all before he was twenty-five. They were addressed to a lady in London, a relative of one of his Balfour cousins. Apart from their charm these letters are interesting as showing how keen was his observation, how wide his sympathies, even in those early days. Thus he writes to his correspondent:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel so happy all over when I think that you remember me kindly. Life is doubled for me. I have been up to-night lecturing to a friend on life and

duties, and what a man could do; a coal off the altar had been laid on my lips, and I talked quite above my average, and I hope I spread, what you would wish to see spread, into one person's heart; and with a new light upon it.

And again:

It is a thing to thank God for that there should be someone like you, carrying so bright a lamp of comfort up and down our dim life, bringing priceless sympathy to one and to another, giving it, widely and fearlessly, like the good sun.

At twenty-three many budding writers are romantic, and many hug sorrow, but few touch the note so gently, yet so firmly, as Stevenson does in this passage:

To-night, as I was walking along Princes-street, I heard the bugles sound the recall. I do not think I had ever remarked it before; there is something of unspeakable appeal in the cadence. I felt as if something yearningly cried to me out of the darkness overhead, to come thither and find rest; one felt as if there must be warm hearts and bright fires waiting for one up there, where the buglers stood on the damp pavement and sounded their friendly invitation forth into the night.

Nature was already his friend:

I got a quiet seat behind a yew hedge and went away into a meditation. I was very happy after my own fashion, and whenever there came a blink of sunshine, or a bird whistled a bit higher than usual, or a little powder of white apple blossom came over the hedge and settled slowly about me in the grass, I had the happiest little flutter at my heart, and stretched myself for very voluptuousness.

But Nature could be cruel too:

O how I hate a storm at night! They have been a great influence in my life, I am sure; for I can remember them so far back—long before I was six at least, for we left the house in which I remember listening to them times without number when I was six. And in those days the storm had for me a perfect impersonation, as durable and unvarying as any heathen deity. I always heard it, as a horseman riding past with his cloak about his head, and somehow always carried away, and riding past again, and being baffled yet once more, *ad infinitum*, all night long. I think I wanted him to get past, but I am not sure; I know only that I had some interest either for or against in the matter, and I used to lie and hold my breath, not quite frightened, but in a state of miserable exaltation.

The finger of ill-health was already pressing upon him: "I must be very strong to have all this vexation and still be well. I was weighed the other day, and the gross weight of my large person was eight-stone six! Does it not seem surprising that I can keep the lamp alight through all this gusty weather in so frail a lantern? And yet it burns cheerily." So curious about life, nothing human was alien to his sympathy. The slightest things touched his imagination: "In the streets I saw two men meet, after a long separation it was plain. They came forward with a little run and leaped at each other's hands. You never saw such bright eyes as they both had."

Finally, here is part of a longish passage inspired by the Elgin marble group of the Three Fates, of which a friend had given him a photograph:

I think of these three deep-breasted women, living out all their days on remote hill-tops, seeing the white dawn and the purple even, and the world outspread before

them forever, and no more to them forever than a sight of the eyes, a hearing of the ears, a far-away interest of the inflexible heart, not pausing, not pitying, but austere with a holy austerity, rigid with a calm and passionless rigidity; and I find them none the less women to the end. I look over my shoulder at the three great headless Madonnas, and they look back at me and do not move; see me, and through and over me, the foul life of the city, dying to its embers already as the night draws on; and over miles and miles of silent country, set here and there with lit towns, thundered through here and there with night expresses scattering fire and smoke; and away to you, and they see you; and away to the ends of the earth, and the furthest star, and the blank regions of nothing; and they are not moved. My quiet, great-kneed, deep-breasted, well-draped ladies of Necessity, I give my heart to you!

Something, is it not, to be able to write like this at twenty-four?

Things Seen.

Points of View.

Two passengers awaited the train on the open country platform.

The poet from town looked across to where a flapping line of damp clothes stretched out from the backs of a jerry-built row of brick cottages.

His glance wandered down the gravelled platform, taking in the gaudy mud-bespattered advertisements, and the fowls clucking dismally as they strayed among the flowerless beds. He shuddered.

He looked towards his fellow-passenger—a little, bent man, in a suit the original colour of which was vaguely reminiscent, whose leather-stained thumbs denoted his occupation, and who carried under one arm a bulky parcel done up in newspaper.

The poet looked away. It was even less inspiring than the limp clothes-line.

The little man came nearer, shifting his parcel to the other arm.

"Wonderful weather fur the time o' year, sir."

The poet flung back his fur-lined coat.

"Beastly mild!" he assented.

A look, that in other eyes might have seemed tender, crept into the weak, bleared ones of the little shoemaker.

"Ay, to be sure! Wonderful mild fur December, sir. Thrush in the park as I come by just now, singing as sweet as if 'twas May."

Invisibility.

"FARES, please!" said the conductor as he clambered up the stairs and the 'bus swung round into the Fulham-road.

I was sitting on the near seat behind, and the two policemen on the seat before me bulged over the gangway, and left a space through which the conductor could scarcely squeeze.

"All right," said the outside policeman to his companion, as he heeled over and searched into a remote pocket.

From the forward part of the 'bus came the ting of the conductor's punch. The policeman was holding out something in his hand, talking meantime to his colleague. But the conductor pushed by, unnoticing, took my fare, gave me my ticket, and proceeded to descend the staircase.

I turned in my seat, and finding his face on a level with my own, I said:

"Two more fares to pay." The policeman was still holding out his hand with something in it.

"I can't see coppers," said the conductor, as his face disappeared. The driver's whip sounded on the side window.

"'Least, some kird! Walham Green, Putney," he added from the footboard.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

ON last Thursday the prize Jean Reynaud was awarded to M. Legouvé, the octogenarian Academician. This is one of the most important of the prizes, amounting to the acceptable sum of £400. Each of the five Academies takes it in turn to award it for the work of the highest originality and importance published during the year on the special branches of art, literature, or science within the scope of academic jurisdiction. M. Legouvé opened the discussion with a flamboyant eulogy of that extremely flamboyant masterpiece, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which he proposed as worthy of the prize. The thirty-nine Immortals naturally hesitated. Whatever the too famous and too popular *Cyrano* may be, it cannot accurately be described as a work of literature, science, or art of "the highest originality or importance." The multitudes of the earth, of, I believe, all lands and continents, led by the infallible judgment of the illustrious M. Sarcey (not certainly the voice of the exclusive minority), have loudly acclaimed this gasconade, but, as it was to be expected, the palm-embroidered fogies who occupy the arm-chairs under Richelieu's dome declined to march by the triumphant swing of the "Cadets de Gascogne," and crown the incomparable genius of the youthful M. Rostand. The world has done that already. The Academy preferred to crown the not particularly original or important, but highly respectable, long labours of M. Legouvé. May we all be crowned at the age of eighty, if we have the misfortune to live and labour so long either in the interests of art, literature, science, or mere humanity. Nobody can begrudge M. Legouvé his prize, which gave him great pleasure, and is the reward of industry if not of genius. But was that amiable little comedy of Thursday indispensable? Was the Academy award altogether the surprise to M. Legouvé he feigned it to be?

Another remarkable award was the prize given to M. Henri de Regnier, a poet whose chief claim to respectful attention lies in the fact that he has married a distinguished poet, the daughter of the impeccable sonneteer, M. de Heredia. So befathered, so wived, one may face the world of letters imperturbably. The prize may be described as one of co-lateral merit. It was, in reality, given to his wife, who has just published anonymously in the *Revue des*

Deux Mondes a most beautiful poem—"Rencontre avec Perséphone." Anonymous work cannot, even by an Academy, be crowned, so M. de Regnier gallantly wears his wife's laurels.

M. Charles Legros, a contributor to the *Débats*, lately visited the Green Isle, and has recorded his tourist's impressions in a sympathetic volume, *Terre d'Irlande*. It is conspicuously deficient in the hasty and absurd generalisations and judgments that made the reading of such a book as *Chez Paddy* an exasperation. M. Legros is an intelligent and fair-minded traveller, and produces the views of the landlord and of Mr. William O'Brien with impartial accuracy. Personally, I should have preferred a little less politics, and more of scenery, incident, and travellers' impressions. He pays tribute to the beauty and mournfulness of Irish landscape, but his pen has not seized it for our captivation. In this M. Bourget alone succeeded in that delicate, wistful, and lovely little masterpiece, *Neptunevale*. Here, in a few exquisite pages, has he compressed all the quaintness, the sadness, the tenderness, the unfathomable deeps of romance, faith, superstition, terror, and devotion of the most inconsistent of national characters, the most changeable, attractive, and inexplicable of lands. The best book on Ireland has yet to be written. I doubt if it could be written by an Irishman, and am certain no Englishman could write it. The ideal author will be either a sympathetic Scotchman, with something of Stevenson's temperament, or a Catholic Frenchman, with some of the intellectual loftiness and liberality of a Montalembert. The former would write a charming, the latter a great, book on so varied, so elusive, so curious a theme.

I hear, on excellent authority, that M. Anatole France's forthcoming book will be one of the best he has yet produced. We are promised, in *The Anneau d'Améthyste*, something even better than that most delightful *Orme du Mail*. I will be indiscreet, and announce beforehand that one of the best figures in the book is a portrait of the illustrious, the noble Esterhazy, the "cher commandant" who for so long represented with credit and renown the honour of the French Army.

Mme. Jean Bertheroy's last novel, which ran through the *Revue de Paris*, was an erudite and voluptuous revival of the paganism of the Sicilian Idyllists. The book was a brilliant *tour de force*; and here is another of a like quaint and erudite fancy: *Amour Etrusque*, a pretty, illustrated volume published under a pseudonym in the "Collection Nymphée." It is of a slenderer and more delicate quality than Mme. Bertheroy's flowery wanderings in the land of pagan sensuality; easier reading too, in its quiet style, and gives one the idea that the Etruscans might even have been such as they are here fancifully depicted. Why not, after all? And it is better entertainment to spend an evening hour over this pretty and inoffensive caprice of erudition than wander backwards to the unctuous infamy of M. Pierre Louys' *Aphrodite*. But can such meaningless *tours de force* be said ever to repay reader or author for all the care and labour and thought they involve? What can Etruscan loves be to us, since neither we nor the writer know anything about them?

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has met with a nasty accident, and the only good thing that can be said about it is that its consequences might have been much worse than they now are—a severe shaking and a broken leg. Mr. Phillips, who lives a short distance from town, reached a London station the other day, and alighted without noticing that the train had not already stopped. The result was a very nasty fall; and when Mr. Phillips was carried to the nearest hospital he was found to be suffering from the injuries we have already named. His progress, we are happy to be able to add, has been as satisfactory as could be expected.

SIR HUBERT JERNINGHAM has decided to retire from the Governorship of Trinidad. Sir Hubert gives up a salary of £5,000 a year. The retiring Governor has some of that all-round quality which belonged to the Elizabethans—the quality of a *dilettante* and of a man of affairs combined. Before he took to governing he sat in Parliament and he wrote a novel. Nor is it unlikely that the first drafts of his official despatches, if scrutinised, would betray on the other side of the sheets some scribbled verses which many versifiers less modest than Sir Hubert would proceed to publish.

To Lord Leighton, as was narrated last week, the late Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., owed the privilege of placing his statue of Lord Roberts in the courtyard at Burlington House. When Lord Leighton died the young sculptor designed a memorial figure—that of an angel appalled in gold, crowned with laurel, bearing in one hand a palm and in the other a wreath of violets. A replica of this, made by Mr. Harry Bates's assistants, was carried to his own grave in Stevenage the other day—a quiet churchyard in the Hertfordshire village that belongs to the Lyttons. Among the mourners who stood around were Mr. Shannon, Mr. Frampton, and their new Associate, Mr. Goscombe John. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford sent wreaths, and among the letters of condolence received by the widow was one from Lord Roberts.

LORD ROWTON is going to Egypt, and, seated by the Sphinx, he may be able to solve the problem raised by the publication of his old Chief's letter to Peel. Meanwhile, there are one or two observations which even an outsider may offer as to the comments made on that letter in some quarters. It has brought forth a whole crop of assumptions—that Disraeli, having meanly and mercenarily applied for office, was snubbed by Peel; that Disraeli denied having made an application, whereupon Peel, though it was bulging out his coat-pocket, magnanimously held his hand and tongue; and finally, that Disraeli felt vindictive revenge, which took shape in a factious opposition to his former leader, expressed in discourteous terms. To accentuate the situation, "The Character of Disraeli" is the heading given in one quarter to the correspondence and the comments on it; and elsewhere it is opined that nobody, after this, will have the hardihood to say a good

word for the dead Minister. That was a sort of treatment often meted out to him in life; but lately one thought that, at any rate in England, the honour of a public man after his death became a sort of national possession, which all his countrymen desire to defend.

FIRST of all let there be an end of cant about the application for "recognition," which may be allowed to mean a post in the administration that Peel was then, in 1841, forming. There is nothing unusual, still less disgraceful, in such an application. Peel's letter in reply proves that the claims made upon him were many; and the other Peel Papers show Lord Stanley applying for a peerage before his father's death, Gladstone asking to be sent on a mission, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe demanding higher posts, and so on, and so on. Peel himself, when offered a minor post, had once refused to join a Government with which he differed, but had waived that difference on being given a higher one. In this offer of service, then, there is no breach of honour or etiquette; indeed, a man's belief in his own fitness for the post is often—and rightly—an important factor in his appointment. Nor was there anything "chilling" or reproving in the Minister's reply—his "My dear Sir" in response to Disraeli's "gushing," "Dear Sir Robert" being his usual, and rather official, method of addressing letters, before and after this particular one, to the correspondent who also used on all other occasions the "Dear Sir Robert" form. It must be added to Sir Robert's credit, that, though he had not the wit to "discover" Disraeli as a man to promote, he had, up to that date, showed him abundant personal kindnesses, such as turning round to cheer him in the House and paying him attention in society. All the same, the two men were totally divergent in temperament and in policy. Both knew it. But those who speak of Disraeli as turning round to attack Peel because Peel did not give him office forget two things. They ignore the fact that Peel parted from Disraeli on Protection, not Disraeli from Peel; and that in such matters as the reform of the Factory Acts Disraeli the Younger, and all Young England, had long before declared their hatred for the methods and means of "the Manchester School." Their great fellow reformer, Lord Shaftesbury, then in the Commons as Lord Ashley, was writing to Peel at this time about the Game Laws, saying that he must, in the absence of any move on Peel's part, enlist under the banner of Mr. Bright, although, as he confesses to Peel, "I have no satisfaction in following a person who is almost unfitted by his manners for educated society, and of whom I never heard it proved that he was either honest or humane." That was the language of the great philanthropist. There is nothing to match it in any words spoken by Disraeli on Peel; and the time has really arrived when the outworn vocabulary applied to Disraeli's "attacks," to his "venom," and so forth, might be allowed to become obsolete.

ALL this said, the fact abides that Disraeli asked office from Peel, and, when twitted with having done so a few years later by Peel, openly denied it. That is the only odd thing in the matter. There are three possible explana-

tions: that he was "bluffing"; that he had forgotten the letter; or that, remembering it, he did not mean "office" by "recognition." The first supposition seems out of the question. Apart from his personal honour, his mere interest in his career would prevent him, in face of a charge not in itself, as has been shown, discreditable to him, from giving the lie to Peel, which Peel could hurl back in his face with documentary disproof. Could such be the "tactics" of a Macchiavelli? The idea seems to be preposterous; and the public would particularly like to hear the preference of Lord Rowton among the remaining alternatives.

MR. CHRISTOPHER REDINGTON, whose rather sudden death is announced from Ireland, was a man of whom the world might easily have hoped to hear more. The son of Sir Thomas Redington, Under-Secretary for Ireland, he was born in Dublin in 1847, the year of famine. At Christ Church, Oxford, he graduated with distinction, carrying off a "Double First," and he was President of the Union. Returning to his Galway home, he served as High Sheriff for his county, devoted himself to the interests of his tenants, and turned them into proprietors whenever there was an opportunity. He fought shy, as best he could, of the common fray of politics; but he accepted a seat, in 1893, on the Special Commission appointed by Mr. Morley, and presided over by Sir James Mathew, for considering the position of evicted tenants. Later he was made a Privy Councillor, and he accepted the post of Resident Commissioner of National Education, working at it with unwearied assiduity to the very end. Last Christmas Day he spent in England with Lord Crewe, and he complained of feeling unwell; but he curtailed his holiday on hearing from one of his staff, and, returning, encountered one of the worst crossings ever known. He suffered a good deal on his arrival in Dublin, but he spent the first day, a Sunday, at his office. A breakdown of his apparently powerful frame followed. He was removed to Killiney, and there he has passed away.

LONDON is given over for the moment to Rembrandt. It is not merely that he holds Burlington House, that the National Gallery has opened its doors to two more of his masterpieces, and that the British Museum is about to make an exhibition of his etchings. The shopkeeper has started his own show, and the man in the street, who does not go inside galleries, is caught by reproductions of faces painted more than two hundred years ago in Amsterdam, which now reign from the windows of the printsellers and even the second-hand bookshops of London. Dutch cannon were heard in the Thames while Rembrandt lived. London resented the ugly sound; but she is either passive or delighted to-day in the fact of this particular Dutchman's undisputed occupation of her marts and halls.

SHE can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers.

From George Meredith's "Mariun."

Drama.

Mr. H. V. Esmond's Play.

THE New Century Theatre is rapidly justifying its existence. Among other things, it introduced last year to the stage "Admiral Guinea"; and this season it has opened its campaign with a play that may with justice be assigned a high position in dramatic literature. During his short, but singularly interesting, career as a writer Mr. H. V. Esmond has revealed a curious tendency towards inequality. In "The Divided Way" and "One Summer's Day" he gave us work of the most promising kind; in "Cupboard Love" he proved how easy it is for a dramatist to misjudge his own powers. His latest piece, "Grierson's Way," produced on Tuesday afternoon at the Haymarket, settles once for all, however, his title to rank among the living forces of the English drama. Admittedly it is not a play that will appeal to the taste of everyone. By the general public it will probably be relished hardly more keenly than the proverbial caviare—for its note is painful, its trend gloomy and sombre; but it reveals in the young playwright an insight into character, an emotional quality, a power of bringing into swift and vivid prominence the deeper feelings of human nature, quite remarkable. In the conduct of the theme selected by the author, in the tragic *dénouement* by which the story is rounded off, may be found abundant matter for discussion; with ample reason it may be objected that both are to some extent of an arbitrary and despotic nature. A woman betrayed by one man marries another, many years her senior, in order that her own and her still unborn child's shame may be given the protection of a putative paternity. The device works badly. The old lover returns to exercise his former influence over the girl, an influence now emphasised by the right of fatherhood. "If there are three, one must die," was the moral deduced from the same or a nearly similar situation by the authors of "The Jest." It is not, however, in Mr. Esmond's play to any of the three principal characters concerned that the working out of the problem to its tragic conclusion is entrusted. Over all hovers a fateful presence in the form of a misshapen, half-crazy, drink-disordered musician, who, loving the woman himself after his strange, fantastic fashion, recognises that only in her husband's death lies her own safety. In the end Grierson also is led to accept this view, and the madman's triumph is complete. That his satisfaction will be universally shared is a point open to doubt. But granting that the author's teaching leaves something to be desired on ethical and even on rational grounds, it is impossible to blind oneself to the wonderful ability, resource, and skill exhibited in the play, the entire action of which is confined to one small room and carried on practically by five characters. With such an achievement to his credit Mr. Esmond's future must necessarily be a question of the profoundest concern to all interested in the welfare of the drama. Nor would it be easy to speak in terms too extravagant of the performance. In the part of Pamela, Miss Lena Ashwell was afforded an opportunity of which she made the best and most gratifying use. That she

has still to correct faults of manner, diction, and even perception, may be granted, but that she has within her the stuff of which notable actresses are made is indubitable. Mr. Esmond's study of the ill-balanced musician was remarkable in many ways, while Mr. George S. Titheradge, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Fred. Terry, and Miss Pattie Bell combined to make up a cast of exceptional excellence.
M. W.

Correspondence

"Green's Short History of the English People."

SIR,—Lately looking over the above work, I lighted upon a passage which arrested my attention. It is to be found in Chapter VIII. (Puritan England): "When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sunburst with the cry of David: 'Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered, *like as the sun riseth* so shalt Thou drive them away.'"

Is there, sir, any authority for this deviation from the usual text as found in the Book of Psalms in our Prayer Book, or as it is rendered in the Old Testament version: "As smoke is driven away so drive them away"? Perhaps some one of your many readers can inform me?—
I am, &c.,
S. W. S.

Books on Approval.

SIR,—We have read your paragraph in this week's issue referring to our offering to send our "Bibelots" on approval. This is a new departure for us, but was adopted owing to some booksellers in London and the country declining to stock them on account of their smallness. Up to the present about twelve copies have been sent out on approval, and in each case the book has been kept, complimentary remarks with a remittance following immediately. We are not sure that we should take a similar risk with a more expensive book. In the United States the system there is for the money to accompany the order, and if the book is not approved of the money is returned in full. We think that this system deserves attention on this side.—We are, &c.,
GAY & BIRD.

22, Bedford-street, W.C.: Feb. 4, 1899.

"Umbra Cœli."

SIR,—An author ought to face the verdict of a jury of critics. Your vote is cast *con*. Perhaps you are right *Nemo fuit iudex in propositâ causâ*, least of all a versewriter. But, pardon, when you quote, would it not be just to give my text, instead of your own courteous emendation? *I, mea maxima culpa!* wrote:

I own no separate soul;

you have rendered the line:

I am no separate soul.

So I am hanged on false evidence!—I am, &c.,

COMPTON READE.

Macaulay and Edgar Allan Poe.

SIR,—Your correspondent has not given the date of the first publication of Poe's *Tale of the Ragged Mountains*. The life of Poe in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's volume of *American Poems* gives 1841 as the date of Poe's first volume of stories: *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*. Whether this included the tale in question I do not know; but it could not, at all events, have been earlier than this.

Now, Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1841. If Macaulay had read Poe's tale he must have become acquainted with an obscure volume printed in America immediately on its publication, which is improbable.

On the other hand, Macaulay's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were early reprinted in America. Five volumes were issued. The *English Cyclopædia* gives 1840 as the date, but probably this was the commencement only, since it is well known that all the most celebrated pieces were reprinted soon after publication, and this on Warren Hastings would not have been neglected. So that Poe, an omnivorous reader, could not have failed to come across them.

Moreover, Macaulay had been in India (which Poe had not), and his famous description of Benares was doubtless based on personal recollections.

Therefore, unless it can be proved that Poe's tale was written before October, 1841, we must conclude that he borrowed from Macaulay, not Macaulay from him.

The question could be positively decided by anyone who has access to the American reprint of *Macaulay's Essays*, and the first issue of Poe's *Tale of the Ragged Mountains*.—
I am, &c., J. F. P.

Jan. 30, 1899.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 18.

IN the first chapter of *Vanity Fair* it is related that in the cover of the *Johnson's Dictionary* which Miss Pinkerton presented as a leaving-gift to Miss Amelia Sedley was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." We asked our readers for this poem, limiting them to twelve lines.

The best verses sent in are considered to be those of Mr. M. T. Tatham, Northcourt, Abingdon, to whom a cheque for a guinea has been posted. They run thus:

LINES

Addressed to a Young Lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's School, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson.

Receive, Clarissa, from a friendly hand
These lines composed at Pinkerton's command,
Who, first receiving thee in tender years,
Dispelled alarm and dried thy childish tears,
Tutored the pen with calligraphic care
And taught the nice adjustment of the hair,
Checked the rough word, rebuked the wayward glance,
Imparted music, trained the feet to dance.
Sometimes severe, not uniformly mild,
For she that spares the rod but spoils the child.
May her instructions shape thy future life,
Perfect the maiden and inform the wife?

Many of the others are good, and all are ingenious: but in several cases the writers have forgotten that they speak as Johnson. Here are a few specimens:

Maiden, that half a Decade since did'st come
To find, at School, the Comfort of a Home!
Behold! a *Lustrum* pass'd, thy Carriage waits
To bear thee from the Hall of Learning's gates.
Subdued in Joy, and happy in Regret,
Poor in thy Wealth, but richer for thy Debt:
Farewell! complete with every borrow'd Grace
Fly to thy loving Parents' proud Embrace!
By Virtue taught, by all the Arts refin'd,
Nor Vice nor Folly shall seduce thy Mind:
Informed, where'er the Fates may cast thy Lot,
To sway a Palace, or t' adorn a Cot.

[E. H. L. W., Hammersmith.]

Emancipated Fair, attention lend
To words of admonition from a friend!
Think not the function of a female soul
To tune the tongue, and teach the eye to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing gown,
And idly sip the pleasures of the town.
He who doth riches, beauty, health bestow
Requires a life of virtue here below.
That better portion choose: to lighten Care,
To comfort Poverty, to raise Despair.
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove
Be thou: and gain the happiness above!

[A. E. L., Stafford.]

Let not, fair girl, thy heart with grief dilate,
To love, to part, 'tis mankind's hopeless fate.
From Chiswick's classic shade, Minerva's care,
Thy timid youth must part. Let Virtue rare,
Her sovereign sway preserve; and o'er thy soul
Religion's peaceful might keep all control.
Adversity may frown, or Passion burn,
To Pinkerton's wise precepts thou wilt turn.
Nor doubt the wisdom taught thee here by rule
Will aid thy dubious mind in Life's far sterner school.
Thy virtuous course shall bring the Mall renown,
And steadfast Patience win thy changeless crown.

[A. M. M., Machynlleth.]

Exempt to-day from Pinkertonian rule,
Thou art advanced to Nature's ampler school,
Behold, fair Nymph, the auspicious morn to greet
A tome with learning multiform replete,
From prefatory note to colophon
Evolved by Grub Street's autocratic Don.
Therefrom to captivate Creation's lords,
Select verbose pomposity of words:
Or, if predestined to the virgin state,
The "Swan of Lichfield" thou may'st emulate,
Or Burney's unsophisticated style
With diction Ciceronian defile.

[“CANTAB.” Cambridge.]

Answers also received from F. P. W., Ilminster; C. S. O., Brighton; G. M. S., Southbourne; G. M. P., Edgbaston; G. C. P., Bolton; A. B., Croydon; K. K., Belfast; H. G. H., Whitby; G. C., Ferns; B. P. N., London; A. G., Cheltenham; C. E. H., Richmond; W. H. B., Upper Tooting; C. R. S., Salisbury; E. P. L., Kensington; W. T. B., Manchester; H. B. L., Liverpool; H. P. B., Glasgow; W. M., York; G. E. M., Haverstock Hill; C. E. G., Pinner; L. M. M. L., St. Helier's; G. M. G., Sheffield; J. M. S. M., Inverness; R. E. V., London; E. R., Coldharbour; and A. M., Clapham.

Competition No. 19.

It has often been remarked by readers of novels how few novelists have a gift for nomenclature. Fantastic names are, in the pages of fiction, continually confronting us to the detriment of illusion; or, on the other hand, the names are so bold and plain

as almost to repel interest. The happy mean is rarely struck. Yet it should not be so difficult to strike a path between Ermytrude Vavasour and Vivian Hyacinth on the one side, and Jane Crook and John Bigg on the other. We ask competitors this week to solve the problem. A prize of one guinea will be given to the author of the best list of six imaginary names for (1) an ordinarily interesting hero, (2) a beautiful but not remarkable heroine, (3) a parson troubled with religious doubt, (4) a typical squire, (5) a whimsical maiden aunt, and (6) an effeminate artist.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 14. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 200. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The "Academy" Bureau.

THE DEVOTEES.

BY DOLF WYLLARDE.

Mr. Wyllarde is a satirist; but the ideas which he sets forth in this story are not so fresh as we should have been glad to find them. The young men who wrap themselves in the solemnities of Art for Art's sake were done to death long ago, and we have no wish that they should be brought to life again. They were dreadful bores. Mr. Wyllarde's variation of the type is as objectionable as the originals were. "There is no art but Art," Mr. Cyril Haughton keeps on saying. That strikes us as a very idiotic remark; but it made a most favourable impression on the mind of a beautiful young woman whom he met in Lady Clarissa Palmer's drawing-room. Instantly we perceive the tendency in which the story is cast. There are bits of smart writing here and there; but they do not suffice to redeem the work.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

BY J. D.

There is a certain pleasantness about this novel. As we read we seem to be listening to the prattle of a young person with a gentle mind and a hopeful outlook. Unfortunately, the plot is old and tiresome, and, though it has a certain boyish merit, the style of narration has no quality that arouses us. J. D. may improve as he gains in years and knowledge, and in perception.

A PRIESTESS OF OLD.

BY "CELTICUS."

This romance of ancient times is obviously the result of much research and much patient toil; but it brings itself into comparison with standard works of the same kind, and does not come out of the test favourably. From the scholar's point of view, it is well written; but it does not arrest our attention as any novel by Sir Walter Scott does. We are sure that the work could not be published with success.

MADE IN GERMANY.

BY A. M. G. C.

It was Miss Clare Roche who was "made in Germany." That is to say, she was educated there. When she came home, at the age of nineteen, she was a fright in the eyes of her mother and her sister. Her clothes were coarse, and shockingly incongruous in Belgrave-square. Soon, however, her mother and the elder daughter had her dressed well enough to attend the Queen's Drawing-room and a ball given by Mrs. Roche in her interest. Being beautiful and unsophisticated, she was socially a great success. Soon trouble came. By mistake Miss Clare gave Miss Roche an over-dose of medicine, and, thinking she had killed her sister, fled to Victoria and set out for France. In the compartment with her was a young woman going to Germany to be a governess. There was a collision of trains; Miss Clare's companion was killed;

and Miss Clare stole her companion's testimonials, to be used in pursuit of her own fortunes. The novel ends rightly enough; but it is very harsh. It is neither in pleasant taste nor in good style.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, February 9.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Yeatman (E. F. E.), *The Works of the Spirit* (S.P.C.K.) /8
Blunt (Rev. R. F. L.), *The Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper* (S.P.C.K.)
Johnson (J. B.), *The Angels of God* (Skellington) 2/8

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Salmon (A. L.), *West Country Songs and Ballads* (Blackwood)
Starke (R. G.), *The Lord of Lanorail* (Montreal: Lovell)
Smyth (A. H.), *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre* (MacCalla & Co.)
Ottwell (J.), *Short Poems* (Kegan Paul)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Whitman (S.), *Story of the Nation's Series: Austria* (Unwin) 5/0
Verestchagin (V.), "1812": *Napoleon I. in Russia* (Heinemann) 6/0
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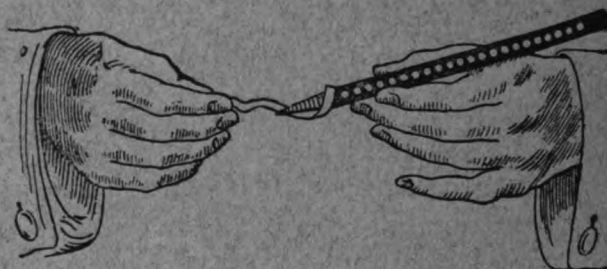
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The Academy

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The Literary Week.

DR. GARNETT has resigned his post as Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, thus anticipating the natural expiration of his term by some months. The resignation takes effect from March 20. On another page will be found interesting particulars of Dr. Garnett's long period of association with the British Museum.

THE publication of the Browning love-letters has made an immediate impression to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. Our review of this most interesting work is deferred until next week. Meanwhile we might note the feeling of incongruity, almost painful in its sharpness, which was excited in many minds by the juxtaposition, in so many of the contents bills of Wednesday's papers, of such a line as "The Brownings' Love-Letters" and the more glaring incidents—murder, war, and litigation—of daily life. To think that the secret confidences of such a delicate, retiring mind as Mrs. Browning's should be thus exploited was to receive a shock. But no one can regret that these documents have been made accessible.

"BIRRELLING" is really a charming practice. It is soothing and amusing, and in a gentle way stimulating. Mr. Birrell, who is the only man that can do it, has been birrelling again. He birrellled on Sheridan to the members of the London Fife Association on Wednesday. It was not exactly a lecture on Sheridan; it was not exactly a discourse on Sheridan; it was just a birrelling on Sheridan. The audience was happy, and "(laughter)" occurs throughout the report. There was "(laughter)" when it was said of the works of Prof. Smythe, Sheridan's tutor, that they were to be found in second-hand book-shops; there was "(laughter)" when it was said that Shakespeare commentators were enough—we do not want Sheridan commentators. The evening must have been a very agreeable one. We can think of nothing more pleasant than to lie on a convalescent's couch in a comfortable house and be birrellled to.

PUBLISHING by newspaper is likely to become a still stronger factor in the distribution of books. It has been announced that the *Daily Telegraph* will shortly enter the field into which the *Times*, *Daily Chronicle*, and *Daily Mail* have already adventured. The books to be issued from Peterborough-court are said to be "the hundred best novels." We understand, however, that this announcement, though not without foundation, is somewhat premature. The arrangements for such a publishing scheme are necessarily complicated, and until documents are signed no really definite announcement is possible.

"CAVENDISH" is dead. The news will not affect readers generally as it will touch those that play cards. For "Cavendish" was a great authority on whist and other games in which the Devil's picture-books figure. In private life he was Mr. Henry Jones, a retired doctor. One odd thing about his career is that at first he kept the secret of his pseudonym so carefully that his father, who was a great whist player, would invoke the authority of "Cavendish" over some problematic point, without the slightest idea that he was resorting to family opinion.

DURING 1898, enormous as were the sums paid to professional writers, the men of action carried away the palm as to prices. Lord Kitchener was offered £5,000 for the baldest volume on the Soudan campaign he might care to write. "No thank you, I shall remain a soldier," he replied. Admiral Dewey was offered £1,000 for a magazine article on the Philippines. "Thanks, but I'm too busy," he replied. Lieut. Hobson accepted £1,200 for an article on his great manœuvre, but refused £10,000 for a course of lectures. At the outset Lieut. Hobson was offered for his articles only £1,000. By putting the transaction into the hands of his lawyer, he screwed up the sum to £1,200: another argument in favour of the literary agent. Mr. Fisher Unwin, by the way, is about to publish Lieut. Hobson's article in book form with many illustrations.

THE request made to Mr. Ruskin, in one of the birthday addresses, that Mr. Holman Hunt should paint his portrait, has received a negative. His present state of health, say those who know him best, would not permit Mr. Ruskin to face the fatigue of sitting to so laborious and conscientious a painter as Mr. Holman Hunt. This, we presume, will be the end of the project. It is hardly likely that a less laborious and conscientious painter will be put forward.

RUSSIA loves books more than we are apt to think. It has insisted on sharing with us the pleasure of reading Mr. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*; and now we learn that in future the express trains from Moscow to Sevastopol will each be equipped with a library placed in the dining-car, to be at the free disposal of the passengers. We may be permitted to surmise that Verestschagin's *Napoleon in Russia* (detailing the flight from Moscow) will be popular on this railway.

WE have received, and forwarded to the editor of the *Ohan Times*, another donation to the William Black Life-boat Fund: £5 from Miss Honnor Morten.

A FRENCH journalist has been asking certain English men of letters to name the French authors, now dead, which in their opinion best represent the distinctive genius of France, and the replies have been printed in the *Gaulois* and the *Morning Post*. Altogether they are rather disappointing, possibly because the question is too large a one. Among those that answer concisely is Mr. Meredith, who makes this choice: "For human philosophy, Montaigne; for the comic appreciation of society, Molière; for the observation of life and condensed expression, La Bruyère; for a most delicate irony scarcely distinguishable from tenderness, Renan; for high pitch of impassioned sentiment, Racine. Add to these your innumerable writers of *mémoires* and *pensées*, in which France has never had a rival."

MR. GOSSE also names five leading authors: Villon, Ronsard, Racine, Balzac, and Flaubert, with reasons for each. Prof. Saintsbury declines to select. All are necessary, he says in effect. Mr. Frederic Harrison sends a list of thirty names. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley writes what might stand for a new chapter of his work on France. Mr. Pinero names no names, but says instead: "Speaking generally, however, I would say that those French authors whose works are most characteristic of the genius of France are those writers who have possessed the quality of intellectual vivacity—those, in short, who have been witty yet profound, sparkling yet never merely frivolous. This quality of intellectual vivacity is, I believe, the great, and in its most eminent degree the unique, possession of Frenchmen."

MR. LANG gives "Chanson de Roland, Joinville, Froissart, Ronsard, Villon, Montaigne, Molière, Pascal, Dumas père, Théophile Gautier, Hugo, the Abbé Prévost, André Chénier, Racine, Rabelais, Lamartine, Corneille, Renan, La Bruyère, Balzac, and all the rest, including the author of *Aucassin and Nicoleta*." Mr. Haggard confines himself to Balzac and Dumas; Mr. Hall Caine to Hugo and Flaubert; and Mr. Justin McCarthy to Montaigne, Pascal, Molière, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Victor Hugo. Mr. Arthur Morrison, after a dip into picturesque criticism ("Balzac—vast, elemental—a frowning rock of literature"), votes for La Fontaine. Mr. Anthony Hope and Dr. Conan Doyle fence with the question, and give personal preferences instead. Mr. Hope's are for Montaigne, Rabelais, and Maupassant. Dr. Doyle's have changed with years. He says: "When I was ten years of age I liked Gustave Aimard best. At fifteen I preferred Jules Verne. At twenty it was Dumas père and Erckmann-Chatrian. Now I should choose Maupassant. He has the most natural instinct for telling a story in the right way of any writer I know."

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S Toynbee Hall readings from his own books should be followed by similar entertainments by other authors. In America the practice is fairly common and very popular. The "massive novelist," as the *Daily News* calls Dr. Doyle, began with the comic ballad of the motor car, in *Songs of Action*, proceeded with some of the exploits of Brigadier Gerard, and finished

with the ride from Brighton to London in *Rodney Stone*: thus devoting the evening very much to vigour and excitement. So many are his works that he might give a dozen other readings quite as interesting as this one and never repeat an item.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, writing in the *Dome*, suggests a new field for modern verse. Fine poetry is now being written, he admits, but from it "the greatest thing of all is lacking—some great compelling thought, some rapturous and passionate purpose." Mr. Phillips therefore urges upon his companion poets the study of the world beyond the grave, not as Dante saw it, but as our own speculators see it: the world where the soul creates its own atmosphere, environment, and scenery:

Here, at least, is a conception capable of infinite variety of treatment, with all the fascination of scientific truth. We are even shown whole cities built again on the void, house by house, room by room, by the furious act of the inhabitants, who after death transported into space the "scenery of their sins." Another fixed characteristic of the picture presented to us is the continuity of existence: that the madman is no less mad from the fact that he has died, but raves on there as here; that the adulterer still sighs; that the drunkard haunts the familiar tavern, and, incapable of physical gratification, seeks a borrowed delight in urging to excess those who are still in the body.

It does not seem that the new poetry will be a very cheerful affair.

"YET to those," Mr. Phillips remarks, "who object that such a meditation as is here hinted at has no present interest, and brings no newer gleam into the life we are now leading, I would reply that such a conception illumines this present existence to a degree hitherto unconceived. For just as astronomy has taught us that our star, so far from being the centre of creation, is but a drop of light in an abyss, so this spiritual knowledge reminds us that this life is but a passing phase in an uninterrupted and everlasting existence."

THESE are the ten commandments for authors as printed in the new report of the Society of Authors:

- (1.) Never to sign any agreement, of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until the figures have been proved.
- (2.) Never to enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with those who advertise for MSS., who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.
- (3.) Never, on any account whatever, to bind themselves down to any publisher for future work.
- (4.) Never to accept any proposal of royalty until they have ascertained what the agreement, worked out on both a small and a large scale, will give to the author and what to the publisher.
- (5.) Never to accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.
- (6.) Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, to pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.
- (7.) Never to sign away foreign, which include American, rights, but to keep them by special clause. To refuse to

sign any agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

(8.) Never to sign any paper, either agreement or receipt, which gives away copyright, without advice.

(9.) To keep control over the advertisements, if they affect the returns, by clause in the agreement. To reserve a veto. If ignorant of the subject, to make the Society their adviser.

(10.) Never to forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature.

To this decalogue a light-hearted correspondent, who would seem not to have suffered from his publisher to the ordinary alleged extent, sends us the following additions:

(11.) To stimulate your washerwoman to write, under threat of the displeasure of the author of *The Pen and the Book* if she doesn't.

(12.) In imaginative moments to practise (publishers') ledgerdom.

(13.) To remain studiously dull, and thus continue a fit object for the Society's interest.

(14.) Never to meet a publisher in the street without at once giving him into custody.

In noticing last week *Gösta Berling's Saga*, a remarkable novel translated from the Swedish, our reviewer assumed that the author was a man. On the contrary, Selma Lagerlöf is a Swedish lady. Other translations from her works may be expected soon.

MR. WHISTLER'S inclusion of Mr. Wedmore among persons more or less amusingly goaded at in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, has apparently had little effect on Mr. Wedmore's admiration of Mr. Whistler's art, for he has lately been enlarging his Study and Catalogue of Mr. Whistler's etchings for speedy publication by Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.

ANOTHER anecdote relating to the bewildering handwriting of the late Mr. James Payn is told in connexion with Miss Jane Barlow's first contribution—a poem—to *Cornhill*. "She was dreadfully vexed," says the storyteller, "and disgusted upon receiving a postcard from the editor, Mr. Payn, which she interpreted to say, 'I have no use for silly verses.' She sat with it in her pocket for some hours, feeling very miserable, then she took it out again, and with the help of her family deciphered it with a different result. The editor's message turned out to be, 'I hope to use your pretty verses.'" Subsequently Miss Barlow became a regular contributor to *Cornhill*.

THACKERAY'S remark as to the friendly attitude of the American papers during his American tour, quoted by Mrs. Ritchie in one of the prefaces to the new edition of his works, has produced a commentator in the *Dial*, who reminds us that the *Boston Courier* advised its readers that Thackeray was giving his audiences "a mere retailing of old anecdotes, fragments without originality or

any sense of judgment, containing nothing which anybody with a file of old newspapers and magazines might not have said."

WE observe that Mr. Thomas Wright's laborious and interesting *Life of Daniel Defoe*, published at a guinea, may now be had at the "remainder" price of four shillings. Another good book of its kind, Mrs. Basil Holmes's *The London Burial Grounds*, published at half a guinea, is reduced to three shillings by a "remainder" bookseller. Matthew Arnold's *Letters*, in two volumes, still go for four shillings and sixpence.

THE attendance at the Guildhall Library has lately shown a considerable falling off. This is especially the case in the evenings. The cause of the depletion is believed to be the increase in the number of suburban libraries. The result may be a shortening of the hours during which the Guildhall Library is open.

WE continue to receive letters on the subject of new words. One correspondent, "M. C.," writes: "Apropos of your search for new words, have you never felt the need of one to correspond with the German 'Geschwister,' which would include both the terms 'brother' and 'sister,' as 'parents' includes both 'father' and 'mother'? I beg to suggest 'fraster,' to supply the want. Another needed word, in my opinion, is 'misciad,' to signify 'tastelessly dressed' (not necessarily 'ill-dressed')."

ANOTHER correspondent, "J. R. L.," asks for "a new word to describe the subjects of Queen Victoria, from Hyde Park to Hobart, from the Solomon Islands to Seringapatam. 'English' certainly will not cover them; British is worse. The word is wanted. The Imperial destiny of the race demands it. And it would be worth while to have it if only for the purpose of affording Mr. Rudyard Kipling a theme for a rousing poem." And "T. P. K." suggests to our notice the word "merri-maniac," which "stands for a man who indulges in small epigrams such as are found by the dozen in Mr. H. Seton Merriman's novels. One-quarter of them are true, three-quarters trite."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a better version—Dean Ramsay's own—of one of the stories contributed to our Prize Competition page two weeks ago: "At a prolonged drinking bout one of the party remarked 'What gars the laird of Garskadden luk sae gash?' 'Ou,' says his neighbour, 'Garskadden's been wi' his Maker three twa hours; I saw him step awa, but I didna like to disturb gude company.'"

FROM the dedications of the week. Mr. Whibley's edition of *Holland's Suetonius*, in the "Tudor Translations":

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CECIL JOHN RHODES,
A MAKER OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN,
THESE MEMOIRS
OF IMPERIAL ROME.

Bibliographical.

"ARE we so soon forgot?" The newspapers have been dwelling upon the present Lord Tennyson's personal performances in literature with reference to his appointment as Colonial Governor, but, so far as my observation has gone, have omitted all reference to his most "original" effort—a version in English hexameters of the recondite story of "Jack and the Beanstalk." This was published so long ago as 1886, in the lifetime of the author's father, and attracted, if I remember rightly, singularly little attention, though it was set forth in a fairly imposing quarto, and adorned with drawings by the delightful Caldecott. The *Life of Tennyson* is a valuable work, but look at the material therefor, and think how much better it might have been! The present Lord is, I believe, a very intelligent as well as amiable man, and, I understand, he saw through the press certain of his uncle Frederick's later books of verse. He could, no doubt, write a very interesting memoir of the said uncle, though the material probably is slight.

The late Mr. Walter Hamilton was the author of a *History of the Poets Laureate of England*; but the book was obviously inadequate, and one hopes that some day somebody will deal with the subject (which is not particularly interesting, by the way,) more satisfactorily. Not less disappointing was Mr. Hamilton's enormous collection of parodies in verse. This was a mere *omnium gatherum*, simply a bringing together of material. No critical judgment was shown in it; all was fish that got into the editorial net. A really careful collection of verse parodies would be a desirable thing, if feasible—which it is not, for so much of the best work in that kind is copyright, and will remain so for some years to come; and, meanwhile, more good parodies may be written. As it is, those who desire to possess the best rhythmical travesties in the language have quite a small library to acquire, so many are the volumes in which they are contained.

So Mr. Fisher Unwin is to give us the *Complete Poems* of Miss Mathilde Blind. Well, let us hope that there is room for them. The lady was tolerably industrious as a verse producer: she presented to us in succession *The Prophecy of St. Oran, and Other Poems* (1881), *The Heather on Fire* (1886), *The Ascent of Man* (1889), *Dramas in Miniature* (1891), *Songs and Sonnets* (1893), and *Birds of Passage* (1895). I should have thought that the selection from her verses made by Mr. Arthur Symonds, some fourteen or fifteen months ago, would have fully met the demands of the public; it is rarely that the public asks for the complete works of a minor poet. But we shall see what we shall see. Mr. Unwin may be right, and I wrong.

The other day Mrs. Meynell published a little volume of essays called *The Spirit of Place*, and now "Vernon Lee," one of the other ladies who contribute regularly to the Autolycus columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, announces a book of discourses which is to be called *Genius Loci*—a rather curious collocation.

A literary interest, if nothing more, attaches to the performances of Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" which the Elizabethan Stage Society proposes to give at the Apothe-

caries' Hall next week. These representations must needs have attraction for the literary student, but on the playgoer, I fear, they will have no specially magnetic effect. Even in 1787, when the "comedy" was played as "a farce" at Drury-lane, it had become, Genest says, so obsolete that it was "hissed by some persons in the gallery." "The 'Alchemist,'" wrote Hazlitt, "is the most famous of the author's comedies, though I think it does not deserve its reputation. It contains all that is quaint, dreary, obsolete, and hopeless in this once-famed art, but not the golden dreams and disappointments." It is a pity that the Elizabethan Stage Society dissipates its energies over such poor material; it might be so much better employed.

The playgoing world has been troubled for some time past by the dramatised novel. Now we are face to face with yet another scourge—the "novelised" drama. Tomorrow (Saturday) Mr. Macqueen will publish, he says, the story which Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. R. S. Hichens have based upon the play by the former, called "The Daughters of Babylon." Only a day or two ago Mr. W. Sapte, jun., put forth a tale entitled *A Lucky Dog*, which he had founded on a farcical comedy so-named, written and produced by him some six or seven years since. The prospect is melancholy. It is bad enough that some of us should be constrained to go and see the modern drama. It is doubly bad that some of us should also be more or less compelled to read that drama all over again in the shape of a fictitious narrative. Can nothing be done to check the progress of the "novelised" play?

An obliging correspondent sends me a cutting from the *Dublin Daily Express*, from which I gather that the Miss L. M. Little on whom the *Quarterly Review* has recently conferred a doubtful immortality is a sister of a certain "Grace Rhys," whom I take (pray pardon me if I am wrong) to be the wife of Mr. Ernest Rhys, that industrious literary gentleman. The verses which Miss Little addresses to her sister in the cutting I refer to are flowing and not undistinguished, though they do not suggest that the writer's work absolutely called for *Quarterly* honours.

Mr. Fisher Unwin informs me that the author of the novel *Brown, V.C.*, noticed last week, is the same Mrs. Alexander who wrote *The Wooing O't*. There was a doubt by reason of the quotation marks enclosing her name. These, says Mr. Unwin, were placed there because in private life the lady is known by another name. By the way, on the cover is a picture—somewhat loud in colouring—of a young woman of to-day. At the head of the picture is the title of the tale; at the foot of it the name of the author. Is the picture, therefore, a portrait of "Mrs. Alexander"? A contemporary suggests that it is; but I fear he is a wag. "Mrs. Alexander" (i.e., Mrs. Hector) has seen over seventy summers, and is quite a "grand old woman" in the world of fiction.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Landor and Rose—Water.

Letters of Walter Savage Landor, Private and Public. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. (Duckworth & Co. 10s. 6d.)

ALL know, at least by repute, the character of Walter Savage Landor; for has it not been caricatured in Dickens' Boythorn? Not for nothing did he bear the prefix "Savage." As King Hal says to mine Ancient: "It sorts well with your fierceness." And has not his descendant felt it necessary to justify that family prefix by ferocious experiences in Thibet? It is a thousand pities that to the elder Landor did not fall that terrible



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ABOUT 1840.

From a Sketch by W. Fisher.

adventure. In the first place, his published language about the mild Thibetan would have been powerful to outlast marble monuments. Moreover, his talk on the subject would have been distinctly precious. It would have run somewhat like this: "Pain? I never felt pain in my life. I defy you to make me feel pain! Why, sir, I was tortured by a set of scoundrelly Thibetan savages—I'll be sworn, sir, within an inch of my life; and then set a-horseback with a spike, sir, a rascally spike in the saddle; and so rid the whole way back to the Indian frontier—spiked, sir, like a dismountable lead soldier! And I'll be shot if I ever enjoyed a better ride in my life! I could have ridden it back again, to show the torturing miscreants what a Briton was like with such a seat."

But in vain will you look here for a touch of Boythorn.

These letters to Miss Rose Paynter (now Lady Graves-Sawle) are avowedly published to show the gentler side of Landor. All the world knows that he had a youthful attachment for the Rose Aylmer whom he has immortalised in an exquisite little lyric. In later life he met at Florence Mrs. Paynter, never encountered since, as a little girl, she had run by the side of her elder sister in those tenderly remembered days of his young love. A friendship naturally arose with one to whom he could talk of the dead Rose; and it happened that of her two daughters one bore the name and some lineaments of her mother's sister. To this girl he accorded a special affection—part memory of the mouldered, part admiration of the budding, Rose. He kept up correspondence with her to the end of his life; sent her verses every birthday, and others at chance intervals. These letters, with the interspersed verses, Mr. Wheeler, with the lady's permission, now for the first time gives to the world.

It is comprehensible that the object of so faithful an attachment should cling to, and the editor (as a devotee of Landor) act on, the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. It is excusable that she should shrink from exhibiting her old friend's little asperities of temper, should think they had already been too liberally exposed to the public, and desire that nothing be allowed to roughen the little idyllic picture of Omphale and Heracles. But we would the editor had taken his courage in his hands and advised her otherwise. The very fact that Landor's character is so fully known makes suppression useless to his memory, and irritatingly flawing to the artistic effect. Nobody can be persuaded into accepting this halcyon view of the great writer. Nobody but is fretted into protest against this Landor among the Roses. What is worse, a picture is pruned and tamed into unconvincingness, which would have been really charming, left with its natural relief and contrast. Ares at the feet of Aphrodite—a very pretty scene. But let us have a growl or two, an occasional martial tang of the tongue, or rugged fling of the limbs, to convince us that we have, indeed, the god of War, and no other, bound in these rosy links and manacles. We should feel much more sensibly the poet's self-yielding gentleness, and the young lady's triumph, if her lion were allowed an occasional roar—to show us he is the real sort, and not of those who eat plum-cake and box with unicorns; if he did not always "shake a mane *en papillottes*." Furthermore—and this is the utmost verge and scope of our indictment—he would not then be dull. Landor—Landor in his frank and unconsidered moments—dull, pitiful heavens! Yet to this complexion is he come, through Mr. Wheeler's injudicious showmanship. These letters become positively languid and tedious. We yawn in sympathy with the frequent *hiatus* which disfigures these pages, and look disgustedly at the enshrouding asterisks which fill it. What could Landor have said so *very* dreadful? we ask; and whatever it was, we could suffer it gladly: yea, we would beg—"Let him roar again! Let him roar again!" as warmly as the audience of Bottom's imagining. We love not Landor with a nice clean collar and his hair combed.

Well, here is our Landor, expurgated for the use of families and suitable as a present for young ladies' schools

—at least, the first half of the volume. Of course, there are interesting bits, and we see the old poet in a very pleasing and domestic light—only too much so. He writes to Rose's mother in 1838:

Yesterday I breakfasted with Milnes. He invited a good number of his cleverest friends to meet me. I did him wrong in fancying I had lost a portion of his kind feelings. . . . Lady Blessington has persuaded me to remain a few days longer, that I and D'Orsay may be accompaniments to her in a picture. So flattering a wish is not to be denied.

This letter is from Gore House. Does the picture exist, one wonders? It would be of exceeding interest. A more curious combination for a portrait-group could scarce be conceived than Lady Blessington, D'Orsay, and Landor! He was much at Gore House about this time. Mr. Wheeler reminds us that Mr. Augustus Hare relates how Landor talked to him about the company at Gore House, and how, while Lady Blessington and D'Orsay talked, Disraeli would sit "silently watching their conversation as if it were a display of fireworks." One does not conceive Disraeli "silently watching" anyone's conversation. He must have been taking lessons for his own future displays. But the note on this letter is more interesting than the letter itself. It quotes Crabb Robinson's note regarding Landor's breakfast with him the following day: "A great deal of rattling on the part of Landor. He maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets; that Milnes is the greatest poet now living in England." Milnes was present, it may be remarked. It is interesting to know that Landor, in 1838, saw the greatness of Blake while he was still an unknown quantity to English critics. But there was always "a great deal of rattling on the part of Landor." When he affirmed Blake to be the greatest of poets, it meant no more than that he admired him much. As for the judgment on Milnes, a graceful, quite minor poet, it is purely one of Landor's oddities—even allowing for the influence of Milnes' presence. The man could not say a thing without hyperbole. For he remembered Tennyson was "living in England," and the *Quarterly* (as Mr. Wheeler reminds us) jeered Milnes for his worship of "such baby idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson." Thus contemporary criticism "wanders at its own sweet will."

We have another curious specimen of Landor's critical whims in a letter of 1843. He tells Miss Rose that certain verses want compression, "as nearly all modern poetry does, particularly Byron's. Cowper, Crabbe, and Moore run the least into this fault since the time of Goldsmith. There is much of the superfluous even in Gray's beautiful elegy." The remark is true enough regarding most poetry of that day. But fancy the exceptions! Cowper, with the interminable didactic *longueurs* of the "Task," "The Sofa," and the rest; Moore, with the gaudy facility of "Lalla Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels," and superfluous page on page which one shrinks even from remembering! It is correct enough of Gray. But in the *Imaginary Conversations* he not only declared that the Elegy would be read as long as any work of Shakespeare, "despite the moping owl and the tin kettle of an epitaph tied to its tail"; but also said:

"Expunge from his Elegy the second and third stanzas, together with all those which follow the words

Even in our ashes live their wonted fires,
and you will leave a poem with scarcely a blemish—a poem which will always have more readers than *any* other in *any* language." The italics are ours. Of course he merely intended that it would always be a very popular poem; but superlatives were his bread of life. Why, though, did he wish away the second stanza? You know it, reader:

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Surely it is one of the best in the poem. Or why should he have said, again, that he would sooner have written the stanza beginning

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

together with one of George Herbert's, than any other in poetry? A stanza the solemn movement of which makes it undeniably fine; but how far below the great inspired passages of poetry! It has a lapidary dignity, as of some thing carved in stone; but Landor's praise is extreme. Truth to say, he had himself a tendency to leading out by the hand spinster phrases, to personifications constructed chiefly of initial capitals, which at times recalls the eighteenth century manner. He would apostrophise his "pensive friend" (virtuous youths and maidens were apt to be "pensive" in the eighteenth century), would talk about "the pomps of regal state," and inform his pensive friend that

Thee only Virtue can elate,
She only leads thy steps to Love.

Virtue, in this style, acquires corporeal substance and the right to a "she" by title of a large "V." With a small "v" poor virtue becomes a mere "it"—and quite helplessly unpoetical. There is, indeed, only one poem in this volume that is at all rememberable.

Landor seems, again, to attach a curiously overweening value to French verse compared with English. But let us acknowledge that he is entirely right about the "moping owl." Owls are the most active of birds at night. And he has the boldness—with a half-apology—to tell Miss Rose Paynter some little truths about her private verses. Then—classic poet though he was—he has a hearty enthusiasm for Gothic architecture and York Minster. And he shows a true native taste for music, though professing no knowledge of it. Here is an interesting little notice:

A German boy named Rubenstein has been playing to us [at Gore House] on the pianoforte. Never did I hear anything so wonderful and of so pure a taste at the same time. Wonder, where it exists at all, generally predominates over every other feeling; not so in him. He appears to be about eleven or twelve years old.

There is, however, a second section, of political and public letters, where we have the unwhittled Landor. The mere style often makes them interesting; and there are general remarks couched in memorable language, and worth memory. The case against Russia has never been

put so well as by him and here. But in detailed politics the most striking thing is the wonderful crop of prophecies that failed, and the imperturbable confidence with which he goes on to make new ones destined to a like fate. Once he claims to have had a prophecy fulfilled (about Louis Napoleon), and on the strength of this he feels free to prophesy at large for the rest of his days. Happy, hot-headed, self-confident prophet, whose blacks to his own blest sight are for ever white! Isaiah had no such felicity, Jeremiah no such confidence. Read the book, and thank—with some permissible grumbling—the editor; for half Landor is better than no Landor at all.

A Man and His Destiny.

The Life of George Pomeroy Colley. By Lieut.-General Sir William F. Butler. (John Murray. 21s.)

"OH, my men, don't run!" The speaker was the outlaw Tola, who was reputed the best fighting man in Kaffir land, and was the terror of the country between the Buffalo and Kei rivers. Twice had young George Colley attempted the extinction of this brave, when just before Christmas, 1858, he heard that a man had been attacked and wounded by Tola's band. Collecting a small body of police, Colley marched them sixty miles in two days, and saw Tola's fires in the bush. Tola's men were twenty-five; the police were sixteen, but were reinforced, and, in the fierce hand-to-hand skirmish which followed, Tola was killed. Colley described the affair in a letter:

Tola fought splendidly. When the fresh men came up, his people began to give; but Tola called out: "Oh, my men, don't run. Follow me!" His two sons and one or two others sprang to his side, and he made a dash into the centre of my police; and such was the prestige of his name that none of them dared face him, until an old sergeant of great repute for courage met him, and, after a short hand-to-hand combat with assegais, killed him.

Fine doings for a young fellow of twenty-three. But Sir George Grey had detected the ability of the young lieutenant who had charge of a small post in Kaffraria, and had employed and advanced him in quick time. Colley—who was glad to hide his youth under a premature beard—was now border magistrate, or "Chief," on the Bashee river, and controller of 5,000 square miles of South Africa. He was twenty-three, yet his life was half-spent; his gay courage and shrewd sense gave promise of a career longer and brighter than that which ended in gloom and massacre at Majuba Hill.

There is an ironical symmetry in Colley's life that is mournfully attractive, and a correspondence between its incidents and public events which lends it dignity; and both are brought out in this well-written and finely conceived biography by a soldier-penman. Even while the *Punjab* was bearing him to South Africa Colley's eyes were turned wistfully to the Crimea, where the Allies were closing on Sevastopol. While his horse carried him over the wastes of Kaffraria, his heart was burning with the news that Delhi had fallen. Not Sevastopol, and not Delhi, were to inflame his blood. But the British Empire can

usually find work for its Colleys, and the young officer landed with the 2nd Queen's on the Peiho River in China in 1860. The capture of the Taku forts and the destruction of the Summer Palace of the Emperor have been described many times. Colley was not altogether in love with the vandal work he had to do, but the spoliation of this Chinese fairy-land was one of the great scenes in his short, full life. We might follow him back to the Cape, thence to England, where he entered the Staff College, thence to Ashanti, where he organised the transport for Sir Garnet Wolseley, with whom he became linked by strong personal friendship. In 1874 Colley visited the battle-fields of the American Civil War, and next year he started with Sir Garnet Wolseley for South Africa on a civil mission, which had for its aim the adjustment of disputes with the Boers. He had been out less than a year when he accepted the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot. Colley had now long been regarded as the "coming man" of the Army. His military knowledge was of the soundest, and his executive ability was a proverb.

On his voyage to England Colley had sage companionship.

I came home from the Cape, and almost lived on the way with Mr. Froude; a mind which I am sure you would have appreciated and enjoyed as thoroughly as I did. I don't know if you are as warm an admirer of his writing as I am; to me there is no English prose equal to some passages of his; such, for instance, as that about the middle of the first chapter of his history—"For indeed a change was coming upon the world." It was rather a sad mind too, sometimes grand, sometimes pathetic and tender, usually cynical, but often relating with the highest appreciation and with wonderful beauty of language some gallant deed of one of his heroes of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. He seemed to have gone through every phase of thought, and come to the end "all is vanity." He himself used to say the interest of life to a thinking man was exhausted at thirty or thirty-five. After that there remained nothing but disappointment of earlier visions and hopes. Thank goodness, I have not thought quite so fast! Sometimes there was something almost fearful in the gloom and utter disbelief and defiance of his mind.

Throughout life Colley was the sport of telegrams. Scarcely had he reached Aldershot when Lord Lytton offered him the military secretaryship in India. Instantly he plunged into this new work, mastered the military aspect of the Central Asian question on his voyage to Bombay, and settled down to his various and splendid duties at the Viceroyalty. In his police days in Kaffraria he had read with emotion of the fall of Delhi; he now had to arrange the great pageant at Delhi of December 23, 1876. Not in India was there rest or permanence for Colley. In the midst of all, Sir Garnet Wolseley was jogging his elbow, and reminding him that he would be wanted if war broke out with Russia. That danger passed; but in 1878 Sir Garnet telegraphed to Colley to join him at Natal as chief of his staff. Thus for the third time South Africa called George Pomeroy Colley to her veldts and mountains.

She called him to his death and the eclipse of his fame. When Colley arrived the Zulu war was practically over;

Lord Chelmsford had finished it at Ulundi. But the great Boer trouble of 1881 was beginning, and in January of that year Colley was taking a small column to the relief of Pochefstroom. The repulse of his force at Lang's Nek is matter of history. It was in the attempt to retrieve the honour of his force and, at the same time, execute a brilliant military movement that, on February 27, Colley determined to occupy Majuba Hill by night. His long, stealthy march to the hill-top with 554 rifles, the glee and confidence of his men, the glorious sunrise, the camps of the Boers sleeping the sleep of doomed men (as it seemed) below—all these things we follow with breathless interest. Sir William Butler's powers of description, his sense of the irony of events, his insight into human nature, are equal to the task he has set himself of giving a final narration of the terrible thing that was about to happen. He tells us that for weeks Colley's mind had been uneasy.

Frequently in his letters there comes a stray sentence which shows the presence in his mind of some feeling that a turn had come in that career whose long-continued success he had so often acknowledged. And latterly there had come into his mind a vague impression that even the officers most closely associated with him in this enterprise shared, as it were, the shadow of his altered fortune.

Again, with a fine sense of history, Sir William pauses to show us the pettiness of the struggle :

The sun rose at about a quarter before six that morning, and a very brilliant sunrise it was. The great grass-covered uplands; the long-distant, table-topped mountains, extending far into Zululand; the deep gorges through which the dividing torrent of the Buffalo wound its unseen way—all lay spread below in a panorama where the absence of town, hamlet, or homestead served to emphasise the strange fact which the presence of two hostile camps at the base of the mountain marked—namely, that all this untenanted wilderness, and the enormous wastes that lay removed from sight around it, were not wide enough for the separate dwellings of two kindred European nations.

In the light of that sunrise Highland soldiers laughed as they looked down on the stirring Boer farmers, and shaking their fists in exultation, cried: "Come up here, you beggars." And that is exactly what the farmers did. They came up, shooting straight. The rest of the story is dark, dreadful; but Sir William Butler tells it without shrinking. The one certain fact is the one bright fact. Colley kept his post, while his shouting and panic-stricken men were flying down into the valley of shame.

"Oh, my men, do not run." It was thus he had described, two-and-twenty years earlier, the closing scene in the life of a Kaffir chief far down in the Kaffrarian forest. "When fresh men came up, his people began to give, but Tola called out, 'Oh, my men, don't run, but follow me.'" How strangely strong must the same thought have now come to Colley as that stream of men poured away from him at the Majuba! "Oh, my men, do not run!"

Colley was last seen walking alone on the bullet swept height. And there he fell, accepting his destiny. At first there was a disposition to blame him; but, when all is said, Colley's achievement and character shine unsullied above all that miserable business. He conquered his destiny when he met it meekly on the mountain.

Modern Italian Art.

History of Modern Italian Art. By Ashton Rollins Willard. With Illustrations. (Longmans. 18s.)

By this time it is a commonplace among the artistic of this country to remark that the divorce of the great primal and standard art of architecture from the rest of the arts has affected one and all of them disastrously, leaving them isolated, enfeebled, inorganic. Neither in any country at the present day is this evil exemplified more clearly than in Italy itself, where at the beginning of the fifteenth century—a hundred years earlier than in other lands—was first set on foot the movement culminating in the disintegration we deplore. The contrary view, however, is taken by the author of the monograph on the painted Morelli, a work which, published in 1894, has now been followed up by a volume of larger scope, designed to embrace the subject of modern Italian art in general. Yet it is significant that, out of seventeen



MADONNA OF THE ANGELS.
From the Painting by Bartolomeo.

chapters, two only are devoted to architecture, the fifteen remaining being divided between sculpture and painting; while not one treats of any of the many other arts, such as that of the potter, the mosaicist, the goldsmith, the enameller, the smith, the weaver, the embroiderer, or the furniture maker. It is in this restricted sense, then, that the writer, whose peculiar orthography, together with certain un-English turns of speech, such as "guide-board" for "sign-post," "back and forth," &c., bewrays him, must be understood to deal with modern Italian art; and, such as he conceives it, he holds a brief for it as against the opinion of those who see in it only a sad instance of degeneracy. It is no unusual experience that one may travel much in Italy without having reason even to suspect the existence there of an artistic revival akin to that which is taking place in other parts of Europe. Therefore it is good news indeed to learn, on the authority of a writer who, as his elaborate biographical and descriptive catalogue proves, must have spent much time in diligent research into the matter, that things are not so bad as they seem.

Mr. Willard dates the origin of the present art movement in Italy from the middle of the eighteenth century. At that period the discovery of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii created a lively disgust with the abysmal depths of baroque into which art had sunk, and inspired the contemporary generation with a taste for something more strictly allied to the antique. Hence sprang the neo-classic revival, of which the sculptor Canova, a famous name to conjure withal, became the most brilliant exponent. Time moves so rapidly that we are liable to forget how influential a personality Canova was in the art world of the early nineteenth century. On his account the eyes of Europe then turned to Italy as the home of artistic light and leading, just as more recently they have come to look upon Paris; nor yet that, perhaps, with equally sound warrant. For, whereas a sense of beauty is often conspicuously wanting in works of the modern French school, in Italy, on the other hand, the instinct for classic grace has become more firmly implanted and manifests itself the more usually in the productions of modern Italians. They have failed, nevertheless, to catch the true monumental spirit which belongs to the sculpture and the painting of an age when both these and all the attendant arts were dominated and kept in train by a



MADONNA AND CHILD.

From the Marble by Monteverde in the Camposanto, Genoa.

living, progressive architecture. Take, for example, a modern Italian effigy—either in paint, marble, or plaster—of the Madonna and Child. The features, maybe, lack

not a sort of graceful attractiveness; but that is all. Theirs is the beauty of the boudoir, the professional prettiness of the studio. Where is that august dignity that strikes one with awe in the presence of the lowliest Madonna of Angelico or Botticelli? It is sought for in vain, for the modern manufactured Mary is not the venerable Virgin Mother of tradition, but the self-conscious model, whose downcast dark eyelashes barely veil the pert glances of the coquette. She is the selfsame who, on demand, poses, stripped, as Venus; while her Child for all the world is the boy who, without any change but of attitude and the addition of wings, on the like occasion is Cupid. No; to undo the work of five hundred years it takes more than one century, and then only with unity of purpose; and this kind of unity in our present circumstances cannot well exist at all.

To English readers the most interesting portion of Mr. Willard's book will probably be that on "Pre-Raphaelitism and Romanticism"—two movements which, among ourselves, occurred in the reverse order. It appears that, prior to the revolt against cold classicism in this country, there was in Rome, under the leadership of the German Overbeck, a somewhat similar movement, which was succeeded, in its turn, by the Purist school of Italians. However, although upon its native soil, the movement never flourished there to the extent that it has done in the north, and, in fact, passed away without leaving any permanent mark in Italy. It was, no doubt, unfortunate in the men it had for promoters. In the first place, Overbeck, by identifying himself with the cause of "religious sentimentalism," alienated the sympathy of the more thoughtful; and later on the movement was too undefined and desultory to win any solid stability. The half-hearted Minardi, "much more Raphaelite than Pre-Raphaelite" as he was; and Mussini, too much engrossed with the duties of his office to find leisure for independent study; and Hayez, the Romanticist, most prolific painter of all, yet without consistency of aim, without enthusiasm: these almost necessarily provoked the Verist reaction which followed. And so one movement yields to another and another, and is bound so to yield, nor ever endure any while, until for the caprice of the individual is substituted the earnest conviction of the community, and conditions shall have so altered that art is once more the spontaneous expression of man's pleasure in whatever work, be it great or small, his hand may undertake to do.

The Ancient East.

The Story of Ahikar. By F. C. Conybeare, J. Rendel Harris, and Agnes Smith Lewis. (C. G. Clay & Sons.)

THE Ahikar of the fable is the vizier of the Assyrian king Sennacherib; he has sixty wives, but no son. It is revealed to him that he should take his sister's son into his house and bring him up as his own. He does so, informing the youth's mind with many wise sayings, of which "If it were a loud voice alone that decided the event, the ass could build two houses a day with his braying," is, perhaps, the most noteworthy. In due time the king appoints the nephew to succeed his uncle, when the young man manages, by means of forged letters, to make it

appear that his benefactor has plotted to deliver Assyria into the hands of her enemies. The king orders the immediate execution of the innocent accused, but entrusts the carrying out of the sentence to one whom Ahikar has befriended in his prosperity. Thanks to this circumstance, another prisoner is beheaded in his stead, and Ahikar is concealed in an underground chamber, where his nails grow as long as an eagle's claws. The nephew enters into possession of his uncle's property, beats his slaves, and dissipates his goods, until the king of Egypt sends an embassy to Assyria propounding certain puzzles, to be solved under a penalty of three years' tribute on either side. Sennacherib is in despair, until the executioner takes pity on him and produces his old adviser from underground. Ahikar is sent to Egypt to answer the questions, and, by means of trickery and equivocation, secures the stake, with which he returns triumphant. As a reward, his nephew is handed over to him. After a little physical torture, he sets to work to reproach him seriously, and prosed to such an awful extent that the young man literally blows up and dies.

Such is, briefly, the story of Ahikar, of which a Greek, an Armenian, a Syriac, and an Arabic rendering are here given, together with translations of all three, and of a Slavonic and an Æthiopic version as well. Dr. Rendel Harris, in his Introduction, suggests that the story has a Hebrew original, and the anachronisms, the worship of cunning, and the belief that children can be made wise by (to use Charles Kingsley's phrase) "infinite jaw," which appear in it all go to support his view. The extraordinary thing about it is that it appears hardly altered in the Arabian Nights and the Fables of Æsop, while references to it are found certainly in the Book of Tobit, and perhaps in the Old and New Testaments and the Koran. While, therefore, its ethical value appears to be nil, and we cannot share the paternal pride which leads Dr. Rendel Harris to speak of it as a "charming little tale," it is entitled to respect as an undoubted relic of antiquity. From a scholar's point of view, the form in which it is produced by the Cambridge University Press leaves nothing to be desired save an index.

The Temple of Mut in Asher. By Margaret Benson and Janet Gourlay. (John Murray.)

MISS BENSON and Miss Gourlay were warned when they first proposed to excavate on the site of the Temple of Mut, near Luxor, that they would probably find nothing; they were also refused the Government permission now necessary to explorers; but still they persevered. M. Naville's kind interposition procured from the then Director of Antiquities the first permit ever issued to female workers; the assistance of Egyptologists of nearly every nationality did the rest; and in the end they were rewarded for three seasons' work by the gathering-in of a fine crop of antiquities, including the inscribed statue of Queen Hatasu's architect, and the portrait bust of the only bald-headed priest yet found in Egypt. What energy and determination they must have shown to accomplish their task may be judged from the fact that their men insisted on higher wages to compensate them for the indignity of being under the orders of women.

Mut was a not very popular goddess, who was worshipped at Thebes as the consort of Amen and the mother of Khons, the moon-god. She appears to have been in some way a type of maternity; but Miss Benson's researches do not add very greatly to our knowledge of her, the only hymn in her honour which she succeeded in discovering being so damaged as to be untranslatable. On the other hand, she and her companion have done good work in clearing the temple and in correcting the plan of it taken some years ago by Mariette, while they have also obtained several inscriptions of historical interest. A technical discussion of these would here be out of place, but the reader will find them all duly translated and commented upon in the volume before us. The greater part of the book is taken up by a readable history of Egypt during the 2,800 years or so that the Temple of Mut flourished, and a discussion of the Egyptian religion, in which Prof. Wiedemann's views are followed pretty closely. The book is printed in excellent style, and illustrated by photographs taken on the spot.

The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. By Morris Jastrow, jun., Ph.D. (Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.)

A BOOK by the Professor of Semitic in the University of Pennsylvania, which forms the second volume of a recently projected series of handbooks on the History of Religions. Prof. Jastrow would divide the early Babylonian pantheon into two great triads, the first consisting of Anu, the god of the sky; Bel, the god of all that is below the sky; and Ea, whom he is inclined to make the god of the sea. The second he makes to consist of Sin, Samas, and Rimmon, the gods of the moon, the sun, and the storm respectively, and all the other deities he considers to be merely local gods, their popularity ranging in exact ratio with the political importance of their seats of worship. Later, Merodach, or Marduk, of Babylon, rose to such importance with the rise of his city that he became a sort of doublet of the elder Bel, while in Assyria the local deity, Ashur, assumed almost from the first the supreme place in the national theology. This accounts for a good number of deities, but there are others—like Nebo, Ninip, and Nergal—whose functions it leaves unexplained, and that Prof. Jastrow does not make their status clear is probably due to the fact that the present state of our knowledge of antiquity does not allow him to do so. A more serious drawback to the usefulness of his book is his adoption of the wild theory that the culture and religion of Babylonia and Assyria were entirely the work of their Semitic inhabitants; and this will not only lead scholars to use the volume with caution, but prevents him from dwelling on a subject of great interest to students of the science of religions—i.e., the evolution of the Babylonian religion from the state of animism which is clearly indicated in the texts. This apart, we have nothing but praise for Prof. Jastrow's book, which might worthily replace as a text-book Prof. Sayce's still brilliant, but now antiquated, *Hibbert Lectures*. The numerous translations which it contains were made, we understand, expressly for it.

A Militant Philosopher.

On the Realisation of the Possible. By F. W. Bain, Quondam Fellow of All Souls' College. (James Parker.)

HITHERTO we had known Mr. Bain only as the author of a pamphlet circulated in Oxford Common Rooms, in which he proved to his own satisfaction that the Duke of Argyll was a confirmed plagiarist from his works. Now he has assumed a different attitude, and comes forward as a new Ajax defying the Olympians of philosophy. With one part of this work we are in perfect agreement. The enthusiastic appreciation of Aristotle—a defence perhaps scarcely needed in these days when we are all Aristotelians—can offend no one; and the chapter called "The Logic of Nature" is a curious, if somewhat fantastic, piece of system-framing. We are perfectly willing, also, to join with Mr. Bain in classing Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Beaconsfield among the great minds of the human race. "It is insight," says the author, "which breathes in every page of Aristotle, or Bolingbroke, De Retz or Disraeli, and is never found in a Mill or Macaulay, a Ricardo or Descartes." This is merely an honest confession of preferences with which many might agree.

The book is avowedly an attack upon idealism or rationalism in the interests of an Aristotelian philosophy of evolution. Mr. Bain's point of view is not hard to discover. The question as to the sense in which the word *existence* can be used of spiritual realities is not a new one, and it has been too much neglected by philosophers. Clearly, some consideration is needed before the same word can be made to cover the being of a cow and a logical canon. This difficulty is ever present to the author's mind, and it is the basis of his mania for the "possible." "Esse" is the ground of "posse," the simple observation of existence is the ground of any real "system"; and hence the proximate cause, the last link which bridges over the gulf between the possible and the actual, is, in spite of his inconsistent eulogy of final causes, the main interest in his mind. From this he goes on to confuse a rational spiritual reality with physical existence. The possible is limited to facts of sight, and we are told that all speculation which does not merely define and classify such phenomena is a hypostatizing of abstractions. Descartes, Spinoza, Hume, and Kant are exultantly knocked over by odd little verbal puzzles. It is all exactly like the criticism which an intelligent schoolboy is wont to scribble on the margin of philosophy books in a public school library. The author rarely sees the meaning of the philosopher he overthrows, and when his criticism is just it is generally an accepted commonplace.

But the main wonder of the book is its style. Anything more funnily assertive, more cocksure and intemperate, we have rarely read. "The secret of degeneracy in literature and philosophy is the appearance of women in it. Women are incapable of thought." "Aristotle is the true English philosopher: and yet they have thrown away the royal eagle for wallowing hogs or blinking night-owls." "A critic is one who delights in drawing very obvious conclusions from principles which he has accepted without examination from one who took them on trust from a third person." "To speculate is human: to define, divine. Any human being can speculate; but not one

man in a million knows what thinking means. The one is vulgar, easy, attractive, feeble, feminine, and fatal; the other rare, unpopular, male, difficult, and beyond all price." Now and then there is a deft piece of phrasing, for which we are thankful: "Definition is the repetition in thought of the historical causes which made the thing, in fact." "The language of philosophy," he says, "the virtue of which is logical exactitude and crystal clearness, has now become a kind of horrible philosophical Chinese, which violates the first canon of speech—that if two were communicating, *both* shall understand the meaning of the words"—a criticism, perhaps, not without truth. But soon our author is back at his fulminations. "The world will awake some day and cease to decorate with musk roses the fair, large ears of its Cartesian Bottom." "To shake off the long debauch of sophistry, the deep draughts of stupefying jargon, modern philosophy will have to drink the waters of Lethe and again become a child." Berkeley is "a sham, a parade: show minus substance; *esse* minus *posse*; imposing upon those only who take—God bless them!—dialogue for dialectic, verses for poetry, a grinning row of false teeth for Nature's genuine grinders." As for J. S. Mole, he has no language to express his contempt for him; he calls him, in bitter irony, "the nineteenth century prodigy," and then is silent.

Plato "caricatures in his pretty dialogues by the most childish pretence at reasoning." Kant lies "in a dogmatic slumber, contentedly lapped in all the puerilities of spiritualistic, pneumatological metaphysics." Far different is it with Mr. Bain himself. "I wandered," he says, "in the deserted school of the master, and raked in the ashes of his extinct altar, till a spark of his divine genius suddenly glimmered and glowed in the darkness." A restatement of Aristotelianism, a defence of the Schoolmen, an attack upon Idealist abstractions, all are things to be desired; but a book like the present, with its egotism and absurdities of speech, could be only amusing if it were not also a little pathetic.

Notes on New Books.

THE GARDEN.

BOOKS about gardens cannot be dull. It matters nothing who writes them or how they are written; the very words that must be used carry the day: excite expectations, or remind the reader of the sweet reality of lawn and rose and daffodil. Yet although every garden book is readable and stimulating, a good garden book is a treasure; and such a treasure is *Wood and Garden* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net), by Gertrude Jekyll. Miss (or Mrs.) Jekyll's plan is to go systematically through the year, describing her little domain and her methods therein month by month. Tais she does with a gentle, open-air enthusiasm which is very kindling. Thus, to be timely, the February chapter opens:

There is always in February some one day, at least, when one smells the yet distant, but surely coming, summer. [One such came last week.] Perhaps it is the warm, mossy scent that greets one when passing along the southern side of a hedge-bank; or it may be in some woodland opening where the sun has coaxed out the pungent smell of the trailing ground ivy, whose blue

flowers will soon appear; but the day always comes. . . .
How strangely little of positive green colour is to be seen
in copse and woodland. Only the moss is really green.
The next greenest thing is the northern sides of the trunks
of beech and oak.

And so forth, passing from generalities to the garden itself.
The book, which will not be altogether new to readers of the
Guardian, is illustrated with some superb photographs taken
by the author. We recommend it to amateur gardeners as a
most charming blend of outdoor aesthetics and practical
counsel. It is also something more: it is a piece of garden
literature, written by one who has the sense of style.

THE LIBRARY.

The first book auction held in England was William Cooper's
sale of the books of Lazarus Seaman, held in Warwick-court,
Paternoster-row, in 1676. This fact is occasionally met with,
but the history of the rise and early development of book
auctions has long waited for full treatment. Mr. H. B.
Wheatley wrote an interesting chapter or two on the subject in
his entertaining, if discursive, volume, *The Prices of Books*. It
has been reserved for Mr. John Lawler, who is principal
cataloguer to Messrs. Sotheby, to attempt a comprehensive
survey of *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century*
(Stock). We cannot, therefore, accept Mr. Lawler's plea that
the "comparative insignificance" of his book precludes "serious
criticism." Not that we have much criticism to offer. Mr.
Lawler's industry has been unbounded, and the worst that can
be said of this book is admitted by its author: it might have
been more entertaining. There is a desperate thoroughness
about the long chapter (seventy pages) on Edward Millington's
book auctions, with its recurrent phrases, "Millington's next
auction," "Millington's next sale," "Millington's next ven-
ture," &c. But the book is a monument of industry and a mine
of facts.

VERSE.

A poet with the true lyric sense is, even if he have nothing
new to say, always welcome. Therefore we are glad to meet
with Mr. Fred. G. Bowles, whose little volume, *In the Wake
of the Sun* (Unicorn Press), has just been published. Mr. Bowles
has the rapturous Pantheistic attitude towards nature, and his
ecstasies are expressed in melodious and scholarly verse. We
select one of the shorter and more timely lyrics:

A SONG OF SPRING.

Kiss! kiss!
For the world is young;
God and thy bliss
Are on every tongue!
He is veiled in the leaf
He is hid in the cloud,
And the wave on the reef
Chaunts His praises aloud—
Hark! Hark!
Low to the wren,
And high to the lark—
God's here again.

Mr. Bowles's book is musical and fresh and wholesome
throughout.

Major Whyte-Melville as poet is known by but half-a-dozen
songs: "The Galloping Squire," "A Rum One to Follow, a
Bad One to Beat," "The Monks that Live Under the Hill,"
"Boots and Saddles," "Brown Bay and Tray," and one or two
more—these are familiar and spirited; but the society-maga-
zine sentiment of the writer's non-sporting verse is little to
the point. In a complete edition of Whyte-Melville, how-
ever, everything must have a place, and we do not, therefore

quarrel with the *Songs and Verses* as a whole that Messrs. Ward
& Lock have just issued. But we miss from it that excellent
and pathetic ditty—"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
and say a poor buffer lies low," which, in the song-books
where it appears, wedded to a plaintive and engaging air, very
attractive to concerted smokers, is always attributed to the
Major. And here, although it is not verse, we may mention
the handsome reprint of Whyte-Melville's *Market Harborough*
just added to Messrs. Thacker's edition. *Inside the Bar* is
bound up with it, and the book has good illustrations by Mr.
Hugh Thomson, and serviceable ones by Mr. Finch Mason.

There are poets whose poem-titles are better than the poems
themselves, and such a one is Mr. John Ottwell. To begin
with, he calls his book *Short Poems* (Kegan Paul). That is
promising; we like short poems. Then he has a section called
epigrams. That is promising; we like epigrams. And among
the poems is one called "The Old Book-lover's Farewell to his
Book." That is promising; we like old book-lovers. But
the results are less satisfactory. The short poems are only
short; the epigrams are not very epigrammatic; and the
"Farewell" is verbose and not really bookish. Here is one
of the "epigrams":

A DEFINITION OF A BORE.

Of dulness vast, and wisdom small
(His conversation shows it!),
A bore is one who tires us all,
And never, never knows it!

Here is another:

THE FATE OF THE EPICS.

Wouldst thou an epic poet be,
And proudly stand in fame alone?
Methinks thy final fate I see:
Admired by all, and read by none!

"Admired by all" is questionable.

THEOLOGY.

The authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews has been a
matter of dispute from the earliest ages, and it is not probable
that the question will ever be set at rest. The boldness and
spiritual science that characterise the document have alone
been sufficient to win for it its place in the Canon; and the
difficulty of its complete interpretation has made it the centre
of infinite conflict. Mr. George Milligan, a Scots Presbyterian
minister, in the book that lies before us—*The Theology of the
Epistle to the Hebrews* (T. & T. Clark)—has endeavoured to
present a general view of its teaching based on the results of
modern criticism. It were impossible to attempt in these lines
to pronounce upon the result of what may be called the con-
scientious work of two lifetimes—for the exposition is based
upon notes by the author's father; but we cannot help thinking
that Barnabas, or Clement of Rome, or Apollos, or whoever
was the writer, would have been surprised, and that Arius, that
eminent dissenter, would have had no scruple about approving
Mr. Milligan's notion of the Divine Sonship.

In *The Angels of God* (Skeffington), Mr. J. B. Johnson,
a clergyman of that section of the Church of England which is
said to be Catholic but not Roman, sets himself to revive a
devotion which would appear to have gone out of fashion.
Mr. Johnson is reverently ingenious in his speculations; and
for those to whom the precise distinction between a Power
and a Throne is not familiar, or who are troubled with scruples
as to whether they may or should intercede with the Divine
clemency on behalf of the rebellious Seraphs, this little book
will serve as a sufficient and orthodox guide. As a subject of
special study the Nine Orders are certainly interesting.

Dr. Forrest's earnest and suggestive course of Kerr Lectures
for 1897, on *The Christ of History and of Experience*, has

reached a second edition. So much of the theological literature of our time is directed to the discussion of points of external discipline and order, so much, again, is mere Sunday afternoon sentiment, that clear, bold thought about the deepest truths and fallacies is very welcome. The Scots divine, of the best kind, seems to have inherited something of the courageous diligence of the mediæval schoolman.

WAR.

Mr. Vassili Verestchagin, whose pictures of Napoleon's campaign in Russia may now be seen at the Grafton Galleries, has brought his pen to bear on the same subject. The book, in translation, has been published by Mr. Heinemann under the title *1812: Napoleon I. in Russia*. Mr. Verestchagin's brush does its grim work with sufficient fidelity; but some of the horrors narrated in his book exceed those of his pictures. The author has gone to many sources for his facts, and this record of the fiasco loses nothing of force from the circumstance that the historian is a Russian. Mr. Verestchagin's pages may lack form, but they are full of interest. Mr. Whiteing contributes an introduction, which is mainly an account of the artist.

To the "Wolsley" series Messrs. Kegan Paul have just added *The Conduct of War*, a translation by Major Leveson from the German of Lieut.-General von der Goltz, of the Ottoman Army. The translator has done his work with unusual skill. In its English form the book is lucid and progressive as a stream.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If a worse title than *Bottled Holidays for Home Consumption* could be found, we hope we shall never hear of it. Such is the name of a new and copious work of humour by Mr. Martin Cobbett which Messrs. Sands have just published. It is the humour of Saturday afternoons. The author would "vote for an Act to abolish all boys"; an inn is a "pub"; and the first pipe and the strength of peppermint drops are described with the necessary minuteness of the pitiless funny man who refuses to remember that such things have always been done before. When keeping to accounts of what he has seen, and quotations of curious passages that he has read, Mr. Cobbett is a tolerable companion; but his reflections on life!

It is twenty-six years since the *Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory* (Black) began its career under Miss Louisa M. Hubbard. Various titles and enlargements have marked its progress, and now Miss Hubbard has relinquished her task owing to failing health. Her successor is Miss Emily Janes, whose work in "Woman movements" is well known. Miss Janes begins her work with an appropriate amount of bustle. Most of her Preface, she will forgive us for saying, would be effective as a speech.

Two recent newspaper correspondences have just appeared in book form: Sir William Harcourt's letters to the *Times* on Ritualism, entitled *Lawlessness in the National Church* (Macmillan), and the *Daily News* series of special articles on *The Children's Labour Question* (*Daily News Office*).

The latest volume in Messrs. Newnes's "Library of Useful Stories" is an introduction to psychology under the title of *The Story of the Mind*. The author, Prof. James Mark Baldwin, has had almost the most difficult task of any contributor to this informing series, but he has come through it triumphantly. Mr. Dent is adding *Plutarch's Lives* to the Temple Classics. There will be ten volumes in all, of which the first two are now ready.

We have received from Messrs. Longmans the *Charities Register and Digest* for 1899. This work was formerly published about every four years, but is now an annual. As far as possible all fraudulent institutions and societies have been excluded from the Register.

Fiction.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page.
(William Heinemann.)

Nor only as to subject, but also as to treatment, Mr. Page's novel belongs to the period of the American Civil War. If one may say so with propriety of an American, Mr. Page is mid-Victorian. He is all for the things that have passed, that are passing, away. In his preface he compares unfavourably the humanity of to-day with that of yesterday; and in his last chapter he interrupts the story in order to impress on the reader that this novel is not as other modern novels. It is not. It belongs to a convention which flourished before the rank and file of literary artists had discovered that life itself, with all its incredible shortcomings, was a theme grand enough and lofty enough for the most inspired. The workers in that convention lacked either the faith or the courage to look on life itself. And instead, they looked within, and seeing there a world which they preferred to the actual, painted that. They have their reward according to their accomplishment. This convention is a perfectly justifiable one; it has produced some novels indubitably great; and we respect it.

Red Rock is not great, but it is, once you will give up trying to relate it to life, delicately fine. It is the expression of a gracious, benevolent and high-minded individuality. It has the sweet charm of "the old school," the dignity, the rare manners—and withal the steely prejudices. And, of course, it exhibits the characteristics of its period. The persons of the drama are divided into good and bad. The bad men—his animus against whom the author never attempts to conceal—are consistently bad; the good men may have their weak moments, but there is one sin they must never be guilty of—meanness. There are no bad women; of the good women it is required that they be "womanly," and "womanly" they are under the most trying circumstances—even when proposing to a man:

"There is no way to help me . . ."

"There is one way," she said.

"And that is?"

"To marry me. . . . If you marry me I could not be made to testify against you . . ."

"I could not allow you to sacrifice yourself . . ."

"It would not be—Yes, you can," she pleaded.

"No," said Steve, almost sternly. "Do not, I beg you." He lifted his hand as though to put her from him; but suddenly clutched at his heart . . .

"Go," he said. "Leave me, please. . . ."

She turned without a word, and moved slowly toward the door. As she put out her hand to open it, she suddenly sank in a heap on the floor. In a second Steve was at her side. . . .

"Ruth," he said; and, as she opened her eyes, "forgive me." He caught the hem of her dress and crushed it against his lips. ". . . I could not let you sacrifice yourself."

"It is no sacrifice. Do you not see? Oh! Can you not see that—I—love?" . . . Her head drooped.

"What! Ruth!" Steve stood her up on her feet and held her at arm's length. "Ruth Welch, for God's sake, do not tell me that unless it's true." His eyes were burn-

ing, and were fastened on her face with a gaze that seemed almost to scorch her.

"It is true," she said in a low voice, and tried to turn her face away. . . .

"Wait," he said hoarsely. "*Does your mother know of this?*"

"Yes." *She was looking in his eyes now quite calmly.*

The italics are ours.

The United States is said to be a peculiarly sentimental nation, and such books as this go to support the assertion. Sentimentality permeates *Red Rock* through and through—the episodes of childhood, the pranks of youth, the battles, the death-beds, the secret machinations, the false accusations, the braveries, the cowardices, all are sentimentalised to the very limit of absorption. The sentimentality is not mawkish, nor feeble, nor noxious; but it is—sentimentality.

Some may think that we have not enjoyed this novel. But we have. In common with all works of art, it demands a certain surrender. Once that is made, none could fail to enjoy it. For it is honest, loving, and capable; it is even strong; and it has the faint, wistful charm of an antique time.

The Countess Tekla. By Robert Barr.
(Methuen.)

MEDIEVAL Trèves, the Moselle, a disguised emperor, a military archbishop, a black count, an English archer who could shoot herons on the wing by night, sundry castles, and the most beautiful woman in the world—such are the chief materials out of which Mr. Robert Barr has constructed *The Countess Tekla*. The theme of the story is the wooing by the Emperor (disguised as plain Lord Rodolph) of the Countess, who is feudal ward of the Archbishop, and destined by that implacable person to be the wife of a dire villain. Rodolph duly wins the Countess, and then comes the inevitable scene of identification:

His Majesty had eyes for none but the Countess Tekla, who appeared, indeed, a queen in the stately robes that became her so well. Rodolph seemed suddenly stricken dumb by her beauty, for all the colour had fled from her face, leaving it like chiselled marble, as she stood demurely with her eyes bent on the ground.

"Tekla," he murmured, taking her hand with deep reverence, and raising it to his lips, "is the Prince who returns as welcome as the unknown lord would have been?"

"Yes—your Majesty," whispered Tekla, casting a swift glance at him, the colour again touching her cheeks.

"And is Countess Tekla willing to become Empress Tekla?"

"The delight of a loyal subject is to obey the imperial command," she said, a smile coming at last to her lips.

Again the Emperor raised her hand and kissed it.

This passage is a fair specimen of the style of the book, and it will be observed that it has neither much originality nor much freshness. *The Countess Tekla* is just a favourable specimen of the modern historical novel, with some novelty of scene and colour, and perhaps a more symmetrical construction than is usual. It exists for its excitations, and one may admit that these are good.

We prefer the author of *A Woman Intervenes* to the author of *The Countess Tekla*. No one would suspect from

the latter that Mr. Robert Barr possesses an individual and very genuine humour. Yet such is the fact, and we like him best when, instead of hiding his gifts, he uses and profits by them.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A BRIDE OF GOD.

BY CONRAD H. CARRODER.

A work of saccharine sentimentality, wherein we seem to see the influence of the author of *The Christian*. Religion plays a too prominent part. On the last page a young couple decide to refer always to their deceased infant as Jesus. (F. V. White. 6s.)

ANEROESTES THE GAUL.

BY E. M. SMITH.

If anyone requires a story of the Second Punic War, here it is. Says Aneroestes: "I was a captive, but I won my liberty by fighting an Allobrogian giant for the amusement of the soldiers. He thought to be victorious, for I was lame and unfitted for such a struggle. I bear the mark of his sword across my forehead, and he bit away part of my ear, but he could not overcome me. Still, he fought well. I wounded him in the side with my sword, but I killed him with my hands. It was a great struggle, but Hannibal gave me my liberty, with costly presents and a horse of good blood." Hannibal figures in the romance, which is gory. The escape of Aneroestes at the end is very consoling. (Unwin. 6s.)

CARR OF DIMS CAUR.

BY THEO. DOUGLAS.

Here, by the author of *Windycap*, is real melodrama again. In the beginning we are met by a will with extraordinary provisions, one being that not till the stroke of twelve twenty-one years hence may the inheritor call the property his own. To reach the page when the clock strikes is, therefore, the goal of every reader's desire. That page is 280, and the inheritor is on his death-bed. We will not reveal secrets, but it may be said that a miser's hoard, an attempted murder, a mad butler, and a new kind of ghost are all in the story. (Harpers. 6s.)

THE LIBRETTO.

BY RUDOLF DIRCKS.

A clever, nervously-written story of more or less Bohemian life. The hero is a composer, and at thirty-one decides to abandon his fruitless striving for success and marry an heiress. The new quest leads to the success which he had sought in the old. There is a good deal of writing of this kind: "He danced with a series of well-equipped women, with coiffures, a miracle of arrangement, just under his nose. He scarcely attempted to speak to those partners, and he could never afterwards, by any effort of memory, recall who they were or what they were like." (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

AN ANGEL IN A WEB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

The first chapter of this novel will repel some readers and attract others by the fact that it introduces spirits or "Etherians" among the characters. Colonel Lamont is dying, and the house is full of his dead relatives, "long since rubbed off the slate of earthly reckoning." These take the form of puffs of luminous vapour. The butler, Tappin, is piquantly blind to their presence. A queer novel. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

LIFE'S PEEP SHOW.

BY H. R. RUSSELL.

Six short stories well written and observed, but usually rather inconclusive, in Mark Rutherford's region of subjects. (Unwin. 6s.)

SIX QUEER TALES.

BY NEMO.

Six queer tales by Nemo. (Morison. 6d.)

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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R. L. Stevenson Again.

II.—As Reviewer for "The Academy."

BETWEEN 1874 and 1878 Stevenson contributed many articles to THE ACADEMY. This illuminative paper on Edgar Allan Poe, which, we are sure, many will like to read again, was printed in THE ACADEMY issue for January 2, 1875, about the time that the later of the letters in the current *Scribner's Magazine* were written:

When all is said, it is not in the power of man to make Poe altogether sympathetic. I cannot find it in my heart to like either his portrait or his character; and though it is possible that we see him more or less refracted through the strange medium of his works, yet I do fancy that we can detect, alike in these, in his portrait, and in the facts of his life as now most favourably told, a certain jarring note, a taint of something that we do not care to dwell upon or find a name for. . . .

I fancy we shall not be mistaken in regarding some of the last stories in the second volume as being also among the last he wrote. There is no trace in these of the brilliant and often solid workmanship of his better moments. The stories are ill-conceived and written carelessly. There is much laughter, but it is a very ghastly sort of laughter at best—the laughter of those, in his own words, "who laugh, but smile no more." He seems to have lost respect for himself, for his art, and for his audience. When he dealt before with horrible images, he dealt with them for some definite enough creative purpose, and with a certain measure and gravity suitable to the occasion; but he scatters them abroad in these last tales with an indescribable and sickening levity, with something of the ghoul or the furious lunatic that surpasses what one had imagined to oneself of hell. There is a duty to the living more important than any charity to the dead; and it would be criminal in the reviewer to spare one harsh word in the expression of his own loathing and horror lest by its absence another victim should be

permitted to soil himself with the perusal of the infamous "King Pest." He who could write "King Pest" had ceased to be a human being. For his own sake, and out of an infinite compassion for so lost a spirit, one is glad to think of him as dead. . . .

It is not the fashion of Poe's earlier tales to be pointless, however it may be with these sorry ones of the end. Pointlessness is, indeed, the very last charge that could be brought reasonably against them. He has the true storyteller's instinct. He knows the little nothings that make stories or mar them. He knows how to enhance the significance of any situation, and give colour and life with seemingly irrelevant particulars. Thus, the whole spirit of "The Cask of Amontillado" depends on Fortunato's carnival costume of cap and bells and motley. When Poe had once hit upon this device of dressing the victim grotesquely, he had found the key of the story; and so he sends him with uneven steps along the catacombs of the Montressors, and the last sound we hear out of the walled-up recess is the jingling of the bells upon his cap. Admirable, also, is the use he makes of the striking clock at Prince Prospero's feast, in "The Mask of the Red Death." Each time the clock struck (the reader will remember) it struck so loudly that the music and the dancing must cease perforce until it had made an end. As the hours ran on towards midnight these pauses grew naturally longer; the maskers had the more time to think and look at one another, and their thoughts were none the more pleasant. Thus, as each hour struck there went a jar about the assemblage,



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From the Bust by Zolnay.

until, as the reader will remember, the end comes suddenly. Now, this is quite legitimate; no one need be ashamed of being frightened or excited by such means; the rules of

the game have been respected, only, by the true instinct of the story-teller, he has told his story to the best advantage, and got full value for his imaginations. This is not so always, however, for sometimes he will take a high note falsetto; sometimes, by a sort of conjuring trick, get more out of his story than he has been able to put into it; and, while the whole garrison is really parading past us on the esplanade, continue to terrify us from the battlements with sham cannon and many fierce-looking shakos upon broomsticks. For example, in "The Pit and the Pendulum," after having exhausted his bedevilled imagination in the conception of the pendulum and the red-hot collapsing walls, he finds he can figure forth nothing more horrible for the pit, and yet the pit was to be the crowning horror. This is how he effects his purpose:

Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet for a wild moment did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. O for a voice to speak! Oh, horror! Oh, any horror but this!

And that is all. He knows no more about the pit than you or I do. It is a pure imposture, a piece of audacious, impudent thimble-rigging; and yet, even with such bugs as these he does manage to frighten us. You will find the same artifice repeated in "Hans Pfaal," about the mysteries of the moon; and again, though with a difference, in the abrupt conclusion of "Arthur Gordon Pym." His imagination is a willing horse; but, as you see, he has killed it under him by over-riding, and come limping to the post on foot. With what a good grace does he not turn these failures to advantage, and make capital out of each imaginative bankruptcy! Even on a critical retrospect, it is hard to condemn him as he deserves; for he cheats with gusto.

After this knowledge of the stage, this cleverness at turning a story out, perhaps the most striking of Poe's peculiarities is an almost incredible insight into the debatable region between sanity and madness. The "Imp of the Perverse," for example, is an important contribution to morbid psychology; so, perhaps, is "The Man of the Crowd"; "Berenice," too, for, as horrible as it is, it touches a chord in one's own breast, though perhaps it is a chord that had better be left alone; and the same idea recurs in "The Tell-Tale Heart." Sometimes we can go with him the whole way with a good conscience; sometimes—instead of saying, Yes, this is how I should be if I were just a little more mad than ever I was—we can say frankly, This is what I am. There is one passage of analysis in this more normal vein in the story of "Ligeia," as to the expression of Ligeia's eyes. He tells us how he felt ever on the point of understanding their strange quality, and ever baffled at the last moment, just as "in our endeavours to recall the memory of something long forgotten, we often find ourselves upon the very verge of remembrance without being able in the end to remember"; and how, in streams of running water, in the ocean, in the falling of a meteor, in the glances of unusually aged people, in certain

sounds from stringed instruments, in certain passages from books, in the commonest sights and sensations of the universe, he found ever and anon some vague, inexplicable analogy to the expression and the power of these loved eyes. This, at least, or the like of it, we all know. But, in the general, his subtlety was more of a snare to him than anything else. "Nil sapientiæ odiosius," he quotes himself from Seneca, "nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio." And though it is delightful enough in the C. Auguste Dupin trilogy—it was Baudelaire who called it a trilogy—yet one wearies in the long run of this strain of ingenuity; one begins to marvel at the absence of the good homespun motives and sentiments that do the business of the everyday world; although the demonstration is clever, and the case instructive and probably unique, one begins to weary of going round this madhouse, and long for the society of some plain, harmless person, with business habits and a frock coat, and nerves not much more shattered than the majority of his plain and harmless contemporaries. Nor did this exaggerated insight make him wearisome only; it did worse than that—it sometimes led him astray. Thus, in "The Pit and the Pendulum," when the hero has been condemned, "the sound of the inquisitorial voices," he says, "seemed merged in one dreary indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*, perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel." Now, it wants but a moment's reflection to prove how much too clever Poe has been here, how far from true reason he has been carried by this *minium acumen*. For—the man being giddy—the "idea of revolution"—must have preceded the merging of the inquisitorial voices into an indeterminate hum, and most certainly could not have followed it as any fanciful deduction. Again, as before in the matter of effect, one cannot help fearing that some of the subtlety is fustian. To take an example of both sorts of imagination—the fustian and the sincere—from the same story "Arthur Gordon Pym"; the four survivors on board the brig *Grampus* have lashed themselves to the windlass, lest they should be swept away; one of them having drawn his lashings too tight, is ready to yield up his spirit for a long while, is nearly cut in two, indeed, by the cord about his loins. "No sooner had we removed it, however," Poe goes on, "than he spoke and seemed to experience instant relief—being able to move with much greater ease than either Parker or myself" (two who had not tied themselves so closely). "This was no doubt owing to the loss of blood." Now, whether medically correct or not, this is, on the face of it, sincerely imagined. Whether correct or not in fact, it is correct in art. Poe evidently believed it true; evidently it appeared to him that thus, and not otherwise, the thing would fall out. Now, turn a page back, and we shall find in the description of the visions that went before Pym while thus bound, something to be received very much more deliberately:

I now remember, he writes, that in all which passed before my mind's eye, *motion* has a predominant idea. Thus I never fancied any stationary object, such as a house, a mountain, or anything of that kind; but windmills, ships, large birds, balloons, people on horseback, carriages driving furiously, and similar moving objects presented themselves in endless succession.

This may be true; it may be the result of great erudition in the thoughts of people in such sore straits; but the imagination does not adopt these details; they do not commend themselves to our acceptance, it is nowise apparent why stationary objects should *not* present themselves to the fancy of a man tied to the windlass of a dismasted brig; and this being so, the whole passage, as art, stands condemned. If it be mere causeless fancy (as it seems), it is fustian of the most unpardonable sort; if it be erudition—well, then, it may be erudition, but never art. Things are fit for art so far only as they are true and apparent. To make what I mean clear: Mr. Ruskin, in some one or other of his delightful books, quotes and approves a poet (I think it was Homer) who said of a brave man that he was as brave as a fly; and proceeds in his usual happy manner to justify the epithet. The fly, he tells us, is in very deed the most madly courageous of all created beings. And therefore the simile is good—excellent good. And yet the reader's instinct would tell him, I am sure, that the simile was a vile simile. Let him prefer his instinct before Mr. Ruskin's natural history. For, though it be based on what is true, this comparison is not based upon a truth that is apparent; it does not commend itself to our acceptance; it is not art.

I have spoken at so great a length of these matters of method and detail, that no room remains to me to speak of the larger question—a question also avoided by Baudelaire on the same plea of want of space—why is it that these subjects interested Poe's imagination—a question difficult of solution, indeed, but not insoluble with time. Nor have I left myself room to speak of what is perhaps still more important, the relation between Poe and his far greater and better compatriot, Hawthorne. That there is a consanguinity, that the two saw the world in a fashion not altogether dissimilar, that some of the short stories of Hawthorne seem inspired by Poe, and some of Poe's short stories seem to be an echo of Hawthorne—all this is beyond question; but all this I can do no more than indicate.

Nor should the reader be surprised if a criticism upon Poe is mostly negative, and rather suggests new doubts than resolves those already existing; for it is Poe's merit to carry people away, and it is his besetting sin that he wants altogether such scrupulous honesty as guides and restrains the finished artist. He was, let us say it with all sorrow, not conscientious. Hunger was ever at his door, and he had too imperious a desire for what we call nowadays the sensational in literature; and thus the critic (if he be more conscientious than the man he is criticising) dare not greatly praise lest he should be thought to condone all that is unscrupulous and tinsel in these wonderful stories. They are to be praised by him in one way only—by recommending those that are least objectionable. If anyone wishes to be excited, let him read under favourable circumstances "The Gold Bug," "The Descent into the Maelström," "The Cask of Amontillado," and "The Oval Portrait." If he should then desire to read more, he may go on, but warily; there are trap-doors and spring guns in these two volumes, there are gins and pitfalls; and the precipitate reader may stumble unawares upon some nightmare not easily to be forgotten.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Things Seen.

The Red Runner.

IN holiday-time there was one hour that I made my own—the last hour of daylight—the hour when the runners practised. All day long, through lesson-time, through play-time, the idea lurked in my mind that behind the high wall at the foot of our garden lay the running-ground, with the black half-mile cinder-track skirting the great field. And all day long, through lesson-time, through playtime, I looked forward to that twilight hour, that was my own. For then, with the help of the garden roller, I could swing myself into the mulberry-tree that swayed and rustled over the cinder-track. There, in that hour that was my own, I would sit to watch the runners practise—dream runners, for I never saw them close—dream runners, those swift, lithe, white figures who swept round the bend of the ground and struggled neck-and-neck to their goal. One was not better than the other. They reached the tape so nearly together, that a foot would have covered them. They symbolised the crowd—the world's crowd—those mediocre, eager runners. But on certain evenings all that was changed. They did not begin so readily. They did not skip over to the starting-place, with knees leaping to chins, and heels arched from the ground: they waited around the dressing-room, clad in long ulsters, till he came out—he, the Champion. And he was always clothed in red. Across the dim grass they followed him to the starting-place. And when they ran the course the issue was always the same. Always, always, he breasted the tape a dozen yards in front of the white runners. Then he would start behind them—some way—but when they came into the straight this Red Champion would shoot through the rest and fly victoriously to the tape. He was always first—this wonderful runner who dressed himself in red. I never knew his name; I never saw him, save across the dim grass in the hour that was my own; but the vision clings. For me Red must always be the colour of perfection, the symbol of excellence. When I hear of splendid gifts come to fruition, of men greatly excelling, I see again that Red Champion outpacing all others in the hour that was my own.

Sentiment.

SUDDENLY I was aware of a shouting. Then a boy spun round the corner and came towards me, running.

"Stop him!" cried his pursuer, a man in an apron.

With the instinct of a Rugby footballer I dropped my eyes to the point of contact, and made ready to collar.

"Orf-side," panted the boy.

I could not help looking up and catching his eye. He was winded, but smiling.

"Don't you, guv'nor," he panted, as he passed. And I didn't.

"Why didn't you stop him?" puffed the man in the apron as he pounded by me.

Well—I played the game.

Dr. Garnett's Retirement.

A Chat in the British Museum.

IN another column we announce the approaching retirement of Dr. Richard Garnett from the post of Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum. A representative of the ACADEMY, who sought a few minutes' interview with Dr. Garnett, writes as follows:

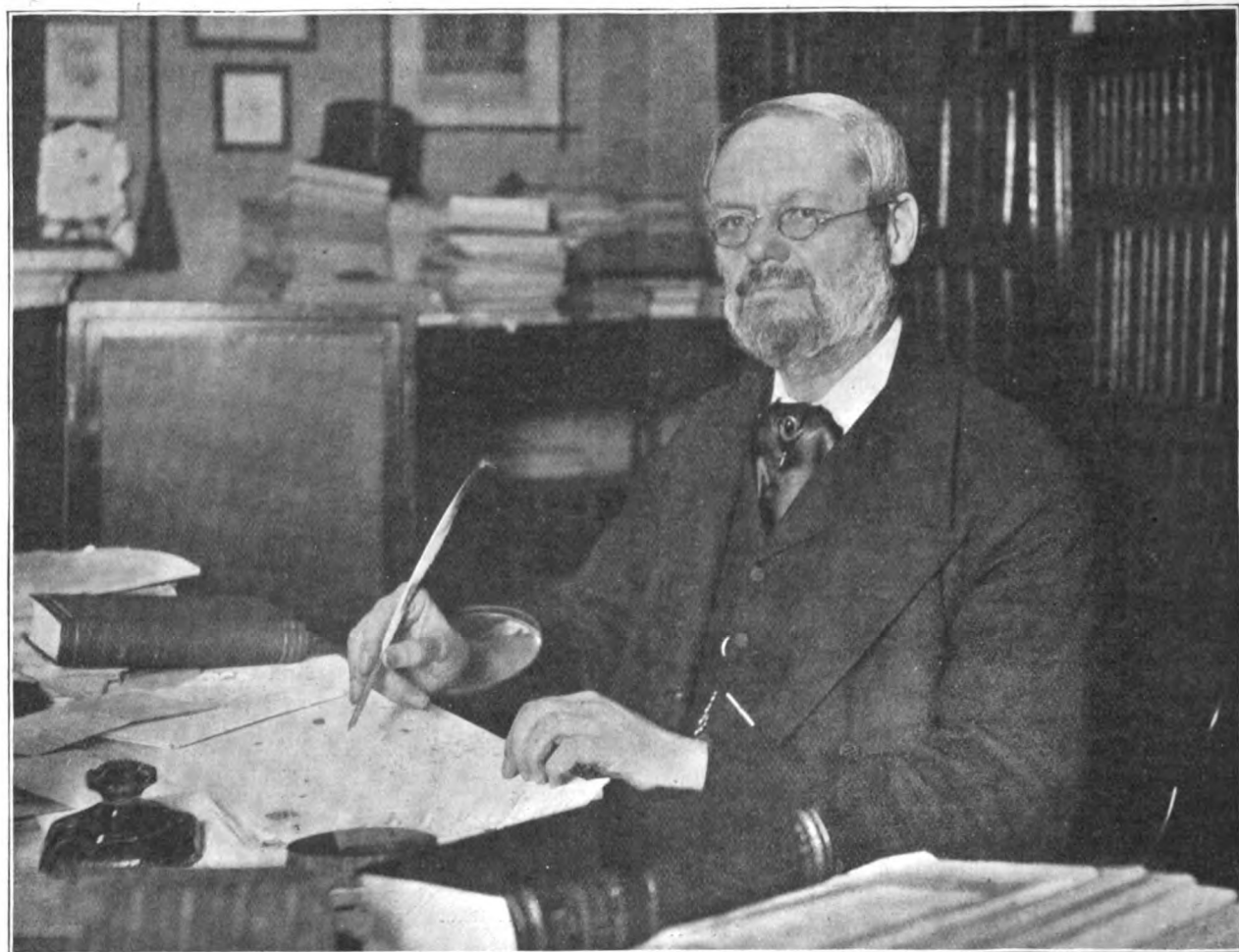
My progress to Dr. Garnett's room in the British Museum filled me with awe: it was such a succession of silences and shades. First, the quiet courtyard, with its

was sixteen, an age impossible in a beginner now. In those days the Museum was worked under its own rules; but it has since come under Civil Service regulations."

It is under those regulations that, in ordinary course, Dr. Garnett would retire about a year hence. His anticipation of that date is due to domestic circumstances.

"Will you tell me," I said, "a few of the changes and events which have marked your superintendence of the Reading Room and of the Library as a whole?"

"Well, I may say as regards the Reading Room that while I was there we greatly reduced the average length of time occupied in procuring books for readers. In the



DR. GARNETT.

From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

pigeons; then the vestibule, where I lost the support of my umbrella; then the Grenville Library, with its letters and manuscripts; then the King's Library, that aisle of learnings, so quiet, straight, and long. In the east wall of the King's Library there is an insignificant button. I was bidden to press it. Instantly shelves loaded with counterfeit books fell back, and a voice said cheerily: "Come in." Inviting me into his comfortable room, Dr. Garnett told me that his connection with the British Museum Library had lasted forty-eight years. Throughout all that period his occupations have lain in the department of which he is now the head.

"I entered the Library," said Dr. Garnett, "when I

old days that time was much longer than it is now, and complaints were numerous." It was naturally not of the Reading Room that Dr. Garnett preferred to talk, its management being now in other and capable hands.

Replying to the second part of my question, Dr. Garnett informed me that during his Keepership an unusually large number of Early English books have been added to the collection. "Probably not in the forty previous years had so many rare books of this class been placed in the Library. During my term of office we have secured five new Caxtons. Five may seem a small number, but you must remember that I mean five Caxtons which the Museum did not already possess. The libraries of Sir

Charles Isham and Mr. Maurice Johnson have yielded us many fine Early English works. They could have yielded more; but our grant for the purchase of new books is only £9,000 annually. I journeyed to Paris in 1892 to attend the sale of the Heredia Library, and the result was an important enrichment of our Spanish section of books. Another event—one of many which I might name—was the munificent gift to the Museum of the Tapling collection of postage stamps in 1892. This collection is valued at something like fifty thousand pounds, and it was most acceptable."

Dr. Garnett expressed the regret he feels at severing his connexion with the British Museum. A regret no less sincere will be felt by every student using the Library.

Memoirs of the Moment.

"O THAT mine enemy had written a book!" Perhaps it is partly due to Job's rather cryptic exclamation that some authors whose books are badly noticed get a painful suspicion that personal hostility has put gall into the ink of the reviewer. The experience of Mr. Pym Yeatman ought to put such suspicions on their guard. He, a barrister, has gone through years of his life with the impression that a clique of barristers has been upon his heels, and would not let him alone even when he left off drawing pleas and took to the trade of author. So when the *Saturday Review* said some hard things about his book, *The Gentle Shakspeare*, he knew that once more the enemy was at the gate; and after nursing his injury for two years, till it had grown to be a most rampagious child, he took it into court and presented it to the arms of a British jury. The suit was against the editor, the printer, the publisher; for you cannot get at the reviewer, said Mr. Yeatman: these "assassins stab in the dark." But the reviewer, as it happened, was called; and when he entered the box, lo, and behold, it was Mr. Churton Collins—no barrister at all, but an expert to whom the book went in the ordinary course of, in that respect, very excellently conducted business. As to the words of the review, sweepingly condemnatory as they were, the jury refused to consider the question at issue between the author and the reviewer, merely contenting themselves with deciding that, whether Mr. Churton Collins was right or wrong, sectarian or unsectarian, he honestly held his views, and had a full right to express them.

In a different category stood the *Saturday Review's* own comment on a letter from Mr. Pym Yeatman complaining of Mr. Churton Collins's review. Its first impulse, the paper said, was to send him a five-pound note. That phrase, if rumours from the jury-room are true, nearly won Mr. Pym Yeatman his suit, for the impoliteness was felt to be one personal to the plaintiff; and, but for the Lord Chief Justice's own condemnation of it, in his effective summing-up, as a "vulgarity," some members of the jury would have found a difficulty in letting it pass. Yet a victory for the plaintiff on that particular would have confused the main issue, which turned on the review by Mr. Churton Collins.

SIR WILLIAM GRAY has died leaving an estate valued at a million and a half for probate duty; and the Duke of Northumberland an estate valued at about half that sum. The inference might be that in these difficult days for magnates of the soil the Durham shipbuilder was twice as rich a man as the Duke of the neighbouring county of Northumberland. But that inference would be wrong. The late Duke in his own lifetime made over to his son a great portion of his estates, with the result that no death duties are payable—the only duties, some one has wittily said, that are really brought home to owners of land.

MR. DILLON has left the leadership of the Irish Party—a post which is great or little according to the man who holds it. That was a remark made by Lord Lytton of the Military Secretaryship to the Viceroy of India when he offered it to poor Pomeroy Colley; and it applies to most offices in the world, perhaps to all. Whether there is now a man in the Irish ranks who can reclaim for the leadership of "the Irish race at home and abroad" the prestige (to use a word detested of Mr. Gladstone) with which Parnell invested it may be doubted. No attempt will be made at present in any such direction. A member who has the negative advantage of not possessing strong personal opponents in any section of the Party is the man on whom the mantle of Mr. Dillon is about to fall; and such a man the Party is likely to find in Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde.

FOR the crime of marrying Robert Browning (oh, the irony of it to-day!) Elizabeth Barrett's father never forgave her. She herself had three or four hundred a year, and Browning had nothing; but it was not his poverty alone that barred the way, it was Mr. Barrett's hatred of marriage for his daughter at all. She would not tell even her devoted sisters of her engagement, so as to spare them his wrath. They knew of Browning's visits, and might guess as they liked, but their sister was a married woman, with her ring in her pocket, and they were told nothing. One of them had given up her own love affair:

I look back shuddering [writes Elizabeth] to the dreadful scenes in which poor Henrietta was involved who never offended as I have offended. . . . years ago. . . . At a word she gave up all—at a word. . . . A child never submitted more meekly to a revoked holiday. Yet how she was made to suffer. Oh the dreadful scenes! and only because she had seemed to feel a little. . . . I hear how her knees were 'made to ring upon the floor now! She was carried out of the room in strong hysterics, and I, who rose up to follow her, though I was quite well at the time, and suffered only by sympathy, fell flat down upon my face in a fainting fit. Arabel thought I was dead.

Elizabeth Barrett thought that to marry and then beg pardon would be better than to announce the intention and then obstinately and defiantly, as it might seem, to marry under an explicit prohibition. It appeared more pardonable to disobey the implicit injunction, "You shall not marry," than the explicit command, "You shall not marry Robert Browning." We know that she could hardly have done worse in her father's eyes than what she did; but then we know what, happily, she did not—that he would never forgive her, never see her, never open

a letter from her; that when she wrote to tell him that she—the fragile invalid—was to bear a child, and, thinking she might die, once more implored him to forgive her, the seal of that letter was never broken until, after his death, the writer, weeping, found it in his desk.

THE Woman Movement of our time is but the successor of the Woman Question of the forties. The “advanced” of to-day is the daughter of the “strong-minded” of half a century ago; and in those days Miss Martineau mooted the proposal as to female Members of Parliament—a more audacious proposal than that which has been so long and so often showing a somewhat disconcerted face to the Legislature as it still is. The strong-minded woman was more rhetorical than the advanced; she had not assumed any of the responsible tasks she achieves now in the factory, the School Board, and the parish; but she wrote with the utmost solemnity, and doubtless her platitudes had their influence, even though Westminster still stands where it is. What recalls this old form of the contention is the record (in these Browning Letters) of Robert Browning’s surprising reasons for discountenancing the aspirations of women towards Parliament. He must have been profoundly possessed by a conviction of the genius of the woman he was addressing when he wrote:

How essentially retrograde a measure! Parliament seems no place for originating, creative minds—but for second-rate minds influenced by and bent on working out the results of these; and the most efficient qualities for such a purpose are confessedly found oftener with men than with women—physical power having a great deal to do with it beside. . . . There is such a thing as influencing the influencers, playing the Bentham to the Cobden, the Barry to a Commission for Public Works, the Lough [the sculptor] to the three or four industrious men with square paper caps who get rules and plummets and dot the blocks of marble all over as his drawings indicate.

Of all reasons for advising women to remain in the background this is assuredly unique in its generosity.

MR. RHODES has come from Chicago as a visitor—and a very welcome one—to London, where he is likely to stay for a year. Mr. Rhodes was the editor of the *Chap-book*, and, of course, he was known among his intimates at Chicago as the Book Chap.

THE Lord Chief Justice is going to present to the House of Lords a little Bill directed against the receivers of secret commissions and illicit tips. Some nicety of language will, no doubt, be required, and will equally, no doubt, be forthcoming, to distinguish between “tips” that are bribes and tips that are genuine gratuities. So far as the household is concerned, the Lord Chief Justice has had a fore-runner in this attempt at reform. The Prince of Wales did not attempt to legislate; but, more than thirty years ago, he issued a circular on the subject which is now among the rarer documents of its day. Speaking in 1865 of his own household, the Prince said:

Concluding that every tradesman will lend a hand in putting down such a practice—equally prejudicial to the interest of his employer as himself—he has directed to discharge from his service every servant who may receive,

and to cease employing every tradesman who may pay, such a percentage; or who may make a present of any kind in consideration of His Royal Highness’s custom.

THE “Leighton Bequest,” as Lord Leighton’s gift of £10,000 to the Royal Academy will be called, was made under conditions the most pathetic. To some people its very existence has come lately as a revelation; and their surprise is easily explained. For the bequest was not mentioned in Lord Leighton’s will, by which all his property went to his two sisters. But on his death-bed he made known various wishes by word of mouth, of which this was one: “Give my dear Academy ten thousand pounds.” He added words showing that he was under some illusion as to a large balance at his bankers, a balance which turned out to be much smaller than he at that moment of fever seemed to suppose. Hence the subsequent sale of his household, and even personal, possessions—a policy which met with some idle challenge at the time, but which was adopted by his devoted sisters, determined scrupulously to give effect to their brother’s verbal and death-bed devisings.

Correspondence

Mr. Lang is not Amused.

SIR,—Perhaps I should explain that I read the rhymes on Poe, attributed to Mr. Dobson, without recognising them as my own. They *may* be mine. If so, I certainly forgot their existence and never intended them for publication. Nor can I understand why such trivialities are printed and discussed by rational beings. I am not “amused” by any incident which might conceivably annoy Mr. Dobson.—I am, &c.,

A. LANG.

St. Andrews: Feb. 1, 1899.

Green’s “Short History.”

SIR,—“S. W. S.” has probably used an early edition of Green, for the quotation from Psalm lxviii. at sun-break over Dunbar is given thus in the 1878 edition, ch. ix., p. 559: “Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered! Like as the mist vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away!” This corrects the figure, but, as will be seen, omits the second clause of verse 1 (“Let them also that hate Him flee before Him”), and does not agree literally either with the Authorised or Prayer Book version. “Mist” is excellent, no doubt; but “smoke” fits more closely to the Hebrew. Where did Green get his version? Carlyle’s *Cromwell* (Vol. II., pp. 185-6) does not give the mist clause at all, and suggests yet another and most interesting variant—that in Rous’s metre, as below:

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all His enemies be;
And let all those that do Him hate
Before His presence flee!

which is still in use in the Psalms of David in metre: “according to the version approved by the Church of Scotland.” Yet—what were Cromwell’s actual words?—I am, &c.,

J. J. POYNTER.

Oswestry: Feb. 13, 1899.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 19.

NOVELISTS in search of names for their characters should apply to us, for in reply to our request last week for practical styles for (1) an ordinarily interesting hero, (2) a beautiful, but not remarkable, heroine, (3) a parson troubled with religious doubt, (4) a typical squire, (5) a whimsical maiden aunt, and (6) an effeminate artist, some hundreds of names have been sent in. To decide on the best list has been no easy matter; but the following, we think, has most claims to the prize, and a cheque has, therefore, been posted to Janet B. Newman, 23, St. Paul's square, York, the author of this selection:

- (1) Allan Northcote.
- (2) Norah Baggart.
- (3) The Rev. Stephen Sinclair.
- (4) Roger Grey (of Greylands).
- (5) Miss Bettine Cretchett (commonly called Aunt Cretchett).
- (6) Cyril Willowes.

The list might be better; but Miss Newman has resisted the temptation—which has been too much for most competitors—to make it farcical. We intended the names to be such as a serious novelist might transfer at once to his story; but for the most part we have received names far more suitable for the comic stage.

We give a selection of alternative names for each character:

For the ordinarily interesting hero: Gilbert Joynson, Harold Wynne, Henry Vereker, Jack Bennington, Richard Kingsley, Vincent Fareboy, Lawrence Baldwyn, Courage Brassbold, Guy Rollo, Darall Ryde, Lancelot Riley, Marsh Rentwood, Kenneth Ogilvy.

For the beautiful, but not remarkable, heroine: Eunice Leighton, Alys Fanshaw, Vera Marsden, Celia Davenport, Marion Beauvisage, Constance Cheverton, Sybil Minton, Barbara Meadows, Pamela Moore, Ida Melville, Violet Trelawny, Fortuna Blake, Eva Carbonell, Clara Dorrien, Lily Lovelace.

For the parson troubled with religious doubt: Rev. Lawrence Beeching, Rev. Thomas Willmere, Rev. Thomas Waverley, Rev. Felix Hope, Rev. Didymus Drinkwater, Rev. Mark Faithfull, Rev. Michael Farrant, Rev. Peter Nettle, Rev. Dymoke Rehoboth, Rev. Peter Flickers, Rev. Varion Manypoyntz, Rev. Ilyd Morgan, Rev. Theophilus Trimmer, Rev. Waverley Hover.

For the typical squire: Vernon Malwood, Frank Coverdale, Sir Harold Towers, Christopher Longpark, John Bradshaw, Sir Abe Jolly, Roger Blackstaffe, Christopher Covertside, Ralph Breeziton, Sir Anthony Dashwood, Sir Roger Tod-Harkback.

For the whimsical maiden aunt: Lydia Primrose, Arabella Tyrwhitt, Eliza Dobson, Elfrida Sprott, Penelope Wynter, Suizie Ridfrift, Jane Addleshaw, Melithia Twitterdrip, Tabitha Finucane, Lavinia Laycott, Felicity Marrinott, Kezia Barnicott, Rebecca Pye.

For the effeminate artist: Clement Dauber, Lionel Obermann, Raymond Arthur Molines, Maurice Daubigny, Babbington Faddell, Maltby Mahl, Lucien Maudlen, Adolphus Mankin, Valentine Floss, Armelius Maude, Aureolin Greene, Cyril Madderly, Basil Effingham, Percival Fancourt, Oscar le Patourel, Lovel Limpet, Aubrey Vane.

Replies received from: H. S., Manchester; E. B., London; J. J. S.-M., Inverness; W. H. D., Norwich; F. M. D., Redhill; H. G. H., Whitby; P. C., Greenock; J. D. H., Kilkenny; M. E. H., Bradford; M. R., Barnes; H. H. R., London; Miss S., Southbourne; S. W. S., Bath; L. C. J., Edinburgh; F. W. H., Cardiff; Miss L., Norwich; F. E. W., London; H. H., Brentwood; E. M. L., Sheffield; K. K., Belfast; W. C., London; M. H., London; F. J. C., London; E. T. P., Streatham; Mrs. A. B., London; G. E. M., London; J. M. L., Stafford; C. T. S., Oxford; W. R., Leytonstone; R. P., Manchester; S. C., Brighton; M. N. H., London; H. F., Birkenhead; G. S. A., Ilford; G. N. B., Gloucester; H. T. F., Cambridge; Miss G., Reigate; Mrs. T., Dorchester; Mrs. K., West Didsbury; T. C., Buxted; Mrs. L., Richmond; N. B., Edgbaston; Mrs. C., London; S. M. C., Bristol; C. F. K., Eccles; H. M., London; S. R. J., Merthyr Tydvil; E. S., Ely; M. C., Catford; A. S., London;

M. C. F., Manchester; D. V., Winchelsea; H. M. S., London; S. B., Great Malvern; W. R. I., Oxford; J. W. P. C., London; S. G., London; H. C., London; J. P. K., Cranleigh; C. L., London; F. J., London; J. W. F., South Norwood; L. B., Forest Gate; W. P., St. Alban's; J. L. P., London; A. H. C., Lee; J. E. C., London; M. D., Gateshead; C. M., London; J. A. T., Bristol; R. S., Headingley; W. T. C., Roundhay; F. E. A., Manchester; G. B., Ballybrack; C. W. S., Barnstaple; M. B. A., Manchester; A. C., Edinburgh; G. M. R., Bonnybridge; B. B., Birmingham; B. R. L., Brighton; R. H. M., Bangor; C. N., Liverpool; T. M. T., Glasgow; W. G., Winchester; W. S. R., Moffat; F. R., Maldon; E. L. F., London; P. R. W., Tavistock; A. G., Oxford; E. W., London; G. B. B., Crouch End; R. G. W., Richmond, Yorks.; M. T. P., Chester; J. L. B., Pollockshields; E. le B. M., London; G. N. B., Gloucester; M. I. B., London; U. A. F., London; J. B. N., York; I. H. J., Highgate; A. B., Gartcosh; H. J. W., Tunbridge; J. D. W., London; M. R. W. E., London; J. B. D. G., Greenwich; R. S., London; H. M. B., Blackheath; H. W., London; A. F. T., Hull; A. H., London; B. H., London; A. M. M., Machyallett; C. C., Newcastle.

Competition No. 20.

Last week's was perhaps the easiest question which has yet been set. This week we go to the opposite extreme. A correspondent writes to us to suggest that the ACADEMY should offer a prize for the best National Anthem or hymn of joy. The present one is, he thinks, as bad as possible. Personally, we do not agree with him as to its badness, but that it is out of keeping with modern poetical methods is unquestionable. We ask now for new versions, not necessarily following at all on the metrical lines of the old one, expressing what our competitors consider should be the sentiments of an English national anthem. The poem must not exceed 24 lines.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 21. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 228. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The "Academy" Bureau.

ON ACCOUNT OF SARAH.

BY E. H. W.

We have read nineteen chapters of this novel, but must go to press before we have finished our perusal. Meanwhile we make haste to say that, as far as we have gone, the novel pleases us very much indeed. It is singularly fresh alike in structure and in imagination. It is aglow with good feeling, buoyancy, and bright humour; and the author manages the Greek Chorus method with unexpected skill. If the remainder of the novel is as good as the portion we have been reading, a proposal for publication will be reported in next week's ACADEMY.

THE VENTURE OF HUACO THE AMANTI.

BY E. A. R.

From the few pages of this work which we have read, we perceive that E. A. R. is a man of academic learning. We refuse, however, to go beyond the few pages. The type-written part of the work is so close that it is trying to our eyes, and the punctuation is abominable. The MS. part is only a little better. We are quite willing to take pains with all works which are submitted to us on fair terms; but the first condition is that we shall be given no trouble in reading. We are quite aware that many a type-writer is not skilled enough to copy a MS. such as that of E. A. R. That may be an explanation from the type-writer to the author with which the author is satisfied; but it is no excuse from the author to the ACADEMY Bureau.

THE GIANTS OF THE CLOUD MOUNTAINS.

BY EDITH WYNTON.

Miss Wynton has written a booklet for children. We can perceive that her intentions are good; but she is not yet able to write the English language with anything like precision.

GLAUCUS AND IONE.

BY E. H. G.

This is a dramatised version, in blank verse, of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. We cannot say that the romance is improved by E. H. G. He has ease in his medium, and even a certain grace; but often he just fails in the endeavours which promise best. For example:

Some damsel fair hath played the wanton with
Thy morning freshness; or some gambling frolic
Hath left thee light of purse—say, is't so?

There are an idea and a latent witticism in these lines; but, whilst the idea is suggested, the witticism is still to seek. Being a young man, E. H. G. may yet do well. At present he does but sketch on blotting-paper with a quill pen.

To Correspondents.

"SOUTHERN SCOT."—We are sorry to find that you think we have been scant in justice to you; but please realise that the task of the Bureau is very arduous. Your work was almost as large as a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Some of the pieces in it, we gather from your letter, you did not wish us to read. You sent a list indicating the pieces by which you were willing to be judged and the order in which we were to study them. If we allowed such a method as that to creep into the Bureau, we should be hard put to it to deal with one book a week. We did not look at your list. We refuse to look at any such lists. We have dozens of works awaiting our consideration, and cannot allow ourselves to be put to any such trouble as you were willing to impose upon us. We are sorry that we fell upon pieces which you yourself denounce; but that was not our fault. We have no desire to be confronted with works which the authors themselves consider unworthy.—We trust that others than "Southern Scot" will take these words to heart.

LOWDEN M'CARTNEY.—Having amended the novel, you should, we think, submit it to the editor of a first-class magazine.

S. P. ARMSTRONG.—The work would receive consideration.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, February 16.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Milligan (G.), *The Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews* (T. & T. Clark) 6/0
Harcourt (Sir W. V.), *Lawlessness in the National Church* (Macmillan.) Net 1/0
Tiele (C. P.), *Elements of the Science of Religion. Part II. Ontological* (Blackwood) 7 6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Keppel (Hon. Sir H.), *A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns. Three vols.* (Macmillan.) Net 30 0
Isham (N. M.), *The Homeric Palace*.....(The Preston & Rounds Co.)

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- Verworn (Max), *General Physiology: an Outline of the Science of Life* (Macmillan) 15/0
Thomson (J. A.), *The Science of Life*.....(Blackie) 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Jackson (H.), *Edward Fitzgerald*.....(Nutt.) Net 1/6
Bowles (F. G.), *In the Wake of the Sun*.....(At the Sign of the Unicorn)
Oman (J. C.), *The Stones of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata* (George Bell) 3 6

- Bond (R. W.), *Zenobia*.....(Mathews) 3/6
Aston (W. G.), *A History of Japanese Literature*.....(Heinemann)
Snell (F. J.), *The Fourteenth Century*.....(Blackwood)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Fraser (J. F.), *Round the World on a Wheel*.....(Methuen) 6/0
Cobbett (M.), *Bottled Holidays*.....(Sands & Co.) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Briggs (W.) and Bryan (G. H.), *The Tutorial Dynamics*.....(Clive)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Keary (C. F.), *A Marriage de Convenience*.....(Unwin) 6/0
Scott (C.), *The Wheel of Life*.....(Greening & Co.) 6
Whyte Melville (G. J.), *Songs and Verses and The True Cross* (Ward, Lock) 3/6
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Market Harborough*.....(Thacker)
Carey (R. N.), *Basil Lyndhurst*.....(Macmillan) 2 6
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Adventures of Philip*.....(Smith Elder) 6 0
The New Popular Educator, Vol. I.(Cassell)
Whibley (C.), *Suetonius: History of Twelve Caesars. Two vols.*.....(Nutt)
North (T.), *Plutarch's Lives*.....(Dent) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory, 1899.* Edited by Emily Jones.....(A. & C. Black)
Calendar, History, and General Summary of Regulations of the Department of Science and Art, 1899.....(Eyre & Spottiswoode) 1/8
The Literary Year-Book and Bookman's Directory, 1899.....(George Allen) 3/6
Banks and Their Customers.....(Wilson) 1/0
University Correspondence College, Matriculation Directory (30, Red Lion-square)
The Annual Charities Register and Digest.....(Longmans) 1/0

Announcements.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. will publish early in March a volume of autobiography by Mr. Felix Moscheles. The book will contain recollections of Mendelssohn and of Rossini, sketches of well-known political figures like Mazzini, and letters and reminiscences of Robert Browning.

THE Life of Danton, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, late Scholar of Balliol, which Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. will publish early in March, is the first complete study of the great French Revolutionary leader.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days the opening volumes of two new and important series. *The Ecclesiastical History of Eragrius* is the first volume of "Byzantine Texts," edited by Prof. Bury and two Belgian scholars, MM. Bidez and Parmentier. The second series, "Oxford Commentaries," of which Dr. Lock, the warden of Keble College and Ireland, Professor of Exegesis at Oxford, is the general editor, opens with *The Book of Job*, edited by Dr. Gibson, the Vicar of Leeds.

MESSRS. SANDS & Co. will publish almost immediately a new collection of short stories dealing with West Indian life, by Eden Phillpotts. The collection will be called *Loup-Garou*!

MESSRS. METHUEN will shortly commence the publication of an edition of those novels of W. M. Thackeray which have passed out of copyright. Each book will be in two or three small volumes, and will contain an introduction by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. Each volume will have a photogravure frontispiece.

MR. MACQUEEN will publish immediately *The Daughters of Babylon*, the new novel by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Robert Hitchens. The first edition will consist of 20,000 copies.

THE series of letters written by Thomas Carlyle to his sister, which have been appearing in an American magazine, will be published by Chapman & Hall in volume form immediately.

IN his *Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians*, the first volume of which Messrs. Williams & Norgate announce for publication in a few days, Mr. Robert Brown, jun., F.S.A., places in a connected form the result of the investigations of many years respecting the employment of the signs of the Zodiac and of the other time-honoured constellation figures of the classical world.

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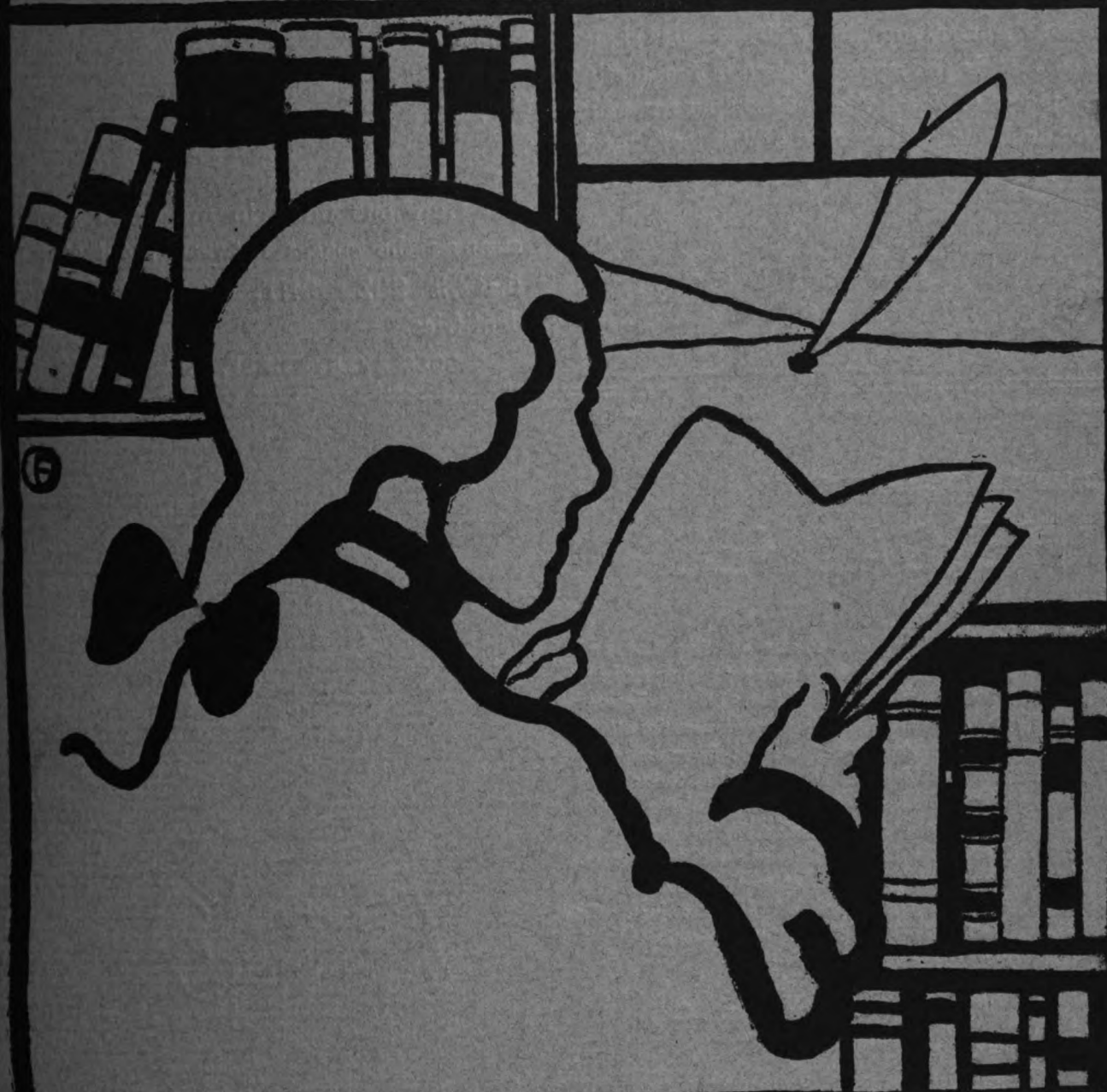
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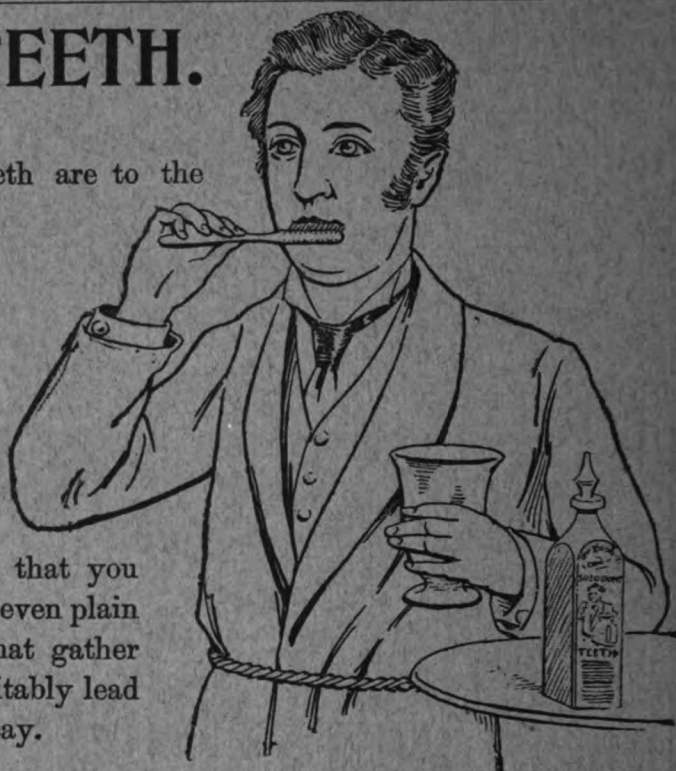


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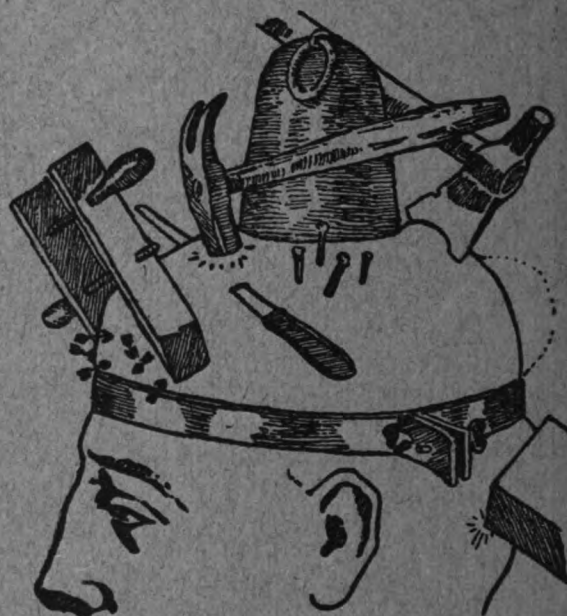
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The Literary Week.

THE issue of the ACADEMY for March 11 will contain a Supplement setting forth the new books that will distinguish the Spring publishing season.

A DRAMATIC library, "the property of a gentleman," was sold by Messrs. Christie this week. Many of the books were unique in character and fairly good prices were realised. The library was Sir Henry Irving's.

In a short time England (if she follow the lead of America) will be laughing over the opinions of Mr. Dooley; for the book enshrining this entertaining character, *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War*, is promised by two publishers, the author having neglected to procure English copyright. The scheme of the work is simple. Mr. Dooley is an Irish-American saloon keeper in Chicago, with opinions on public affairs, and these he delivers to his friends in an exquisite brogue and a wealth of comic and vivid metaphor which even Mulvaney might envy. Much of Dooley's political satire may miss fire here, but his humour should carry the book far.

THE author of the Dooley papers, which appeared and are still appearing weekly in the *Chicago Journal*, is Mr.



MR. DUNNE, THE AUTHOR OF "MR DOOLEY."

Finley Peter Dunne, the editor of that organ. Mr. Dunne, whose portrait we reproduce, is himself an Irish-American. He is about thirty years of age, and *Mr. Dooley* represents his real entry into authorship. In America the

book is selling enormously and its admirers comprise almost everyone. Admiral Dewey, for example, is particularly delighted, especially with the article—"Cousin George"—in which Dooley claims him as a relative: "Sure Dewey an' Dooley, it's all the same."

HERE is a passage from Mr. Dooley's dissertation on colonisation, written since the publication of the book. This is what he pictures America saying to the Philipinos:

"'Naygurs,' we say, 'poor, dissolute, uncovered wretches,' says we, 'whin th' crool hand iv Spain forged man'cles f'r ye'er limbs, as Hogan says, who was it crossed th' say an' sthruke off th' come-alongs? We did, by dad, we did. An' now, ye mis'erable, childish-minded apes, we propose f'r to larn ye th' uses iv liberty. In ivry city in this unfair land we will erect schoolhouses an' packin' houses an' houses iv correction, an' we'll larn ye our language, because 'tis aisier to larn ye ours than to larn ourselves yours, an' we'll give ye clothes if ye pay f'r thim, an' if ye don't ye cau go without, an' whin ye'er hungry ye can go to th' morgue—we mane th' resth'rant—an' ate a good square meal iv ar'my beef. . . . We can't give ye anny votes because we haven't more thin enough to go round now, but we'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childher if we have to break ivry bone in ye'er bodies. So come to our ar'rms,' says we."

DETAILS of the *Daily Telegraph's* scheme for issuing "the one hundred best novels" are still wanting. A contemporary, however, states—with a prescience not shared by those in authority in Peterborough Court—that the list will include many copyright novels, among them: *Diana of the Crossways*, Mr. Kipling's *Soldiers Three*, and Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*. It may be so, but, as we stated last week, nothing is settled.

WE understand that a West End manager has acquired a new play by the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

MR. W. W. JACOBS has written a play in collaboration with Mr. Charles Rock, and it will be produced at the benefit performance for Miss Sarah Thorne.

As illustrating the activity of the promoters of publications from newspaper offices, we may mention that Messrs. W. & R. Chambers were asked to submit their *Encyclopaedia* to this method of publication. They refused.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER will contribute to the April number of the *Contemporary Review* a paper on "Illustrated Journalism: Its Past and Its Future."

IN the March number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Quiller Couch draws down the blind of his Cornish window and says good-bye to the readers of his monthly causerie. "I can happily resign it," he adds, "to one of whom I can only say that, had I been asked to nominate a successor, I should have hesitated to choose him solely from fear of seeking too high a compliment. If, as I hope, these pages have been pretty steadily hostile to cant and pretentiousness, if they have tried to preach sanity and moderation in judgment, and in action the more liberal virtues, why, then they owe a part of this to his writings, and, as I need to learn more of these things, I cheerfully step down and, sitting with you, enrol myself among his pupils." The successor in question is Mr. Henley, who will in the course of a month or so begin regular articles under the title of "Ex Libris."

ANOTHER instance of the enterprise now being displayed by the *Pall Mall Magazine* is the mission to America to study the native stage which it has persuaded Mr. William Archer to undertake. Mr. Archer's articles will be printed in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. He sails to-morrow (Saturday).

THE question of erecting statues of Chaucer and Milton in the Strand, in connexion with the widening plan, has again come before the London County Council, and the matter has been referred, in a favourable spirit, to the General Purposes and Improvement Committees. The project needs no commendation. And since London wants more, and better, statues, we should like to ask whether a memorial to John Stow has yet been proposed. No man loved London more, and such a statue would coincide with, and strengthen, the growing cult of London's history and weal.

HAZLITT's works are a mine of ideas for the young literary journalist, and his style—which was one of those "aped" by Stevenson—is as clear and nervous as any prose we have. Perhaps the neglect into which he has fallen with the public is due to the want of good and accessible editions of his more popular writings. If so, the scheme now on foot at Maidstone, Hazlitt's birthplace, to form a "Hazlitt Society" may be welcomed as a reaction. At the same time, one is a little astonished to find that in a comparatively small rural town there is this sudden appreciation of Hazlitt's cold but agile mind. A prophet has perhaps only to be sufficiently neglected abroad to be taken back and honoured in his own country; but if Hazlitt could still wield the pen, the event might inspire him to add a personal note to his reflections on "Londoners and Country People."

MR. HENRY NORMAN, after several years' connexion with the *Daily Chronicle*, as special correspondent and assistant editor, is leaving, in order to have more time for private literary work, and a little over for his farm. Mr. Norman has long promised a book on "The Near East"; his *Far East*, though out of print, is constantly asked for, and his *Real Japan* awaits new chapters that will bring it to date. Mr. Norman has, therefore, immediate work to occupy him for some months. He leaves with the handsomest acknowledgments of his services to the paper from the proprietors of the *Chronicle*.

THE readers of the *Chronicle* having gained their point with regard to the "Golden Treasury" edition of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*, a correspondent has now written to ask for a cheap Plato. Several of the Dialogues are already to be had in the "Golden Treasury," but nothing will satisfy this gentleman but Jowett complete. He is willing to pay seven-and-sixpence a volume. The matter rests with the Oxford University Press.

WE have received, in the Collection d'Auteurs Étrangers, published by the Société du Mercure de France, *La Machine à Explorer le Temps*, par H. G. Wells, translated by Henry-D. Davray. In his preface M. Davray suggests Jules Verne, Poe, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam as Mr. Wells's literary parents.

WE give this week a portrait of E. L. Voynich, the author of *The Gadfly*. Mrs. Ethel Lillian Voynich, to give



MRS. E. L. VOYNICH.

this lady her full name, was a Miss Boole. She married a Polish gentleman a few years ago. *The Gadfly* was her first published story.

MR. T. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P., whom Mr. Punch always represents as a disabled mariner, and whom most people know only as a lively and vigilant Parliamentary critic of naval estimates and maritime affairs, now figures as the M.C. who introduces the British reader to a translation of Edmond About's *Trente et Quarante*. The translator is Lord Newton, and the publisher is Mr. Arnold. Mr. Gibson Bowles commends the work of his fellow M.P. We find in his remarks this passage, which may or may not have party signification: "This latter literature [light literature], like the grass of the field, is for all; that other and heavier literature, like the orchid, never was, nor is, nor can be, but for the few; and he is more blessed who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before than he who makes two orchids so to do."

APROPOS of the Browning Letters, which are reviewed elsewhere in our columns this week, a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* has hit upon an interesting parallel between a passage in Mr. Browning's first love letter to his wife (January 10, 1848) and two stanzas of his exquisite poem, "By the Fireside," written much later :

You were too unwell, and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's-wonder in chapel or crypt, *only a screen to push* and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it seems, *slight and just sufficient bar to admission*, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles and the sight was never to be.

Had she willed it, still had stood the screen,
So slight, so sure 'twixt my love and her.

I could fix her face with a guard between,

And find her soul as when friends confer—

Friends, lovers that might have been.

And, again, a few lines below :

A moment after and hands unseen

Were hanging the night around us fast,

But we knew that a bar was broken between

Life and life, we were mixed at last,

In spite of the mortal screen.

MR. WALKLEY chose a distressingly timely subject for his essay in the *Chronicle* last Saturday, when he wrote of "Books for Influenza." Most people have influenza now, and all would read if they could. Mr. Walkley tried Borrow, Balzac, Peacock, Bagehot, Cassanova, Dickens, and Miss Austen. All were in vain. He then tried Mr. Birrell and was healed, or, at any rate, refreshed; which lends point to our remark last week that there is nothing for the sick room like "birrelling."

THE fund started last year by friends and admirers of Miss Yonge, for the establishment of a "Charlotte Yonge Scholarship," at the Winchester High School, is progressing well. £6,000 are required, and already £1,200 have been received. The Hon. Treasurer, who will be glad to receive further sums, is the Rev. J. H. Merriott, Dormy Cottage, Winchester.

ANOTHER freak (or prodigy) magazine reaches us from America. This is *The Kiote*, a "New Venture by a New Folk in a New Field, being a Literary Monthly dedicated to the Prairie Yelper." Such a dedication seems unnecessary, but *The Kiote* lies before us, and its two managers are Schuyler W. Miller and Harry G. Shedd, and it has been entered as second-class matter in the post office at Lincoln, Nebraska, and was "done into print" at the Ivy Press in the same city. We quote from one of the "Yelps" at the end: "If in the days to come any man should remit unto our Business Managers the Coin that will bring him our cheering words for a second year, we shall decree that man (or that woman) a Companion of the Terrestrial Order of the Double Kiote. And all this in acknowledgment of his loyalty and endurance and his Coin. Moreover we shall send unto him the Badge of the

Order, and a Patent of Nobility. The Badge will have a Hole in it, whereby it may be attached by a String to any Collar the Companion may see fit to procure. And as for the Patent, he may preserve that beside his Ink-horn and Quill, to assure him that he is indeed not as other Men. The Word hath gone forth."

NIETZSCHE, after a long period of inaccessibility in this country, is being brought to our very doors. Mr. Unwin has undertaken to complete the English edition of his works begun by the firm of Henry & Co. some two years ago. *The Genealogy of Morals*, in Dr. Hausmann's translation, is promised next month, and there will also be the *Poems* in Mr. John Gray's version. After will come *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and the *Anti-Christ*. *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is also promised by the publishers of *The Eagle* and *the Serpent* in a rival translation.

THE *West End Review* has this week passed from monthly to weekly existence, and must henceforth be numbered among the regular sixpenny illustrated papers. The move is a bold one, and we wish the venture success—the more heartily because the first weekly number is an enterprising one. Its supplement, four coloured designs of the Seasons, by Mr. Lewis Baumer, will be welcomed for decorative purposes.

WE have received from the British Patents Company in Glasgow a device for resting the eyes of writers and readers. It consists of a card on which are printed four rows of variegated bright coloured discs. When the eyes are fatigued, the contemplation of these discs refreshes them.

THE writer of the article on "Toplady as Literature," which we published on February 4, writes: "I see that the *Catholic Herald*, as well as your correspondent E. S. N., controverts my statement that the Roman Church 'even discards the "Lead, Kindly Light," of its own great son.' The former declares of its own knowledge that 'the hymn is taught in Catholic schools, practised in Catholic colleges, and sung in Catholic churches,' while your own correspondent sends you one of the Catholic Truth Society's leaflets containing the hymn. I cannot, of course, call in question this expert evidence; but I, too, may fairly claim to be an expert in this matter. A member of a Roman Catholic family, all of whose relations and many of whose friends belong to that Church, and with many years' experience of my own of its hymns, I may be permitted to say that I have never seen 'Lead, Kindly Light,' in a Catholic hymn-book, and never heard it sung in a Catholic church. Neither have any of the relations and friends I have consulted ever seen or heard it in these connexions. The choirmaster in a Catholic church in London from whom I have made inquiries is in the same position. The explanation probably is that Catholics have begun to use the hymn only of recent years, and here and there—certainly I am satisfied that its use is by no means general, or even frequent,—and in any case this incident is one more indication of the variableness of expert evidence."

THERE is a bookseller in Cannon-alley, close by St. Paul's, whose methods recall the grand old days when booksellers were partisans and doctrinaires. Attached to his shelves of books, ranged against a brick wall, are written statements of the bookseller's views on questions of politics and morality. Thus to one mass of harmless miscellaneous literature is pinned the declaration: "I like a burglar and a Roman Catholic better than a High Churchman who takes pay for one thing and does another." The result is a crowd, and, no doubt, purchases.

Bibliographical.

I SEE Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce Mr. Beavan's *James and Horace Smith* for an early date in March. There seems to be an impression that those two worthies have already been "biographed." Not so. Horace wrote a slight sketch of his brother by way of preface to a selection from James's *Comic Miscellanies*, but that is all. Of the two brothers the world at present knows little—save that they were joint authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, and that while James was "great" at humorous trifles in verse, Horace was "immense" at novels which nobody nowadays ever reads. They were an interesting pair, and in writing their *Lives* Mr. Beavan has had, I am told, the advantage of drawing upon a diary left by their highly respectable father, Mr. Robert Smith—a public official who had a pretty wit of his own, which he evidently transmitted to his sons. Horace, for a time, looked after the business interests of Shelley, and that in itself would have been sufficient to give to him, and retain for him, a place in literary history.

James Smith's *jeux d'esprit*, whether written or spoken, are in all the collections. The *Rejected Addresses*, too, have been reprinted of late years in shilling volumes, within the reach of almost everybody. I think it might pay someone to collect James Smith's "epigrams," and so forth—the more especially if the same volume sheltered the *Horace in London* of both brothers. This last-named is, as many people know, a free adaptation of the first and second books of Horace's *Odes* to the needs and tastes of Londoners in the second decade of this century. It cannot be said that *Horace in London* is a work of finished art, but it has some engaging qualities, and it is just possible that a reprint of it (with James Smith's collected comicalities) might do more than pay expenses. It would certainly be welcome to the literary student who may be forming a library.

Somebody has written a play on the subject of Nell Gwyn, which somebody else has undertaken to produce before long; and in that connexion the theatrical gossipier of the *Daily News*, referring to the late Mr. Peter Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*, remarks that that work must now be tolerably scarce. And scarce in its original form it very probably is. But, rather more than six years ago, it occurred to Mr. H. B. Wheatley to prepare, and to Mr. W. W. Gibbings to publish, a new edition of Cunningham's book, with numerous annotations (hitherto unprinted) by the author, with a memoir of Cunningham

himself, and with an introduction into which Mr. Wheatley compressed all the new matter about Nell which had come to light since the original issue of the *Story*. This edition, I take it, is still extant, and may be recommended to the discerning public. It tells them all about Nell which it is meet to know.

Dr. Garnett's career as a man of letters appears to have begun just forty years ago, and, characteristically, with a little book of original verse—*Primula*: this was immediately followed by another volume of original rhyme—*Io in Egypt, and Other Poems*. Dr. Garnett has, indeed, been faithful to the muse. He gave us in succession *Poems from the German* (1862), *Idylls and Epigrams* (1869), *Iphigenia in Delphi*, &c. (1891), *Poems* (1893), and translated sonnets by Dante, Petrarch, Camoens (1896). It is not, I find, at all generally known that Dr. Garnett is the second Richard Garnett who has "kept the books" at the British Museum. The first (who, to be accurate, was "Assistant Keeper") was the father of the second, by whom the *Philological Essays* of the elder Garnett were edited, with a memoir, in 1859.

The new edition of Carlyle's *Cromwell*, in which both text and annotation will be brought quite down to date, will be an appropriate celebration of the tercentenary. Since the work went out of copyright there have been several reprints of it. Routledge's brought out one in three volumes, and Ward & Lock another in one volume—both in 1888. Four years later came a reprint in the "Minerva Library." The date of the first publication was 1845; in 1846 the book was re-issued with additions. Then came editions in 1850 and 1866. Since Carlyle wrote, the memoirs of Cromwell have been numerous and from many points of view. It may be that Mr. Gardiner is destined to give us the definitive biography; meanwhile, we are soon to have a treatise on *Cromwell as a Soldier* only.

Do people still read the works of F. E. Smedley? I suppose they do, or a new edition of them would not be announced to appear. *Frank Fairleigh* and *Lewis Arundel*, I note, were reprinted so recently as 1892. Smedley was fortunate, inasmuch as Cruikshank (in 1878) illustrated his *Frank Fairleigh*, and "Phiz" illustrated his *Lewis Arundel* and *Harry Coverdale* (1852 and 1854). He wrote a fourth story, *The Fortunes of the Colville Family*, which seems not to have been reprinted since 1867. His *Gathered Leaves* were edited by Edmund Yates in 1865.

The new book promised by Mr. Richard Whiteing—a novel, apparently—is sure to arouse interest. Mr. Whiteing has published, in book form, comparatively little. His best-known work, *The Island: or an Adventure of a Person of Quality*, was reprinted about ten years ago. Another story, *The Democracy*, was sent forth in 1876 under the pseudonym of "Whyte Thorne." Mr. *Sprouts: his Opinions*, dates as far back as 1867. Mr. Whiteing made, in 1870, some additions to a book on *Wonderful Escapes*—and that, I think, is all.

Mr. Felix Moscheles, who is going, it is said, to print his *Recollections*, has already put on record his life *In Bohemia with George du Maurier*; and a pleasant little volume that was. Otherwise literature knows him only as the translator of *Letters of Felix Mendelssohn* rather more than a decade ago.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Browning Letters.

The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett.
2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co. 21s.)

MANY good gifts have come to English literature from the two Brownings, husband and wife, besides those poems which are their greatest. The gift of one's poems is the gift of oneself. But in a fuller sense have this unique pair now given themselves by what we can but call the gracious gift of these letters. As their union was unique, so is this correspondence unique, even in an age of self-revelation. The love-letters of Keats are but one side of a correspondence. Here we have both sides, where man

Friday Evening

When I came back from seeing you, and think over it all, there never is a least word of yours I could not occupy myself with, and wish to return to you with some answer to say. All the thoughts & fancies it is sure to call out of me:—there is nothing in you that does not draw out of me:—you perplex me, dearest, and there is no help for the expressing it all, no voice nor hand, but those of mine which shrink and turn away from the attempt:—so you must go on, patiently, knowing me, and your entire power on me, and I will console myself, to the full extent, with your knowledge, penetration, intuition:—somehow I must believe you can feel that which is here, in me, without the pretence of my telling or writing it. But, because of the great achievements, there is no reason I should not seize any occasion of making clear one of the life important points that arise in our intercourse, if I fancy I can do it with the least success & for instance, it is on my mind to explain what I meant yesterday by trusting that the entire happiness I feel in the letter, and the help on the criticism might not be.

FIRST PAGE OF A LETTER FROM ROBERT BROWNING TO MISS BARRETT.

and woman were alike richly dowered. Nor is our pleasure marred by that painful element which made the Keats correspondence to many of us deplorable as would be the phonographic record of a lingering death-bed. The son of the writers is the editor, and we have to thank him that he has given us the letters in their intimate integrity. The gift is gracious, it is also singular, coming to us (indirectly) from the hands, and with the implicit sanction of, Robert Browning, as his son explains in the brief prefatory note. We know the mainly impersonal character of Browning's poetry; but more, we remember that poem in which he emphasised his detestation of self-

revelation. He cast scorn on Byron as the type of self-revealers; and told us that we might have a peep in his window, but nothing more. The final stanza clinched the protest by a reference to Shakespeare's Sonnets:

"With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart." . . .
Did he? So much the less Shakespeare he!

It is a glad surprise that, posthumously, he should have allowed us this rich insight into his most sacred chamber.

The letters are the most opulent in various interest which have been published for many a day. Mainly, of course, it is an interest literary and personal. But so full are both interests that it becomes a matter of no little difficulty what is to be left unnoticed. The character of Browning's own letters is to us, in one way, a surprise. If there is one prominent note of Browning the poet, it is his strong, cool voice. (The adjectives, if we remember aright, are Mr. Aubrey de Vere's.) Neither quality is absent here; but it is no little unexpected to find Mrs. Browning (or, rather, Miss Barrett) charging him with "an impetuous character," and the charge fully justified by his letters. His very first letter exhibits it. The circumstances of that letter are related by himself. He had admired her poetry, heard much about her from their common friend, Mr. Kenyon, but had not been drawn to her acquaintance. At length Mr. Kenyon lent him some volumes of hers, in which he was touched (as who would not have been?) by finding his own name. It was, no doubt, the lines in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship":

From Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut dee
down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity.

After consulting Kenyon, he determined to write to the author. Bearing in mind that he was personally unacquainted with her, the letter (admitting the stimulus of the personal praise) shows a quite youthful ardour and emotional impulse—very delightful and poet-like. We quote part of it, though it is among the shortest of these mostly long and very long letters:

I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett—and this is no off-hand complimentary letter that I shall write—whatever else, no prompt, matter-of-course recognition of your genius, and there a graceful and natural end of the thing. . . . Into me it has gone, and part of me has it become, this great living poetry of yours, not a flower of which but took root and grew. . . . Talking with whoever is worthy, I can give a reason for my faith in one and another excellence, the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true, new, brave thought. . . . I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you too. Do you know I was once not very far from seeing—really seeing you? Mr. Kenyon said to me one morning: "Would you like to see Miss Barrett?" Then he went to announce me—then he returned. . . . you were too unwell; and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's wonder in chapel or crypt, only a screen to push and I might have entered; but there was some slight, so it now seems, slight and just sufficient bar to

admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles, and the sight was never to be!

Well, these Poems were to be, and this true, thankful joy and pride with which I feel myself,

Yours ever faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

That is praise; full, generous, patently heartfelt. No wonder that it drew an instant answer:

I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. You meant to give me pleasure by your letter—and even if the object had not been answered, I ought still to thank you. But it is thoroughly answered. Such a letter from such a hand! Sympathy is dear—very dear to me: but the sympathy of a poet, and of such a poet, is the quintessence of sympathy to me! Will you take back my gratitude for it?—agreeing, too, that of all the commerce done in the world, from Tyre to Carthage, the exchange of sympathy for gratitude is the most princely thing!

She goes on to ask his criticism of her faults. "The most frequent general criticism I receive is, I think, upon the style—'if I *would* but change my style!' But *that* is an objection (isn't it?) to the writer bodily?" Poor Miss Barrett! It certainly is. She only shared the common fate of original writers, who are told by really benevolent critics that if they were totally unlike themselves, and like other people who have gone before them, it is quite possible they might one day write decently. As it is, &c. It is more difficult to quote from her than from Browning; for she is impetuous with a voluble and feminine impetuosity, so that her striking things are apt to be said at length, and require much context for their due understanding. It is no surprise in her case; without the evidence of her previous letters, her poems would have prepared us for this precipitant impulse. She knew it, and gives a most characteristic picture of her temperament:

When I had an Italian master, years ago, he told me that there was an unpronounceable English word which exactly expressed me, and which he would say in his own tongue, as he could not say it in mine—*testa lunga*. Of course the Signor meant *headlong*!—and now I have had enough to tame me, and might be expected to stand still in my stall. But you see I do not. Headlong I was at first, and headlong I continue—precipitously rushing forward through all manner of nettles and briars instead of keeping the path; guessing at the meaning of unknown words instead of looking in the dictionary—tearing open letters, and never untying a string—and expecting everything to be done in a minute, and the thunder to be as quick as the lightning. . . . Our common friend, Mr. Horne, is often forced to entreat me into patience and coolness of purpose, though his only intercourse with me has been by letter.

That is Elizabeth Barrett through and through; yet withal the gentlest, most patient, and sympathetic of women. Nor do we get less authentic glimpses of Browning. Besides that unsuspected impetuosity, one sees also the rooted dramatic nature of the man. At the time the letters begin he was growing tired of being "Robert Browning, the writer of plays"; he tells Miss Barrett that he wants to have done with all that, and to get himself into his poetry. It is very curious to learn this. He did cease writing plays. But dramatic he never ceased to be

—for he could not. We see this from a little passage where he is discussing the projected "*Luria*," his last play:

This "*Luria*" you inquire about . . . *Luria* is a Moor, of Othello's country, and devotes himself to something he thinks Florence, and the old fortune follows—all in my brain yet, but the bright weather helps, and I will soon loosen my Braccio and Puccio (a pale, discontented man), and Tiburzio (the Pisan, a good fellow this one), and Domizia the Lady—loosen all these on dear, foolish (ravishing must his folly be), golden-hearted *Luria*, all these with their worldly wisdom and Tuscan shrewd ways: and, for me, the misfortune is, I sympathise just as much with these as with him.

Of course he did, and it shows how vain was his dream of laying away the dramatic poet which was deep down in him, not to be laid aside. Golden-hearted these letters truly show him. But with all that, and the generous impetuosity too, shrewdness and worldly wisdom are writ large in him. His calm tolerance for the most differing natures is very striking in this correspondence. It is striking also to see how the twisted mode of thought the expression broken up by all manner of dashes and parentheses—which characterises his verse come out likewise in letter-writing. As for those subtler points of character which you cannot label with this or that adjective, and pin down by abstract names, these must be sought in the letters themselves, where they are revealed by both the friends without pose or after-thought.

Besides character, there are three several kinds of interest, in all of which these letters are amazingly rich—literary discussion, side-lights on eminent people, and, finally, the growth of their mutual passion. The outpouring on literary topics of two such minds, provoking and reverberating each other's thoughts, would alone make the volumes fascinating. Yet it is not easy to cite, for these utterances are mostly at subtle length. But take this fine self-criticism of Browning's:

I never have begun, even, what I hope I was born to begin and end—"R. B., a Poem"—and next, if I speak . . . as if what you have read were sadly imperfect demonstrations of even mere ability, it is from no absurd vanity, though it might seem so—these scenes and song-scrapes are such mere and very escapes of my inner power, which lives in me like the light in those crazy Mediterranean phares I have watched at sea, wherein the light is ever revolving in a dark gallery, bright and alive, and only after a weary interval leaps out for a moment from the one narrow chink, and then goes on with the blind wall between it and you; and, no doubt, *then*, precisely, does the poor drudge that carries the cresset set himself most busily to trim the wick—for don't think I want to say I have not worked hard (this head of mine knows better), but the work has been *inside*, and not when, at stated intervals, I held up my light to you; and that there is no self-delusion here I would prove to you (and nobody else), even by opening this desk I write on, and showing what stuff, in way of wood, I *could* make a great bonfire with, if I could only knock the whole clumsy top off my tower!

This passage shows both the intricate length of such utterances, and the fine imagery which is scattered through the correspondence. Metaphor is the common coin of both friends when they are earnest: the poet is plain on

every page of theirs. But if Browning's bits of this sort are hard to quote, Miss Barrett's are still more so, in their spreading inundation of thought and diction. One might as well try to scoop a wave out of the sea. As a sample of the illusive interest which we have referred to, we may copy an account of that famous performance when "Every Man in His Humour" was presented, with Dickens as Bobadil. It has the advantage of manageable limit. Thus writes Browning:

The theatricals went off with great *éclat*, and the performance was really good, really clever, or better. Forster's Kately was very emphatic and earnest, and grew into great interest, quite up to the poet's allotted tether, which is none of the longest. He pitched the character's keynote too gravely, I thought—*beginning* with certainty, rather than mere suspicion, of evil! Dickens' Bobadil was capital—with perhaps a little too much of the consciousness of entire cowardice . . . which I don't so willingly attribute to the noble would-be pacificator of Europe, besieger of Strigonium, &c.—but the end of it all was really pathetic, as it should be, for Bobadil is only too clever for the company of fools he makes wonderment for, having once the misfortune to relish their society, and to need but too pressingly their "tobacco-money," what can he do but suit himself to their capacities? And D. Jerrold was very amusing and clever in his "Country Gull"; and Mr. Leech superb in the Town Master Mathew. All were good, indeed, and were voted good, and were called on, and cheered off, and praised heartily behind their backs and before the curtain. Stanfield's function had exercise solely in the touching-up (very effectively) sundry "Scenes"—painted scenes—and the dresses, which were perfect, had the advantage of Mr. Maclise's experience. And—all is told!

Full of such intimate glimpses are the letters; some (of Miss Mitford) rather painful in their revelation of ill-natured gossiping tendency—on Miss Mitford's part. We have but scratched the surface of this opulent correspondence; and the passionate, personal side of it we have scarce handled.

A Child of God.

S. Francis of Assisi, the Mirror of Perfection. Edited by Paul Sebatier. Translated by Sebastian Evans. (Nutt.)

THE Blessed Brother Pacifico was praying before a crucifix: "and when he began to pray, he was lifted up and snatched away into Heaven, whether in the body or out of the body God only knoweth, and saw in Heaven many seats, whereof he saw one higher than the rest, and glorious beyond them all, shining and made fair with every precious stone. And, marvelling at the beauty thereof, he began to think within himself whose seat it should be. And straightway he heard a voice saying unto him: 'This seat was the seat of Lucifer, and in his stead shall the humble Francis sit therein.'" This little book, which, as its title-page tells us pleasantly, was "written by Brother Leo of Assisi, edited by Paul Sebatier, translated by Sebastian Evans, published by David Nutt," does great credit to the four gentlemen named; but it contains nothing more satisfactorily beautiful than that vision of

Brother Pacifico. *Deposuit potentes de sede: et exaltavit humiles.* "I saw Lucifer, like lightning, fall from heaven," says one; and in fulness of time another saw the seat, the throne of the ruined archangel, the vacant sphere and palace of his glory, filled by the "poorling" husband of poverty. There is more in this than in Hamlet's conjectures concerning imperial Caesar's clay and its eventual uses. This is a legend of that faith against which, in its beginnings, a deputation of respectable persons lodged with the authorities the true complaint, that it was "turning the world upside down"; turning it, in truth, from hell to heaven. And the humble Francis replaces the fallen Angel, that lamentable and calamitous Great One: that "Prince of Darkness" who, let correspondents of a certain journal stomach it as they may, "is a gentleman"; of transcendent ability and literally splendid origin. Here is celestial allopathy: no case of *similia similibus*. Francis had not even the pride of glorying in his insignificance, his despicability, his humility: he loved to show himself, not as the ostentatious and unmistakable ascetic, but as a very natural Christian man.

Dickens, that highly popular but undervalued writer, wrote a sketch called "Tom Tiddler's Ground." It deals with a "gentleman of property" and intelligence, who assumes the part of misanthropic hermit, foul and conceited, delighting in his wide local fame in that comfortless and idealist capacity: it riddles him, it exposes him almost naked but for the encrusting dirt, more insanely proud than any clean potentate receiving public plaudits in gorgeous raiment. Such a figure is frequent in all religions: the men whose rags, when seen by others, become to him as cloth of gold, and his unsavouriness as a sweet incense. Francis was natural; no sign of disease upon him; a humorist, good fellow, shrewd man of affairs; kindly, courteous, "clubbable"; and a saint so divinely human that he might have been "the Beloved Disciple." His beautiful simplicity is what strikes and stirs the modern mind; not, as with our forefathers, his extravagance. Early in the century, one Eustace, a Roman Catholic priest of the old-fashioned English type, wrote a *Classical Tour in Italy*, which Dickens has ridiculed, and which was a favourite with Mr. Pater, from whose own copy we quote. Upon reaching "Assisium," as the classical gentleman calls it, he dwells upon "the founder of an order more extraordinary perhaps and more numerous, though less useful and less respectable, than that of the Benedictines." Then follow extravagant references to Lysurgus and Cicero, puzzled and deprecatory praises, and the sober conclusion that, "without being his disciples, we may very safely consider him as a great and wonderful personage." Excellent and cautious Mr. Eustace! The present generation may not be more inclined to walk in Franciscan footsteps, but assuredly it feels less perplexity of admiration, less hesitation of sympathy: the age of Thoreau and Walt Whitman and Count Tolstoi can hail in Francis a reformer of life, free from folly and from failure. He has for ever shown the possibilities of spiritual wealth in poverty, of spiritual comfort in suffering, of spiritual greatness in obscurity, of spiritual glory in humility. The genius of Mr. Shorthouse once created a Duke, who said: "My son

is a far greater noble than I could ever be; his mother was one of Nature's peeresses." If this sort of metaphor is to be allowed, we know not what dignity by right divine of nature did not belong to Francis: the coarse-clad, bare-foot, half-starved *poverello* was "one of Nature's" Popes and Emperors, an hierarch and monarch among men; worthy to be, in the supernatural order, the counterpoise and contrast to the fallen Son of the Morning.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's touching tales of lowly Scottish life must often be disturbed, distressed, by a kind of innocent snobbishness apparent in natures of an exquisite beauty and fine feeling: that reluctance to let your neighbour know the truth about your condition and circumstance, though there be no shame nor discredit in them, which is a passion even in the sweet-souled Jess. One wonders what Francis would have thought of Thrums: of Jess and Leeby "preparing to receive company," and acting several lies so as to seem more socially considerable and genteel than they are, or have any need to be. It is venial, but ugly, this shame when there is no cause for shame; the spirit of Francis pours ridicule upon those dingy sides of life, and not alone in Thrums, but in all the bustling Babylons of the world. Thanks to "our Lady Poverty," Francis was never worried; he was often anguished, but of worry, word and thing, he did not know the meaning. His self-reproach, his solicitude for others, his hungerings of soul, his burden of desire, are visible and vocal in Brother Leo's plain legend; but the world never troubled him. He sang his way through it with an urgent gaiety and blitheness, loving it, but caring not a jot for its standards of opinion; he "kept sadness to himself and God only," showing to the world a decent joyousness, an unclouded countenance, a serene carriage, a princely ease and graciousness of mien. So he had none but noble cares: most of our cares are ignoble. He did what Turgenev's young Russian idealists long to do, what Brook Farms and the like in America have tried to do: he "simplified" himself. But it was thanks to no theory; he did not artificially cast off artificiality. Accepting, without questionings, the second nature of Christian grace, he became not less, nor more, than man, but natural man with a divine difference. The "seraphic saint," to put it boldly and frankly, is just one of ourselves without our selfishness, our insane and vexing absorption in ourselves.

This is the happy warrior: this is he
Whom every man-at-arms would wish to be.

Dr. Sebastian Evans has most delicately translated Brother Leo's lovable Latin, preserving all its fragrant charm and unsought distinction; and his preface is worthy of the work. Those who wish to know its history, its position in the Franciscan legend, and all else that hagiographical scholarship might desire to learn, must consult M. Sebatier's Paris edition, which gives the original text, and everything necessary or possible in the way of elucidation. The little book now published by Mr. Nutt is one of those elect works to be read, as Thomas à Kempis has it, in *Angulo*, to the soul's comfort and delight; it belongs to the true faery or folk-lore of the saints, and has an intense individual beauty. It takes us to that Umbrian countryside, which the footprints of Francis and his

brethren have left to us for an Holy Land; to the hills and valleys, woods and streams, where the music of our saint is singing, and bird and beast obey him lovingly, and the light of our "Brother Sun" seems purer than elsewhere. It is the land of him who so loved the loveliness of water, that "whenever he did wash his hands, he would make choice of such a place, as that the water which fell should not be trodden by his feet"; who paid loving reverence to the trees and flowers, whose heart went out towards every living thing, who felt earth and air, and water and fire, to be tremulous and overflowing with the beauty of their witness to the beauty and the love of God; whose holy and rejoicing humility raised him to the expectant seat of Lucifer in the unwintering and everlasting Paradise.

Mr. Birrell on Copyright.

Seven Lectures on the Law and History of Copyright. By Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P. (Cassell.)

WE fear it must be confessed at the outset that Mr. Birrell has been ill-advised in publishing his lectures in the present form. As Quain Professor of Law at University College, he recently delivered eighteen lectures on the general subject of Copyright. Had he issued a full report of these lectures, we should, doubtless, have been able to welcome a standard work on the subject. Unfortunately, the volume before us only contains seven of the "more popular of these lectures, which," says Mr. Birrell in his preface, "I have thought it worth while to reprint, because the law on the subject is expected before long to engage what is sometimes called 'the attention of Parliament.'" But why only the "more popular lectures"? It is hardly to be expected that, even under the guidance of the genial author of *Obiter Dicta*, the study of copyright is likely to become a popular pastime. There is pleasant reading in the book for the general reader interested in the history of literary production, but there is much dull and stiff reading too. On the other hand, the lawyer will have little use for the book, which is not full or detailed enough for the purpose of consultation, and which in no way supersedes the acknowledged authorities. From the preface quoted above, we gather that Mr. Birrell addresses particularly those who, in the near future, will be called upon to deliberate on Lord Herschell's Copyright Amendment Bill; but to them, also, his book will be of little service. It contains, it is true, quotations from the principal clauses of that Bill—which may be obtained in full from the Queen's printers—but it does not contain what the members of Parliament might be supposed to be in need of—detailed criticisms of those clauses, suggested amendments, lists of omissions. It must surely be clear to all that no one is likely to enter upon the thorny path of the discussion of the present state of copyright unless compelled to do so by the exigencies of business. But Mr. Birrell's manual is not for business men who want their facts tabulated, cut and dried; who detest irrelevance, and care not a jot for the humours of the discussion. And is anyone likely to need a new exposition of the copyright law when, in all probability, that

law will be completely changed in the course of a few months?

The pleasant reading for the general reader, which we have referred to, is to be found in the first lectures, which are devoted to a survey of the origin and subsequent history of copyright before the Act of 1842. These lectures are written in a bright and attractive manner, full of the quips and cranks which we always look for in "birrelling," and form an admirable introduction to the history of the production and multiplication of books. It cannot, however, be said that they add anything of importance to our knowledge of the subject. We are not blaming Mr. Birrell for this. It is admittedly writing for the "general" public, not for what we might, perhaps, call "professional" bookmen.

The later lectures are more important because more controversial. Lecture V. deals with the enactments since the time of Queen Anne, and contains a summary and a meagre criticism of the Copyright Act of 1842. Mr. Birrell's arguments against the duration of copyright from the date of first publication strike us as being, on the whole, conclusive. It is obviously wrong "to throw open to printers the early and uncorrected editions of a work at a time when the later and corrected ones are still protected," and the clauses in Lord Herschell's new Bill, giving copyright for an author's lifetime and a term of years, offer in every way a more rational and satisfactory arrangement. We are sorry to note that Mr. Birrell does not draw attention—at least, when considering the clauses of the Act of 1842—to the absurdities of registration at Stationers' Hall, which is an annoying and perfectly useless formality.

Mr. Birrell discusses only two omissions from the Act of 1842—the question of translation and the right of dramatisation of novels. The new Bill deals fully with these points, but Mr. Birrell thinks "it will be found difficult to do more than prevent the bodily appropriation by the dramatist of the *ipsissima verba* of the novelists." In this we do not agree. It is true that "plots, situations, and scenes" have to some extent become common property, but it should not be difficult, or at least not impossible, to detect and prove the appropriation of plots, *and* situation, *and* scene. There is a vast difference between the appropriation of a general idea and the deliberate larceny of a whole plot.

We have left ourselves no space for a criticism of Mr. Birrell's concluding lectures on "Literary Larceny" and "The Present Situation." Both are fair statements of the case, but the weakness of both is that they offer no suggestions of any moment. Of the general character of the chapter on "Literary Larceny" the concluding paragraph is a fair sample:

The subject of literary larceny is not, from the lawyer's point of view, one of much importance, while from the author's it may safely be said that frankly to acknowledge indebtedness has always been a tradition honoured in the observance.

The subject is really of increasing importance from the author's point of view, for it includes the vexed question of quotation in reviews and magazine articles, &c., which Mr. Birrell discusses very inadequately, making no mention of the recent important case of the *Review of Reviews*.

Mr. Birrell touches lightly upon the question of newspaper "pilfering," but he offers no remedy for a very real grievance. All who have read Mr. Moberly Bell's evidence before the Copyright Commission will understand how imperative it is that some law on the subject should be introduced.

The review, too, of the present situation with which the book closes is altogether inadequate. If Mr. Birrell had taken the new Bill clause by clause, examining and criticising, he would have rendered a signal service to literary men and to literature. The Bill contains, as was shown in these columns at the time of its appearance, a number of omissions and several clauses in urgent need of amendment, especially in relation to copyright of lectures, colonial (particularly Canadian) and international copyright. But he has contented himself with long quotations and a few remarks upon the Canadian question, which, if it is to be discussed at all, must be discussed fully and at length, for it is crammed with complications.

There is in this last chapter a digression upon the subject of the relations between publisher and author which has nothing to do with the question of copyright, but which we welcome as containing the sanest and most unbiassed utterance on this question which we have come across for some time.

"She Certainly Had the Finest Hand of Any Woman in the World."

The "Perverse Widow." By Arthur W. Crawley-Boevey. (Longmans. 42s.)

"WHEN he is in town, he lives in Soho-square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards." And who was this perverse, beautiful widow of the next county that wrought such a change in the Worcestershire baronet? For years and years commentators on the *Spectator* have played with the theory that it was Mrs. Boevey, the Portia of the *New Atlantis* and a woman of note in her day. Whether they are right or wrong matters very little; but it is a sign of our own literary times, when everything is sooner or later accounted for in print, that a volume weighing five pounds and three-quarters, and measuring superficially twelve inches by ten, has been compiled to answer the question once more with every circumstance of fulness. The title explains that the old theory is maintained: *The "Perverse Widow": Being Passages from the Life of Catherina, wife of William Boevey, Esq., of Flaxley Abbey, in the County of Gloucester.*

Sir Roger first met his Fair Cruelty, it will be remembered, during his opening term of office as sheriff. She

certainly had the finest hand of any woman in the world, and the baronet's heart was hers in a trice. Also she was a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship, and such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman could approach her without being a jest. Sir Roger was utterly discomfited in her presence, and yet—and yet—"I have been credibly informed that—but who can believe half that is said?—after she had done speaking to me, she put her hand" (it was certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world) "to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker." Rumour also credited her with calling Sir Roger "the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country." During the progress of his suit Sir Roger patched the western door of his stables with the pads of foxes; for "whenever the widow was cruel the foxes were sure to pay for it." But it was all in vain. For forty years he loved her without return, and when he died he bequeathed to her a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels.

So much for the Perverse Widow of the realms of fiction, where, indeed, we personally are very willing to keep her. If Mr. Crawley-Boevey is to be believed, and he certainly has made out a good case, the Perverse Widow of fact, Mrs. Catherine Boevey, was a woman of remarkable intelligence and influence. She lies beneath a monument in Westminster Abbey, where a tribute to her memory may be read. Among her chief claims to remembrance is her share in founding the festival of the three choirs at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester. She also, as we have said, figured in the *New Atlantis* as a virtuous dame, a very notable distinction. A portrait of Mrs. Boevey serves as frontispiece to this volume, but by a sad misfortune we are denied a sight of the finest hand of any woman in the world. Besides the matter to the immediate point, Mr. Crawley-Boevey enters exhaustively into the genealogy of families connected with his own. But we cannot help thinking that a little essay in portable form would have answered the purpose of the general reader far better.

In Search of Gold.

Sand and Spinifex. By the Hon. David W. Carnegie.
(C. A. Pearson.)

WHAT is spinifex? Mr. Carnegie, who is a younger son of the Earl of Southesk, says he does not know its right name. It is called by some "porcupine grass"—a good name, surely; others murmur *Festuca irritans*, and shudder. The name of the plant is obscure to hundreds of men who know its characteristics right well. Spinifex covers the West Australian wildernesses among which the aborigines roam from water-hole to water-hole. It grows in hummocks; it pricks the feet of men and camels horribly; and it is useful in only two ways: it binds the sand, and for three weeks in the year its bloom makes excellent forage. Mr. Carnegie and his party saw, while exploring the West Australian wastes for gold, more sand and spinifex than anything else; hence the appropriateness of the title of this book, which is the record of five years' pioneering and exploration in Western Australia.

In his early chapters Mr. Carnegie gives us graphic pictures of Coolgardie in the great "rush" of the early nineties. Thither Mr. Carnegie went in September, 1892, with Lord Percy Douglas (now Lord Douglas of Hawick), in time to see and take part in the "rush to Hannan's." "Oh, glorious uncertainty of mining!" he exclaims, recalling those days, and he tells us that one of the "poor devils" whom he saw with hardly a rag to his back "has now a considerable fortune, with rooms in a fashionable quarter of London, and in frock-coat and tall-hat 'swells' it with the best!" A grievous contrast to the Hannan rush was the rush to "Siberia": but, at least, it enabled Mr. Carnegie to write a vivid description of the symptoms and scenes of a "rush" in a mining town:

Once clear of the town, what a strange collection of baggage animals, horses, camels, and donkeys! What a mass of carts, drays, buggies, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, and many queer makeshifts for carrying goods—the strangest of all a large barrel set on an axle, and dragged or shoved by means of two long handles, the proud possessor's belongings turning round and round inside until they must surely be charred into a most confusing jumble. Then we see the "swagman" with his load on his back, perhaps fifty pounds of provisions rolled up in blankets, with a pick and shovel strapped on them, and in either hand a gallon bag of water. No light work this with the thermometer standing at 100° in the shade, and the track inches deep in fine, powdery dust; and yet men start off with a light heart, with perhaps a two hundred mile journey before them, replenishing their bundles as they pass through camps on their road.

Mr. Carnegie cared little for financial schemes or humdrum mining, and accordingly he joined in one prospecting expedition after another. The expeditions were conducted with camels and horses, or with camels alone, and progress depended on the water supply, which was sometimes perilously small and infrequent. The cream of the book is the narrative of a prospecting expedition into a vast unknown tract of Western Australia, the crossing of which meant a thousand miles of bee-line travelling between Coolgardie and Kimberley. Mr. Carnegie prepares us for this narrative by a glowing *apologia* of the prospector's life and aims. We cannot even summarise the events in this great expedition undertaken by this picked band of explorers. They had all the fun and all the hardship they looked for, but the results in the way of gold-finding were nil. Mr. Carnegie cheerfully confesses on the 433rd page of his book that "my work has had no better result than to demonstrate to others that part of the interior that may best be avoided." To that result must be added this excellent book. In the wilderness the party could not fail to meet parties of the aborigines; and we will conclude by quoting a dramatic passage in this connexion. One day the party approached unseen, with all their camels and baggage, to within one hundred yards of an encampment. Mr. Carnegie thus describes the meeting:

No words can describe the look of terror and amazement on the faces of those wild savages. Spellbound they crouched in the black and smouldering ashes of the spinifex, mouths open and eyes staring, and then with one terrific yell away they ran, dodging and doubling until a somewhat bushy tufwood tree seemed to offer

them means of escape. How many there had been I do not know, but the tree harboured three, the man, woman, and child, that we had first singled out. . . . Even to European eyes a camel is not the commonest of beasts, and since these people had never seen an animal larger than a dingo, and, indeed, no animal save this and the spinifex rat, their surprise may well be imagined on seeing a thing as large as their whole camp marching solemnly along. Putting down the caravan we approached them, and from a mad, incoherent yelling their protestations gradually died down to an occasional gulp like that of a naughty child.

Of such scenes there are not a few in Mr. Carnegie's interesting pages.

Notes on New Books.

Travel.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE TRAIL.

BY W. F. CODY AND H. INMAN.

In this book, written by Colonel Henry Inman and Colonel William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") in collaboration, we plunge into "the era of the trapper, the scout, the savage, and the passage of emigrants to the goldfields of California when the only route was by the overland trail." It is a period beloved of boys, who know it through the heightened descriptions of yellow-back writers. Yet in these pages the yellow-back writers are again and again justified in their descriptions, which are not more thrilling than the facts. Take the Pony Express, organised in 1860 to carry letters to and from the Californian goldfields:

It was no easy duty; horse and human flesh were strained to the limit of physical tension. Day or night, in sunshine or in storm, under the darkest skies, in the pale moonlight, and with only the stars at times to guide him, the brave rider must speed on. Rain, hail, snow, or sleet, there was no delay; his precious burden of letters demanded his best efforts under the stern necessities of the hazardous service; it brooked no detention; on he must ride. Sometimes his pathway led across level prairies, straight as the flight of an arrow. It was oftener a zigzag trail hugging the bank of awful precipices, and dark, narrow cañons infested with watchful savages eager for the scalp of the daring man who had the temerity to enter their mountain fastnesses.

The Indian passages in this book are even more fascinating with their stories of blood and treachery; or you may turn to the story of the famous Kit Carson, and sigh for such a life as his. The book is admirably illustrated, and gives us Fennimore Cooper's world in its "last sprightly runnings." (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

FROM PEKIN TO PETERSBURG.

BY ARNOT REID.

Mr. Arnot Reid travelled overland from Pekin to Petersburg because he wished to reach Europe by a route which he had not before traversed. It was as though a man should go to Manchester by the Midland Railway because he was a little weary of the London and North-Western. Nor does Mr. Reid profess to be an explorer or traveller in the professional sense. "I am the average indoors man," he says, with engaging frankness. His friends warned him against the journey, but he had a mind to take it, and he did, and finished it in the time he had allowed himself—fifty days. It cost Mr. Reid and his small party about a pound a day per head. We cannot attempt to summarise Mr. Reid's journey through Chinese territory, across the Desert of Gobi, and through Siberia; but we can say without hesitation

that his narrative is interesting in every page. Mr. Reid deals with the missionary question with equal outspokenness and care. "There is, humanly speaking, no probability of Christianising China." That is his opinion, but he puts it a little less abruptly when he gives the impressions he received in a stay of two days in a missionary family:

Apart from the memory of great kindness and great helpfulness, the stay left upon my mind a double impression. To anyone doubting whether missionary effort in China is advisable, the impression produced would be to confirm that doubt. To anyone believing it right that it is the clear duty of Christians to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, the impression produced would be a desire to help still further those people who are conscientiously, zealously, and nobly seeking to fulfil that duty.

In conclusion, Mr. Reid commends the idea of a Protected China to the English-speaking races—in a word, an Anglo-American Protectorate is his ideal. Alas! the Anglo-American Commission adjourned on Monday—*sine die*—on the question of an Alaskan boundary. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL.

BY J. F. FRASER.

This book is, at any rate, unique—that is to say, it is the only record of "a bicycle ride of nineteen thousand, two hundred, and thirty-seven miles, through seventeen countries and across three continents"; and to write anything new is an achievement. The riders—they were three in all: the author, Mr. S. E. Lunn, and Mr. F. H. Lowe—travelled east from England and returned from the west, and it took them seven hundred and seventy-four days to put their pneumatic girdle round the globe. This was longer than Puck, but then his girdle was not pneumatic. The principal value of the narrative is its truthfulness, for Mr. Fraser is no maker of literature, and we do not gather from his pages that the travellers departed far from the norm in their personalities. Such is the increasing friendliness of the world and the humanising effect of a prank that their unpleasant adventures were few and trifling. Indeed, Mr. Fraser admits that they were nearer death on their return ride through London streets than at any other time. No one seems to be so assured of longevity as the professional hairbreadth-escaper. (Methuen. 6s.)

Science.

BIRDS.

BY A. H. EVANS.

This is the new volume of that excellent series, "The Cambridge Natural History." It is a large octavo volume of more than six hundred pages, containing a great many wood-block presentations of English and foreign birds. Mr. Evans's aim has been to be at once comprehensive and scientific, and to produce a book useful to the tyro, the traveller, and the more or less trained ornithologist. On p. 329 we have an interesting drawing of the Dodo—a miracle of ugliness and ineffectual wings. And here is the condensed natural history of this detail of the day-before-yesterday:

The Dodo is said to have inhabited forests, to have swallowed pebbles, to have uttered a cry like that of a gosling, and to have laid one large white egg on a mass of grass. Hogs and other imported animals seem to have conducted to its extermination, as well as the hand of man.

The book is, of course, admirably produced; it is interesting to notice how completely wood-engraving holds its own in this class of illustration. (Macmillan. 17s. net.)

VOLCANOES.

BY PROF. T. G. BONNEY

A question interesting to child and man is answered by Prof. Bonney, in his new contribution to the admirable Progressive Science Series. Whence comes the immense eruptive force

of a volcano? The longer a volcano preserves its outward calm the more violent is its next outbreak, while, *per contra*, volcanoes like Stromboli, which are always active, are rarely explosive. Steam—just steam—supplies the force with which a volcano throws up lava, rocks, ashes, or mud; it is as though a kettle had boiled over. "Every explosion, every discharge of projectiles, is accompanied by a jet of steam, like the firing of some monstrous gun." The scale on which steam is sometimes generated in the crater of a volcano may be gathered from the following facts:

M. Fouqué, who studied an eruption of Etna in 1865, made a number of observations in order to measure the quantity of water which was discharged from the vent in the form of steam. Each explosion, he estimated, ejected about seventy-nine cubic yards of water in this condition, and one of these occurred on an average every four minutes for about 100 days. That is to say, the discharge amounted to 2,829,600 cubic yards of water. Moreover, this does not adequately express the quantity emitted from the volcano, for a lateral crater was the focus of this eruption, and the one at the summit also emitted great quantities of steam.

This is the answer to a somewhat elementary question. The ultimate causes of "vulcanicity"—as the action of volcanoes is called—are still to seek. But Prof. Bonney is able to write: "I am sanguine that, to borrow an appropriate phrase from a child's game, 'we are getting warm,' and that our successors, by the end of the first quarter of the coming century, will have got much nearer to the solution of the problem." (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

The "Victorian Era" series, of which this is a new volume, has a refreshing elasticity. Here we have an historical sketch of the evolution of the science of biology. The preceding volume was a monograph on Charles Kingsley, the next will be a monograph of Tennyson, and after that will come accounts of our Foreign Missions and a history of Indian life and thought since the Mutiny. Mr. Thomson's contribution was by no means the simplest. To put into such concise form the achievements merely of Darwin and Weismann would have been difficult; but here we have a capable and readable survey of the whole field, with all its principal labourers, from Aristotle onwards. Mr. Thomson dedicates his work to Hæckel. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

Verse.

MILESTONES.

BY FRANCES BANNERMAN.

A collection of poems in many keys. There are love poems and philosophic poems and romantic poems; and all are quiet and reserved, though none are strikingly good. All are above the average, and the book is an interesting reflection of a modern temperament. We quote for its literary association these lines on the intruder who interrupted Coleridge in the transcription of his "Kubla Khan" dream:

THE MAN FROM PORLOCK.

Person from Porlock, nameless man,
If it were known, how execrate your name!
Who to our endless loss of "Kubla Khan"
Upon your dull and trivial business came,
And scattered all the golden store of dreams
Lent by the poet's visions of the night,
That now as Tantalus' own torment gleams
Elusive, but a fragment of delight;
Nor may we hear the Abyssinian maid
Sing to her dulcimer that unknown song.
That on the poet's sleep such glamour laid
With spells that to the circling spheres belong.

To bear us with him where for ever runs
The sacred river of tumultuous streams,
Lit by no changeful moons, no changeless suns,
Through all the land of witchery and dreams.

Though long in kirkyard rest is laid
The man from Porlock, whose gross ear
Heard not the Abyssinian maid—
Though he is dead this many a year—
He leaves behind an endless brood
Dull as himself, importunate—
Always too soon do they intrude,
And always go too late!

Miss Bannermann's verses make a very pretty book. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

Theology.

MESSIAH COMETH.

BY GEORGE EDWARD JELF.

"That Israel may be saved" is the hope and prayer that from the infancy of the Church has been breathed by followers of Christ. The appeal to the Hebrew Sacred Scriptures has produced a vast body of controversial literature, and it is hardly conceivable that at this time any grave argument should be still hidden between those fretted leaves. The warm approval of Rabbi Ben-Oliel, quoted in the preface to this book, does not suggest that Canon Jelf, at any rate, has discovered any new analogy of compelling exactness between the types and prophecies of the Old Testament and the facts recorded in the Gospels. But if a re-statement of the case was necessary, it could hardly have been made clearer or more exhaustive than that which is to be found here; while the writer's tone of sincere conviction and earnest piety should win for him, if anything might, an unprejudiced hearing from those whom he principally addresses. (A. D. Innes. 7s. 6d.)

THE TABERNACLE.

BY WILLIAM BROWN.

It is "in relation to Christ and the Church" that Mr. Brown unfolds his subject. It would have been better, perhaps, to rest content with the archaeological aspect of the matter, for the author's moral and theological comparisons are not striking. If the "fal-lals and gewgaws of Aaron's old wardrobe" (to quote Milton's acid phrase) are to find an antitype, it must be in the ritual rather than in the doctrine of the Christian Church. In that which constitutes the valuable portion of his treatise—the painful reconstruction of the migratory fane—Mr. Brown's work is worthy of high praise. It is a task that has furnished occasion for diligent ingenuity, and the author has not been found wanting. The Tabernacle and its rites were a thing of beauty; to have restored them to our comprehension is to have established a claim upon our gratitude. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. New Edition. 3s. 6d.)

Miscellaneous.

THE WORKS OF SILVER. EDITED BY C. G. R. MATTHEY.

George Silver's "Paradoxes of Defence" (1599) is a treatise on swordmanship, and a commentary thereon that has not before been published, "Brief Instructions upon My Paradoxes of Defence," are here printed together in one volume with a preface, by a practical swordsman, who subjects Silver's theories to criticism, and evidently intends the result to be studied by modern gladiators. This being so, it seems to us that some modernisation of Silver's spelling would have been wise, for your gladiator is seldom enough of a man of letters to want long s's, v's for u's, and other sixteenth century typographical peculiarities, in his manuals. But for literary students the reprint will have much quaint charm. (Bell. 21s.)

LANDMARKS IN INDUSTRIAL HISTORY. BY G. F. WARNER.

Mr. Warner gives an excellent outline of the leading facts of English industrial history. The chief features of particular developments of industry or commerce are grouped under nineteen heads, including "The Manorial System," "The Mercantile System," "The Trading Companies," "Machinery and Power," "Trade and the Flag." The Free Trade Movement is curiously placed under "Remedies by Legislation." An arrangement by epochs has an undoubted attraction for the general reader and the unlabouring student. Perhaps more attention might have been devoted to emigration and colonisation in the present century, while the last chapter might have been made more useful by a brief account of proposals for an Imperial customs union. There is a good index to this mass of well-digested information. (Blackie.)

Dr. Isaac Taylor has put forth, through Mr. Edward Arnold, a new and cheaper edition of his learned work, *The History of the Alphabet*, first published sixteen years ago. The author points with satisfaction to the fact that several novel theories which he enunciated in the first edition, especially those relating to the origin of the Glagolitic Alphabet and of the Runes, have not been opposed. The second edition of Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman's work, *The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation* (Macmillan), is practically a new volume, alterations and additions having been introduced freely.

To the pocket edition of the Waverley novels Mr. Dent has added *St. Ronan's Well*.

Fiction.

Rupert Armstrong. By O. Shakespear.
(Harper & Brothers.)

THIS novel is scarcely strong, but it is sane and just, and it well deserves to be called charming. It is full of delicate perceptions and appreciations, especially of human character when under the influence of art. The atmosphere of the story is exclusively artistic. Sir Rupert was a great painter; that is to say, he was a popular painter, and might have been a great one had he chosen. His history is told by his daughter Agatha, who, more fortunate than most tellers of tales in the first person, contrives to limn her own portrait convincingly. Be it said that the portrait is dignified and beautiful. Only three people knew that Sir Rupert had sold his soul for fame and money—Agatha, Sir Rupert himself, and their friend Maurice Wootton. And it was Agatha who aroused Sir Rupert's somnolent conscience—that conscience whose awakening ended in so moving a tragedy.

"Father, can't you go back again and paint as you did then?"

My words seemed to move him.

"One can't ever go back; to regret is the biggest of follies, and a cowardice too."

"I wonder," I said, "if the regret of Adam and Eve for Paradise were a folly or a cowardice! If we have once walked with God, can we go from His presence and forget? I believe you remember in flashes while you are painting these things you do now."

... He looked at me a moment with something like fear in his astonishment. ...

"What have you heard about me?" he said. ...

"I have heard very little," said I. "Only that you

began life with a high ideal of painting, and did some beautiful pictures. . . ."

"Some people say I still paint beautiful pictures," he answered, in the tone of one demanding justice.

"You live among people whose object it is to make you think so."

"You are still almost a child," said he. "Who has been putting these ideas into your head?"

"They are ideas that have grown there of themselves. About you I simply *know*, because I love you."

Sir Rupert did go back, and the effort cost him not only his hand's skill, but his life.

We are rather puzzled to know why Miss Shakespear has called her novel *Rupert Armstrong*. Sir Rupert's story does not emerge from the greyness of background till near the close of the book, while the love story of Maurice Wootton and Clare Wentworth is salient from beginning to end, and at least as well done. All the people are drawn with distinction. Agatha is perhaps the most effective portrait, and next to her must stand her lovely and soulless mother, Lady Armstrong, at whose bidding Sir Rupert became "popular." Beyond doubt Miss Shakespear's best novel, *Rupert Armstrong* discloses possibilities in its author of which we had not hitherto suspected the existence.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BY WILSON BARRETT AND
THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON. ROBERT HICHENS.

THIS Mr. Barrett is really the actor, and this Mr. Hichens really the author of *The Green Carnation*, and their collaboration is a fact, and a very capable one. The style of the book is approximately Biblical, and the story is the story that the stage already knows. (Macqueen. 6s.)

JANE TREACHEL. BY HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

A novelist of the old school, the author of *Poet and Peer* and *Penruddocke* here makes a re-appearance. To read Mr. Aïdé is to recapture one's youth. "The World asked, 'Who is Miss Vincent?'" and the answer did not satisfy that great critic and busybody. People do not write like that now. The story is of upper circles and mystery: a melodrama in evening dress. Mr. Aïdé states that he has already made a stage version of it. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE HEART OF DENISE. BY S. LEVETT YEATS.

In the *Chevalier d'Auriac* Mr. Yeats achieved a good romantic novel of its type. Here we are among chevaliers and vicomtes of the Court of Henri of Navarre. Denise tells her own story and—to the author's credit—she tells it admirably. We are at once prepossessed (if she is not) in favour of M. de Loignac, Lieutenant of the Guard, who was "poor as a homeless cat, his patrimony, as we heard, being but a sword and a ruined tower somewhere in the Corrèze." The other stories in the book are shorter, and are laid mostly in India. (Longmans. 6s.)

TWO MEN O' MENDIP. BY WALTER RAYMOND.

This story by the author of *Tryphena in Love* is full of the fragrance of Zummerzetshire. There is suffering and homely philosophy and gladness such as country folk know. "Father and daughter jogged along together high up on the

open down, with the brown heather for a mile or more on each hand, and the broad valley rich and green stretching far away below. White homesteads gleamed between the orchards and elm trees, and beyond the distant hills a narrow strip of sea glistened in the sun. Then, as they passed over the brow and began to pick their way down the steep road, they could look down upon a nest of thatched roofs and see people gathering on the village green. 'Shiphams,' said Solomon." (Longmans. 6s.)

LONE PINE.

BY R. B. TOWNSHEND.

"To my friends in Santiago, red and white, and in memory of a brindled bulldog"—that is Mr. Townshend's dedication. The Santiago is not the famous one, but a township in New Mexico, and the story is of Americans, Spaniards, and Indians. "The Red Indian has often been represented as apathetic," says the author. "He is not. His loves and hatreds are intense." In *Lone Pine* we have testimony to this, and a variety of such excitement as tales of "greasers" always give. A masculine book. (Methuen. 6s.)

MANY WAYS OF LOVE.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

The many ways of love were those in vogue in the Court and times of Catherine the Great of Russia. Early in the story the heroine, who is the narrator, is entangled in a briar bush and released by the hero, who, to her remark that her dress will be torn, replies: "Ha! ha! there speaks the thrifty German fraulein. I like it; I am half German myself, and the other half wicked, extravagant English. Now, see, my thrifty German half says: 'Spare the dress and detach, by slow labour and many pricks, the thorns.' My English half cries: 'Perish slow labour and all thrift, and let the skirt go! I think the English in me preponderates; I will cut!'" A good, breezy novel of love and intrigue and fighting. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

OFF THE HIGH ROAD.

BY ELEANOR C. PRICE.

"Will any kind people, living quietly off the high road, receive a person in serious trouble, homeless and friendless?" That advertisement is the kernel of the story. Mrs. Downes and her daughter Jessie became the kind people, and their guest was of the highest importance to the development of the drama. A quiet country book in the main, with more emotion than action, and continuous interest. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE.

BY H. A. VACHELL.

A Californian story, full of local character and colour. "California," we read, "is like a girl just out—a flutter with self-consciousness. . . . She has many suitors, but will she choose the right man? . . . The fellow to whom she is at present engaged is a sorry money-grabber, who will desert her when her gold becomes his." (Sands. 6s.)

JOCK'S WARD.

BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

In the beginning Ezra Dunstan, one of the Peculiar People, is charged with manslaughter for permitting his child to die without a doctor's assistance, and is sentenced to imprisonment. Whereupon a shrill voice cried: "A blarsted shyme, too! How durs' you gi' 'im six months—'im as wouldn't 'arm a bloomin' babby!" That was Jock. Subsequently Dunstan came out, and Jock—who plays the part of Benignancy tempered with Whitechapel—takes him under his wing. A pretty, if somewhat mechanical, street story. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

THE DESIRE OF THEIR HEARTS.

BY MARGARET PARKER.

Miss Parker is an Australian novelist, and her latest story will please those who like a novel to be tender, and wholesome, and neither too sad nor too happy in its ending. We like the heroine none the less when she gives up her idea of painting "that long series of Tennyson's women whose pictures she has already sketched in her own mind." (Jarrold. 6s.)

CICELY VAUGHAN.

BY PHILIP DAVENANT.

Cicely is thirty and unhappy, so unhappy that the first thing she does in Chapter II. is to bore a hole in the bottom of a pleasure boat with her penknife. Presently she is lying on the river bank. Although she had "gone down for the last time," Cicely talks at large to her rescuer for two pages about religion and etiquette. Asked if she can walk, she replies: "I can walk if you will help me; but it's far, and perhaps I shall be taking you out of your way" (she had just taken him to the bottom of the river). He tells her: "I am Stephen Fenwick"; whereupon the would-be-drowned young lady remembers it is her birthday, and that "You are to have the privilege of taking me in to dinner to-night." (Long. 6s.)

THE CURÉ OF ST. PHILIPPE.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

This "Story of French-Canadian Politics" opens with the appointment of the new curé of St. Ephrem du Mile Ead, and resolves itself into a series of discussions on church-building, schools, protective tariffs, water and drainage, party intrigues—everything, in fact, that one does not want in a novel and does not love in a blue-book. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

FRANK REDLAND, RECRUIT. BY MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.

By the author of *Tremor of Guy's*. Here, however, are no medical students; the story is a domestic drama, with a choleric Squire (who cut off his port for twelve months, on an average, once a week) as a prominent figure. "If Frank Redland was a fool," says the author, "he was at least a handsome one, with his frank smile, merry brown eyes, and fair hair." This description should endear him to the sex which reads novels. The story is conventional in manner and more interesting than many. (Long. 6s.)

WICKED ROSAMOND.

BY MINA SANDEMAN.

The adjective is unnecessary, Rosamond's wickedness being patent. Her attempt to murder her husband by means of a poisoned pair of gloves supplied to her by a music-hall lady, from a recipe of Catherine de Medici, has only to be mentioned. A story of a perverted nature, compact of unpleasant and incredible incidents. A cure for good spirits. (Long. 6s.)

FRANÇOIS THE VALET.

BY G. W. APPLETON.

A slangy story of mystery and crime. "'By Jove!'" said Jimmie, 'there's a bit of romance for you; and you'd scatter your silly old brains about Ogilvie's carpet, would you?'" There is a place in the book called Addlehead, and a girl is "folded" to Hubert's breast. But the author is high-spirited and extremely pleased with his story. (Pearson. 6s.)

MARY UNWIN.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

The heroine of this story, by the author of *A Fellow of Trinity*, has nothing to do with Cowper's friend. The new Mary Unwin is a vicar's daughter. Throughout the book the course of true love runs roughly, and duns are continually at the door-bell; but then, just in time, Mary unexpectedly becomes a rich man's heiress, and all is well. There are pictures. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT.

BY MRS. LEITH ADAMS.

There is nothing on the title-page of this book to show that it is not a continuous novel. Yet the title covers only the first of nine stories, or about one-fifteenth part of the book. This is not commendable. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE RECORDS OF VINCENT TRILL.

BY DICK DONOVAN.

Sixteen cases in which Vincent Trill adds sixteen laurels to "the many he had earned," and proves himself, to the author's satisfaction, to be "the shrewdest and cleverest detective of his time." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. typewritten.

The Encore.

THE artist was playing the Fantasia of Schumann, where-through, as Schlegel's translator hath it, "there runs a note whose gentle tone is heard aright by him alone Who lists with care extreme."

"I have often tried," said the giggling woman behind me, "to get her to wear the usual things; but she's obstinate in her way."

The chivalrous man beside her who kept one polite ear for the giggle and borrowed the other occasionally for the music, was distressed by the *sforzandos* which seemed to hammer indecorously at the concrete mass within him which he mistook for the door of a delicate imagination.

"Wants sympathy; is a bit hard," he was heard to murmur.

In front of me the joke was evidently intense, though its contraband nature could be guessed from the startled blush on the face of the girl in shimmering green. It was a face that a photographer would have tilted, imparting to it the witchery of silly innocence: one might have pursued and lost the well-beloved a dozen times in an hour's scrutiny of its pretty colouring under lifted eyebrows, its paltry, vulgar mirth, its defiant yet pathetic embarrassment in detection. By her side was a girl in stripes of black who might have sat for Demureness personified. Her teeth and lips retreated as before some bullying kiss; an indolent gentleness shone from her. Yet it was from her that proceeded the mirth-extorting glance which made the girl in green turn her head to the right, suffocating with the torment and delight of repressed laughter.

The singer was their quarry. She had come on in a pink satin skirt, answering shimmer for shimmer to the garb of the girl in green. Her small contralto seemed drowned in the loud chord of colour.

The artist was playing *in modo duna leggendario*; a legend of long ago when a man whose elated soul heard and rehearsed the melodies of an authentic optimism clouded and subtilised them, at his own whim made them harsh or delicate, thorned them with difficulties, forbad them to speak outright, and by allegiance to his own magical temperament eluded the understanding of the crowd.

The chivalrous listener grew sheepishly dissatisfied with his equivocal position. He continued to acquiesce, however, with the rippling fatness beside him which exuded criticism of the artist's bare arms: it was penetrating into the arcana of Art to sit next someone who had helped the singer to make up and could discuss the factitious merits of her eyebrows and complexion.

His conscience voiced an extenuating word: "She's a fine pianist."

A muffled peal from the girl in green, backed by a glint in the eyes of her demure companion, who was gloating with secret relish over her perfidious disdain of music, rebuked him. It was a triple *forte*, representing to them mere piano-banging, which inspired their mirth. Earnest and self-possessed, thinking of nothing but music, the artist subsided on the common chord of C, and a sound of applause broke forth.

"She hasn't done yet," said the chivalrous man.

Somehow at this moment one knew him entirely. He had helped to rob us of Schumann, but he had disclosed himself. He was the typical sportsman: length was tedious, but great length was record-breaking, worth backing. He was in sympathy with Miss B.—she was beating the others.

The clarity of the triumphal march brought about no perceptible alleviation of the amused puzzlement of the faces around me; for a moment I was blind to them.

The fantastic, tripping passages of short notes, a sealed mystery to undedicated fingers, seemed to liberate space as though before fairy feet the stolid walls receded, amplifying the room for the roving fancy, creating avenues of open doors, mellowing and vivifying the prodigious luminosity of the gilded room and dissolving the fixed stuffiness of the air.

Before me the demure girl convinced herself of delicacy by yawning into her palm.

The peroration came: for me suddenly, tamely. Human life, so persistent in its obtrusion, so determined not to refrain from exhibiting its most characteristic gestures or eclipse its imperious geniality for any music of God or man, dulled me to the happenings of the tone-world.

The end came, I say. Whereupon the chivalrous man said: "We ought to give her an encore, I think." And they did! These bored listeners, these clandestine gossips, these critics of clothes, deliberately protracted their sufferings, deliberately asked for one more message from that world of tone-poetry whose language meant nothing to them. And in the benediction of their amazing patronage, across the endless gulf that separates the artist's soul from the painstaking imitation of one, Schumann's interpreter bowed and withdrew.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. GASTON DESCHAMPS in the *Temps* laments the deplorable mediocrity of contemporary literature and the dearth of masterpieces. "Never were masterpieces so rare as at this present moment. Nearly every place is to be taken. The retreat of a worn-out dilettantism, the abdication of a blatant and impotent pornography, open up illimitable perspectives to all the young people who still desire to make us listen to a word of certitude or reveal to us a mystery of beauty." M. Deschamps does not take into account the fact that literature to-day in France is a matter of comparative insignificance. This is not precisely the moment to clamour for masterpieces when a whole country is living in a thrilling sensational serial, when our sole preoccupation lying down at night is the expectation of

the next morning's sensation. Demoralised as we all are here by much futile reading of newspapers, much futile impassioned talk, who is to find leisure and silence for the composition of masterpieces? The writers themselves have left their libraries and gone down into the arena, where some of them, alas! are cutting very lamentable figures indeed. M. Jules Lemaitre, so witty and amazingly clever till now, is furnishing us with proof that the wittiest man of letters may be a complete nin-compoop, and that the man who can talk delightfully about books may not always be relied upon to talk of public matters with sense or decency.

One accomplished literary tradesman of my acquaintance alone has preserved his head in the general loss of reason, not to his credit will I own. For this absolute sacrifice of every personal and private interest to the great question of the hour reveals the permanent chivalry and disinterestedness that may be looked for in French character. When asked his opinion on the "Affaire," my worthy trader in books and articles replied, in terms befitting a spirit so properly commercial as his: "All I know about the miserable business is, that literature is at a standstill."

It is a satisfaction to find that Gyp has been able to snatch a few odd moments from her embittered pursuit of the Jews, and her deadly feud with the partisans of Truth and Justice, to write a bright and amusing booklet—*Monsieur de Folleuil*. It is the thousandth repetition of Gyp, always the same dialogued attack upon society and foreigners, always and inevitably an exposure of Gyp's amiable contempt of the nations of the world and un-authentic titles. She seems to regard foreigners as Jews. Both inspire her with loathing and aversion. An innocent preference for afternoon tea provokes her scorn, because it is an English habit. Gyp's war cry is France for the French! She would expel all foreigners, all Protestants and Jews. She maintains that French national character is essentially Catholic, that a French Protestant is an anomaly, an absurdity, and, in consequence, as something supremely anti-national, his existence justifies his persecution.

The opening dialogues of *Monsieur de Folleuil* treat wittily and with ferocious contempt of the appalling and unforgettable catastrophe of the *Bazar de Charité*. Folleuil returns from a long search for his cousin's servant, who, having left the Bazar, rushed back into the flames to the rescue of the victims.

"I say," remarks the old marchioness, a delightful old Frenchwoman, who has a tongue, and knows how to use it, "except the servants, and a few admirable exceptions, they weren't very *chic*, the men! There were not many dead or wounded among the men?"

"There were only about two hundred at the Bazar, they say," replies a young man.

"So much the better," says the old marchioness. "If there had been more all the women would have been burnt."

She is still more pitiless in the next dialogue—*Revirement*:

"I hear my nephew behaved like a cad," she remarks to Folleuil.

"*Mon Dieu*! every one can't be a hero," Folleuil says.

"I mightn't have done better."

"You would have walked off, and never looked behind you."

"Certainly not; but I might, perhaps, not have accomplished any sensational rescue."

"They say that my nephew escaped, knocking down every one in his way with unheard-of brutality."

"Yes, that is what they did say; but now," he explains, "somebody having hit upon the new and profound idea that it is more meritorious to raise than to follow the current, everybody rushed to do it, and then, you see, this frankness was very awkward. Society is shaky enough, without striking another blow at it."

It is a pity, he admits, that the men were not, if not heroes, at least gentlemen; but he thinks it better to stick to the new version, and tone facts down. A lady of dubious title enters, and begins to deplore the abominable campaign against the men, which attacks the aristocracy. The old marchioness maintains that the campaign is justifiable since the men behaved abominably. Mme. de Rirfray begins:

"Among the men I know who were at the Bazar when the fire —"

Folleuil interrupts her: "What, you know men who were there when the fire broke out! You are lucky!"

She, laughing: "They were there that very day, and even a part of next day; but by 4 o'clock it was all over. There was nobody. They had all gone away half-an-hour before the fire began, or arrived five minutes afterwards. But I know about fifteen who were really there."

Folleuil: "What! You know fifteen men who were at the Bazar? It's like the man's drill. He bought it for a hunting suit, and he was assured that in the wash it only shrank three metres in a piece of sixty; but when it was washed he found he had fallen precisely on the very three metres that shrank, just as you fell on the fifteen men who were at the Bazar."

Not for nothing does Gyp bear the name of Mirabeau. She does not spare her own class any more than her neighbours.

H. L.

Things Seen.

The Flock.

AEONS ago the receding sea had left the hill town three miles inland, and on the pastures thus reclaimed black cattle grazed, rushes waved, and tiny channels of water felt for their level among the sand-hills. When the sun shone it was as if those pastures, that the sea and the world had alike forgotten, said: "Our new clothes—are they not gay?" for the waters sparkled, and the rushes changed in the breeze from grey to silver. By night, from a window in the hill town, I could see beyond the dim pastures the lights of the great ships going on—always going on; by day I could see the shepherds busy with their flocks, and the burly little tramp steamers pushing their way up the river that coiled through the pastures. At sunset the level rays of the sun sparkled on the white stone quay half-way up the river where the tramp steamers unloaded—sparkled, too, in the solitary window of a hut—a mission chapel, so I had been told—perched on a sand dune behind the quay. Never a Sunday evening passed but a man, old, thin, eager, his coat-tails flying, left

the town, descended the hill, and strode across the pastures, that the sea and the world had forgotten, to the hut perched on the sand dune behind the quay. When I asked who formed his congregation, they replied: "O, just the sailors of the tramp steamers." Came an evening, a cruel evening, when mist rose from the marshes, when rain drove across the pastures and the wind blew. On that evening I, ever curious in such matters, followed the old, eager man. And, after an hour's buffeting with the elements, I came alongside the hut—and entered. The altar was a deal table covered with a sail, discoloured by a thousand storms. Above the altar was a board, and roughly carved upon it was this plea: "When all else declines, let the noontide of Thy grace and peace remain." By the side of the altar sat the preacher, and the room contained one other person. There we three waited, while about us the elements screamed, and whistled, and hooted. At length the preacher rose. "The sacrifices of God," he began mechanically, "are a broken spirit." The wind howled. He paused, looking sorrowfully around the room; suddenly the shadows left his face, his eyes gleamed, and, bending forward, with outstretched arms, he cried aloud the thought that had come to him: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name—" he murmured. The rest was lost in the wind, but the old man's lips moved on.

Youth.

It was Ruskin's birthday, and I chose for the place of my meditation the Turner Room at the National Gallery. In the midst of the wide floor I stood, surrounded by the masterpieces of the greatest of English landscape painters. There was the life history of a genius, of an art, displayed in rows three deep upon the spacious walls. Work so diverse that taken severally you might have declared of this and that picture that, from whatever hands they came into being, certainly they were not the work of one. Here the gulf was bridged, and by multiple gradations the fruit of one man's infinite diligence manifested its essential unity. By dint of frequenting the place for many years I have become wise about some of these canvases.

I had been sitting there for a quarter of an hour before the dazzling sun and sea, "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," when a couple of ladies strayed through the entrance. A girl of four-and-twenty, the elder; she brought with her a breath of the History Tripos; a good second two years ago I instinctively placed her. She might be expected to know her Ruskin by heart. The other was, perhaps, her younger sister; between child and woman, sweet and wholesome; alert, intelligent, breezy. As they came on she swept her frank eyes round the bewildering galaxy, and her countenance fell. Well it might, in view of so large an enterprise. Fancy beginning Turner! She turned with a gesture of appeal to her companion, and her lips opened:

"But, Aggie," she said, "these are all the same pictures as last year!"

Memoirs of the Moment.

LORD ROWTON was a fully and freely consenting party to the publication of the Disraeli correspondence in the Peel Papers. As the literary executor of Lord Beaconsfield his permission is necessarily obtained before any letter of Lord Beaconsfield's can be put into print for general circulation. Of course, Mr. C. S. Parker could have published surreptitiously the letter which has been everywhere quoted to show that Disraeli sought office from Peel, though he afterwards denied that he had done so; and he could have taken the risk of Lord Rowton's applying for an injunction against the further circulation of the volumes. But he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary—and the announcement is one which will be read with equal pleasure by the partisans of Peel and the partisans of Disraeli—the letter that is supposed to criminate the memory of Disraeli was specially submitted by the Hon. George Peel to Lord Rowton, who gave his special sanction for its publication. At present the only solution to this mystery of Disraeli's denial, made a few years later, is that he had meanwhile forgotten having written; but Lord Rowton is arranging to make a search among the Beaconsfield papers for anything that may throw a further light on the singular incident. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that, in Lord Rowton's opinion, there is nothing to suppress or to conceal—though there may be something to examine and explain—in the political memoirs of his late chief.

Nor equal in importance to the Peel Papers, but really no mean second to them, are the Hardwicke papers, just bought in their thousands by the British Museum. Secret as some of these letters were when they were penned by George II., George III., Pitt, Fox, Bute, and the rest, they are not more confidential than many in the Peel collection; and nearly the whole of them are earlier than those now published, and published almost without offence, by the representatives of the great Sir Robert. No work ever issued before these Peel Papers has shown Englishmen so clearly how they are governed; and as the Hardwicke Papers will supplement that fascinating disclosure, they ought undoubtedly to be read, selected, and edited. They are now all of a heap; and to make a mere list of them for the saleroom was the work of a month. But an editor of materials which are essentially the materials of our country's history ought not to be hard to find. The tastes of the present Lord Hardwicke are not those of the historian or the antiquary, which is perhaps lucky, as he has his own fortune to make, and is likely enough to be a success as a stockbroker.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT is the possessor of a temperament that cannot be idle, and that can hardly be aloof. Let no one suppose, therefore, that he feels in his element while he is sunning himself at Cannes. A letter to the *Times* on Ritualism is not by any means the full measure of his activity; and when he read the debate on Mr. Samuel Smith's amendment to the Address he longed to scent the battle once more, and to cry out with Achilles, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again."

The truth is, and his letters to private friends show it, that Sir William wearies of his life of leisure. It will not, therefore, be prolonged; and the House will soon be listening to rattling speeches from him in his strangely new capacity as a "private member."

On Tuesday Mr. W. K. D'Arcy was married by special licence to Mrs. Nutting. Mr. D'Arcy is the Australian millionaire who gave commissions to the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the beautiful tapestries that are now among the great attractions of the New Gallery exhibition. They will be eagerly welcomed back to Stanmore Hall, Middlesex, whither Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy have preceded them.

THE Corporation of Liverpool are much to be congratulated on the latest picture they have acquired for their Art Gallery. They have arranged to buy from Mr. Edward G. Hobley his charming picture, "The Shaft of Light," showing a long streak of sunshine penetrating the interior of a byre and lighting, in particular, with "refined vermillion" the ears of a white calf. It was hung in rather a corner in the last Royal Academy, and the only wonder is that it has waited till now to find a purchaser at the very moderate price at which it was marked.

A RECENT engagement of considerable public interest raises once more the familiar question of the appropriateness or otherwise of a marriage of inequality in years. The old-fashioned English novel, especially that written by a maiden lady, often presented the situation; and it was generally represented as a rather quaint and modest thing for feminine May to unite in marriage with masculine December. French and Italian literature, on the contrary, made such unions, and their end was invariably ironical. Then a slight change came over the English novelist's outlook, so that when George Eliot married a young woman to an elderly man, the elderly man at least had the grace to die in time for the young widow to wed a second husband, who was her contemporary. English fiction has yet, perhaps, to speak the truth. It is constantly afraid that derision will be meted out to relationships in novels which in actual life are perfectly familiar, which excite no smile, and which work out, against all theory, with absolute success. Harry Esmonde, for instance, remains almost the only man in English fiction who has married a woman older than himself. No other author has dared to put into fiction a situation which is familiar and dignified in fact, and of which Thackeray's own family has since afforded a delightful illustration.

LEO XIII. has a certain amount of literary fastidiousness; but he probably will not trouble to disown the little joke that has been put into his mouth, *à propos* of the installation of the electric light in the Vatican: "They cannot say that I love darkness any longer." An expressive shrug of the shoulder will probably be with him a sufficient disclaimer. St. Paul's in London and St. Peter's in Rome have always had connecting links; and the electric light is now to be installed in St. Paul's in such a way as to give full effect to the mosaics of Sir William Richmond. The cost—some £5,000—will be borne by an unexpected donor, Mr. Morgan, the banker of New York.

Drama.

"The Only Way."

IN respect of theme and period few romances offer so much that is enticing to the adaptor as Charles Dickens's novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*. But if its attractions are great, the difficulties confronting the would-be dramatist are no less numerous. Many have entered upon the task of transforming the book into an effective play, but, so far, none has achieved complete success. For the latest version, produced by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Lyceum, Mr. Freeman Wills is responsible. The result can only be regarded with a moderate measure of satisfaction. "The Only Way," as the piece is named, although containing some interesting and stimulating passages, is, as a whole, somewhat episodic, discursive, and retrospective in point of action. In the first two acts narration takes the place of movement; the vital quality of true development is absent from the characterisation. Mr. Wills, moreover, does not hesitate to leave in the elaboration of the story considerable gaps, which those acquainted with the original are, doubtless, quite capable of bridging over for themselves. It is obvious, however, that to presume upon the supposed knowledge of facts never presented to the notice of an audience is, on the part of an author, to claim a privilege to which he possesses no real title. In "The Only Way" there are scenes, notwithstanding, upon which the imagination fastens with a lively sense of pleasure. There is prettiness in the love-making episodes between Darnay and Lucie Manette in the quaint old garden in Soho; there are force and turbulence in the incident of St. Evrémonde's trial and condemnation by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris; there is infinite pathos in the final tableau, revealing Sydney Carton upon the scaffold in the act of laying down his life for the woman he loves. If these things do not exactly constitute a good play, they make, at any rate, an excellent entertainment, against which the sole reproach that can be brought is that it is a trifle too sad and sombre for ordinary tastes. The production, meanwhile, reflects every credit in so far as the mere question of mounting is concerned upon the theatre at which it is presented. Sir Henry Irving himself could hardly have given us a more beautiful series of stage pictures. In the cast, it is true, we look in vain for many of the characters who figure prominently in the novel; but in this regard it would, perhaps, be unfair to deny the adaptor a certain amount of latitude. Of Sydney Carton Mr. Martin Harvey furnishes an exquisitely pathetic and at times fairly powerful study, in which, however, stress is laid rather upon the imaginative and poetic than the reckless, devil-may-care aspect of the man's nature. Mr. Holbrook Blinn's portrait of Defarge is painted in colours somewhat too neutral, but it has, nevertheless, many good points; while Mr. Herbert Sleath as Darnay, Miss Grace Warner as Lucie, and Miss de Silva as Mimi, the little seamstress of the novel, although showing signs of inexperience, make abundantly manifest their desire to carry out the author's intentions.

M. W.

London in Little.

I HAVE been looking at the "Mitre" in Fleet-street—Dr. Johnson's "Mitre." It is for sale next Monday, and the wise say it will be reconstructed. I grieve moderately. The place has been tampered with since Boswell and Johnson sat there, and Goldsmith essayed to shine there. Yet take the "Mitre" scenes out of Boswell, and what rents you would make in his book! I thought of Bozzy complaining to Dempster, after a night with Johnson at the "Mitre," that port wine and late hours affected his nerves, and Dempster replying: "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man." Just so. I crossed Fleet-street, to Johnson's old house in Gough-square. And, lo, the Doctor was compensated. If his inn must go, his house in Gough-square has taken on a new comeliness. Sixty years back the occupier told Thomas Carlyle, who had made his way thither: "I have spent many a pound and penny on it." Pounds and pennies have again been forthcoming, and the door, and the many window-frames, and the area railings, are new-painted. Mrs. Johnson would have been charmed. "She was one of those ladies who are slaves to their own besoms," said Johnson (to the inquisitive Mrs. Thrale) long after her death. And then, as if to be just to her in a small point, he suffered the question—had he ever "huffed his wife about his dinner"? "So often," he replied, "that at last she called to me, and said: 'Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which, in a few minutes, you will protest not eatable.'" And "Tetty" died in this house.

The little square—Gough-square—has its own litter, its own life. Printers' boys come and go, and chase each other. The steam presses croon softly within these Georgian houses that are now printing works. Two boys stopped, with a barrow, at the Doctor's door. I had a momentary conviction that they had come to fetch some sheets of the *Dictionary* to Mr. Millar in the Strand. But the tablet, "Dr. Samuel Johnson, Author, Lived Here," loosened the spell, and a man advancing to sell me cough lozenges broke it.

W.

Correspondence.

"Rev. Lawrence Beeching."

SIR,—I find the above name heads a list of those suggested, in your last issue, as specially appropriate to "a parson troubled with religious doubt." As the suggestion is not your own, it would be useless for me to demand an explanation; but as you have given it publicity, you will perhaps allow me to make a protest.

The "Lawrence" does not concern me, and I can see a sort of reasonableness in it: the Saint was broiled, one side at a time, over a slow fire, and the implication is probably that the parson's torment is of the same tedious and two-sided character. But why "Beeching"? Has the name, I wonder, any dubious associations, either in fiction or in real life, of which I am unaware? In fiction I have met it only in a novel of Miss Alma Tadema's, and then as a place-name. For literature or science it would

seem to have no import, sceptical or other, as I find it neither in *Who's Who* nor in *Men of the Time*. In the Clergy List I do find it, but only as referring to myself.

Under the circumstances, I think I am justified in suggesting to irresponsible and indolent novelists and their nomenclators that it would show good feeling if, when they want to borrow a name for some parson who is to cut a sorry figure, they should take one that is not in *Crockford*.
—I am, &c.,
H. C. BEECHING.

Newbury: Feb. 18, 1899.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 20.

IN response to our request for a new National Anthem, a fine sheaf of patriotic sentiments has reached us. England surely never was so belauded before. The best poem contributed is that written by Mr. Isaac Sharp, 26, Clifton-terrace, Brighton, to whom a cheque for a guinea has been sent. It runs thus:

A NATIONAL HYMN.

O Thou in whom we live and move,
From whom all gracious powers proceed,
We own Thy guardian care and love
A stronghold in all time of need;
Lo, Thou hast willed to fence and gird
Our homeland by Thy saviour-sea,
The storm-wind which fulfils Thy word
Hath been our helpmate, charged by Thee!
At Thy deep impulse we have sprung
To bear Thy freedom o'er the earth,
O, keep us ever free and young
In simple truth and manly worth!
Of Thee we hold the imperial zone
Whereon Thy day doth ever shine,
Throughout it may Thy will be done,
Our power and kingdom linked with Thine!
O, guard us from each hostile blast,
Let no calm perfidy allure:
And teach us from the quarried past
To make the future's fabric sure.
O, bless us, crown the royal-crowned
With lustre of Thy heavenly grace,
And to our freedom's utmost bound
Bless every life of every race!

We print two chosen from the remainder of the National Anthems submitted:

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Omnipotent! within Whose hand
The kingdoms of this world do lie,
In mercy, save our native land,
That so we live, that so we die,
In council, or in stricken fight,
Taught by Thy will to know the right.
Grant her who sits on Britain's throne,
Grant those who follow of her race,
To know that Thou and Thou alone,
King of all Kings, canst give the grace
To rule this people in Thy sight,
In peace, in justice, and in right.
What though our Empire send afar
Stout hearts that dare, strong hands that hold?
Without Thy help, we helpless are:
Our steel a reed, as dross our gold;
Stay Thou our weakness with Thy might,
And give us strength to guard our right.

Sons of the race that leads the world !
 We owe our heritage to Thee ;
 The flag that shame has never furled,
 The lordship over all Thy sea.
 Fain would we keep its honour bright,
 Still strike for God, the Throne, the Right !
[C. L., London.]

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Thou who hast made us great,
 Keep us inviolate,
 Loyal and strong.
 Make us to do Thy will ;
 Give us Thy succour still ;
 Keep us from doing ill ;
 Save us from wrong.

From pride and lust of power
 Keep us from hour to hour.
 Let discord cease.
 Still to earth's utmost shore
 Thy wondrous blessings pour,
 That we may know Thee more,
 Thou God of Peace.

But if, at Thy command,
 War leap from strand to strand,
 Give us Thy grace ;
 That on Thy battle-day
 Our foes be swept away.
 Save Thou our land we pray,
 God save our race. [C. D., Birmingham.]

Poems received also from C. B. F., Bagshot ; F. B., Milton-next-Gravesend ; F. E. W., London ; M. L. H., Ambleside ; F. B., London ; M. L., Chester ; B. M. R., London ; B. C., London ; F. J. B., Winchester ; K. K., Belfast ; J. W. B., Greenock (no coupon) ; G. S. A., Ilford ; Mrs. T. H., Dorchester ; A. B. C., Norwood ; L. M. L., Stafford ; Mrs. R. M., Glendwyn (no coupon) ; I. V. C., Wareham ; T. C., Buxted.

Competition No. 21.

THIS week we ask for suitable mottoes for daily or weekly papers of importance. Competitors are at liberty to choose what papers they like, but the motto must be appropriate to the paper's character, and its source must be indicated. To the competitor who sends the best set of three mottoes a prize of one guinea will be sent

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, February 28. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 252, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The "Academy" Bureau.

ON ACCOUNT OF SARAH.

By E. H. W.

In the matter of this novel, which we mentioned in last week's ACADEMY, a proposal for publication has been made.

COMRADES, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY A. MYRON.

We have studied this MS., which comes from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, with much interest. Nearly all the pieces have that curious note of melancholy which distinguishes the poetry

of Englishmen living far from home. When we find sadness or pessimism in verse written in England, we are not prepossessed in favour of the writer ; and usually our attitude is justified by the discovery that the bard's misery rings untrue. The case of the exiled Englishman is different. When he takes pen in hand, it is because he has something to say ; and often he says it with singular sincerity and grace. Good as the work is, it is not quite good enough to justify us in thinking that it could be published without loss. All the pieces have a certain haunting melody, and there are not a few charming passages in which the writer lingers over the scenery of nature ; but there is often a certain vagueness and indecision which Mr. Myron, we are sure, will himself deplore when he reads Tennyson or any other great master of the art.

THE SIN OF THE MOTHER.

BY MARCUS KNOX.

We find it a task to read this work. A novel should arrest one's attention, and make the perusal easy by novelty of some kind ; but there is no novelty here. The work is not without touches of originality ; but these are few and far between. The plot lacks freshness, and the characters are conventional. Unfortunately, too, the style is in depressing harmony with the subject-matter. We find phrases such as "very interested" and "in comparison to" strewn through the work. What would "Marcus Knox" think of us if we said we were much sorry to find his book so troublesome ? Probably he would say that we did not know the language. Well, "very interested" and "very pleased" are as grammarless as "much sorry" and "much glad" ; and they are vulgar to boot. "In comparison to" is as atrocious as "in unison from" would be, if there were any novelist thoughtless enough to write it. We admit that many a good story has been written by persons with no academic knowledge of syntax or of style ; but when we come upon a work which has neither novelty of thought nor any indication that its author knows what style means, we necessarily regard it as hopeless.

TALES IN VERSE, AND OTHER POEMS. BY FREDERIC PRICE.

Mr. Price is a very candid observer of men and things. One evening he strolled into the library of a certain provincial college, and did not like the look of it :

Is this a place where Learning reigns supreme—

This solemn show ? For one, I'd rather study

Where Nature's freshness makes the heart grow ruddy,

And simple poets there may sit and dream

(Dew on the daisies) by a rippling stream.

Oh, what a den of books !

Mr. Price exclaims, and then goes on to upbraid the March of Intellect by contrasting it with the nightingale in the evening dell. His conclusion is that

If glad's the fool, he's wise in being a fool ;

which is sound sense wittily expressed. Throughout the book we find ourselves in general sympathy with Mr. Price's view of life ; but it is only now and then that he writes even so well as in the stanza which we have quoted.

BETWEEN THE SIGNAL BOXES. BY G. F. LEATHERDALE.

These short stories have considerable merit ; but we do not think that they could be republished with success. The popular magazines have put an end to the vogue of the shilling book of tales for travellers by rail.

"La Belle Americaine," by R. H. ; "Willie and his Warriors," by Igna ; "His Sister, and Other Plays for Amateurs," by B. D. Cameron.—These works do not comply with the condition that each MS. submitted to the Bureau shall be sufficient to fill a reasonable volume.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, February 23.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Otto (E.), German Dialogues (Gracca) 1/0
 Morris (E. E.), Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Two vols. (Macmillan.) Each 1/0
 Woodhouse (W. J.), Cicero de Officiis, Book III. (Univ. Corresp. College Press) 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Lee (Vernon), Genius Loci (Grant Richards.) Net 5/0
 Kappey (F. E.), Sonnets and Lyrics (Simpkin) 5/0
 Bannerman (F.), Milestones (Richards) 3/6
 Maeterlinck (M.), Alladine and Palomides, Interior, and the Death of Tintagiles. Authorised Translation (Duckworth)
 Heron-Allen (E.), Edward Fitzgerald's Rubā'iyāt of Omar Khayyām (Quaritch) 7/6
 Zamac. An Indian Night, and Other Poems. (Hunter)

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Nye (G. H. F.), The Story of the Oxford Movement (Bemrose) 3/6
 Jelf (G. E.), "Messiah Cometh" (Innes) 7/6
 Ingram (Rt. Rev. A. F. W.), Good Shepherds (Wells Gardner) 1/6
 Strong (Maj.-Gen. D. M.), The Metaphysic of Christianity and Buddhism (Watts) 2/6
 Bidez (J.) and Parmentier (L.), The Ecclesiastical History of Evagrius with the Scholia (Methuen) 10/6

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- Evans (A. H.), Birds (Macmillan.) Net 17/0
 Bonney (T. G.), Volcanoes (Murray)
 Brown (R.), Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians. Vol. I. (Williams & Norgate) 10/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Reid (A.), From Peking to Petersburg (Arnold) 7/6
 Inman (Col. H.) and Cody (Col. W.), The Great Salt Lake Trail (Macmillan) Net 14/0
 Ansoorge (W. J.), Under the African Sun (Heinemann)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Hill (C.), Story of the Princess des Ursins (Heinemann)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Taylor (I.), The History of the Alphabet. Two vols. (Arnold)
 Scott (Sir W.), St. Ronan's Well. Two vols. (Dent.) Each 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Seligman (E. R. A.), The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation (The Macmillan Co.) 11/0
 Masson (R.), Use and Abuse of English (Thin) 1/0
 Sartor (C.), Sentimental Bobby (Simpkin Marshall)
 Edser (E.), Measurement and Weighing (Chapman & Hall) 2/6
 Annand (J.), Forgotten Liberalism (Northern Press & Co.)
 Matthey (C. G. R.), The Works of George Silver (Bell)
 Munro (J.), The Story of the British Race (Newnes.) Each 1/0
 Farrer (J. A.), The New Leviathan (Stock) 3/6
 The Studio. Vol. XV. (Studio Offices)

Announcements.

MR. TOM GALLON, author of *Tatterley*, is correcting the proofs of a new romance, *The Kingdom of Hate*, which will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. immediately.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON have also in preparation Mr. Morley Roberts's new novel, *A Son of Empire*; and *On the Edge of a Precipice*, by Miss Mary Angela Dickens.

MR. BURLEIGH is about to publish for Mr. J. C. Bailey a volume of Essays dealing with eight of the great English letter writers. Some of them have already appeared in the *Quarterly*, the *Fortnightly*, and elsewhere, while others now appear for the first time. The title of the book is *Studies in Some Famous Letters*.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish next Monday a *History of Corsica*, in one portable volume, by Mr. L. H. Caird.

DR. BARRY's new novel, *The Two Standards*, has had a large sale, and a second edition is now ready.

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No. 21.

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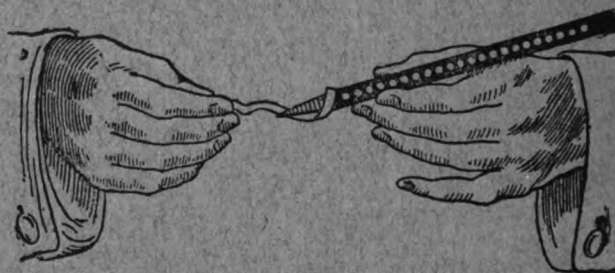
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The Literary Week.

MR. KIPLING's grave illness has been the event of the week. Nothing else was talked of. "How is Kipling?" was the first question asked at breakfast tables throughout the country; and messages of sympathy from the ends of the earth have poured into the New York hotel where he lies. To find a parallel case it would be necessary to go back to the death of Charles Dickens. This is a very



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.
From the Portrait by the Hon. John Collier.

remarkable fact when we remember that Mr. Kipling is a writer of but thirty-three years of age, whose work has ever avoided the sentimental and humanely genial, such as usually endears an author to his readers, but has been notable rather for uncompromising vigour. It seems to indicate that the English people know a strong man when they see one, and are conscious of the tremendous moral force in the hands of this far-sighted student of tendencies.

It is probable that much of the feeling resultant upon the rumours of Mr. Kipling's serious plight—and for a day or

two death seemed inevitable—would have been absent had this lamentable illness come two years earlier. Mr. Kipling had not then the place he now holds in English hearts and intellects. His was already the most considerable voice of the younger generation; but his impassioned note of patriotism, although he had often struck it resonantly, had not vibrated throughout English-speaking lands as it has since done. The beginning of Mr. Kipling's leadership—for he is an Anglo-Saxon leader, say what we may—was the "Recessional." People then for the first time recognised that an eloquent advocate of Imperialism and national rectitude was continually on the watch. From that time there have been in the public mind two Kiplings—Kipling the great story-teller and Kipling a national stimulus and guide. Hence the extraordinary manifestation of feeling which we have just witnessed.

WE may take it, however, from the latest bulletins, that all is well, and Mr. Kipling is on the road to recovery. In this difficult and tedious process he will have the good wishes of thousands of his countrymen and Americans; for since "The White Man's Burden" America claims him too.

Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need—

was once his noble prayer. How did it run?—

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw nought common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
Oh whatsoever may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need.

The time for the aid of men has indeed come; and never, it is good to think, can a fellow-being have received more solicitous care.

AN evening paper, under the title of the *Evening Telegraph*, will probably soon make its appearance. For some time the project has been under consideration of the *Daily Telegraph* authorities. The editor, in all likelihood, will be Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. As a matter of fact, for several years an *Evening Telegraph* has been issued every day from Peterborough Court, not, however, for the public, but to protect the title.

THE new instalment of Stevenson's letters in *Scribner* belong to his sojourn at Mentone, in search of health, in 1873-4. They are serious and young, but full of hints of the writer's future. Here is a passage concerning the literary work which Stevenson was then contemplating:

You have not yet heard of my book — *Four Great Scotsmen* — "John Knox, David Hume, Robert Burns, Walter Scott"? These, their lives, their work, the social media in which they lived and worked, with, if I can so make it, the strong current of the race making itself felt underneath and throughout — this is my idea. You must tell me what you think of it. The Knox will really be new matter, as his life hitherto has been disgracefully written, and the events are romantic and rapid; the character very strong, salient, and worthy; much interest as to the future of Scotland, and as to that part of him which was truly modern under his Hebrew disguise. Hume, of course, the urbane, cheerful, gentlemanly, letter-writing eighteenth century, full of attraction, and much that I don't yet know as to his work. Burns, the sentimental side that there is in most Scotsmen, his poor troubled existence, how far his poems were his personally, and how far national, the question of the framework of society in Scotland, and its fatal effect upon the finest natures. Scott again, the ever delightful man, sane, courageous, admirable; the birth of Romance, in a dawn that was a sunset; snobbery, conservatism, the wrong thread in history, and notably in that of his own land.

Stevenson did not accomplish the task, but his *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* contain some fruit of these Mentone speculations.

THE humorous Stevenson is seldom evident. Solitarness in a foreign land, the mortifying presence of poor health, and the absence of congenial companions for fun, may each have been a cause. Stevenson himself perceived it. In a letter to Mr. Charles Baxter, he said:

I have not made a joke, upon my living soul, since I left London. O! except one, a very small one, that I had made before, and that I very timidly repeated in a half-exhilarated state towards the close of dinner, like one of those dead-a-live flies that we see pretending to be quite light and full of the frivolity of youth in the first sunshiny days. It was about mothers' meetings, and it was damned small, and it was my ewe lamb — the Lord knows I couldn't have made another to save my life — and a clergyman quarrelled with me, and there was as nearly an explosion as could be.

The confession has in it a touch of Elia.

LADY MURRAY'S Home of Rest for Authors is now open. This establishment, which is situated at Antibes, a few miles from Cannes, bears the name of the Château de l'Espérance. The house stands in its own grounds. A director is in charge, and already two Frenchmen and a Russian poet are under his care, while one or two Englishmen are expected. Lady Murray has endowed the Home so handsomely that a pound per week is all that is asked of those that use it. The Home will remain open until May 1, and then close until November 1, as it is intended only for winter residence. All communications concerning it should be made to Lady Murray, Villa Victoria, Cannes, to whom the warm thanks of the literary profession are due for her kindly solicitude and generosity.

MR. HAGGARD'S new novel, *Swallow*, in which he returns to Africa and leaves vaccination to others, is dedicated to Lieut.-Col. Sir Marshal Clarke, in a letter wherein the author suggests that with whatever feeling he might view the conquest and subjugation of the Boers his sympathies would still be largely theirs. The story is, however, not of the present Boers, but their ancestors, the Voortrekkers of 1836.

THERE are two ways of looking at books with rough edges, brown paper covers, wide margins and all other accessories of precious publishing. It is possible to like them and it is possible to disapprove. An American publishing firm recently issued a biography with certain of the tokens of high art evident in its *format*. The books were sent out for distribution by agents in the usual way; but one of the agents protested. He wrote: "I received those books this morning, and I cannot do anything with them as they are not books that any man would want to buy for his library. . . . There is not a leaf in them that is trimmed; the edges all stick out past the binding and are all just torn off so that they look like a lot of fringe made out of paper, and I will never deliver them to the gentlemen I sold them to, for if I was buying books I just would not receive them at all at any price." He has many of our sympathies.

IN the March *Cornhill* the correspondence of Miss Elizabeth Etchingham and her brother Sir Richard comes to an end. The authors' names are now printed: Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock; and the letters will probably be issued shortly in book form. Meanwhile we might remark that not the least interesting and amusing of the extracts in Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's new selections from his diary (reviewed on another page) are passages from Sir Frederick Pollock's private letters.

IN the same number of *Cornhill* Mr. MacDonagh writes of by-ways of journalism, with special reference to the "liner," or outside reporter, who contributes to newspapers short accounts of remarkable events. The following account is printed as an indication of the superficial atrocity of the liner's blameless trade:

THE "MORNING MERCURY."

To S. W. W. Clacton, Dr.	s.	d.
For Atrocious Murder in Bigley-street, S.E.	4	2
Burning of Brewster's factory, Mile-end	2	3
Sinking of a Thames passenger steamer	3	2
Dreadful Shipping Conflagration at the Docks	6	1
Poisoning of the Macklin family, Drury-lane	2	6

At the first blush one is reminded of the robber's daughter in the Bab Ballad.

MR. MACDONAGH gives some specimens of the liner's unconscious humour. A man named Ducan had been murdered. The liner wrote: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Ducan had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life." Some one had been knocked down and removed to the hospital. The liner wrote: "He is progressing favourably, although he is sedulously

attended by Dr. Blank, the resident surgeon, and some of the leading members of the medical staff." The pity of it is that the liner's unconscious humour is so often corrected by the sub-editor before it reaches the public. Sub-editors as a body must prevent a vast deal of innocent fun and playful libel. There was a time when the liner was always a man; but competitive woman is now on the scene, and in many cases to-day "the liner she's a lady."

THE introduction to *Philip*, the new volume in the Biographical Thackeray, has much in it concerning *Cornhill's* beginnings. Mrs. Ritchie tells the story of her father's connexion with the magazine, his search for a title, and so forth. She also gives one or two of the "thorns in the cushion," but they are not more pointed than those which other editors endure. It was perfectly right for Thackeray to cease to edit *Cornhill*, for he had



other and more distinguished work to do; but his reasons were somewhat trivial. We reproduce one of his drawings, representing himself as editor holding Time by the forelock.

For many years the novels of Dumas, Sue, and Hugo have had, in translation, vogue in Turkey, but German novelists have been unknown there. Recently, however, a young Turkish literary man thought to break this convention and let his countrymen read a romance produced by the nation which sends so many officers to the Turkish army. He therefore translated *Wilhelm Tell*, and forthwith wished that he had done nothing of the sort. The first intimation of the publication of the book was not, as in England, a letter from a press-cutting agency offering to supply notices, but a visit from the police, followed by imprisonment. The translator, or red revolutionary as the authorities were pleased to consider him, lay there for some months, and was then banished and deprived of his military rank. He is now in Switzerland.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us, under the title of "The Good Conceit," his declaration of independence. For the sake of emphasis he has borrowed a mould from Mr. Henley into which to run his molten brass. This is his battle-cry:

Out of the cloud that covers me
And blots the stars and seldom lifts.
I thank whatever gods may be
For my indubitable gifts.
Under the whip—upon the setts,
Men drive me many a galling mile,
My stock of Editors' regrets
Would fill a barrow, but—I smile.
Fast by this trade of wind and wit
I mean to hold till life be done,
And every year I stay in it
Finds, and shall find me, tugging on.
It matters not how stiff and sheer
The climb—how difficult the sum,
I am the man they've got to hear!
I am the man that's bound to come!

It is wonderful what a publisher can do to give a book circulation by presenting it to the public with skill and prestige. We learn that Mr. Dent has been able to sell to the British public ten thousand copies of Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* in his "Temple Classics" series. One would, of course, like to know how many of these copies are read, and how many are bought as furniture. But that the effect of so large a circulation is to multiply readers of a standard work there can, we think, be no doubt.

THERE appears to be some confusion about Dr. Johnson's residence in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street. No. 7, Johnson's-court is about to be demolished, and is photographed in the *Sketch* as Dr. Johnson's residence. Mr. Wheatley, on the other hand, states that Johnson's house in Johnson's-court was pulled down when Anderton's Hotel was built. In that case it must have been situated in the passage nearer Fleet-street than Johnson's-court proper. The court, by the way, is not named after the Doctor, but bore its present name before he lived in it. In allusion to this fact he called himself, when on tour in the Hebrides, "Johnson of that ilk."

THE publication of Mr. Lane's edition of White's *Selborne*, in monthly parts, has just begun, and the book promises to be a charming one. Mr. New's drawings have all his accustomed quiet beauty and sharp contrasts of black and white, and Mr. Grant Allen's annotations are practical and learned.

THE proprietors of the *Sunday Special* have acquired *To-Day* and *Madame*. Mr. Barry Pain has, however, resigned his post as *To-Day's* editor.

A NEW magazine, on precisely opposite lines to the democratic monthlies which are now the fashion, is in preparation. The editor will be Lady Randolph Churchill, the contributors will be drawn exclusively from the aristocracy, and the price of each copy will be a guinea.

MR. CLARENCE ROOK's forthcoming "document," *Hooligan Nights*, a foretaste of which was given in a series of articles in the *Chronicle*, is in no way imaginative. Mr. Rook's hero, Young Alf, has a real existence, and such things as are narrated of him are true. Mr. Rook, indeed, so far pursued intimacy with this engaging reprobate that he officiated as best man at his wedding. The book should be popular, for it is not only veracious but humorous.

Bibliographical.

Cometh Up as a Flower, with which Messrs. Macmillan start their new two-shilling series, made its first appearance, in two volumes, in March, 1867. Who that read it then could have believed that it would last till to-day? It reached a second and a third edition in the first year of its existence, and was reprinted twice in 1868. It was also reprinted in 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1876, and 1878. After that, it was reprinted only in 1883, 1889, and 1895. Its vogue, therefore, may be said to have extended over eleven years—from 1867 to 1878. Its original success is easily accounted for by the unconventionality of its tone and style. How it did startle the literary and domestic dovecotes! It "killed the girls and thrilled the boys," and the authoress found herself famous throughout the land. *Not Wisely, But Too Well*, had much the same species of success. With *Red as a Rose is She*, *Good-bye, Sweetheart*, and *Nancy* came a notable improvement; and in *Belinda*, which belongs to 1883, Miss Broughton reached (*me judice*) the high-water mark of her achievement.

Miss Mary Dickens's new novel, they say, is to follow the example of several recent predecessors in dealing (wholly, or incidentally—I know not which) with theatrical life. Now, it is in Miss Dickens's favour that she is quite competent to do this; she will know what she is talking about. She has had practical experience of the stage. I remember very well seeing her at the Princess's Theatre during Mr. Wilson Barrett's occupancy of that house. She was in the original casts of "Claudian," "Chatterton" (Mr. H. A. Jones's), "Junius," and "The Colour-Sergeant." She was also the Player Queen in the revival of "Hamlet." Twelve or thirteen years ago she enacted Madeline in a performance of "The King of the Commons" given by those worthy young people, the Dramatic Students. Since then, I fancy, she has done nothing on the boards. Knowing her to be the grand-daughter of Dickens, I naturally took great interest in her efforts, which seemed to me to be marked by abundant intelligence.

The Religion of Shakespeare—to think that anybody, at this time of day, should devote a whole volume to the consideration of this subject! Does Father Bowden propose (as others have attempted before now) to argue that Shakespeare was a Papist? But it is the antiquity of the topic that strikes one. It is just a little over half a century since W. J. Birch published his *Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare*, and since then how many have worried themselves in the same way! But

there is vitality in everything connected with the Bard. As if there were not multitudinous editions of the *Works* by present-day people, a beld bookseller announces a reproduction of that which Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A., gave to the world just seventy-three years ago.

Book-titles do not always explain themselves fully. Thus, Mr. Brimley Johnson is credited with the intention of bringing out a work to be called *The History of England in Verse*. Does this mean that he is himself going to turn poetical chronicler, or that he will compile a History of England out of episodes from the writings of English rhymers? For the latter enterprise there is, of course, plenty of material. Nay, did not the late W. C. Bennett make, thirty years ago, *Proposals for a Ballad History of England*? And did not the late Francis Turner Palgrave put into very tolerable verse certain *Visions of England*? From Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt" to Tennyson's "Revenge" English poetry, happily, is full of the celebration of national incident and character.

Mr. G. S. Layard, who has undertaken to write the biography of Mrs. Lynn Linton, is already favourably known as the author of the *Life of Charles Keene*, and of books on *Cruikshank's Portraits of Himself* and *Tennyson's Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators*.

It is positively humiliating to be told that Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey's novels and stories have circulated to the number of a quarter of a million, and to realise that not one of those 250,000 volumes has ever been perused by me. What may I not have lost? It would seem that Miss Carey first loomed on the literary horizon with the tale called *Nellie's Memories*; and that was just thirty years ago. Then came her *Wee Wife*, and, by and bye, her *Woody and Married*. And really, when I come to note the names of some of Miss Carey's fictions, I am not in the least surprised at their popularity. *Little Miss Muffet*, *Lover or Friend*, *Not Like Other Girls*, *The Old, Old Story*, *Only the Governess*, *Mollie's Prince*—who could resist such titles? I am quite sure I couldn't—if I were "sweet seventeen."

If the edition of the works of Robert Greene promised by the Clarendon Press be moderate in price, it will be welcomed; but, in any case, it is good news that the Press will issue before long an edition of Dryden's critical essays. A selection from these essays was edited by Prof. Yonge in 1882; in 1886 Prof. Henry Morley reprinted the discourses on Satire and Epic Poetry; and editions of the essay on Dramatic Poesy appeared in 1877 and 1889. All these have been acceptable to the student of English literature; but something more comprehensive is desirable, and it is to be hoped that the volume promised by the Clarendon Press will meet the case.

At the first blush one was inclined to say that the advertised volume of verse by the Very Rev. Dr. Stubbs, the Dean of Ely, was the Dean's first adventure in the field of rhyme and rhythm. As a matter of fact, however, this most notable of "Christian Democrats" has wooed the Muse before, as witness his book, *The Conscience, and Other Poems*, published so long ago as 1884.

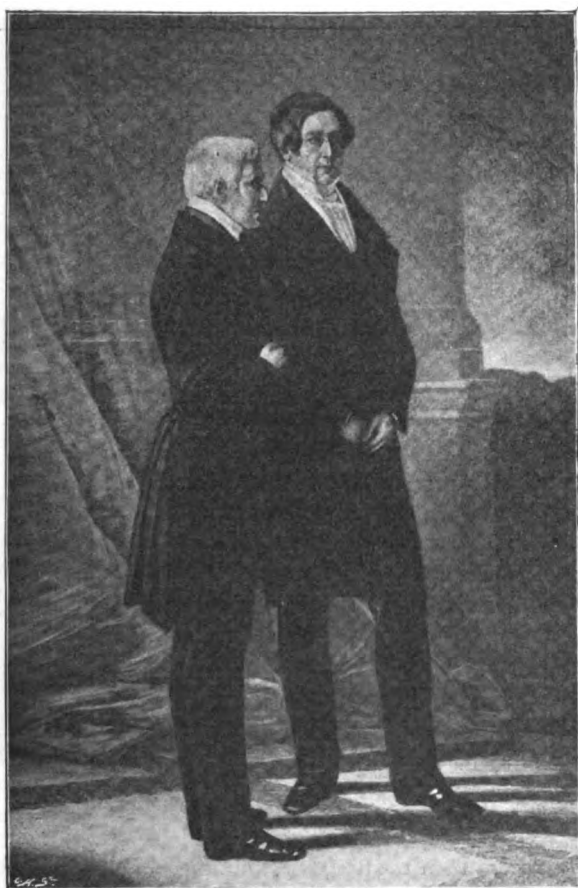
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel. Vols. II. and III. Edited by C. S. Parker. (Murray. 32s.)

IN these volumes Mr. Parker brings to an end his careful and conscientious history of the life and letters of the great statesman whose name they bear. Where so much labour and such anxious care have been so freely expended, it seems almost ungracious to criticise; and yet the truth must be spoken that the book would have been of nearly as much value to the genuine student of history, and of much greater to the ordinary reader, had it been of half



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.
From the Picture by Winterhalter.

the size. It is a work out of which some future historian will quarry a really great life of Peel; but a man must be an enthusiast on Corn Laws and Catholic Emancipation to read without skipping the twelve hundred ample pages which are here set before him.

Not that we would undervalue Mr. Parker's work, but that we wish he had had a little more compassion for poor human nature and had not thought fit to hide the real gems of Peel's correspondence among piles of surely the most commonplace letters which that commonplace age produced. He spares us nothing. Take, for instance, the following letter to Lord Stanley, which we have selected at haphazard and could match with hundreds more of the same kind: "I am glad that you approved the general tenor of

my letter to the Duke. Enclosed is his reply to it, written in very good temper. He certainly will not send the letter which he addressed to you." With all submission, a report of the conversations between Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs were more entertaining and almost equally instructive. Yet it is but justice to say that the reader who has the patience to wade through this literary *sudd* will find an ample reward, and will obtain a grasp on the history of his country during the lifetime of Peel which will be an abiding possession. Is there a better example of tact and perception of how men will look at the most indifferent actions in times of excitement than the following passage from his letter to Mr. Charles Arbuthnot on the death of Canning? "I am very sorry that I am in town. We have just resolved on taking Shelley's place, Maresfield, and shall go there as soon as we possibly can. The Duke, very properly in my opinion, left town yesterday for Strathfieldsaye. I think you determine wisely in not coming to town at the present moment." Evidently he was resolved not to be identified with those whom the *Times* described as vultures hovering round Canning's remains, and did not intend to allow his friends to be so.

"I," said the Duke of Wellington on a famous occasion, "have no small talk and Peel has no manners," but in what firm, yet dignified, terms Peel could address his sovereign may be gathered from the letter which he wrote to the King when the latter, in the face of all advice, persisted in reprieving Comyn, who was under sentence of death, and who seems to have been as pretty a rascal as County Clare could produce:

I feel it to be my painful duty humbly and respectfully to submit to your Majesty that, had your Majesty been pleased to consult me on this occasion, one which I consider of deep interest to the administration of the law in Ireland, I could not have advised your Majesty to command the remission of the capital sentence.

It only remains to be added that as the result of this remonstrance Comyn was incontinently hanged, and that the King, in a despairing attempt to calm the Royal spirits, took, *testo* the Duke of Wellington, 250 drops of laudanum in thirty-six hours.

We have already referred to those strange letters from Disraeli and his wife which are now published for the first time, and which appear to throw such an unpleasant light upon the veracity of that great man. Let us say at once that it is not possible to get round them in any way. In the September of 1841 Disraeli writes to Peel a letter which will bear no other construction than that of a humble, an almost despairing, appeal for recognition in the Government which was then being formed. The letter ends: "I confess to be unrecognised at this moment by you appears to me to be overwhelming, and I appeal to your own heart—to that justice and that magnanimity which I feel are your characteristics—to save me from an intolerable humiliation." On the same day Mrs. Disraeli—almost certainly on her husband's instigation—writes another letter to the Minister in imploring terms. Yet, on May 15, 1846, Disraeli has the apparently unparalleled effrontery to say from his place in Parliament in face of the man to whom these letters were sent: "I can say that

I never asked a favour of the Government, not even one of those mechanical things which persons are obliged to ask. With respect to my being a solicitor for office, it is entirely unfounded." Now, what is the explanation of that astounding statement? If Disraeli remembered the existence of those letters, he must have known that Peel, a careful man, who was not likely to have destroyed correspondence of such importance, had nothing to do but to turn them up and annihilate with their evidence his dangerous, persistent, and malignant foe. No plea that they were confidential could have availed to prevent Peel from reading them to the House, for his own veracity was in question and he was entitled to defend it by their means. Now, whatever may be thought of Disraeli, his worst enemy would hardly have called him a fool, and deliberately to place this weapon in Peel's hands implies a degree of folly inconceivable in any sane man. We are convinced that, incredible as it may appear, Disraeli was seized with one of those strange lapses of memory which, at one time or another, come upon every man in debate, and forgot that these letters had ever been written. We grant that it is difficult, almost impossible, to believe, and yet, since it is the least incredible of all possible explanations, we are bound to accept it. Nothing, by the way, redounds more highly to the honour of Peel than that, with this damning evidence in his possession, he refused to use it, and left the House to judge between his simple word and his accuser's.

In his correspondence with Arbuthnot there is a delightful freedom, which we do not expect to find in his letters to more important men. The following was written in 1846, and we devoutly hope, for Lady Lyndhurst's sake, that the heading, "Secret," had all due attention:

I cannot, of course, be answerable for the follies of Lady Lyndhurst. I have had no communication direct or indirect with Lyndhurst, or any of his family, on the position of the Government.

Many people assert that which is untrue solely for the purpose of getting a short-lived notoriety. If the pretence of knowing Cabinet secrets made Lady Lyndhurst a lioness at breakfast for three hours, that probably was sufficient fame for her. The exposure of her ignorance would probably not take place till after breakfast was over.

We cannot deny ourselves the luxury of one more quotation from Sir Robert's correspondence, because it reveals him in a light which is quite unexpected. It is to Tom Hood, and runs as follows:

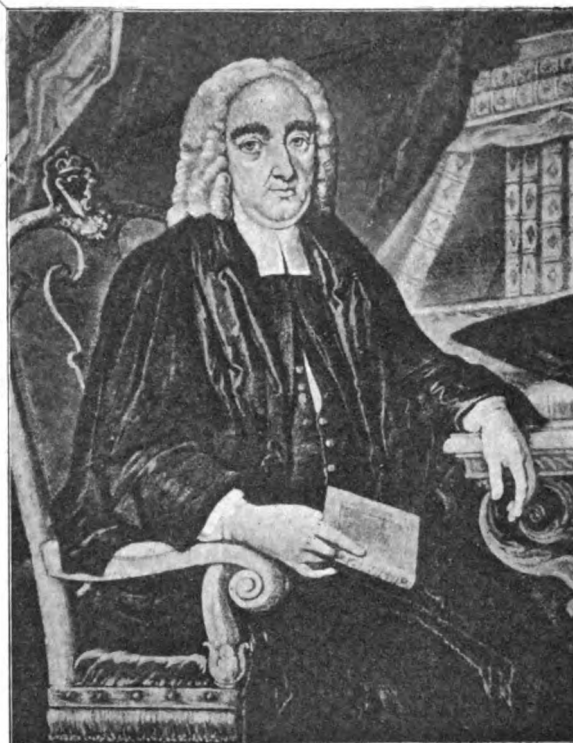
You perhaps think that you are known to one with such multifarious occupations as myself merely by general reputation. But I assure you that there can be little which you have written which I have not read, and that there are few who admire more than myself the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined.

Now who would ever have pictured him chuckling over Miss Kilmansegg?

The Great Dean.

Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. (Fisher Unwin. 12s.)

THESE letters were written by Swift to an Anglo-Irish squire, one Knightley Chetwode, of Woodbrook, near Portarlington. They do not appear ever to have been utilised as biographical material. Forster had them before him, but his death left the *Life of Swift* uncompleted before it had reached the period which they illustrate. Sir Henry Craik does not appear to know of them, or of Knightley Chetwode himself. Fortunately they have fallen into the competent hands of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who now edits them with the ample comment which his "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of the eighteenth century suggests. Indeed, sometimes the comment be-



JONATHAN SWIFT.

From the Painting by Charles Teroas.

comes more than the text, and an unimportant letter serves merely as a peg upon which Dr. Birkbeck Hill hangs story after story, and saying after saying, of the great Dean and his friends. For the letters themselves, stripped of their editorial trappings, are not, perhaps, quite the very best Swift. The series begins in 1714, when Swift had just become Dean of St. Patrick's, and when the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George the First had dashed the hopes of the Jacobite plotter, and sent him back to Ireland "a soured and querulous man." He was for a time in daily fear of disgrace and prosecution, and for the seven long years of his eclipse the burden of his correspondence is a venting of his spleen against the human race, and a complaint of his personal embarrassments, of failing health, troublesome servants, and a shrunken purse. It is not pretty reading, and the sparks of humour, or still rarer humanity, that lighten and sweeten it, are few and far between. "As to your in-

formation of passages in private life," he cries, "it is a thing I never did nor shall pursue. . . . I love the World as little, and think as ill of it as most People, and I would as lieve peep three Hours a Morning into a Jakes." And again, with equal feeling but with more decency, "I have often thought that a Gentleman in the Country is not a bit less happy for not having Power in it, and that an Influence at Sizes and Sessions, and the like, is altogether below a wise man's Regard, especially in such a dirty, obscure nook of the World as this Kingdom." Swift's "Advice to Servants" is one of his most characteristic pieces of grim and somewhat nasty humour; and the letters give a vision of him in the process of getting his experience. He is held by contrary winds, and "used worse than a Dog at Holyhead," and his valet suffers for it: "Pray pity poor Wat, for he is called dunce, puppy, and liar 500 times per hour, and yet he means not ill, for he means nothing."

Another time he writes to Chetwode: "Did he tell you how I pulled Tom Locks the wrong way for holding a Plate under his Armpitt and what cursed Bacon we had with our Beans?" Here Dr. Birbeck Hill strikes in with a note, which seems to us a delightful parody of the ways of the serious commentators. "Dr. Johnson," he says, "was more patient with his black servant, Frank, than the Dean was with his Irish Tom. Miss Reynolds tells us how 'one day, as his man was waiting at Sir Joshua's table, the Doctor observed with some emotion that he had the salver under his arm.' The emotion did not express itself in hostile acts." Irish workmen proved as unsatisfactory as Irish servants. Swift built a wall round a plot of ground, which he called "Naboth's Vineyard," because, he said, he "had cheated one of his neighbours out of it." He dealt with the men employed in an ingenious fashion, which must have caused him some gratification:

When the masons were building it (as most tradesmen are rogues), I watched them very close, and as often as they could they put in a rotten stone, of which, however, I took no notice until they had built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute monarch in the liberties and King of the rabble, my way with them was to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten stone; and by doing so five or six times the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest.

Fortune smiled upon Swift once more. His *Draper Letters*, though it is doubtful whether they profited anyone very much, at least raised him to an height of unexampled prosperity. Medals were cast, handkerchiefs printed, and ale-house signs swung in his honour. But, frankly, the great man knew how to comport himself as little in prosperity as in adversity. The correspondence ends with a quarrel picked between the two old friends. The precise ground of it does not seem recoverable. Dr. Birbeck Hill thinks that "it seems likely that the chief blame of the rupture did not lie at Swift's door." To give Swift advice was, indeed, in the style of his friend Delany, "to venture to speak to him"; but Chetwode was also a suspicious and a punctilious man. This may very well be so, but surely no provocation can readily excuse the deliberate insolence of stinging phrase in Swift's last letter. The careful Chetwode endorses it—and you can hardly wonder—"A

very extraordinary lett designed, I suppose, to mortifie me":

Sr,—Your letter hath lyen by me without acknowledging it, much longer than I intended, or rather this is my third time of writing to you, but the two former I burned in an hour after I had finished them, because they contained some passages which I apprehended some of your pique might possibly dislike, for I have heard you approve of one principle in your nature, that no man had ever offended you, against whom you did not find some opportunity to make him regret it, although perhaps no offence were ever designed. This perhaps, and the other art you are pleased with, of knowing the secrets of families, which as you have told me was so wonderfull that some people thought you dealt with old Nick, hath made many families cautious of you. And to say the truth, your whole scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differ in every point from mine. . . . That you returned from an amour without profit, I do not wonder, nor that it was more pleasurable, if the Lady as I am told be sixty, unless her literal and metaphorical talents were very great; yet I think it impossible for a woman of her age, who is both wise and rich, to think of matrimony in earnest. However I easily believe what you say that women have not yet lost all their charms with you—who could find them in a Sybel. I am sorry for what you say that your ambition is unsatiated, because I think there are few men alive so little circumstanced to gratify it. . . . I cannot imagine what any people can propose by attempts against you, who are a private country Gentleman, who can never expect any Employment or power. I am wondering how you came acquainted with Horace or St. Ambrose, since neither Latin nor Divinity have been your Studies; it seems a miracle to me.

Swift did not burn all his early drafts of this letter; or if he did, he amused himself by drawing up yet another as literature. For a version, even more neatly and cruelly put, appears among his published correspondence, with the superscription "To Ventoso." It is an ugly episode, look at it how you will. No doubt every word of the criticism on Chetwode was deserved. But it was written in the height of Swift's fame, to a man whose house had been open to him in his adversity. Of all the men of commanding genius, surely this is the one who, time after time, leaves the worst taste in the mouth.

Good Anecdote.

Notes from a Diary Kept Chiefly in Southern India. By Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff. 2 vols. (Murray. 18s.)

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF has already permitted the public to read four volumes of selections from his private diary for the years between 1851 and 1881. He now adds five other years, bringing his record down to 1886; and in a preface more are promised. The period covered in the new instalment was that of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's residence in India as Governor of Madras; hence, except to Anglo-Indians, many of these pages are less interesting than those that preceded them. But there is so much left, after the Indian portions have been abstracted, that the ordinary reader's enjoyment will still be considerable. As before, the best things are stories narrated by other

persons and copied by the diarist. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff is revealed as a kindly personality, a man of genial tolerance and wide reading, intensely interested in living, in men, in books, and in nature. But he is not a remarkable writer, nor are his thoughts more striking than those of the average English intellectual man of affairs. Yet he has met so many fascinating and notable people, and has preserved so skilfully their salient utterances, that his pages produce very much the same effect as a brilliant and original work.

We content ourselves with extracting from Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff's entertaining volumes a few of the passages which have a peculiarly literary flavour. Thus: "April 14, 1882.—The European mail arrives. — writes, that when Lord Houghton's death at Athens was rumoured, Sir F. Doyle said his exit is the result of too many *entrées*. May 12.—Lubbock [in a letter] mentions that a boy, sent from Rugby to a school where more attention was paid to science, was asked: 'What is a theodolite?' 'A hater of God,' was the reply." Another examinee's quaint answer, quoted later, may be inserted here. The question was: "What speeches produced the most remarkable results in ancient and modern times?" and the reply: "In ancient times, 'Let there be light'; in modern times, 'Up, Guards, and at them!'" To resume: "Jan. 12, 1883.—Mat Arnold, writing on the 14th November . . . says: 'In next month's *Macmillan* there will be a little poem of mine, which I think and hope you and your wife, and perhaps Clara too, will like. John Morley, who has not seen it, persists in speaking of it as a *Dirge on a Parrot*. I will only say it is not that.'" The poem was "Poor Matthias," a dirge on a canary. On May 24 we find this definition of a deputation by Gladstone: "A noun of numbers signifying many, but not signifying much." "March 13, 1884.—A lady, talking to me to-night, quoted her old Irish Catholic nurse, defending her Church from some aspersions, as having used the phrase, quite new to me, 'Paper never refuses ink; don't believe all you read.' August 7.—A. Russell writes: 'We breakfasted with Gladstone this morning. Millais, who was there, classed the five following heads under the same type—Seneca, Savonarola, Dante, Cardinal Newman, George Eliot.' Nov. 24.—While dictating a letter to-day, I remembered that J. R. Green, the historian, had one day asked me which of all the inventions of our day had done most for the working classes? I guessed this and that; but his answer was: 'Beyond all doubt, sixpenny photographs.' May 19, 1885.—A lady mentioned . . . that Swinburne had asked her what were the two finest lines in the language? He answered his own question by quoting from *Sordello*:

As the king-bird with ages on his plumes
Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

June 14.—. . . the saying attributed to Sir Frankland Lewis about his son, whose excellent, but very serious, books did not suit his taste: 'I wish to God that George couldn't write, or that I couldn't read.' September 3, 1885.—There came into my mind the excellent story which M. Arnold told me years ago of his visit to Villemain. He found the old gentleman's oak . . . sported, and, meeting him some days afterwards in society,

mentioned the fact. 'Pourquoi n'avez vous pas insisté?' was the reply, 'vous m'auriez trouvé renfermé lisant votre *Méropé*!' November 20.—. . . The late Dean of Wells . . . having to propose the health of Mr. Freeman, the historian, whom he did not love, spoke of 'our distinguished guest who has reproduced with such marvellous fidelity the barbarous manners of our ancestors.' July 8, 1886.—A correspondent tells me that Kinglake was recently startled by a lunatic, who came to say that his late wife had appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to find and convert William Alexander Kinglake to Catholicism at once. Kinglake replied that even in heaven he would expect accuracy, and that his name was Alexander William Kinglake. This, and a steady gaze, so froze his visitor that he withdrew."

Finally, let us quote this (belonging to 1879), which is a surprise indeed: "The Breakfast Club met at Henry Cowper's. [Sir Frederick] Pollock told us that it was he, and not Sydney Smith, who said to the child who was patting the tortoise, 'You might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's by way of pleasing the Dean and Chapter.' Pollock first put about the story under the name of his father, the Lord Chief Baron, but it was really his own. The child was his brother George." So many of Sydney Smith's sayings have been traced to other origins that we shall begin to believe he was no wit at all. The great Sydney Myth should be examined by a competent person.

West African Policy.

West African Studies. By Mary H. Kingsley. With Illustrations and Maps. (Macmillan. 21s.)

MISS KINGSLEY'S *West African Studies* is the most valuable book on the subject that has appeared for a long time. It is a complete summary of all things West African. Anecdotes abound; the chief subjects are, however, a highly interesting and reliable history of early West African discoveries—fetich, religion, witchcraft, native diseases, and medicines. Miss Kingsley is always natural, and often racy. Here is an example of her method of arresting attention. She is writing of driver ants:

I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pell-mell, leaving the Drivers in possession; but the mother and father of the family, when they recovered from this unwonted burst of activity, showed such a lively concern, and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut, that I thought it must be the baby. . . . "In him far corner for floor!" shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut I charged. Too true! There in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere inert black mass, with hundreds of cruel Drivers already swarming upon it. To seize it and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, "the work of an instant." She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into a water-barrel, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. Shiver not, my friend, at the callousness of the Ethiopian; that there thing wasn't an infant—it was a ham!

The four chapters on fetichism are admirable, but we admit there must be some previous knowledge upon which

to work. She carefully analyses the various "schools" of fetich, explains the four souls of which we are possessed when in certain parts of West Africa, and plainly distinguishes between the witch and the witch-doctor. But it is a pity that she did not take Dr. Tylor's advice, which she quotes, anent her having given the name of the religion of fetichism to the entire subject, which properly belongs only to a part. But, setting aside this, we suggest that for the true religion of these people the thoughts of the leaders of their tribal societies must be searched, as we should, in the days of Imperial Rome, have gone to the ancient writers and the priests, and not only to the peasantry and their superstitious customs; and, in spite of what Miss Kingsley elsewhere remarks, we have read and heard of touches of what might be called "savage gnosticism" in certain parts of West Africa, greatly diluted, of course, by negro surroundings, and requiring further and difficult elucidation. Once and for all, however, let us state that we do not believe in the existence of "hideous practices" and "horrible ceremonies" in the secret societies, but in those that, though wild, are grand and mystic; and of these, indeed, there are very few, for the ordinary society is tribal and law-giving. In support of her meaning of the word, Miss Kingsley quotes this as expressing fetichism:

God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the lily and the bee;
The mighty tide of being flows
In countless channels, Lord, from Thee.

But we should rather say this expresses pantheism. Fetichism, however, is a sequence of animism, and not all animism is fetich. But, as Miss Kingsley aptly remarks: "It is, however, far easier to state what fetich is not than to state what it is." For ourselves, we regret that the word was ever introduced by the Portuguese, with whom came its first meaning, which was not that of animism. However, whatever the name applied to this religion, Miss Kingsley explains herself with regard to its comparative position:

For instance, to a superficial observer, it would hardly seem possible that a Persian and a Mahdist were followers of the same religion, or that a Spaniard and an English Broad Churchman were so. And yet it seems to me that it is only this class of difference that exists between the African, the Brahmanist, and the Shintoist.

The description of the first disillusioning shock of grief on a convert from fetichism is terribly pathetic; yet the present writer cannot refrain from mentioning here that the Catholic negro converts struck him in West Africa as being singularly faithful and representative of one's idea of the early Christians. But from the beliefs of the native mind, we turn to what the natives, and apparently others, have *seen*: indeed, the Society for Psychical Research might do worse than send a deputation to beat the West African bush for wandering gods such as Sasabonsum; for, to quote only one passage, Miss Kingsley relates how—

down in the Ogowe region, coming home one night with a Fan hunter from Fula to Kangwe, I saw someone coming down the path towards us, and my friend threw himself into the dense bush beside the path so as to give

the figure a wide berth. It was the old symptom. You see what we object to in this spirit is that one side of him is rotting and putrifying, and the other sound and healthy, and it all depends on which side of him you touch whether you see the dawn again or no. This subject of apparition forms is a very interesting one, and requires more investigation.

Miss Kingsley clearly shows that the British race prospers in the unhealthy Tropics until the Home Government drops on it with the Crown Colony system. Read her carefully and you will see this. She quotes those other Crown Colonies as examples, and rather trenchantly observes in reference to the Falkland Islands:

I can say nothing against them, and may possibly be forced to admit that for such a region, off Cape Horn, and with a population mainly of sheep, the Crown Colony system may be a Heaven-sent form of administration. Up to our own day the Colonial Office has been, except in the details of domestic colonial affairs, a drag-chain on English development in Western Africa. It has not even been indifferent, but distinctly, deliberately adverse.

Even Sir George Goldie, to whom we owe the immense Niger Province, would not have succeeded had he been under the Crown Colony system. But, at home,

Mr. Chamberlain alone of all our statesmen saw the greatest possibilities and importance of Western Africa. We want regions that will enable us to keep the very backbone of England, our manufacturing classes, in a state of healthy comfort and prosperity at home in England; in other words, we want markets.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of this entertaining and most important work, which is the result of great learning and of practical experience. We should say there was an egregious mistake at p. 194, but on a second reading we conclude it is probably only a printer's error—"or" for "of"—for Kakamucha is certainly not another name for Nganga or native doctor, but is probably the name of the place in the Fjorts. This and a few other inaccuracies should have been noticed and inserted on an errata slip.

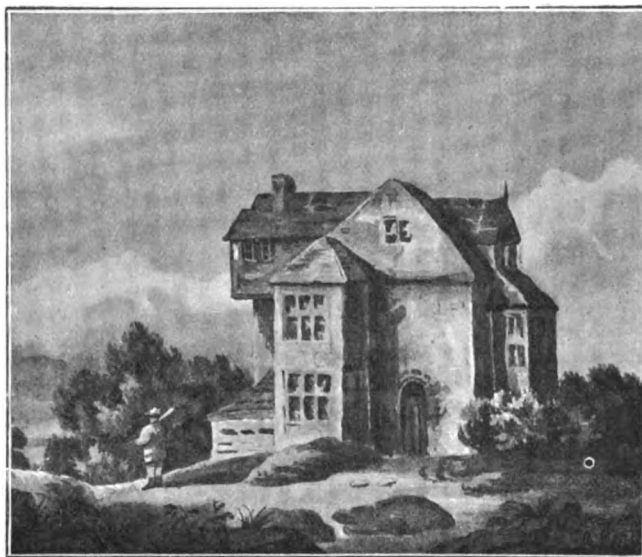
The Suburbs.

South London. By Sir Walter Besant. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

HAVING given us panoramic histories of London and Westminster, Sir Walter Besant has turned to the vast London which lies south of the Thames. It might be supposed that he would not find there the material on which he has been accustomed to work. His bias is ever toward the scenic and the decorative in history, and what—most people would ask—has South London had of these? But it has much; and Sir Walter goes to work with his old unction and his untiring industry in collecting and piecing together a rich tapestry. We think, indeed, that he has been kinder to his method than to his subject, and that not even the frankly episodic character of this book can veil its incompleteness.

First, however, let us give and emphasise our praise. Sir Walter brings the monasteries, the palaces, and the pageants of South London before us in sharp outline and

vivid colours. The illustration we borrow shows one of these vanished buildings—the residence of Bishop Bonner. Following Sir Walter Besant's glowing pen, we see Henry III. feasting in Kennington Palace, and Richard the Second keeping Christmas at Greenwich; we accompany Henry the Fifth through Southwark to London on his return from Agincourt. In one chapter we are introduced to Sir John Fastolfe, who lived in his great house in Stoney-lane, Southwark, and was as little like Shakespeare's Falstaff as might be. Sir Walter defends this worthy from the charges, brought against him by a writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that he was a grasping man of business and a surly neighbour. The Canterbury Pilgrims, foregathering at the Tabard Inn, make another pleasant and rechaic picture. But



BONNER HALL, FORMERLY IN LAMBETH MARSH.

take this *tableau* of the river and Bankside in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:

It is pleasant to think of Bankside and the fields beyond it—the pleasure garden of London. It was easy to get into the open country on every side of the City walls, but there was no place so pleasant as the Lambeth Marsh and the Bankside: none that offered so many and such various attractions. The flag flying over the theatre proclaimed that a play was forward; the number of those who loved the play more than the baiting increased daily; there was never a time when the citizens did not love the green fields and the woods; and these lay behind Paris Gardens and the Bank, beyond the barking of the dogs and the roar of the crowd, and the blare of the music and the stink of the kennels. Every Sunday evening the river was crowded with the boats taking people across to the stairs upon the Bank between St. Mary Overies and Old Barge House Stairs: innumerable were the boats.

Of pleasant, illuminating, and generally accurate matter there is enough and to spare in Sir Walter Besant's book. We say to spare because we think that a good deal of picturesque writing about ancient palaces and pageants and players might well have given place to the more modern history of South London. The royal junkettings and processions in Greenwich and Lambeth were much the same as royal junkettings and processions elsewhere; and their local importance might, we think, have

been indicated in smaller compass. Sir Walter might then have found it possible to give the history of suburbs which—as he often remarks, but as often seems to forget—are very modern. It is but eighty-one years since David Cox sketched St. Paul's Cathedral from the banks of a pond in George's Fields at which cows were watered. Yet Sir Walter only glances at the vast South London which has extended southward since. A great suburb like Brixton is barely mentioned, is not even indexed. Camberwell and modern Clapham are in like case. It seems incredible that we should find no account of the "Clapham sect," that fine body of men who imposed an evangelical tone on the Church of England sixty years ago; who sowed Bible societies, missions, and other Christian agencies throughout the world, and are now honoured by no fewer than five monuments in Westminster Abbey. It is odd, too, that we should be told nothing of Bethlehem Hospital, the largest public institution in South London, and the only one, we think, that has been transplanted from North London.

If the South Londoners forget the associations of their neighbourhoods, and "mostly allow the conversation to turn on things connected with the City," why not stimulate them to inquire into Byron's schooldays at Dulwich, and Goldsmith's usher days at Peckham; why not bring before them the literary circles formed by Campbell at Sydenham, by Dr. Lettsom at Camberwell-grove, and by the Macaulays at Clapham; and remind them that on Clapham Common Cavendish weighed the world and Turner painted the sunset? Not one of these subjects is dealt with by Sir Walter.

Our author turns a cold eye on the South London of to-day:

It is a city without a municipality, without a centre, without a civic history; it has no newspapers, magazines, or journals; it has no university; it has no colleges, apart from medicine; it has no intellectual, artistic, scientific, musical, literary centre—unless the Crystal Palace can be considered a centre; its residents have no local patriotism or enthusiasm—one cannot imagine a man proud of New Cross; it has no theatres, except of a very popular or humble kind; it has no clubs, it has no public buildings, it has no West End.

There is more magnificence than charity in this characterisation of two millions of people. South London—much of which is not forty years old—will soon have its municipalities. Already it has its newspapers; and its theatres are rising in number and quality. It has keen political clubs. Its temporary exhibitions of pictures are distinctly good. The fame of the Crystal Palace as a musical centre is European. If gorse-covered heaths and leafy lanes have disappeared under the advance of brick, the South Londoners have preserved many parks and greens, and have thickly planted their roads and gardens with trees. These are the sober facts, and so far as they are unsatisfactory they appear to us to be the logical outcome of youth and circumstance. The hasty treatment and thinly veiled contempt which modern South London receives in Sir Walter's last chapter are surely beside the mark. Mr. Percy Wadham's pretty illustrations should be mentioned as adding a charm to this interesting, if rather one-sided, account of South London.

Notes on New Books.

UNDER FOUR SOVEREIGNS.

BY SIR HENRY KEPPEL.

Three weeks after his birth Sir Henry Keppel was placed in his father's foot-pan (he tells us) to be interred in the back garden, not being entitled to a grave in consecrated ground. Just as the screwing-down was to begin, the old nurse opined that there was life in the "small thing." Life!—Sir Henry will complete his 90th year next June. He has been everywhere, and seen everybody, and has put it all down—all, that is to say, up to the year 1876. In *A Sailor's Life Under Four Sovereigns* he gives us one thousand and twenty-nine pages of daily happenings. Name a day in such a year in such a reign, and Sir Henry will tell you what he was doing on that day in that year in that reign. Spin the roulette of the century and he will answer its whim. We have hundreds of entries as minute as these: "Jan. 15, 1828. Commodore Schomberg hoisted his broad pennant, which was saluted by us.—Aug. 15, 1829. The last day of the races appeared much too soon.—Nov. 30, 1846. Party to shoot. Keeper reserved best ground until too dark—only a small bag.—Nov. 29, 1858. Colliers to dine.—Feb. 3, 1866. Attended Bench, Winchester." The value of this diary does not lie, therefore, in its literary form or its sense of proportion. It lies in the fact that the gallant author has carried out his method with true naval thoroughness. He has compiled a vast straightforward index of his public and private life which can be consulted with interest and, no doubt, actual service by a great many people. The early naval portions of the diary are full of quaint reminiscences, and the more extended entries relating to the author's experiences in the Crimean War, or in the old slaver-chasing days off the Gold Coast, are good reading. (Macmillan. 30s.)

STORY OF THE PRINCESS DES URSINS. BY CONSTANCE HILL.

Madame des Ursins' letters to confidential friends, such as Madame de Maintenon, have long been before the world. They now furnish Miss Hill with material for a well-informed, well-written, and very readable study of this remarkable politician in petticoats. A La Trémouille by birth and a Princess Orsini by marriage—des Ursins is but a French translation of the Italian name—Madame des Ursins made her first appearance at the age of nearly sixty in the country whose policy, "behind the flimsy veil of a phantom king," she was destined for twelve years to direct. When Louis XIV. made his grandson, Philip V., King of Spain, and by so doing brought upon himself the war of the Spanish Succession, he sent the lady to be Mistress of the Robes to the new Queen. She became mistress also of the kingdom, and, with some vicissitudes, retained her position throughout the war, restlessly intriguing to prevent Louis from deserting his grandson, and inspiring the feeble Philip to hold his threatened ground. After the peace she fell, partly through the dislike of Philip's second wife, Elizabeth Farnese, "the Termagant of Spain," and partly because her efforts to improve the internal condition of Spain, and in particular to check the Inquisition, had brought her into conflict with the power of the Church. But she had played a great part in days when women, not yet emancipated, could do great things. (Heinemann.)

UNDER THE AFRICAN SUN.

BY W. J. ANSORGE.

Mr. Anson, who is medical officer to Her Majesty's Government in Uganda, deals with that country in particular in the pages of this vast book, and as he has travelled it assiduously, and taken photographs the while, he has much to tell and show. His writing is plain and to the point, but it is matter for anthropologists, sportsmen, and naturalists rather than the

general reader, who prefers personality to mere record. None the less may the general reader, especially if he be at all interested in curious things, spend some time very pleasantly with this portly volume; while for any one proposing to shoot big game in the same localities it should be invaluable. By way of frontispiece we are shown the author exulting over the carcase of a lion that he has just killed. (Heinemann.)

THE FLOWING BOWL.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

The author, who is known elsewhere as "Nathaniel Gubbins," explains in his preface, dated Christmas Eve, 1898, that the genial reception of his earlier work, *Cakes and Ale*, together with a wish to earn enough to purchase a Bath Chair, has prompted him to the present treatise on drinks of all lands. Here the convivial may learn how to make most of the beverages of which Sir Wilfrid Lawson disapproves: Cups without number, assorted Punches, including eight varieties of Milk Punch, Ale Flip, Ale Posset, Wassail or Swig, Brown Betty, White Wine Whey, Cider Posset, a Surgeon-Major, a Blue Blazer, a Locomotive, Port Negus, Sherry Egg Nogg, and all the rest of them. The reader who tries all will have need of a Bath Chair too. Mr. Spencer's recipes please us better than his humour, which has not too much delicacy and is of the kind which says "Brethren and sistren." (Grant Richards. 5s.)

A HISTORY OF CORSICA.

BY L. H. CAIRD.

Corsica is briefly known to Englishmen as the home of the vendetta, the birthplace of Napoleon, and the notoriety-hunting-ground of James Boswell. Its history, compact of boiling patriotism and cankering feuds, has nevertheless been but thinly presented to English readers; and Mr. Caird's book is intended to remedy this. It does so very thoroughly. The island's grand revolt against Genoa in 1729, and the events that followed it, are fully entered into. Yet Mr. Caird goes so far as to say that not even the Genoese rule caused more misery in the island than the vendetta. The rigour of the custom was so severe, that even when none but children belonging to the belligerent families were left, these grew up with the thirst to slay their hereditary enemies; and "the fatal word 'rimbecco' (a term implying neglect to take vengeance) would inflame once more a quarrel that had been all but forgotten." A careful and interesting history of a fascinating island. (Unwin. 5s.)

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

BY CHARLES GORE.

It is well to explain that this book has nothing to do with the lectures delivered by its author last Lent in Westminster Abbey. It is a commentary of the kind that demands education in its readers, but not scholarship. In his introduction Canon Gore declares that the controversial positions of the Reformation, in regard to justification by faith, have been antiquated by completer and maturer study, that the Apostle's doctrine has not been generally appreciated in the Church, and that no revival of religion can ever attain to any ripeness or richness unless St. Paul's doctrine resumes its central place. "We know of St. Paul's interior life," he writes, "mainly through the generalised account of it in the Epistle to the Romans." Its crowded confessions he sets himself sincerely to interpret in the modern spirit characteristic of his school; and so to a restatement of the doctrine with which the letter is historically associated. (John Murray. 3s. 6d.)

THE BOOK OF JOB.

BY E. C. S. GIBSON.

The purpose of the Oxford Commentaries, a series to which this volume belongs, is to interpret the Books of the Bible, in the light of modern knowledge, to English readers. The series is less elementary than the Cambridge Bible for Schools, and less didactic than the Expositor's Bible; and questions of textual criticism and philology are treated

only so far as is necessary for exegesis. Such handling is eminently appropriate to the Book of Job, and Dr. Gibson has admirably restrained himself within its conditions. The structure of the poem is lucidly explained in the Introduction, and the notes are clear and illuminative. The text is that of the last revision; and it is remarkable how the riper scholarship of our own time, by its more perfect appreciation of the Hebrew idiom, has revealed literary beauties that lay hid from the translators of the seventeenth century. Much may be forgiven for the sake of "the eyelids of the morning" (iii. 9), in place of the tamer "dawning of the day" of the Authorised version. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE UNHEEDING GOD.

BY T. G. SELBY.

This is a volume of sermons the purpose of which, as might be anticipated, is to convince the reader that the seemingly unheeding God is, in fact, very heedful: that He is not "a languid diletante [*sic*], a magnificent Laodicean, a somnolent potentate who is half-hearted in His care for the distinctions between right and wrong." Titles of other sermons in the volume are "The Tragic Schism," "Christ's Antidote to Pessimism," "The Pledges and Obligations of the Creator"; and the subjects are sometimes happily illustrated after the manner of the late Prof. Drummond. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THREE EDUCATIONAL WORKS. EDITED BY E. E. SPEIGHT.

To Mr. Speight is due great credit for the spirited attempt he is making to induce teachers in elementary schools to take up instruction in English literature on a higher plane than has hitherto been reached. To assist them, Mr. Speight is preparing a series of educational manuals in English Literature. Three lie before us: *The Temple Reader*, a new selection of matter from the best or most interesting authors, with brief information concerning each, and many portraits, the whole furnished with an introduction by Prof. Dowden; *The Adventures of Ulysses*, by Charles Lamb, with an introduction by Sir George Birdwood, and quaint and informing pictures; and *Selections from Wordsworth*, with an introduction by the Master of Balliol. Mr. Speight edits the series himself, on definite lines of his own, and the printing and general presentation are excellent. We wish so good an enterprise well. (Horace Marshall.)

THE STUDIO. VOL. XV.

EDITED BY C. HOLME.

The *Studio's* merits increase. The volume before us quite justifies the opinion that in this magazine we have the best thing in Art journalism that this country has yet done. Every individual native talent in painting or applied art is sooner or later recognised in the *Studio*, and a sharp watch is kept upon foreign work. In the choice of examples for reproduction the editor displays unflinching taste, and the process employed is satisfactory. We are glad to have in the volume before us two more specimens from the brush of Nico Jungmann, the Dutch painter. (*Studio Office*.)

We have received from Mr. Dent a copy, in three volumes, of *Nicholas Nickleby* in the "Temple Edition" of Dickens. To each volume a frontispiece in colour, by Mr. L. M. Fisher, is attached. The taste and skill shown by Mr. Dent in the production of such books is a most valuable force in the publishing world. Even in educational books, such as *The Elements of Phonetics* and *Hints on Teaching German*, which come to hand from this publisher, we find the same fastidious but unerring delicacy of treatment.

To the extremely neat and handy Library of Devotion which Messrs. Methuen are issuing has been added Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*, with an introduction by Dr. Walter Lock, the Warden of Keble College. It is no exaggeration to say that this sweet and fragrant book has never been published more attractively than in its present form.

Fiction.

The Paths of the Prudent. By J. S. FLETCHER.

(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

IN accomplishment, if not in intention, we are inclined to regard these adventures of Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell as the best of Mr. Fletcher's various volumes. The fantasia is eminently agreeable, and—save for a certain prolixity at the beginning and a lack of effective climax at the end—thoroughly well done. Dorinthia, a foundling, had the luck to fall into the hands of Miss Hypatia Watts, whose "Home for the Upbringing of Prudent Maidens" must have been one of the sights of Warwickshire.

Miss Watts taught her twelve humble pupils the whole art and science of distinguishing on which side one's bread is buttered, and none profited by her instruction better than Dorinthia. She went out first as a parlour-maid to a doctor, and then became barmaid in a village inn. Her sentimental transactions with the youth of the village, base and well-born, are set forth at length. She had many admirers, the chief of whom was Richard Bulkeley, son of a baronet and heir to twenty thousand a year. Him she determined to marry.

This is a specimen of Dorinthia's methods:

Dorinthia smiled, looked about her, and interrupted him.

"But you could tell me that so much better in the wood, dear," she said. "One can't very well make love over a gate, you know."

The gate was opened quickly; she passed through; in a moment they were in the protecting shade of the thick undergrowth, and Dorinthia's fears of being observed were relieved. She smiled complaisantly when Richard's arm stole about her waist.

"So you do not refuse to let me make love to you, darling Dorinthia?" he said, looking into her eyes.

"But that was why we met, was it not?" she said, with a generous and bewitching air of surprised interruption.

Richard drew her to him and kissed her glowing cheek.

In quite a short while they were secretly engaged. Then a famous music-hall agent on his travels stayed in the village, and, hearing Dorinthia sing at a cricket club dinner, told her she might earn sixty pounds a week and more in London. He offered to finance her, but the astute girl foresaw disadvantages in that proposal. Accordingly she went to Richard's father, and parted with her lover's letters and the ring and a written acknowledgment that she had no claim on him; for these she received £500 cash down. So armed she went to London. Things came to pass as the music-hall agent had prophesied, and we leave Dorinthia Evadne Clementine, once the prudent barmaid, the brightest star in the firmament of the Strand "alls," and as prudent as ever.

The comic scenes of village wooing and village toping are contrived with genuine skill, and Dorinthia Evadne Clementine Annwell is charming, despite her cold, calculating duplicity.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SWALLOW.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A story of the great Trek of 1836. It purports to be narrated by Vrouw Botmar, an old Boer woman. Swallow was her daughter Suzanne, the wife of an Englishman who brought on his head the black hate of Swart Piet. Mr. Haggard here returns to his earlier manner. Love and treachery, witchcraft and fighting Zulus—these play their part as of old. The Haggard rides again, and excitement is in store for his readers. (Longmans. 6s.)

ONE OF THE GRENVILLES.

BY SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.

Mr. Lysaght is the author of *The Marplot*. Readers of *The Vailima Letters* will remember him as a welcome visitor at Samoa. There is freshness and distinction about *One of the Grenvilles*, which takes its tone and trend from the family motto of the Grenvilles, "Win Love, Lack Gold." The story is laid in Ireland, and both for its characters and setting, and for its author's pleasant wit, this is a novel to read. (Macmillan. 6s.)

BETTY MUSGRAVE.

BY MARY FINDLATER.

This is a novel of almost unrelieved sadness, by the author of *Over the Hills*. Betty, in the beginning of the book, is a child, and afterwards a woman, doomed to the companionship of a demented mother. On the last page, however, she is happy. The story is well written, and, we fear, true to life. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE AMAZING LADY.

BY M. BOWLES.

A curiously minute and frank portrait of a modern woman with leanings towards decadence. Her relations with two lovers constitute the story. The book is a return to a psychological method which was practised assiduously a few years ago, but is now a little out of fashion. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A STOLEN IDEA.

BY ELIZABETH GODFREY.

The idea was the plot of a novel, the owner Robert Norton, the thief Delicia Watson, the scene of the theft a railway carriage from which Robert stepped out leaving his MS. behind him. He next reads a story built on his own plot in the wilds of the Soudan. The marriage, not the murder, of Delicia is forecasted early. (Jarrold. 6s.)

DAVID HARUM.

BY E. N. WESTCOTT.

A story of American life in a small Eastern township. The central figure, David Harum, is an old banker, honest and shrewd, generous and kindly, but with a public reputation for sharpness and miserliness. The story of how David was cheated over a horse by the Deacon, and how he "got back" on the Deacon again, is a piece of excellent dry American humour. The author died before his book was published. (Pearson. 6s.)

MICHAEL DRED, DETECTIVE.

BY M. C. AND R. LEIGHTON.

Herein we see the unravelling of a mystery which baffled inquiries for many years. The story is constructed with skill, and the reader is off the true scent and on several wrong ones in turn until the very end, so the narrators' end is achieved. Dred is not only a detective, he is also a man—that is to say, he is capable of error, and therefore comes as something of a novelty in the fiction of crime. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

A SON OF EMPIRE.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

For some time Mr. Roberts has been giving us only short stories. This is a long novel. The manner is as vigorous

as Mr. Roberts is wont to make it, but the story deals with civilisation and society, and not, as usual, with the ends of the earth. The son of empire was Richard Blundell, and the book tells how, after many vicissitudes, Madge and he came into haven at last and spent their honeymoon in Italy. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE TRIALS OF MERCY.

BY S. DARLING-BARKER.

This novel, by the author of *Mars*, is bright reading. It might with propriety have been entitled "The Trials of Mercy's Husband," for Mercy is a cynic and a firebrand. The action moves to a Mediterranean island. If it be true that a fool is bent upon a twig, but a wise man dreads a bandit, Mercy's husband was doubly fatuous, for he is ruled by his wife and, when dying, selects a second husband for her in the person of an Italian brigand. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

ODD ISSUES.

BY S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

Thirteen short stories, of which the last tells how a woman, being suspected of theft, convicted the real thief and married him—a sufficiently odd issue. The cover of this book is designed as part of a chess-board, with a king in the throes of check-mate. (Smithers. 4s. net.)

WARP AND WOOF.

BY VIOLET HOBHOUSE.

A fresh and charming story of Irish village life. Says an old crone to the heroine: "The men's no worth it. There is na one that's worth the frettin' o' a day, an' I've see mony o' them and ken them weel, . . . Let them be, let them be. They're all of a piece, ay lookin' for a bonny woman to walk abint them an' grease the wheels o' the cairt to them, till the Almighty stops it at the church door for their buryin'." (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.)

SELAM.

BY MILENA MRAZOVIC.

Mrs. Waugh, the translator of these tales, points out that "the noble and sensitive sons of golden Bosnia and of brave Herzegovina are still classed, together with the negroes of the Congo, simply as 'barbarians.'" It is in protest against this ignorant contempt, and to afford "an insight into the soul of an unknown and, therefore, despised race," that Mrs. Waugh—whose translation of Jokai's *Green Book* will be remembered—has rendered these eight short tales into English. (Jarrold. 6s.)

GWEN PENRI.

BY JOHN BUFTON.

"A Welsh Idyll" the author calls this tale of the wooing of Gwen Penri by Rowland Cadwallader. The story is laid at Mold, a small town on the Great Western Railway between Chester and Rhyl. The young hero is full of dreams and memories of Welsh and Scottish history, and "in the company of such thoughts he grew strong with the strength which is 'as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.'" Gwen, on her part, "was born in a home of affluence and piety." In the course of the story she writes a "critical estimate" of Sir Lewis Morris, which the author gives *in extenso*. (Stock. 5s.)

THE RAPIN.

BY HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE.

This novel is best described by its "Foreword." "In the rooms of my friend Otto Struve there hangs a parrot-cage, containing a somewhat dejected-looking lark. It was given to him by Gustave Garnier, the man who took the Prix de Rome last year—or was it the year before?—and whose picture of a girl was bought by the State for I do not know how many thousand francs before it had hung a fortnight in the Salon. A story connects the painter and the picture and the bird. . . ." This is the story. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. type-written.

Björnstjerne Björnson.

THE early stories—*Synnöve Solbakken*, *Arne*—begun when Björnson was about twenty-five (he was born in 1832), have been judged severely by the younger generation in Norway. It is said that they are not harsh enough for modern enlightenment, too idyllic and romantic. The author himself has left them far behind, along with his variations on the old themes of the heroic age and the early history of Norway:

The colours were all grown faint,
And faint upon their banners was Olaf, king and saint.

There are other songs, or rather other proses. The historian finds in the more recent works of Björnson the influence of popular philosophers, and the effect of an acquaintance with the politics and oratory of the United States. He is one of the old company of the Romantic School; but he has thrown himself without reluctance into the thick of modern fashionable problems. He deals with "questions": his later works may be ticketed as discussions of subjects for a school of social science: many of them, indeed, confess their purpose pretty clearly; for if mischief is hidden in the titles *Geography and Love* or *Flags in Town and Harbour* (sold in England as *The Heritage of the Kurts*), there can be no mistake about such titles as *En Fallit*, *Redaktören*, *Kongen*. "Bankruptcy," "The Press," "The King," are the texts given out by the preacher for whom the Sunday steamers are crowded when he is advertised to speak in any Westland village by the shores of a fjord.

It cannot be said to be easy for foreigners to keep up with his demonstrations; for, on the one hand, they require an intimate knowledge of the temper of various layers of Norwegian society, and, on the other, the complications and solutions of his problems are apt to look amazingly trivial, simply because it is impossible to represent such enormous creatures as "The Press" or "Labour" on so small a stage and with so few persons involved as in the plays of Björnson, or of Ibsen. What would become of Rastignac and Baron Nucingen if their politics and finance were transported, say, to Wales, and prevented from going beyond the limits of that country? The game of the human comedy may be played anywhere, but not all varieties of the game; and part of the ill-success of some Norwegian authors is that they want to play Balzac with the conditions simplified out of all meaning—like trying to play piquet with a pack of twenty cards all under the seven.

Arne Garborg, representing the younger generation, has challenged and encountered Björnson more than once in debate about the Norwegian language and nationality, and, with the language that he has made for himself and

an imagination more persevering than Björnson's, has written stories—*Bondestudentar*, *Mannfolk*, *Fred* ("Peace")—which take hold on the mind with a stronger grip than those which gave Björnson his fame. *Bondestudentar*, the education of a bright country lad into hypocrisy and prosperity, is a sort of antithesis to Björnson's *Arne*, where the boy grows into the poet of his own land, with the blessing of its kindly elements upon him, and all its rumours of old fables and ballads borne in memory in his poetry. *Arne* is romance of the purest order, absolute in its devotion to the Norway of the first period after the separation from Denmark, when the yeoman of Norway was a type of resolution and independence, like Wordsworth's men, or like Dandie Dinmont, and the irony of Ibsen had not yet made out Peer Gynt. Luckily, however, Arne Garborg, a countryman's son of Jæderen, has done more than Björnson himself to explain his namesake, Björnson's *Arne*: the poetry of Arne Garborg does not belie its origin in the same conditions, aerial and intellectual, as the rhymes of the boy in the story. Readers of Björnson will do well not to get rid, just yet, of the little books which came out in 1857 and 1858. The books were young then, and are still young. They do not need to rely on the old romantic conventions, of which there is something, no doubt, in *Synnöve* and *Arne*. They rely on the spring of the language, the readiness of the words to put the scene before you, the quick dialogue, the undertone of sympathy as the life of the story weaves itself from one moment to another. This is Björnson's faculty, and even in the dolorous mansions of the Kurts it has not grown old.



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

The drama of *Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg*, translated by H. L. Brækstad (Harper & Brothers), is another "Lost Leader," a subject of the same kind as Garborg's *Irreconcilables*, which is a document of the history of Norway in 1888. Paul Lange is a "minister of State" (not Prime Minister); he is much given to resigning, and is just going to resign for the third time when the play begins. He is wanted by the Court to do a stroke for the Government by making a speech to bolster-up the Old Parliamentary Hand who is in office at the time, and for this service he is offered (by a wonderful quid-chewing Royal Chamberlain) the post of Ambassador in London. After promising his dearest political friend that he will have nothing to do with the Old One, he goes and makes the speech required by the Court and the Government; the excitement of the patriots at the contradictions in Lange's views is the liveliest part of the play; they—members of the Storting, by name Ramm, Saume, Piene, Balke, with others—refuse patriotically to shake hands with Paul Lange at a party at Tora Parsberg's. Their very natural, if ungenerous, manners appear to shock Paul Lange, and in the last act, being compelled to realise for himself that he is not a success, he goes off the stage with a pistol. The part played by Tora Parsberg in all this would be interesting if it were possible to believe in Lange; but while the political situation has everything in it required for the plot of a classical tragedy, the development of it is too trivial; there is no real force, or anything but the most general and abstract impression of political appetites and envies, in all the splutter of Ramm, Bang, Storm, and the other grisly guests at Tora's party. It is the politics of a boys' school; the dramatic problem will do equally well for a school or a parliament; but if parliament is chosen as the scene, one looks naturally for something rather less callow and crude than the ideas and demeanour of these politicians.

In Jonas Lie's *Niobe* it is told how a Norwegian matron, finding her sons and daughters growing intolerable through their modern education, exploded them, in the last chapter, with a cellarful of dynamite. Has Björnson tried to imitate that heroic lady? One can scarcely help thinking so, in the relief that comes with the removal of his sheep-like politician. It is a play by a man of genius, and it has realities behind it; why is there not more substance in the hero?

November in Hyde Park.

Look! as the leaves fall fast, and let the tree
 Show his soft secret of a close-wove nest,
 How it was builded, still and secretly,
 And what light love took there its happy rest;
 And, presently, those speckled gems which lay
 Warmed into light from darkness, day by day:
 So, in this autumn of my waning strength,
 Drops the concealing curtain of the past;
 Soul of my soul! I let you know, at length,
 What faithful love I kept, from first to last;
 The nest is empty, and the tree is bare,
 But we shall heavenly springs and summers share!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Things Seen.

Exit.

NEAR the Hotel Cecil, men with picks and crowbars are seen against the golden sky. They are wrecking three houses, and the chance of seeing a wall rock, or a man killed, allures a placid crowd. It is the departure of an old street from the Strand. Cecil-street, which begins between Nos. 84 and 85, once ran down to Salisbury Stairs, where the boats bumped and tinkled, and watermen slept in the sun. But now Cecil-street is these two houses, and they are Cecil-street. The old name can still be read.

In Cecil-street men have worked and died these two hundred years. The street was built in 1696 on the grounds of Salisbury House. An archbishop lent it sanctity, and an actor lent it fame. For when Edmund Kean shook the town with his "Shylock" it was to Cecil-street that he hurried to his wife: "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, and you, Charley, shall be an Eton boy." In Cecil-street Henry F. Cary lived with the shade of Dante in 1816; and here Wollaston, the chemist, kept the vow he had made when "ploughed" in medicine: "never more to write a prescription, were it for his own father." But he earned £30,000 by making platinum malleable.

Merrily the picks are clicking and dinting, and soon of Cecil-street—home of how many tears and triumphs—not one brick will rest on another.

Music.

HE was a very old man, in a hat without a brim, and a pair of horn spectacles; his shoulders were bent, and his boots enormous and broken; yet his voice was cheerful, and he laughed easily as he handed me my hat which a boisterous gust of wind had blown to his feet. Then I saw that he had a violin, which he kept carefully guarded from the weather beneath the lap of his tattered coat.

"Would you like a toon?" he asked.

I would not; but, as he had done me a service, I felt it would be ungracious to refuse. Out came his instrument, and one or two people who had nothing better to do stopped to listen. The first notes were rather doubtful and watery, but after a time I began to recognise a favourite Nocturne of Chopin. As the old man warmed to his work his eyes lighted up, and his back straightened a little: he was evidently enjoying the music if nobody else was.

He had not got much more than half way through the Nocturne when a barrel organ swung round the corner, scarcely thirty yards away, and struck up "Cavalleria Rusticana." The little crowd that had gathered round my old man gradually dwindled away, and when he had finished I was the only one left with him. He sighed, and wrapped up his fiddle again; then he pointed over his shoulder towards the rival performers, and with a sad smile, indicative of boundless pity for his fellow creatures, "Music!" he said scornfully, shrugged his shoulders, and walked away. I think we understood one another.

The Novel.

Talks with Publishers.

WHEN a daily paper gravely publishes an article on "The Fate of the Novel" it looks as if a literary *débacle* were in the air. We know that this is not so, but it is true that the novel industry is in a somewhat disturbed state.

Publishers and public were alike surprised to learn that the production of novels in 1898 showed a falling off of two hundred volumes, which is at the rate of four a week and represents a decline of 10 per cent. Then came the announcement that we are to have new novels of six-shilling length at the amazingly low price of sixpence. Within a few years, therefore, the publishing prices of new novels have been three—viz., thirty-one-and-sixpence, six shillings, and sixpence.

It reads like the fall of Humpty-Dumpty. Will the last reduction succeed and become general? It is hoped that the effect of publishing a novel at sixpence will be to secure a huge sale. Is this hope justified? And what connexion, if any, has this scheme with the diminished production of novels at six shillings?

To obtain light on these matters, a representative of the ACADEMY has sought interviews with four leading publishers, and he writes as follows:

My first call was on a publisher who is noted for issuing good novels. He said, rather wearily:

"These questions of price are ever recurrent, and they do not interest me. People are always forgetting that there are two publics—those who buy books as literary possessions, and those who buy books as trinkets or *fa-lals* to amuse them for an hour and to be thrown aside. Experiments in cheapness will always be tried on this second public. They do not interest me. Six shillings is a fair price for a good novel—think what a good novel represents in labour and thought and emotion—and a large and growing class of book-buyers are quite willing to pay that sum. Yes, I can conceive that it may pay to issue new novels at sixpence, provided they are very good, and the edition is limited to such a quantity as will just cover the cost and secure a good advertisement. Then these novels could be issued in six-shilling form with profit. But I do not think that second-rate novels can be treated in this way with advantage."

"And what of the falling off in the number of six-shilling novels last year?"

"A matter of chance, I should say—chance. But it does not interest me."

A publisher whose output is mainly fiction said:

"I think the six-shilling novel is in no way threatened. Still, I am now principally engaged in issuing cheaper forms of fiction. I do not think that new novels can be issued at sixpence. The libraries will make havoc of the scheme, for they will put the sixpenny editions into their own bindings, and thus there will be a loss of usual profits to publishers of sixpenny new novels."

My next call was at a West-End house which has issued thousands of novels. A member of this firm said:

"The six-shilling novel stands where it did. But I think the rate of production will go on diminishing for

some time. Authors have forced up prices to such a point that we are compelled to reject a great deal of good work. I constantly return novels by writers to whom, under the old thirty-one-and-sixpenny *régime*, I could afford to pay large sums. Indeed, I have paid £100 or £150 to authors whose books I dare no longer take at any price. Their work is as good as ever, but it cannot contend against the present rush of new work. A sale of six or seven hundred copies was once enough to ensure a profit to the publisher and a handsome cheque to the author; but now the publisher's profits do not begin till he has sold a thousand copies—and that, mind you, against innumerable rival novels."

"Then would you describe novel-publishing as a depressed industry?"

"Well, it has taken an utterly new complexion. The old friendship between publisher and author has gone. Manuscripts are sold practically by auction. An agent will walk in here and say: 'I have been offered £150 for this novel of —'s; will you give me £200?' One thing has not changed—the willingness of the public to pay a fair price for a good article. It is a delusion to suppose that because you publish a book at three-and-sixpence instead of six shillings you will thereby increase its sale. There is no such ratio between price and circulation."

"To sum up?"

"To sum up, six-shilling novels will be fewer and better. As for cheap new novels, I do not see how they can make their way. In the old days cheap novels had a chance, because they were filled with advertisements. But books are dead as an advertising medium, and authors' claims are much higher."

My last call was in Paternoster-row, where one publisher had no fewer than twenty-four six-shilling novels on the eve of publication. He said:

"May I ask whether these are all being published at your own risk and enterprise?"

"Oh, yes. We publish on no other system. No, I do not regard the present state of the novel market as satisfactory. I regret the old thirty-one-and-sixpenny days, and many a good author has reason to regret them. It was a bad day for novelists when the Authors' Society—the boasted friend of writers—threw in its lot with the libraries against the publishers when the question of the continuance of the three-volume novel was being fought out. Their action in this matter is forgotten by many; but there it was. Under the present system only the best writers can make money. No, I do not think that the further cheapening of novels is possible. The public do not want cheaper novels; but they would like better novels. The standard of quality in demand tends to rise, and the task of selecting marketable stuff from the enormous number of MSS.—"

"Enormous, is it?"

"Enormous!"

"How long does it take to decide the fate of an ordinary novel?"

"The time varies, but I should say two months. If a novel does not 'go' in its first two months it means to stay on our shelves."

It is hardly necessary to sum up the evidence. It is clear that six-shilling novels will be produced "until further notice"; that sixpenny novels—like all new and daring innovations—are regarded with scepticism; and that, in any case, the good old times are gone.

Memoirs of the Moment.

WHAT is the best time for writing? The question is a stock one put to authors by the amateur who believes that he could do just as well as they, perhaps better, if he only knew the trick. Mr. Henry James must tremble; his monopoly is gone, because his secret is out. He is a worker by night, and three in the morning finds him still occupied with the creations that were hitherto his, but are now everybody's. Well, he has his compensations, for had he been asleep in his bed the other morning at that hour there would probably have been an end of all things for him. Lamb House, at Rye, in which George III. stayed, and which has been made still more historic by Mr. James's own residence in it, has the faults of its qualities—flues that date back for two hundred years, and are not used, perhaps, to the late hours of an author. The fire which broke out in one of them the other morning quickly brought the householder from his writing-table, the local fire-brigade was summoned, and the flames were got under before any great damage had been done.

ANOTHER American writer, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, once had a rather curious experience with fire. He was seated in an armchair, rather lethargic in body, but with an imagination all alert. He was planning a chapter of a novel in which his hero was to be burnt. He imagined to himself the scene: he seemed to hear the crackling, and to be dazzled by the shooting lights; the smoke seemed to daze him, and he wondered at the bravery of his hero who should bear all this and yet, impelled by some scruple or in obedience to some fantastic sacrifice in the story, should refuse to fly. And the stifling heat—this was really insufferable. The author had imagined it all so well, he was really feeling himself to be singed. Springing up, he rushed from the room—and only in the nick of time. The room was indeed on fire, and the imaginative author had been unaware of the boundaries between fact and fancy.

LORD ROSEBERY has gone abroad, and Sir William Harcourt is in Rome, whither, as they perhaps remember in their dreams, Sir Robert Peel was himself once recalled to take up most unexpectedly the government of England. Lord Rosebery's fate seems to follow him in his retirement. He seeks for peace, and, indeed, pursues it; but just on his heels he can hear the clamour. The Eighty Club will have him, and no other, for its leader; and the resulting discussion and division and correspondence accentuate the differences existing in the Liberal ranks. As with the followers, so with the leaders themselves. Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt, far apart from Sir Henry Fowler on Home Rule, and from Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith on Imperialism, are not even themselves united on the Church question, in which Mr. Morley largely accepts the historical view of the Ritualists—a view that is, in Sir William's view, defiant of common-sense. Perhaps all these divergences are more formidable on the surface than deeper down, and many readers of the Peel Papers have been able to appreciate for the first time how utterly out of love with each other were certain members of his Governments in the 'forties. The difference is that they did not divulge their family quarrels as nowadays.

IN these same Peel Papers the political plums have been so many that the newspapers have hardly had space to serve a tithe of them up. This pressure accounts for the crowding out of one or two allusions to literature that have their own importance. In the Tennyson biography it is stated that "the question arose whether Sheridan Knowles or my father should be placed on the pension list. Peel knew nothing of either of them." Then Houghton made Peel read "Ulysses," and Tennyson won the pension. That narrative may be amusing, but it is not history. The application of a pension for Tennyson was made to Peel, at the beginning of 1845, by Hallam, in a letter sufficiently modest in its terms:

The person to whose merits I would solicit your attention is Mr. Alfred Tennyson, whose name must be familiar to you, even if you have never looked at his writings. Perhaps I do not overstate the fact when I say that he is considered by many as the very first among the younger class of living poets. He is at least a man of a fertile and thoughtful mind, and few would hesitate to ascribe to him the high praise of genius. He was the most intimate friend of a son of mine, untimely snatched away.

In confirmation of which testimony he refers the Minister to Mr. Henry Taylor, to Mr. Milnes, and—to Mr. Rogers!

Four days later, Peel wrote in reply that he had read "some of Mr. Tennyson's works and had formed a very high estimate of his powers." Thereupon he offered a gift of £200 to the "man of a fertile and thoughtful mind," not a pension, and meanwhile wrote to Mr. Gladstone for a "character," which came as follows, and which, one must remember, was penned after Tennyson had written what is now generally admitted to be his finest poetry:

Mr. Tennyson is but a young man for a pensioner, I should think under thirty-five. As to his genius, I will not trouble you with any eulogy of mine, but will observe that Mr. Rogers (!) told me he considered him by much the first among all the younger poets of this generation. Secondary and external faults, conspicuous enough, drew upon him some years ago an unfavourable article in the *Quarterly*. Since that time he has republished, and the general opinion seems to be that he has done much in getting rid of those defects, and that his genius has greatly ripened. Still, it appears established that, though a true and even a great poet, he can hardly become a popular, and is much more likely to be a starving one.

THE fatuity of prophecy is not the point—no one was more sensible than Gladstone in later life to the popular hold of Tennyson on English readers. Seven months later Peel wrote to Hallam, giving a pension to Tennyson of £200 in consequence of the favourable impressions left on his mind by the poems, "confirmed as they are by the highest testimonies I could receive—your own and that of Mr. Rogers!" Acknowledging the poems, Hallam assures the Minister that his "generous consideration" will have "the response of applause from the lovers of poetry, especially the younger of both sexes, who regard Tennyson as the first name among the later cultivators of that sacred field."

O to be in Athens when April is there! For Eleonora Duse will go thither to give D'Annunzio's "Gioconda";

and M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie Française, will be there, too, to recite "Antigone." It is not yet quite certain, but there is every chance that, towards the end of the year, Mme. Duse will again visit London, where, however, her two last "seasons" brought her no profit, but, on the contrary, involved her in some slight loss.

MR. S. B. BOULTON, of Copped Hall, Totteridge, Herts., has written to the *Times* this week to claim for his house a previous tenant or owner in the person of Bulwer Lytton. That is quite true; but there is another historic association with Copped Hall of which its present owner does not make mention. It was in that house that Cardinal Manning was born, and there that he spent the first eight years of his life. Three-quarters of a century later he remembered every inch of the ground when he revisited it—saw where a fence had been moved, an old doorway abolished; pointed out the oak tree which had an owl's nest in it; recalled how a servant who climbed the tree to fetch him an owl fell and broke his leg; and, finding the owls still in possession of the old tree, moralised: "So we go and the owls remain." He saw the lake his mother had made, the tree his father had planted in honour of the jubilee of King George III., and the summer-house which, truth to say, did not gain much glory in his eyes from the fact that Bulwer Lytton, who afterwards rented the place, had written some of his novels in it. It was to a son of the occupant of the house, thus revisited by the Cardinal at the close of his long life, that he gave a piece of advice—an old Balliol man's advice to a very young one: "Read the classics and ride straight to hounds." That was as full a programme as the Cardinal felt free to formulate; but the years have passed and the young man, with a name not unknown, has filled it out for himself.

The "Academy" Bureau.

THE FALLACIES OF UTILITARIANISM
AND HEDONISM.

BY "ST. OSWIN."

This is a praiseworthy essay on which White's, or the Waynflete, Professor would find many encouraging things to say. It is orderly, lucid, and well-mannered. We wish, however, that the author had thought himself into greater perspicacity as to the implicates of his main contention. "Does not," he asks, "the hedonistic doctrine of pleasure lead to a paradox? To do an action because of the pleasure it brings is the surest way to lose the pleasure. If a man follows virtue because he seeks the pleasure that comes from it, he will never get it, for the plain reason that he will never have the virtue." Now, "St. Oswin," of course, professes and calls himself a Christian. Does he make nothing of Heaven and the Beatific Vision and Eternal Life? We are aware that certain Christian philosophers have gone so far as to say that "if a man follows virtue because he seeks the pleasure that comes from it, he will never get it"; but they were heretics. Is "St. Oswin" one of those "ungracious pastors" who show the steep and thorny way to virtue? We still consider "pushpin" inferior to poetry. We think we could prove it so to any reasonable being; and reasonable beings alone count when we are exposing "fallacies." We ask "St. Oswin" to consider the lines in which Dante describes the supreme ideal for man. They are

loveliest, perhaps, and certainly the most hedonistic, in all literature.

Luce intellettuale, piena d'amore
Amor del vero ben, pien di letizia,
Letizia che trascende ogni dolore.

We find "St. Oswin's" philosophical position quite untenable. It is between the horns of a dilemma. Christianity being saturate with hedonism, we cannot discard Epicurus without discarding Revelation also, and Revelation is the very theorem which "St. Oswin" seeks to vindicate. Nevertheless, although our opinion of his philosophy is no higher than his of the philosophies of Mill and Hume, and other Scots thinkers for whom we ourselves have a high respect, we are not sure that "St. Oswin's" monograph should not be published. We are considering the matter. Our doubts are less ethical than commercial.

A VOLUME OF VERSE.

BY ELTIJÉ.

Last week we had the pleasure of welcoming a volume of verse from South Africa. Now we have one from Gampola, Ceylon. It is pretty verse; but that is the most we can say. The quality of it will be best realised through a quotation.

Nature, seventeen years ago,
Took a rose that it might blow,
Took a lily, white as snow,
Took some violets, so blue,
And a modicum of dew,
Took a little mignonette,
A forget-me-not or two,
Took a bunch of green stuff wet
And a sprig of rue.
And she smiled with approbation
When she named *thee*—Her Creation!

Now, mark how "Eltijé," instead of mastering his materials, mastered by them. "That it might blow," in the second line, is not the expression of any thought which was in the author's mind; nor is the "bunch of green stuff wet." These phrases are merely put in to fit the rhythm and the metre. The closing couplet is equally bad. Consequently the verse is lifeless. Some of "Eltijé's" other pieces are more natural; but there is too much artificiality in the work to justify our desire to have it published. With every good wish, we suggest to our correspondent that he should pick out what he feels to be the best of his pieces, and offer them, separately, to magazines of *belles lettres*.

MINUTAL.

BY M. JOURDAIN.

We find wit and scholarship in M. Jourdain's work, much of which is translated from Greek and other classical writers. Of his quite original pieces this pleases us most.

SUN AND SANITY.

The deep field, in the harvest-heat,
Is flecked with traversing sun-bursts, like the hide
Of fallow deer. You hardly hear the whirring
Of corncrakes stirring in the haulms of corn
Blown white against the purple folds of clouds,
The thunder-clouds that cloak the Cumnor hills.
Thin crimson poppies ride on the flickering wheat,
Blown by a wind warm as a nest of birds
(Oxford no bigger than an opal ring,
A cup of mist beneath us). And you gain
An infinite satiety of sun
And sleep, and sun-warmed sanity—
And you forget
To read your Paul Verlaine!

That is excellent; but why is it put into a volume of verse? It is writing of a high order; but it is prose. M. Jourdain,

we think, was born to be an essayist, or a novel-writer, rather than a poet. Clean-cut thought alone cannot make a poet; but a man who has the gift of it, and an ear for music, should easily make his mark in the less exalted domain of letters.

"No Bigger than a Man's Hand," by "Ferreira"; "Stradella," by E. G.; "As We Pass Along," by "Vida."—Each of these MSS. is too slender to make a volume.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 21.

THERE has been some difficulty in awarding the prize this week. We offered it for the best set of three mottoes for well-known papers, but in no instance has a competitor produced more than one motto of special merit. We have, therefore, decided to divide the guinea into three portions, one of which has been sent to Mary D. Teale, 2, Belvoir-terrace, Scarborough, for this motto for the ACADEMY:

There is nothing of which we are so liberal as of advice.

(*La Rochefoucauld.*)

One to Mr. Alexander H. Caperne, 50, Handen-road, Lee, S.E., for this motto for the *Sporting Life*:

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse.

(*"Richard III."*)

And one to Mr. F. Schlosser, 37, Gillingham-street, S.W., for this motto for *Truth*:

The truth [we] you speak doth lack some gentleness.

(*"Tempest."*)

A selection from the remaining answers is given:

ACADEMY.

Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower.

(*Tennyson.*) [W. H. D., Norwich.]

Some bookes also may be read by deputy and extracts

Made of them by others.

(*Bacon.*)

Times.

I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute.

(*Corper.*) [W. P., Oxford]

Be just and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's.

(*"King Henry VIII."*) [R. H., Birmingham.]

A voice of thundering loudness—crying forth

The "News" from West, from South, and East and North,

Like miser counting forth his precious dimes,

Sits in his den, an Autocrat—"The Times."

(*Original.*) [H. P. B., Glasgow.]

Truth.

For truth is truth, to the end of the reckoning.

(*"Measure for Measure."*) [M. H. L., Sheffield.]

World.

Fashionable topics—pictures, tastes, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

(*"Vicar of Wakefield."*)

Daily Telegraph.

Oft on the dappled turf at ease,

I sit and play with similes.

(*Wordsworth's "Celandine."*) [V., London.]

Spectator.

There's a great deal to be said on both sides.

(*Addison.*) [E. K., Ambleside.]

The Financial Times.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

(*O. W. Holmes.*) [A. G. Cheltenham.]

Answers also received from E. M., Oxford; M. T. P., Chester; B. L., London; T. C., Buxted; E. W., Brighton; L. W., Brighton; J. G., Dublin; M. P., Wallingford; C. A. W., Brighton; E. C., Brondesbury; M. J., Cheltenham; J. B. N., York; L. E., Budleigh Salterton; G. E. M., London; G. R., Aberdeen; C. S., Brighton; A. B. Gartcosh; E. C. M. D., Crediton; and S. C., Brighton.

Competition No. 22.

A MIDDLE-AGED, unmarried lady, who attends University Extension lectures, subscribes to Mudie's, and lives in a London suburb with a parrot, a Pomeranian dog and two servants, keeps on a little shelf beside the fireplace her dozen permanent favourite books. What are they? A collation of all answers sent in will be made, and a prize of a guinea will be awarded to the competitor whose list agrees in largest proportion with the general sense.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 7. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 254, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, March 2.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Gore (Rev. C.), St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Vol. I. (Murray)	
Gibson (E. C. S.), The Book of Job (Methuen)	6/0
Selby (T. G.), The Unheeding God (Hodder)	6/0
Wilson (Ven. J. M.), The Gospel of Atonement (Macmillan)	3/6
Moulton (R. G.), Bible Stories (Old Testament) (Macmillan)	2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Caird (L. H.), The History of Corsica (Unwin)	5/0
Macpherson (H. C.), Adam Smith (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	1/6
Burleigh (B.), Khartoum Campaign 1893 (Chapman & Hall)	12/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Perrault (Ch.), Contes des Fées (Relfe)	1/0
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Spencer (E.), The Flowing Bowl (Richards)	5/0
Clarke (A.), The Effects of the Factory System (Richards)	2/6
Sheldon (C. M.), The Twentieth Door (Sunday School Union)	1/0
In Danger's Hour (Cassell)	
Powell (J. W.), Truth and Error; or, the Science of Intellection (Open Court Publishing Co.)	
Loria (A.), The Economic Foundations of Society (Swan Sonnenschein)	3/6
Sargent (A. J.), The Economic Policy of Colbert (Longmans)	
Mr. Dooley: in War and in Peace (Richards)	2/0
Townsend (C. F.), Chemistry for Photographers (Dawbarn & Ward)	1/0
Specification. Feb. - May, 1899. (Edinburgh House)	5/0
Hiern (W. P.), Catalogue of the African Plants Collected by Dr. F. Welwitsch (British Museum)	5/0
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J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A.,
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February 16th, 1899.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.

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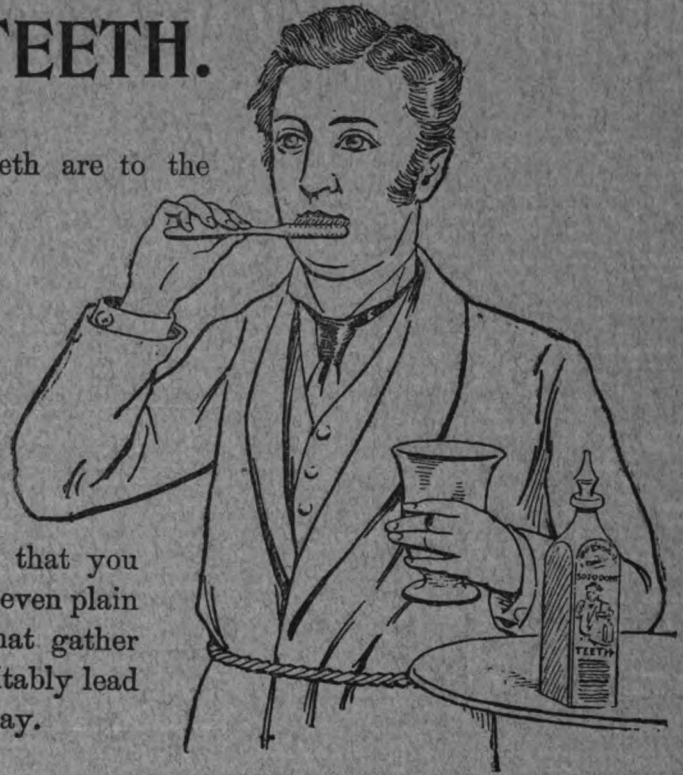
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The Literary Week.

MR. KIPLING, we are glad to say, continues to improve in health; but his eldest child, Josephine, who was also struck down by pneumonia, died on Monday. Owing partly to the necessity for keeping this calamity from Mr. Kipling during his present state, and also from other reasons, Mrs. Kipling felt constrained to request that the papers would refrain from treating her little girl's death as a public matter, and they have unanimously complied with the wish. As Mrs. Kipling put it, her husband was the property of English-speaking races, but her daughter was hers alone.

IN thinking of the death of this gifted child, whom friends of the family unite in describing as one possessed of extraordinary charm and character, some lines of Stevenson's have continually recurred to us. With a slight modification they are sadly applicable :

Yet, O stricken hearts, remember, O remember
How of human days she lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took her fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream ;
Yours the pang, but she, O she, the undiminished,
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to her were but a name.
Here, a child, she dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as she came.

THE German Emperor's telegram to Mrs. Kipling expressing sympathy for her and her husband has led the German press into a strange error. With few exceptions, the papers consider Mr. Kipling to be an American.

It is left for the committee of the William Black Memorial Fund to decide upon the exact form the memorial shall take. The proposition of the founder of the scheme, Lord Archibald Campbell, was, as our readers know, to place a lifeboat somewhere in the Hebrides or on the west coast of Scotland. But possibly an alternative project may be suggested. At the present moment two officials of the Northern Lights Commissioners are inquiring into the matter. Meanwhile subscriptions may be

sent to Messrs. Coutts, 59, Strand, the Editor of the *Oban Times*, or to the Editor of this paper.

THE "boom" in Mr. Charles M. Sheldon's religious stories is real. It succeeds the boom in *The Three Musketeers*. The London booksellers display seven of these novels—if we are to call them such—viz., *In His Steps*, *Robert Hardy's Seven Days*, *The Twentieth Door*, *Malcolm Kirk*, *Richard Bruce*, *The Crucifixion of Philip Strong*, and *His Brother's Keeper*. Five or six weeks ago nothing was known of Mr. Sheldon or his books. Then Mr. Allenson, of Paternoster Row, published *In His Steps*. Many booksellers passed the work by until it began to be asked for. It was like the letting out of water; day after day the mysterious demand grew.

"WHAT is the meaning of it all?" was the question of an ACADEMY representative to a large London bookseller. The bookseller smiled; he seemed amused and cheerful. "Well," he said, "these books will sell enormously; they have reached the chapel-going public and touched them aright, and—well, we are ordering five hundred at a time. These books will be read aloud at mothers' meetings; they will lie on the tables of Y.M.C.A.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s; sermons will be preached on them; and all the provinces will have to be satisfied—Burslem, Cardiff, South Shields. No; I don't suppose the publishers' profits are remarkable. You see, it is like a new brand of marmalade or breakfast oats—the name is in the air, and what one grocer keeps another must keep in self-defence. Thus it is with such books."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The success which has attended the publication of the Rev. C. M. Sheldon's work, *In His Steps*, must assuredly swell the coffers of its many publishers, and especially those whose sales are not affected by the royalties which the author is, at least, morally entitled to. It is generally from this side of the Atlantic that the complaint of publishing piracy is heard, so that I anxiously await the verdict of our American cousins on the many editions of the work named above. Such complaint, if any, would not be without precedent."

THE *Daily Telegraph's* evening edition, to which we alluded last week, is for the time being in the background. The new paper which is receiving immediate attention at Peterborough-court is the *Sunday Daily Telegraph*, the first number of which is due shortly. A serial story by Miss Braddon will be among its attractions.

DR. BOYD—or “A. K. H. B.,” as he was known to most of his readers—had not of late the following which was his in the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Then his initials were as familiar to this generation as are those of “R. L. S.” *The Recreations of a Country Parson* (1859) established a reputation for good stories and genial criticism of life which Dr. Boyd maintained to the end. Most of the magazines borrowed amusement from his pen, and from time to time the essays were collected. They were not too well written, but the matter was copious and sound and always entertaining. Dr. Boyd may be said to have carried on, to some extent, Dean Ramsay’s work.

DR. BOYD was for two years a member of the Committee appointed by the three Scotch Presbyterian Churches to compile a new hymn-book. *The Church Hymnary*, issued last year, was the result of their joint labours. In one of Dr. Boyd’s last letters to the Press he criticised in characteristic fashion some of the textual emendations of the Committee. “In the hearty hymn, ‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name!’ a comma is stupidly stuck in,” he wrote, “after the hail. But that is little, though symptomatic. The second verse, best known of all, ‘Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,’ is cut out. And in verse three, ‘Extol the stem of Jesse’s rod’ is changed to the unmeaning ‘Extol Him in whose path ye trod.’ This is unpardonable.” “One asks,” he went on, “seeing what is in, did anyone propose Walter Smith’s ‘O’er land and sea love follows with fond prayer’? It is very beautiful and very brave.” Dr. Boyd concluded his letter with a poem, of which we append the first stanza, “which is too unconventional,” he wrote, “for any hymnal, and the language what some call *Amurrikan*. But its spirit is essential Christianity and its literary merit high above half the pieces in the joint hymnal.”

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say “Hullo!”
Say “Hullo!” and “How d’ye do?”
“How’s the world a-usin’ you?”
Slap the fellow on the back,
Bring yer han’ down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an’ don’t go slow,
Grin an’ shake an’ say “Hullo.”

In one of his later books “A. K. H. B.,” by the way, alluded to Dr. Horatius Bonar as “the sweetest of all living lyric poets.”

“BENJAMIN SWIFT’S” new novel, *Siren City*, is due in the spring. We have already said something of its motive, the conflict between puritanism and paganism. *Siren City* is the name given by the novelist to Naples, where many of the incidents have place. Meanwhile Mr. Swift is writing a history of Italy in the Middle Ages, in which Machiavelli and Savonarola will figure.

FOR the advertisement of the new issue of their *Popular Educator* Messrs. Cassell & Co. have issued a new poster. Everyone will remember the old one—the “Seven Ages of Man”—wherein the observer was called upon to witness

the alternative careers for the innocent child as he happened to come under or to escape the influence of the *Popular Educator*. Once fairly started with a copy of that work his progress through respectable youth, honourable middle age, and blameless senility was assured. Without it, he passed to fraud, excess, and hoary turpitude. In the new



picture, of which we give a small reproduction, the same idea is maintained, but with less crudity. It is necessary, however, to be somewhat crude on the hoardings. The new issue of the *Popular Educator* will be complete in eight fortnightly volumes.

ANOTHER great misconception has been set right. It has been stated that Mr. Joseph Conrad makes the first draft of his stories in a weird language compounded of Yiddish and other ingredients, and then translates it into English. Mr. Conrad does nothing of the kind; nor does he wear three hats.

WE quote from a Boston paper the advertisement of a leading publishing firm as a specimen of the enterprise displayed across the Atlantic in “pushing” a new book:

Milwaukee vs. Boston
As a Literary Center.

A bookseller out in Milwaukee has sold about 125 copies of —, the first book of Mr. — (whom the critics here and in England point out as a writer the literary world will hear much of before long). Had the book been as much appreciated elsewhere it would be alongside of Kipling’s *The Day’s Work* as one of the “best selling books” of 1898, instead of being only in its seventh thousand. But in Boston — has not sold at all, though the Boston newspapers, like all the others, have expressed most cordial appreciation of its unusual human interest and dramatic force. We’d like to restore the equilibrium somewhat in this matter, and we know the book can make its own way if people who care for literature will only examine it. We will send any reader of this paper a copy, postpaid, “on approval.” After looking it over at your leisure, you can send us either \$1.25 or the book. It’s a novel on which any publisher would be justified in staking his reputation.

The author of the book in question can hardly complain that his publishers are neglecting his interests.

AMERICA, as we have stated, has taken to *Cyrano de Bergerac* with extraordinary affection. Not only are thousands of copies sold, but a toy on “Aunt Sally” lines, with the swollen nose of the gallant *Cyrano* for particular target, is also immensely popular.

THE experiences of authors and other brain workers who work far into the night on a regimen of strong coffee can be curious. Wilkie Collins tells how he persevered at this wicked practice until one night he met himself and deemed it time to turn over a new leaf. Mrs. W. K. Clifford has been telling an interviewer that when she sits up her prevailing fear is burglars. One day she was relating the circumstance to Huxley, who replied: "When I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, but I actually see them looking through the crack of the door at me!"

MR. HEINEMANN has just added two more volumes—*The Weavers* and *Lonely Lives*—to his edition of the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann. We reproduce the dedication of *The Weavers*:

I DEDICATE THIS DRAMA

TO MY FATHER,

ROBERT HAUPTMANN.

You, dear Father, know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyse them here.

Your stories of my grandfather, who in his young days sat at the loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama. Whether it possesses the vigour of life, or is rotten at the core, it is the best "so poor a man as Hamlet is" can offer.—Yours,

GERHART.

Both plays have been translated from Hauptmann's German by Miss (or Mrs.) Mary Morison.

PIERRE LOTI's protest against his superannuation (as Lieut. Viaud) from the French Navy has been successful, and he returns to active service. One result is that he will have to abandon for the present his projected journey through Persia and Afghanistan. The book upon which he is now working is an account of Easter Island in the Pacific.

FRANCE is a country of statues, and yet, in spite of the national pride in Victor Hugo, not a single statue of him has yet been erected. At Besançon, his native town, a statue committee was formed in 1885, but only £800 has been raised for the purpose in all these fourteen years. A sculptor is, however, now at work, and probably the memorial may be ready in two years time. But the delay is very odd.

THE French paper *Les Annales* has been making a list of the words which French polite Society has recently borrowed from this country. Here are a few:

Sport	Rush	Mail-coaches	Toast
Trainers	Starter	Toilet-club	Speech
Jockeys	Winning-post	Lavatory	Fast
Turf	Pedigree	Tickets	Swell
Ring	Winner	Meeting	Five o'clock
Bookmakers	Stud-book	Take tea	Leading articles
Plungers	Pull-up	Smoking	Reporters
Thoroughbred	Tramways	Baby	Home
Broken down	Victorias	Boy	Nursery
Dead heat	Cabs	Groom	Select

THE following story of R. L. Stevenson has been told before, but it is worth repeating. It occurs in an article

on Dr. Murray's dictionary in *Good Words*, and is apropos of the vigilance of the staff. Stevenson was applied to for the meaning and origin of the word "brean" in one of his tales. To which the romancer replied that he had not read the proofs of the book, and "brean" was merely a misprint for "ocean."

THE humorous compositor is very noticeable in two of the March magazines. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* he makes Mr. Quiller Couch refer to the child poems of "Mr. William Cannot," meaning Mr. William Canton; and in the *Bookman* he entitles an article on Mr. William Watson "Mr. Watson's Collected Pomes."

IN *Truth* for this week will be found a selection of replies sent for a prize competition, wherein readers were asked to treat the preparation of well-known books somewhat as Mrs. Beeton treats the preparation of dishes. We give a few specimen recipes: *The Open Question*—

SOLES "À LA QUESTION OUVERTE."

Take a pair of young souls, and carefully skin.
Dissect them, examine without and within;
Preserve all the essences selfish and vain,
Add a dash of heredity, passion and pain;
Mix well with depressions of divers degree,
And flavour with Ibsen and *felo-de-se*;
Dish up with a garnish of turquoise and lace,
Then serve in a boat, and push out into space.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby, by Miss E. T. Fowler—

CARNABY CREAM.

Take a Methodist family, charming and wise,
That looks upon life with the kindest eyes,
Add men of the world, clever women as well,
And Love, the great teacher who trained Isabel;
With original thoughts in apt phrases and fit,
Mix repartee, epigram, genuine wit;
Let humour and "gentlehood" flavour the whole,
Then daintily serve in a clear crystal bowl.

With Kitchener to Khartum, by Mr. G. W. Steevens—

ENTRÉE KHARTUM À LA STEEVENS.

Have ready a Kitchener, first-rate and complete,
Take a great deal of sand and a little tinned meat,
New fellaheen grit and fine old British pluck,
Sufficient of foresight and a slice of good luck;
Stir up with a rail, and mix well with Nile water,
Season with blood and with Maxim guns' slaughter,
Frizzle it all in a tropical heat,
And serve the B. P. in a halfpenny sheet.

The Castle Inn, by Mr. Stanley Weyman—

Take a tutor, some youths, and a bold baronet,
Mix them all with *haut ton* and with many a bet;
Add a vulgar grande dame and a maid with eyes bright;
Then do them all brown, in a carriage, at night.
Serve hot, with a statesman, a lawyer, and proctor,
And to aid your digestion pray send for Pitt's doctor.

The Christman, by Mr. Hall Caine—

QUAYLE À LA CAINE.

Take a Storm in a tea-cup and flavour with Manx,
With some bad upper ten and some clerical cranks;
Add the Derby, some Scripture, the first at St. Paul's,
And serve it up hot, with some spice from the Halls.

Bibliographical.

THE next two volumes of the "Bibelot" series started by Messrs. Gay & Bird will, I gather, be made up of selections from the verse of Herrick and the prose of Leigh Hunt. What a pity it is that the editors of classics for the people do not go farther afield for their material! The late Mr. F. T. Palgrave turned out a selection from Herrick which holds the field. Leigh Hunt's prose is even more accessible. His *Men, Women, and Books*, his *Imagination and Fancy*, and his *Wit and Humour* are still in the market in a neat and handy form. Moreover, Mr. Arthur Symonds edited a selection from Hunt's essays in 1887, and Mr. R. Brimley Johnson did the same thing the year after. Now, a reprint of *The Religion of the Heart* or of *Sir Ralph Esher* would be of real interest at the present time. How many, think you, have read those works? To how many are even the titles thereof known? By the way, those students who want to make themselves acquainted with the products of Leigh Hunt could not do better than begin with the book called *Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist*, edited by Mr. Charles Kent just ten years ago. In this we have a large percentage of Hunt's "choicest passages."

The notices and "appreciations" of A. K. H. B. have been rather scanty and perfunctory; and for an excellent reason—there was practically nothing to say that the genial cleric had not already said more than once. There never was a more autobiographical person than A. K. H. Boyd. He was for ever taking the public into his confidence—not only in his avowed Recollections (*Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*, and so forth), but, virtually, in all discourses of his which were not sermons. Even into his sermons did the Ego creep. The *Recreations of a Country Parson* are just forty years old. Since then A. K. H. B. has skilfully rung the changes on that theme. *Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*, *Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson*, *Critical Essays of a Country Parson*—these came in rapid succession. Having once got the ear of the reading public, A. K. H. B. never lost hold of it. Note the cleverness of the titles he gave to his books—so many of them chosen, it would almost appear, in order to persuade the public that the Country Parson was an English, and not a Scottish, clergyman.

Within the last week or two there has been much thumbing, we may be sure, both in England and in America, of the extant works of Rudyard Kipling. Many biographies have been written for the daily press, and, happily, have not been published. Meanwhile, young as Mr. Kipling is, one would like his writings to be the subject of a bibliography. I remember making his acquaintance first of all in an edition (the third, I think) of his *Departmental Ditties*, accessible in England in 1888. In the same year came *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and the astonishing succession of booklets in paper covers, entitled *Soldiers Three*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *Under the Deodars*, and so forth. These, I take it, were the first forms in which Mr. Kipling's short stories originally figured in these islands—under the auspices of Anglo-Indian firms. It was really not till 1890 that Mr. Kipling came directly and deliberately before the English public

with *The Light that Failed*. Then we had *Life's Handicap*, and *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *Many Inventions*, and so on.

What a pity it is that the brother of James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* fame, has always been known as "Horace"! As a matter of fact his baptismal name was "Horatio," and I think I am right in saying that he always styled himself so. Now it so happens that there is a worthy police magistrate, baptised (I take for granted) Horace Smith, and, like the elder Horace, a dabbler in rhyme and rhythm. This gentleman, our contemporary, has published *Pilate's Wife's Dream, and other Poems* (1860), and two volumes of *Poems* (1889 and 1897), and *Interludes* (of, I believe, prose as well as verse) (1892-4). How hard upon him that he should be mistaken at any time for one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, the more especially as he is really entitled to sign himself "Horace" and his predecessor wasn't. Let us try to think of the joint author of *Rejected Addresses* as Horatio Smith.

The Elizabethan Stage Society is going to give a representation of Mr. Swinburne's *Lochner*. Well, that play, albeit in five acts, will not greatly tax the Society's resources, for there are in it only seven interlocutors, and, the *locale* being Ancient Britain, the Society should not be largely worried about scenery or costumes. Nevertheless, how will the play be mounted? In the Elizabethan fashion, I suppose; or else what has the Elizabethan Stage Society to do with it? The dialogue, you will remember, is in rhymed couplets—somewhat of a novelty, I fancy, for Mr. Poel's youthful and engaging amateurs.

Commenting upon the fact (or the rumour) that Mr. Andrew Lang is writing an "introduction" to *The Three Musketeers*, a brother gossip remarks that Mr. Lang is "one of the best Dumasians in the land, as the epistle to Alexander in his *Letters to Dead Authors* helps to prove." An even more striking testimony to Mr. Lang's fondness for Dumas is to be found in his book called *Essays in Little*, originally published by Messrs. Henry & Co., and now issued, I believe, by Messrs. Longman. Therein may be seen quite a long discourse on Dumas, in which I seem to detect a certain Thackerayan echo—an echo I fancy I detect in a good deal that Mr. Lang has written.

A good many years ago I read, in Phillips's *Life of Curran* (I think), the following story: "There is a celebrated reply in circulation of Mr. Dunning [afterwards Lord Ashburton] to a remark of Lord Mansfield, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions: 'Oh, if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may burn my law books!' 'Better read them, my lord,' was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder." I was amused, the other day, to find this very rude repartee ascribed, not to Dunning, but to the late Lord Herschell.

We are to have a new English *Life* of Nicolas Poussin, by way of rivalry to Lady Calcott's. So far, the English biographies of Poussin have been few, but his works have not been without a certain amount of celebration. Thus, he figures in a folio of *Original Designs* edited by J. Chamberlaine in 1812, in another folio of *Studies from Nicolas Poussin* published in 1814, and, again, in a collection of *Engravings Illustrating the Sacred Scriptures* issued, also in folio, in 1833.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Analyst of the Soul.

Alladine and Palomides, Interior, and The Death of Tintagiles.
By Maurice Maeterlinck. "Modern European Plays"
Series. (Duckworth & Co. 2s. 6d.)

It is customary with many prejudiced people who have no idea of what they are missing to accuse M. Maeterlinck of obscure symbolism, and pass him by, or give him but languid attention. Day after day his books are falling (you may almost hear them drop) from the hands of persons who, striving after the hidden meaning which rumour alleges to lurk in every line, give up in despair. "He is too hard for me," says one. "I dislike mysticism," declares another. "It is all so impossible," cries a third; "I want plays that deal with life." And all the time the meaning is on the surface, and this clear-eyed, penetrative Belgian thinker is dealing with the core of life with unaffected lucidity and unswerving directness. For the author of the three plays that lie before us, and the others that have preceded them, is among the realists: with this difference from writers who usually achieve the term, that his realism is the realism of the naked soul, theirs more often that of the body.

The body is not much: 'twere best
Take up the soul and leave the rest—

that might be M. Maeterlinck's motto for his work. He takes up the soul and leaves the rest. Or, rather, he does not leave the rest, but treats it as something not essentially relevant. The delights and pains of the body are here, it is true; but that these wistful and lissome damsels and love-lorn men sleep and eat and take exercise never occurs to us. While their souls are intensely vital and busy, their bodies are very much the bodies of a tapestry design.

When we say that M. Maeterlinck takes up the soul and leaves the rest, we mean that he is realist only with the soul, and self-indulgent idealist with the rest. It is his passion for strange beauty that prompts him to invent his wildly romantic scenery, his incredible fortresses, with their subterranean outlets on vast and formidable oceans, their myriad windows and crumbling towers, their resounding passages and far-reaching gardens. It is his passion for strange beauty that prompts him to give all these low-pulsed, exquisite women musical names and intoxicating hair, and to make all these delicately distinguished men kings or princes or knights of perfect carriage. These are the liberties we must allow genius. But when M. Maeterlinck comes to the real business of the dramatist, to the display of the mind at work, in bliss or torture, and all the pains and joys of which man is capable, then farewell to liberties and personal gratification. M. Maeterlinck straightway becomes stern realist. The machinery may be fantastic, but the human nature is exact. The body is a detail beside the soul in its nakedness. We hear, as it were, not words, but murmurings of the soul vocal, without the need of physical lips. We are beyond, above, the body.

It matters nothing to M. Maeterlinck where his dramas originate: the most ordinary divorce or breach of promise

case would provide him with material; he would so treat it that, while the external features of the thing were shorn away, the essence of the tragedy would be there, distinct and terrible. We do not say that the words employed would be the language of life, but the thoughts, emotions, and impulses at the back of them would be the thoughts, emotions, and impulses of life. Human nature is the same in all time and in all places. M. Maeterlinck paints human nature—self-abnegation and charity, love, jealousy, and revenge, cruelty and gentle solicitude, sorrow and suffering, the wisdom of eld and the impetuosity of youth; and if it pleases him to play the while with external unrealities as setting for his dramas, that pleasure must be conceded him.

But even in these settings he is not always fantastic. The central drama in this book—"Interior"—is lifelike throughout, in conditions as well as in psychology. It may, indeed, be particularly recommended to those persons whose idea of M. Maeterlinck's art is most wrongheaded. The story is simplicity itself. A young girl has been drowned, possibly by her own volition, and an old man is deputed to break the news to her family. He stands irresolute in the darkness of the garden, accompanied by a stranger, watching the family through the window. The father sits by the fire; the mother fondles a little sleeping boy; the two sisters work at their embroidery. All are happy and unsuspecting. Meanwhile the old man and the stranger talk together, and their words and silences tell everything. Here is a passage illustrating at once M. Maeterlinck's sympathetic insight into all gentle and sorrowful minds that, through suffering, have gained wisdom, and his strange power of suggesting impending calamity, the sense of disaster. The Old Man is speaking:

"Yesterday evening she was there sitting in the lamp-light like her sisters; and you would not see them now as they ought to be seen if this had not happened. . . . I seem to see her for the first time. . . . Something new must come into our ordinary life before we can understand it. They are at your side day and night; and you do not really see them until the moment when they depart for ever. And yet, what a strange little soul she must have had—what a poor, artless, unfathomable soul she must have had—to have said what she must have said, and done what she must have done!"

THE STRANGER: "See, they are smiling in the silence of the room . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "They are not at all anxious—they did not expect her this evening."

THE STRANGER: "They sit motionless and smiling. But see, the father puts his finger to his lips . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "He points to the child asleep on its mother's breast . . ."

THE STRANGER: "She dare not raise her head as for fear of disturbing it . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "They are not sewing any more, there is a dead silence . . ."

THE STRANGER: "They have let fall a skein of white silk . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "They are looking at the child."

THE STRANGER: "They do not know that others are watching them."

THE OLD MAN: "We, too, are watched . . ."

THE STRANGER: "They have raised their eyes . . ."

THE OLD MAN: "And yet they can see nothing."

THE STRANGER: "They seem to be happy, and yet there is something—I cannot tell what . . ."

The approach of the villagers bearing the body at last makes it necessary to break the news. We see, through the window, the blow fall on the family, and that is all. The arrangement is perfect, the effect indelible.

The two other plays, "The Death of Tintagiles" and "Alladine and Palomides," are less simple. "The Death of Tintagiles" is too pitiful: we are not satisfied that the end justifies the means. "Alladine and Palomides" belongs to the same class as "Pelleas and Mélisande." We will not recount the story here; but there is one scene which must be mentioned. Palomides is betrothed to Astolaine, the king's daughter, but Alladine so allures him that he is forced, even against his will, to be faithless. Astolaine forgives him in a beautiful, poignant passage, of which this is a portion:

PALOMIDES: "I know what it is that I lose; I know that her soul is the soul of a child, of a poor and helpless child, by the side of your soul: and for all that I cannot resist. . . ."

ASTOLAINE: "Do not weep. . . . I too am well aware that we are not always able to do the thing we prefer. . . . I was not unprepared for your coming. . . . There must indeed be laws mightier than those of the soul, whereof we forever are speaking . . . (*she suddenly kisses him*). But I love you the more for it, my poor Palomides. . . ."

PALOMIDES: "I love you too. . . . More than her whom I love. . . . Are you crying too?"

ASTOLAINE: "They are little tears, . . . let them not sadden you. . . . My tears fall because I am a woman; but women's tears, they say, are not painful. . . ."

M. Maeterlinck has given us many beautiful women, and Astolaine is with the first. Only a mind of extraordinary purity and depth could have devised her. Of M. Maeterlinck's dramatic methods there may be many opinions, but of his penetrative appreciation of the best and loveliest of which mankind is capable, of his comprehending pity for the unhappiness of sensitive natures, and of his delicate gift for expressing those thoughts which most of us can only half articulate—conscious that they hover near, but unable quite to grasp them—there can be but one.

It should be added that these three plays appear in the series of *Modern European Plays* edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson and Mr. N. Erichsen. The translations, which have ease and grace, are by Mr. Alfred Sutro ("Alladine and Palomides" and "The Death of Tintagiles") and Mr. William Archer ("Interior").

Art and Democracy.

Angels' Wings. By Edward Carpenter. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

AMONG those whose ideal it is to remould the world "nearer to the heart's desire" there are, we believe, many who look to Mr. Edward Carpenter as a leader and a seer. The present volume, which consists of "Essays on Art and its Relation to Life," is, of course, only indirectly concerned with schemes of social reconstruction; but we look

with some interest to see what sort of place it is that Mr. Carpenter reserves for art in the renewed, revitalised democratic-socialistic community of the future. The book is undeniably an attractive one. Mr. Carpenter is not one of those Socialists who would break with the past and consign it to oblivion. He has genuine reverence for, and considerable capacity of appreciating the masterpieces which the human spirit has so far succeeded in creating. And though his historical surveys and generalisations occasionally strike us as lacking in depth of knowledge, yet he is throughout fertile in new and suggestive points of critical departure. The key-note of his attitude to the questions he deals with is struck in the opening words of the first essay. It is a feeling "that the Democratic idea as it grows and spreads will have a profound influence on Art and artistic matters; and that Art, in its relation to life generally, is in these days passing into new phases of development." To foretell and analyse the lines along which this influence and this development is likely to proceed is the main object which, with some discursiveness and many departures into special inquiries, he keeps before him throughout. So far as we disentangle his answer, it is something as follows. In the perfect life there will not be a very large place for Art, for life itself will be beautiful. "But before that it is more than possible that there will be a great outburst of special art production, inspired chiefly by the splendours of the coming sunrise. Of this outburst Wagner, Millet, and Whitman are the great forerunners. (Shelley is the lark which almost before dawn soared from the darkened earth.)" This art-production, transient as it is apparently expected to be, will naturally look forward rather than back. Its characteristics will be those which the new life itself, according to Mr. Carpenter, is to bear. That is to say, it will combine individuality of expression with a sense of the unity and solidarity of the race. Mr. Carpenter does not conceive of triumphant democracy as something which will tend to crush out the individual. All true art, he tells you, must convey "a contagion of feeling" from the breast of the author to that of his audience, and to effect this the author must seek "to arrive at the most direct expression of something actually felt by himself as a part of his own, and so part of all human experience." Mr. Carpenter would fetter expression with no artificial bonds; on the other hand, he would not deny it the use of conventions, so long as these are dominated and do not dominate; for, in accepting tradition, the artist is "in touch with that immense field of the Collective Consciousness of the race, which is, in fact, Religion, and from which the individual (however great his genius) may not stray too far." For, in a democratic state of things, a true individualism is at root a true collectivism. "The deeper one goes into himself the nearer he must come to the Common Life." And so Art is really a force that makes for union.

She will perceive that her function consists in something much more real, more positive: that it consists in actually drawing human beings together, revealing to them mutually their own feelings, their own inner life and consciousness, and the sentiment of every object, every event, as it relates itself (through the individual artist) to the great thrilling, palpitating soul of all mankind. For the first time the sense of this great soul is dawning consciously

upon us. All life will be worked in—the most lonely, the most complex, the most inaccessible subjects, in order that they may wake response in the few that can understand them; and again the simplest and most universal, and in the simplest forms, in order that their portrayal may make the whole world kin. To make mankind realise their unity, to make them *feel* it, that will be the inspiration and the province of Art.

Such is the backbone of Mr. Carpenter's speculations about art in democracy. We leave the criticism of it to those who are more convinced than we are that philosophic discussion of "the what and the why" of art is a very profitable thing. We have ourselves been on the whole more interested in some of Mr. Carpenter's subsidiary essays, and in particular in that which gives its name to the volume, and in which he considers the various devices adopted by artists of all ages to give plausibility to their conceptions of winged angels and winged beings of the human type generally. We must confess that Mr. Carpenter's difficulties have never troubled us, and do not really trouble us now that he is suggesting them. Our mind is so constituted as placidly to accept the symbolism, without inquiring too closely whether the clothes of a winged angel would come off, or the muscles and articulations necessary to move the wings would be an anatomical contradiction in terms. Mr. Carpenter, however, has worried over it, and produces evidence to show that really great artists put their winged figures in such a position that the absence of muscles and articulations is not noticeable, or frankly meet the difficulty by strapping the wings on, as in the case of the traditional presentments of Hermes. This essay is illustrated by a series of interesting photographs, which include Perugino's St. Michael from the National Gallery and a beautiful bronze Hermes from Herculaneum.

As a specimen of Mr. Carpenter's style at its best the following passage may serve. It is a description of the Panathenaic frieze on the Parthenon at Athens:

The workmanship is so naïve, so spontaneous, so joyous, so unconscious-proud in its strength and its skill. The whole scene moves again before us—the young warriors on horseback or on foot, in the beauty and pride of manhood; the horses themselves champing at the bit; the chariots so well made, so swift; the elders and councillors of the city, in sober raiment and bearded wisdom, bearing olive branches; the beves of maidens with baskets of offerings to their prototype, the virgin goddess; the cattle decorated for sacrifice, the drovers, the artisans, the slaves—all dedicated—the lives of the warriors, the wisdom of the old men, the hearts of the women, the work of the toilers and the blood of the beautiful animals—to her who is the common life of them all, Athené, the soul of Athens.

Mr. Carpenter is by no means always so good as this. Occasionally he is slangy; and his description of a figure in a picture of Carlo Dolce's at Florence as "a middle-aged beau with lardy-dardy whiskers" displeased us mightily. But obviously he has real gifts as well as an individual point of view.

A Chicago Philosopher.

Mr. Dooley: in Peace and in War. (Grant Richards. 2s.)

WE have already said something in the ACADEMY in praise of Mr. Dooley, and now that his book in its completeness is before us we can only ratify that commendation. Mr. Dooley must be added to the acquaintances of all who esteem good sense and good humour.

The scheme of the book is simple. Mr. Martin Dooley is a Roscommon Irishman who settled many years ago in Chicago, and now keeps a liquor saloon in the Archey-road, in the heart of the Irish quarter. Every night Hennessy and other of his friends step over for a "hot wan," and to them Mr. Dooley holds forth. He has his opinions on everything that happens, and in spite of some ignorance of detail, he has the knack of hitting the centre. His greatest gift is the witty Irishman's capacity to improvise satirical situations and dialogue. Here and in other ways he reminds us of Mulvaney. Mulvaney's brogue is more creamy, for American influences have tampered with Mr. Dooley's; and Mulvaney's remarks are more humorously kindly, for Mulvaney was a humanist, whereas Mr. Dooley, in conversation at any rate, is a cynic and a destructive critic; but the two men stand together. In selecting Mr. Dooley for his mouthpiece the author of this trenchant book—whom we have already stated to be Mr. Finley Peter Dunne—has shown much acumen, for no one is in so fine a position to say true things of Anglo-Saxons, whether in England or America, as the Irishman who dwells in their midst and is yet not of them. Yet Mr. Dooley, however shrewd his thrusts may be, always saves himself a flash of rectifying humour, so that his weapon while it pierces your side tickles you too.

For English readers the section of this book entitled "In Peace" will be the more attractive, for many of the remarks on the progress of the American-Spanish War are esoteric, although well worth attempting none the less. In the "In Peace" section Mr. Dooley discourses of New Year resolutions, of Football, of Golf, of Books, of Charity, of the Dreyfus Case, of the Decadence of Greece, of the New Woman, and many other matters equally interesting to Englishmen as to Americans. Here is Mr. Dooley on Books:

"'Tis all wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "They're on'y three books in th' wurruld worth readin'—Shakespeare, th' Bible, and Mike Ahearn's histhry iv Chicago. I have Shakespeare on thrust, Father Kelly r-reads th' Bible f'r me, and I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's histhry because I seen more thin he cud put into it. Books is th' roon iv people, specially novels. Whin I was a young man, th' parish priest used to preach again thim; but nobody knowed what he meant. At that time Willum Joyce had th' on'y library in th' Sixth Wa-ard. Th' mayor give him th' bound volumes iv th' council proceedings, an' they was a very handsome set. Th' on'y books I seen was th' kind that has th' life iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They're good readin'. Nawthin' cud be better f'r a man whin he's tired out after a day's wurruk thin to go to his library an' take down wan iv th' gr-reat wurruks iv lithratchoor an' play a game iv dominos f'r th' dhrinks out iv it. Anny other kind iv r-readin', barrin' th' newspapers, which will niver hurt anny onedycated man, is destrhuctive iv morals."

"I had it out with Father Kelly th' other day in this very matter. He was comin' up fr'm down town with an ar-rmful iv books f'r prizes at th' school. 'Have ye th' Key to Heaven there?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'th' childher that'll get these books don't need no key. They go in under th' turnstile,' he says, laughin'. 'Have ye th' Lives iv th' Saints, or the Christyan Dooty, or th' Story iv Saint Rose iv Lima?' I says. 'I have not,' says he. 'I have some good story books. I'd rather th' kids'd r-read Char-les Dickens than anny iv th' tales iv thim holy men that was burned in ile or et up be lines,' he says. 'It does no good in these degin'rate days to prove that th' best that can come to a man f'r behavin' himself is to be cooked in a pot or di-gisted be a line,' he says. 'Ye're wrong,' says I. 'Beggin' ye'er riv'rinces pardon, ye're wrong,' I says. 'What ar-re ye goin' to do with thim young wans? Ye're goin' to make thim near-sighted an' round-shouldered,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to have thim believe that, if they behave thimselves an' lead a virchous life, they'll marry rich an' go to Congress. They'll wake up some day, an' find out that gettin' money an' behavin' ye'ersilf don't always go together,' I says. 'Some iv th' wickedest men in th' wur-ruld have marrid rich,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to teach thim that a man doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wur-ruld. Ye're goin' to teach thim that a la-ad with a curlin' black mustache an' smokin' a cigareet is always a villyan, whin he's more often a barber with a lar-rge family. Life, says ye! There's no life in a book. If ye want to show thim what life is, tell thim to look around thim. There's more life on a Saturdah night in th' Ar-rehy-road thin in all th' books fr'm Shakespeare to th' rayport iv th' drainage thrustees.'"

We wish we had room to quote more of Mr. Dooley's opinions. Mr. Dunne, it may be remarked, is still continuing the series in his paper, so that a new volume may, probably, be expected before long. Mr. Dooley, for shrewd common sense, is worthy to take his place as a national satirist beside Hosea Biglow.

Gabriel Harvey Redivivus.

On the Use of Classical Metres in English. By William Johnson Stone. (Frowde. 1s.)

THE history of the attempts to naturalise classical metres on a Saxon soil has been a somewhat irritating one. The pundits of Gabriel Harvey's *Areopagus*, who tried the thing, or thought they tried the thing, broke down. This was partly because the real poets amongst them—Spenser and Sidney to wit—found it on the whole more interesting to write poetry than to make metrical experiments, and partly because of their failure to distinguish lucidly and accurately between the essential natures of accentual and quantitative verse. To some extent the same failure has persisted. The present century has seen many hexameters, of which probably the best are to be found here and there in Clough's *Bothie of Tober na Vuolich*, and a few elegiacs. But these have been almost uniformly accentual, and not quantitative. They have assumed, as a basis, that a classical dactyl, or succession of a long and two short syllables, can be represented in accentual verse by a

succession of one accented and two unaccented syllables, and similarly that a classical spondee, or succession of two long syllables, can be represented by a succession of two accented syllables. Owing, however, to the comparative rarity with which accented syllables immediately succeed each other in English, the accentual spondee has frequently been replaced in practice by an accentual trochee, or succession of one accented and one unaccented syllable. On this basis it is, of course, perfectly easy to write, and even to read with pleasure, hexameters. But this is not in the least what Mr. Stone means when he asks us to write classical metres as the classical writers wrote them. He proposes that hexameters should be strictly quantitative, that the rhythm should depend on quantity, and not on accent at all, and that accent should be reduced to the subordinate place which quantity itself now holds in our own accentual verse. Examine an English line, and you find that, although the syllables long in quantity are frequently, perhaps generally, also the accented ones, yet this is by no means invariably the case. Sometimes an unaccented syllable is long, and then a warring of accent against quantity is set up. A precisely similar warring takes place in classical metres, only here the positions are reversed. The accent frequently falls on the long syllables which govern the rhythm; exceptionally it does not.

Before we give some examples of Mr. Stone's exotic metres, let us say that his essay is quite one of the most lucid and scholarly treatments of its subject with which we are acquainted. He poses the whole problem of the nature and relation of quantity and accent admirably. Especially we wish to endorse the weight he lays on the often disregarded fact that English syllables, like classical syllables, have definite quantities of their own, and are therefore capable of being classified for metrical purposes, if desirable, as longs and shorts. With regard to another of his theories, that metrical accent is not voice stress or emphasis, but a raising of musical pitch, we are more doubtful. The view should be supported by considerations drawn from the nature of musical accent and the way in which verse is set to music by composers. Sidney Lanier, if we remember right, went over this ground in a forgotten volume.

Mr. Stone claims that his only real predecessor in writing strictly quantitative hexameters in English has been the learned and ingenious Mr. James Spedding. Here are Mr. Spedding's lines:

Verses so modulate, so tuned, so varied in accent,
Rich with unexpected changes, smooth, stately, sonorous,
Rolling ever forward, tide-like, with thunder in endless
Procession, complex melodies—pause, quantity, accent.
After Virgilian precedent and practice, in order
Distributed—could these gratify th' Etonian ear-drum?

Virgil my model is: accent, cæsura, division
His practice regulates; his rules my quantity obeyeth.

The reader must scan for himself, remembering that a syllable may be long through the position of the vowel before more than one consonant, as well as through its nature, and that he must leave the accent in its proper place, and not forcibly transfer it to the long syllable. It

must be "äfter Virgīlīän," not "äfter Virgiliän." The second example is Mr. Stone's own, and is elegiac:

Came hither, Heraclitus, a word of thy death, awaking
Me to sorrow, and I thought upon how together
We would see the sun out sweet-counselling: all that is of
thee,
Dear Halicarnassian, long, long ago is ashes;
But thy nightingales will abide with us; on them of all
things
Else the coming ravisher will not ever set his hand.

Obviously it would not be fair to judge the new prosody by the actual achievement of these specimens. The pioneers are feeling their way painfully in a strange land. To a classically-trained ear there is probably a real pleasure in the marked clashing of accent and quantity, whether in Greek, Latin, or English. But few ears are classically trained, and, interesting as Mr. Stone's experiments are, we do not at heart believe that quantitative scansion will take root in English verse. Just as nations have the government they deserve, so—and even more so—they have the prosody which really fits their tongues and throats and gratifies their ears. And for the Teutonic folk, since the days when the Emperor Julian heard the songs of the Germans, like the dissonant cries of birds, by the waters of the Rhine, that prosody has been accentual, and not quantitative.

The Referendum.

The Referendum in Switzerland. By Simon Deploige.
Translated by C. P. Trevelyan, M.A.; and Edited by
Lilian Tomn. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

AMONG the less reflective democrats of to-day no shibboleth is so blessed as the word referendum. The impatience of second chambers, and, indeed, of more representative bodies, tends to quicken the desire of the people for a more direct voice in legislation and administration. This growing democratic spirit has manifested itself in demands for the referendum, by which constitutions, laws, or resolutions are referred from chambers of representatives to the popular vote. There are many who cherish the amiable delusion that men are naturally good, and that the millennial day will dawn when the sovereignty of the people is realised in direct legislation. Yet Rousseau, the great sophist of democracy, long ago confessed that, though men always desire their own good, they are often deceived and do not discern it.

For five centuries the people have voted on ordinary laws in certain Swiss cantons, and in States of the American Union it has been the practice to refer constitutional changes to the people for ratification. The referendum has been advocated in various forms in the French, Italian, and Belgian Chambers, and it has appeared in the programmes of German Socialist Congresses. In England, rudimentary examples of it have been found in the Trade Union world, as well as in the metropolitan Public Library pollings. The plebiscites on liquor prohibition in Canada, and on the establishment of a Federal Constitution in Australia (not Australasia, as the editor terms it), are recent instances of the direct

popular vote. Just lately the readers of an English Socialist newspaper have declared that the referendum and the popular initiative should hold the first place in a scheme of political reform.

It may, then, be fairly urged that the present volume possesses actuality, and appears at an opportune time. It brings out clearly the special political features of Switzerland, and shows that the Swiss referendum is an organic growth—the product of special historical conditions—and an integral part of a peculiar constitution. Switzerland differs in a great variety of ways from States like England or France, and only political empiricists can feel confident that the institution would prosper on an alien soil. The referendum is by no means a simple contrivance, and the number of possible permutations of which it is susceptible is extraordinary. The unique political character of Switzerland, the forms of the referendum adopted in that country, the difficulties attendant upon their working, and the results obtained, are all clearly exhibited by M. Deploige, supplemented by Miss Tomn. The ordinary *voyageur en Suisse* can have but a vague idea of the complex political machinery prevailing throughout the cantons; and knows not that, amid all the mazes of the strangely heterogeneous constitutions, the direct vote of the people controls affairs alike in the Federal Assembly and in the humblest local body.

The section on the Popular Initiative introduces to the English reader a subject much less familiar than the referendum itself. The initiative is the right of a number of electors to propose a new law, or to demand the repeal or modification of an existing one. The referendum is hedged in with restrictions, and often has a negative result; but the initiative is a more direct and positive appeal to the people. It can be demanded at any time, and practically there are no limits to the subjects it may deal with. The results obtained from the application of the referendum and the initiative testify to the frequent apathy of the voters, or to their liability to be governed by a narrow utilitarianism. Passion, personal interest, party spirit, religious bias, and many other factors influence their decisions. The general results are conservative.

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Notes on New Books.

KHARTOUM CAMPAIGN, 1898.

BY BENNET BURLEIGH.

Mr. Burleigh adds one more vivid narrative of Lord Kitchener's campaign to the three or four we have already read. Two features one may note. Mr. Burleigh warmly emphasises the services rendered by Colonel Macdonald, whose rewards he considers inadequate. On this point it is not for us to offer an opinion. Colonel Macdonald's heroism and soldierly skill are beyond question, perhaps beyond praise. We merely remark, as a matter of criticism, that there is a certain bathos in Mr. Burleigh's reliance on the *Dingwall North Star* for a record and eulogy of Colonel Macdonald's career. Surely this is to belittle the very man whom Mr. Burleigh desires to honour. The other feature is a "Postscript," in which Mr. Burleigh replies to Mr. E. N. Bennett's notorious article in the *Contemporary*, entitled "After Omdurman." This is sad reading for plain men. It seems that in the multiplying of war correspondents there is darkening of counsel. Mr. Bennett—as everyone knows—declares that the wounded were shamefully killed after the battle of Omdurman. Mr. Burleigh, whose denial we wish to believe, says this charge is "abominable" and that Mr. Bennett has "scarcely a nodding acquaintanceship with truth." Doubts of the kind raised by these opposing authorities can be finally and logically laid to rest only by an exhaustive and impartial inquiry. Failing that, one's beliefs go with one's wishes and prior convictions. Therefore Mr. Burleigh wins so far as the conditions allow. But the real quarrel is between Mr. Bennett and the Army; Mr. Burleigh's scoldings are too personal. (Chapman & Hall. 12s.)

PHILADELPHIA.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

"A quiet town," exclaims the author as she surveys the Philadelphia of to-day. "Something that was given to the infant city as she lay cradled between her two rivers remains with her still, some leaven of modesty, some legacy of soberness and restraint." These words are nearly the last in Miss Repplier's book. You may turn back and dip and verify. In its first days Philadelphia was absurdly happy: all religions were tolerated, and all journeymen tailors had twelve shillings a week and their board. To be sure, these heavenly conditions were oft menaced. Party feuds, hooped petticoats, and Indians had to be suppressed. Then came Franklin, half sage, half huckster, a bore for ever and ever, with his patent stoves and his lightning-rods and his punch-bowl and his militia and his "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania" and his stories of Paris. "Too much Franklin" is the reader's cry long before page 329, where he is told that "in 1824 was founded the Franklin Institute," as though Philadelphia were not one entire and perfect Franklin Institute already. The War of Independence and the period of Philadelphia's regency, when Washington gave his severe receptions, and set his watch daily "by Clark's standard at Front in High-streets, gravely saluting the porters who uncovered as he passed," are described as brightly as possible, as might be expected from one of the best women prose writers now living. It is balm in Gilead to learn that the city which proclaimed Independence still disburses rent to the English descendants of William Penn. A very pleasant, womanly, and vivacious book. It should be read with Mrs. Earle's *Home Life in Colonial Days*. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

ROSES AND RUE.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

A slender book of Irish poems and poems of nature, by one who loves her land. Irish poems that are inspired by passionate patriotism cannot but have the true note, however crude they may be. Miss Furlong's, however, are not crude; and her

lyrics of the open air have a freshness that is always pleasant. We quote, for its timeliness, the first stanza of a pretty song on the seasons, "The Year's Children":

SPRING.

She is mild, she is mild!
Creeping up the chilly lanes
In the silver of the rains.
All her hair is April-wild.
But a hint of golden May
Hides in tresses blown astray.
For the love of this young child
Blooms the daffodil
And the primrose on the hill.

A book which bears the impress of a delicate and kindly personality. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, &c. BY JAMES THOMSON.

Mr. Bertram Dobell, who was one of Thomson's close friends and is the editor and publisher of this little volume, states that he has made the selection in response to an appeal for a cheap edition of Thomson's works. In his interesting preface Mr. Dobell explains his principle of selection, and tells again something of the poet. "Even those," he says, "who were quite incapable of estimating his intellectual qualities were charmed by his genial manner, his pleasant talk, and good fellowship." Such poems as "Sunday up the River" and "Sunday at Hampstead" illustrate this side of Thomson's nature; but readers of the title-poem will need to be reminded that it existed. Among the poems added to those printed in the first edition of "The City of Dreadful Night" are "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain," "A Voice from the Nile," and that perfect piece of lyrical criticism, "William Blake." The volume is small and comely, and while Thomson's admirers will be glad to have it, it should attract to him new readers. (Bertram Dobell. 3s. 6d.)

ADAM SMITH.

BY HECTOR C. MACPHERSON.

It is always probable that a life of a political economist written by a political economist will discuss political economy. But it is a little appalling to find Mr. Macpherson saying in his brief preface: "The reader will notice how profoundly I have been influenced by two thinkers—Spencer and Bastiat." Cheerfully we skip every page and line in which we might acquire proof of this fact, our tastes inclining us to an acquaintance with Adam Smith the man, not the influence of other men on his biographer. Of Adam Smith the man there are some interesting stories in this little volume, the latest addition to the "Famous Scots" series. With all his grasp of mind, Smith was one of the most unpractical and absent-minded of men. We are told that his "tendency to reverie" interfered with the discharge of his duties as Commissioner of Customs for Scotland. Once, when invited to Dalkeith Palace to meet a distinguished statesman, he began to gabble in disparagement of his fellow guest. When reminded of the situation, he blushed, but could only mutter in his confusion: "Deil care, deil care; it's all true." One morning he stepped out into his garden at Kirkcaldy, clad only in dressing-gown, and, forgetting this fact, walked to Dunfermline, where he arrived just as people were going to church. Adam Smith was wedded to self-communing; yet in later life he enjoyed the society of that Edinburgh to which, Gibbon said, "taste and philosophy seemed to have retired from the smoke and hurry of the immense capital of London." He had £600 a year salary from the Customs and a pension of £300 from the Duke of Buccleugh. We like a story of his last visit to London. Pitt was anxious to meet the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. A dinner was arranged at Dundas's house, Addington,

Wilberforce, and Granville being present. Smith came late, and the whole company rose to receive him. "Be seated, gentlemen," said Smith. "No," replied Pitt, "we will stand till you are first seated, for we are all your scholars." (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

THE STUDY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. BY CHARLES A. BRIGGS.

Dr. Briggs, who is a Professor of Biblical Theology in a New York seminary, lectures from the altitude of one who has suffered for the faith which he professes. From his Introduction we learn that he has gone through a season of persecution at the hands of his own familiar friends. He would seem to have lived down the intemperate orthodoxy of these well-meaning persons, and here he takes appropriate vengeance in a vast book of some 700 pages. What he has to say of the general results of modern criticism—and it is not so very terrible—he tells in such a manner as should interest an earnest audience of aspirants to the ministry and stir up in them a spirit of liberal inquiry. Among the American divines who most readily opened their eyes to the new light he quotes the memorable name of Mr. Preserved Smith; and for valuable assistance in the preparation of this much elaborated version of a book which first saw the light some years ago, he renders respectful thanks to his daughter, the Rev. (?) Emilie G. Briggs, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 12s. net.)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES. BY H. A. JONES.

Mr. Jones prefaces to this edition of his comedy another of his lively polemical prefaces. This time it is not Mr. William Archer that serves as butt, but once again the buffeted, yet indifferent, British Public. Mr. Jones explains the origin and motive of his play. The origin was his amusement at the spectacle of congregations all over the country joining every Sunday in singing the Psalms of so deplorably undesirable a monarch as David and perceiving no incongruity the while. The motive was the emphatic illustration of the wisdom of the text in Ecclesiastes: "Be not righteous over much; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" But unfortunately, as Mr. Jones admits, he was so much taken with his moral that he forgot to make a good play; hence "The Triumph of the Philistines," produced in May, 1895, was a loss to Mr. George Alexander. It is, however, fairly amusing reading. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

A DIARY OF ST. HELENA. EDITED BY ARTHUR WILSON.

The writer of this diary was Clementina Elphinstone, the wife of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who commanded the Cape Station while Napoleon was at St. Helena. Many of Napoleon's conversations which it records have been reported, and those which have not yield nothing particularly fresh. But Mr. Wilson was justified in making this modest book out of Lady Malcolm's papers. The sketch of the Emperor they afford is lifelike and interesting. On p. 21 we find Napoleon discussing Ossian's poems with Lady Malcolm. "He said he admired them very much, particularly *Durthula*, and inquired if the controversy about their authenticity was decided; and whether Macpherson had really written them. He laughed on her replying with quickness that Macpherson was not capable of writing them. . . . She asked him if he had read the poems in a French translation? He said there were two. He had them both, but they were not good. The Italian was excellent, beautiful. She said that they had been more admired on the Continent than in England. He exclaimed with energy: 'It was I,—I made them the fashion. I have been even accused of having my head filled with Ossian's clouds.' " (Innes & Co. 5s.)

Fiction.

Two Men o' Mendip. By Walter Raymond.
(Longmans. 6s.)

IN its way this tragic idyll is a perfect piece of work. It follows the course of a little lie to a great disaster without confusion or excess of detail, and softens an effect which might easily have been over-harsh and grim by charming sketches of landscape and touches of comedy. The scene is Somerset; the time, 1813. A man could be hanged for sheepstealing then, and it is small wonder that here and there the would-be victim of a robber, by invoking the law that punished after so terrible a fashion, brought down dire vengeance on his own head. Mr. Raymond's readers are not utterly alienated from the "groover" who slays Joseph Pierce, or the farmer who suppresses evidence of the deed; for the one is avenging his father and the other is afraid of the criminal's friends. But fear sits ill on so stalwart a figure as the John Winterhead of this story, and a conscious breach of faith to the dead man who had eaten his salt proves a far-reaching influence for evil on his life. Better certainly that his hayricks should have blazed than that "Little Patty" Winterhead should have fallen in love with a murderer. We will not lift the veil further, but enough has been disclosed to show how sternly logical is the retribution imagined by Mr. Raymond. All the characters speak the pleasant rustic dialect which the author of *Gentleman Upcott* knows so well. We find one of them, Emily Jane, giving the heroine a "piece of white crochet work" on her birthday. The design thereon was easily recognised. "'Why,' 'tis the little Zammle, to be sure," smiled Cousin Selina. . . . 'La! an' so 'tis,' they all agreed at once. 'An' look at his little eye; so natural like,' said Aunt Maria with tender feeling; for Cousin Selina's Emily Jane, artist as she was, had worked a round hole where the eye ought to be, and the expression of spirituality thus given to the countenance was truly wonderful."

A Girl of the Klondike. By Victoria Cross.
(Walter Scott. 3s. 6d.)

"VICTORIA CROSS" is a young novelist who now for some years has been showing promise without arriving at any actual performance. Her first work, a fragment of some length, which appeared in *The Yellow Book*, narrowly escaped being notable. No one could fail to see that here was an author gifted with strong imagination—an imagination, however, which its owner could not hold in check. And to this day "Victoria Cross" has not mastered her imagination. With her, to compose a novel is to be dragged breathless at the heels of a power which has never come under discipline. She cannot write; she cannot shape; she cannot exercise control. She is the mere imperfect instrument of a force.

In the present book we have a rushing, burning narrative of a goldfields tragedy, culminating in revolvers and death. The heroine is impossible, the two lovers are impossible, and the Klondike is impossible—being, in all probability, a Klondike of "Victoria Cross's" too exuberant dreams.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LOUP-GAROU!

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Ten stories of West Indian life, by the author of *Children of the Mist*. In the first a theft is attempted by a "misshapen living thing—half-man, half-ape. The moonlight showed its hairy body, outlined its shaggy ears, and played like white fire in its round eyes." Noel Warne promptly shot it, and it turned out to be Roger Warne in masquerade. But the thrill comes first. An awesome picture of the scene serves as frontispiece. Among the other stories is one called "Obi Man." The tone of the book is gruesome. (Sands. 6s.)

THE CAPSINA.

BY E. F. BENSON.

A little while ago Mr. Benson gave us *The Vintage*, a romance of the Greek War of Independence at the beginning of the century. He now adds a companion story, wherein some of the characters of *The Vintage* reappear. The Capsina did not want for vigour: "He [Mitsos] saw the Turk's lips curl in a sort of snarl, and he put his hand to his belt a moment too late, for the next the Capsina's knife had flickered down from arm's length to his throat, and the butt of her pistol caught him on the temple. He fell sprawling at her feet, and she had to put one foot on his chest as purchase to pull the knife out again." (Methuen. 6s.)

LIFE AT TWENTY.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL MORSE.

A very long novel, ranging over various ranks of society, and full of matter. The hero is a gardener and botanist, and he talks like this: "Picture your typical bachelor-gruff Benedict before he realises the awful depths in the pitfall; imagine him affianced, fighting established fact with established habit; and then, association of ideas victorious over ideas of association, see him dividing his rooted morbidity to cover two hearts, generous to a fault in refusing his wife's optimism—if she has any." A careful work. (Heinemann. 6s.)

ATHELSTANE FORD.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

An eighteenth-century romance, privateering, fighting, and love being the ingredients. The story moves to India, where Clive is introduced, and the battle of Plassy described. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE HERMITS OF GRAY'S INN.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

The Hermits are six men who band themselves together in a vow of celibacy. One is called Fireworks, another The Scribe, another is Albert Quigge, and all have been jilted. One, however, Panton Dare, broke his vow and married. The story skips humorously on, helped out by the quaint remarks of Mrs. Pag, a talkative Cockney. "The only way to lure a real gentleman out of bed," she says, "is to come and strip the clothes off, and nobody but his own mother can do that, even though he's as blind as Julius Caesar when he landed at the seaside." (Pearson. 6s.)

MISS NANSE.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

Another story by this popular and very productive novelist. Miss Nanse was Miss Nanse Fotheringham, a dressmaker at Pitaird, the little Scotch town where the scene is laid, and there is a certain Cranford character of description of her, her sister, and some of the other personages of the story and place. Subsequently comes a romantic element, with mystery and wickedness, skilfully managed by the practised pen. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

OSWALD STEELE.

BY EIBBON BERKLEY.

"The soft light of a lovely autumn afternoon stole through the window of the sacristy of St. Mary's Church; it fell on

the figures of a young girl and a priest—fair sinner and stern saint. The former was seeking absolution at the hands of the latter, according to the new ritual of our Established Church"—such is the beginning. Tangled lives and religious questionings follow. (Long. 6s.)

COUSIN IVO.

BY MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

A pleasant, smartly written novel about a will. The hero goes to Germany on a mission to discover the heirs, and finds adventures, wife, and fortune. There are brightness and movement in every page. (Black. 6s.)

THE MORMON PROPHECY.

BY LILY DOUGALL.

The hero is Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, and the author's aim has been to present him as he is revealed in his own writings, in the writings of his contemporaries, and in the memories of the few who can recall him. The novel is also a contribution to psychical research. (Black. 6s.)

THE PRESIDENT OF BORAVIA.

BY GEORGE LAMBERT.

A tale of South African politics and a discovery of Jesuit treasure, with the proper element of love-making. Exciting reading. (Chatto. 6s.)

KNAVES OF DIAMONDS.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

This story deals with Illicit Diamond Buying in South Africa. According to the Diamond Laws stolen gems must be found on the person or in the possession of the suspect before a conviction can be obtained. "It is just here," says the author in his preface, "that the most exciting and fascinating part of the art and industry of I. D. B. . . . comes in. There are, indeed, not a few who have found fortunes in South Africa . . . who can look back to anxious moments, big with fate, which made all the difference to them between the broad-cloth of the millionaire magnate and the arrow-marked canvas of the convict I. D. B." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

A WEAVER OF RUNES.

BY W. DUTTON BURRARD.

A rather jerky story of Anglo-Indian life by a novelist with high spirits. Although in one conversation we are treated to an explanation of "The Lady of Shalott," the book is bright and readable. (Long. 6s.)

THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

BY CECIL LOWIS.

The Treasury-officer is Rupert Waring, and he is stationed at Tatkin in Upper Burmah, where Ethel Smart has come to stay with her brother, the Deputy-Commissioner. The life of the station is admirably drawn by Mr. Lowis, and the love-story holds, without exciting, the reader. A most readable novel. (Macmillan. 6s.)

UNTIL THE DAWN.

BY S. E. WALFORD.

A military novel turning on the murder of the hero's mother by an unknown hand, and the hero's life-long resolve to know the truth. The characters are varied and interesting, and include a colonel's wife who "plays with fire," aided unconsciously by a fatuous husband who says: "I never claimed to be a genius, but there is one subject I thoroughly understand, and that is woman. Give them their little luxuries and amusements, and most of them will run straight. Comfort has far more to do with the matter than principle. I have always been a sceptic as to the restraining power of moral teaching." (Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.)

DEPOPULATION.

BY HENRY WRIGHT.

In this "Romance of the Unlikely" the author attacks the "corner" system, which he represents as the curse of America. The picture of Gabrielle Metzler's wealth and his gigantic operations is interesting. The story ends with a revolution, in which the millionaire system perishes and the more equal distribution of wealth is secured. (George Allen.)

The Academy, March 11, 1899.

Spring Supplement.

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SATURDAY: MARCH 11, 1899.

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Yes.

Will they put "By the author of *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*" on the Danton's title-page?

No. Mr. Belloc has two distinctly pronounced sides. His *Life of Danton* represents the serious one. History is fairly strong, too. Among the new history books will be one on Alfred the Great, in connexion with the millenary.

I see that Dr. Conan Doyle votes for the deposition of St. George and the substitution of Alfred as our patron saint.

It is not likely to happen. In pictorial qualities the fight with the dragon is so infinitely superior to the accident with the cakes. Other history books are a new volume of Dr. Hodgkin's *Invaders of Italy*; a new volume of Prof. Flinders Petrie's *History of Egypt*; *Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans*, by C. Firth; *A Literary History of Ireland*, by Dr. Douglas Hyde; *Shakespeare in France*, by M. Jusserand; *A History of the Colonisation of Africa by Alien Races*, by Sir H. H. Johnston; *The*

Foundation of the German Empire, by J. W. Headlam; *Mary Queen of Scots*, by Mr. Rait; and a *History of England* in verse.

In verse?

Yes. Mr. Brimley Johnson has collected ballads and songs to cover a large number of important events.

What is there in the way of poetry?

Very little. The most important is Mr. W. B. Yeats's new volume, *The Wind Among the Reeds*. Then we are to have a complete edition of R. S. Hawker. And there are also Mr. Barry Pain's *Tompkins Verses*.

And fiction?

Another Crockett.

So I suppose.

A new H. G. Wells: *When the Sleeper Wakes*.

That's more exciting.

A new Howells. Some short stories by the author of *Liza of Lambeth*, called *Daisy*. A new book by Mr. E. H. Cooper. A study of a female dipsomaniac by Mrs. Atherton.

That's rather cheerful!

Yes, novelists can be cheerful when they like. Two studies of low life are promised in *No. 5, John Street*, by the author of *The Island*, and in *Hooligan Nights*. Dr. Conan Doyle has a new novel, *A Duet*; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hornung, has a new novel, *The Amateur Cracksmen*.

And what about series?

Mr. Unwin, who founded the "Pseudonym" series, has ready a new series to be called the "Overseas Library." Mr. Cunninghame Graham leads off with *The Ipané, and other Sketches*.

What is the scope?

The books will present as vividly as possible aspects of colonial life and life in far lands.

Are there other new series?

Messrs. Methuen have one, to be called "The Little Library." Books of all kinds will be included, in pocket form, each with an introduction. *A Little Book of English Lyrics* and *Pride and Prejudice* lead off.

More Jane Austen?

When in doubt every publisher plays Jane Austen. And why not? We can't have too much of a good thing.

"The Little Library" is a rival to the "Temple Classics," I suppose?

Yes, but the "Temple Classics" show no sign of abated vigour. *De Quincey*, *Epictetus*, Carlyle's *Past and Present*, Wordsworth's *Sonnets*, are all to be expected soon.

And what of travel?

Travel is not very strong. Mrs. Bishop's *Yangtze Valley*; Mr. Vivian's *Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates*; Mr. T. A. Cook's *Rouen*; Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *Highways and Byways of Donegal, Derry, and Antrim*; and Miss Hannah Lynch's *Toledo*.

And now tell me about miscellaneous books. They are so often the best.

Not this spring, I think. But there are some interesting ones. *The Etchingham Letters*, from Cornhill, is promised, and Mr. Fuller-Maitland has told the story of his musical development. Mr. Dobson has a new volume of essays, *A Paladin of Philanthropy*. There is a comprehensive manual of *Athletics*, by a variety of experts; and another on golf—*The Book of Golf and Golfers*—edited by Mr. Horace Hutchinson. A new translation from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf, *The Miracles of Anti-Christ*, is about to appear. Several gardening books are in preparation, and the best edition of White's *Selborne* that has yet appeared is coming out in monthly parts.

And all these belong to the spring?

Yes.

And will more follow in the summer?

Many more.

But what about Nature?

O, Nature always wins in the end.

The Spring Publishing Season.

New Books and Announcements.

THE lists that follow comprise the principal new books and new editions belonging to the spring of 1899. It has been said that if anything is more interesting than books themselves it is their titles. In the conviction that this is true, we have permitted these titles to take possession of twelve columns of the ACADEMY.

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"Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir." By his Son. With portrait and illustrations. In 1 vol. Cheap edition.—"Some Account of the Military, Political, and Social Life of the Rt. Hon. John Manners, Marquis of Granby, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces." By W. E. Manners. Portrait and plans.—"Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance: a Biography." By R. C. Christie. New edition.—"A History of the British Army." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. With maps. In 2 vols.—"France." By J. E. C. Bodley. Popular edition.—"The Philippines and Round About, with Some Account of British Interests in these Waters." By Major G. J. Younghusband. With illustrations.—"A History of Eton College, 1440-1898." By Sir H. C. M. Lyte. Third edition.—"The Statesman's Year-Book for 1899." Edited by J. S. Keltie. Thirty-sixth annual publication.—"Cameos from English History." By C. M. Yonge. Ninth series.—New volumes of the "Eversley" series: "The Conquest of England." By J. R. Green. In 2 vols.—"Highways and Byways of Donegal, Derry, and Antrim." By S. Gwynn. With illustrations by H. Thomson.—Macmillan's Sixpenny Series: "Poems." Including "In Memoriam." By Lord Tennyson. "Maud," "The Princess," "Enoch Arden," and other poems. By Lord Tennyson.—"The Solitary Summer." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."—"Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the Astronomer Poet of Persia." Rendered into English verse by E. FitzGerald. ("Golden Treasury" series.)—"The Works of Shakespeare." With short introductions and footnotes. By Prof. C. H. Herford. Ten monthly volumes. Vol. II.—"Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought." By the late R. H. Hutton. Selected from the *Spectator*, and edited by his niece, E. M. Roscoe.—"The Triumph of the Philistines, and how Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury under very trying circumstances." A comedy in three acts. By H. A. Jones.—"The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley." Edited by Prof. M. Foster and by Prof. E. R. Lankester. In 4 vols. Vol. II.—"The Steam Engine and Gas and Oil Engines." By J. Perry, Professor of Mechanics and Mathematics in the Royal College of Science. Illustrated.—"A System of Medicine." By Many Writers. Edited by T. C. Allbutt. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII.—"Dictionary of Political Economy." Edited by R. H. I. Palgrave. Vol. III. (completing the Dictionary).—"The Right to the Whole Produce of Labour, the Origin and Development of the Theory of Labour's Claim to the Whole Product of Industry." By Dr. A. Menger, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Vienna. Translated by M. E. Tanner. With an introduction and bibliography by H. S. Foxwell.

Fiction.—"The Treasury Officer's Wooing." By C. Lewis.—"One of the Grenvilles." By S. R. Lysaght.—Macmillan's Two Shilling Library: "Kith and Kin," "Probation." By J. Fothergill. "Joan." "Not Wisely, but Too Well." By R. Broughton. "Borderland," "Aldyth." By J. Fothergill. "Red as a Rose is She," "Scylla or Charybdis." By R. Broughton. "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe." By Mrs. Alexander. "Belinda," "Dr. Cupid." By R. Broughton. "Uncle Silas," "The House by the Churchyard." By Le Fanu. "Second Thoughts," "A Beginner." By R. Broughton. "Marooned." By W. C. Russell. "Leah! a Woman of Fashion." By Mrs. Edwardes. "Alas! and Mrs. Bligh." By R. Broughton. "Leaves of a Life." By M. Williams. "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea." By M. Linskill.—New and cheaper editions: "Johnny Ludlow." By Mrs. H. Wood. Fourth series, fifth series, and sixth series. "Sir Godfrey's Grand-daughters." By R. N. Carey. "The Old, Old Story." By R. N. Carey. "Mistress of Brae Farm." By R. N. Carey.—Macmillan's Sixpenny Series: "My Friend

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Spectator.

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THE ACADEMY.

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The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. type-written.

The Unknown Kipling.

MR. KIPLING'S illness brought his name before the huge non-reading public, to whom he is a stranger. Every newspaper, from the *Times*, which printed the bulletins of his health on its leader page, down to the chameleon evening prints, helped to satisfy one part of the nation and puzzle another. For while some readers were recalling Mr. Kipling's life, his acts and words, others, less enlightened, were asking, "Who is Mr. Kipling?"

A representative of the ACADEMY has been making inquiries among people whose degree of acquaintance with Mr. Kipling's work seemed worth ascertaining. The following utterances are the result, and it is only necessary to add that each is given as it fell from the lips of the speaker, without any element of invention:

A 'BUS DRIVER.

Arstin' you a question, sir, 'oo is this Mr. Kilping?

A TOBACCONIST.

Yes, sir, he's one of the greatest. All the same, I can't say that I ever heard of Mr. Kipling till he had pneumonia.

A FRUITERER.

Mr. Kipling! Aye, aye; it's nice weather for sick folks. He's an American, isn't he, sir?

A MAN SERVANT.

A great loss, sir, I'm sure. And so sudden, they tell me. No, I don't read the papers much; I only know what they tell me. And his secretary in the next room, they tell me.

A CABMAN.

"Like to see the *Star*?" I said as I alighted. "Kipling's all right." The cabman's face glowed with interest as he leaned down for the crumpled paper. "I don't seem to know the party," he said.

A POLISH WAITER.

Yes, ver' glad Mister Keeppling better. O yes, I haf read some of dem—yes, yes, they ver' good—pot Sienkiewicz, he is ze man. Haf you read him?—no?—ach! He is ze man.

A CHARWOMAN.

No, sir, I never read his books; a bit o' *Lloyd's* on a Sunday afternoon's all I seems to get time for. Suppose he's a grand writer. I asked my brother had he read any of his pieces—said he had.

A BARBER.

Yessir; papers seem to think he'll get over it. No, sir; can't say I'm a great book reader. Happen to know when the organ-grinder's case comes on, sir?—there's a romance, sir—I hope *that* ain't goin' to drop.

A CHEESEMONGER.

Quite the sensation, sir; wonder if they'd make the same fuss if I had the pnemonia—ha! ha!

A CLUB PORTER.

Sing'ler how pore old Lord 'Erschell—skatin'—pore old man—fell and hurt hisself—and just before he expired telegraphed to this young writin' feller—what's his name?—Kipling?

A SOLDIER.

No; I hardly think they read his books, but they ought to. Not the privates, at least. Maybe in the sergeants' mess and among the orf'cers. You see, a young soldier hasn't the time. It's only seven years, and he's a lot to do, and he likes goin' about London. I dessay on foreign stations they read his books; but not here, unless it's a song, and then, maybe, they wouldn't ever arsk who wrote it. Yes, I've read a bit. Mulvaney?—no, not that. I know I read something once. Glad he's getting on? Aye, you may believe that, sir. My only fear is—when he knows about his little gel.

A POL EMAN.

It was at the Islington Horse Show. I sidled up to the policeman who was guarding the emergency exit to the ring. "They've been making a great fuss over this Rudyard Kipling. Have you read any of his stories?" "Oh, yes! I've read them." "Do you suppose he invented them, or are they——" "All true," he broke in. "I was in the Navy myself. Better job than this." Just then there was a commotion in the ring, as a gentleman entered from beneath the Royal box. "That's the Duke of Edinburgh," he said; "see him?" I suggested that he looked more like the Duke of York. "Well, I knew the Duke of Edinburgh in the Navy. Talk about a stickler. Why, at court-martial he couldn't sentence a man out of his own 'ed, like the other captains. He had to do it from books."

"And Mr. Kipling's books are read in the Navy?" I asked. "Oh, yes! they read him in the Navy. When I was in the Navy the Duke of Edinburgh would 'ave it that our flannel shirts must look white on parade. You know what it means to keep flannel white after washing in salt water. Well, do you know what we did? We pinned on a flannel dicky. Larf, why——" "So you really think Mr. Kipling's stories are not invented?" I interposed. The light of reminiscence died from his eyes. "Oh, no! all true," he said. "The public reads him. All true."

Froude to Thoreau.

A Still-Born Book.

Some Unpublished Letters of Henry D. and Sophia E. Thoreau: a Chapter in the History of a Still-Born Book is the title of a handsomely-printed volume of which a small edition (150 copies) has just been issued by the Marion Press, Jamaica, Queensborough, New York, under the editorship of Dr. Samuel A. Jones, who by his bibliography and other services has earned the gratitude of Thoreau students. The "still-born book" is the first edition of the now famous *Week on the Concord River*, the bulk of which, some 700 copies, were returned by the publisher as unsaleable, and were stacked by Thoreau in

the attic of his father's house at Concord, as described by him in a characteristic passage: "I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself." A copy of this edition, as Dr. Jones tells us, "now finds warm welcome to the selectest of private libraries at eighteen dollars."

It was a desire to obtain a copy of the despised and rejected *Week* that brought a Michigan reader into correspondence with Thoreau in 1856; and it is Thoreau's letters to this western admirer that are now printed for the first time, set in the framework of a racy editorial comment which, unlike most efforts of that sort, greatly enhances the effect. The letters, which are six in number, and date from 1856 to 1859, are of no special significance, but throw an interesting side-light on the character of the writer—the indomitable spirit of simplicity and self-reliance that speaks through all his works. Here is a brief sentence: "I should consider it a greater success to interest one wise and earnest soul than a million unwise and frivolous."

Dr. Jones's volume is mainly of the esoteric order, and appeals rather to the special class of Thoreau students than to the general reader; it contains, however, one hitherto unpublished letter from Froude to Thoreau which is of wider interest. It appears that Thoreau, who was known to Froude through Emerson, had sent him a copy of the *Week*, in acknowledgment of which the author of *The Nemesis of Faith*, then lately published, replied as follows:

Manchester, September 3, 1849.

DEAR MR. THOREAU,—I have long intended to write to you, to thank you for that noble expression of yourself you were good enough to send me. I know not why I have not done so, except from a foolish sense that I should not write until I had thought of something to say that it should be worth your while to read. What can I say to you except express the honour and the love I feel for you—an honour and a love which Emerson taught me long ago to feel, but which I feel now "not on account of his word, but because I myself have read and know you."

When I think of what you are—of what you have done as well as what you have written—I have the right to tell you that there is no man living upon this earth at present whose friendship or whose notice I value more than yours.

What are these words! Yet I wished to say something—and I must use words, though they serve but seldom in these days for much but lies.

In your book and in one other from your side of the Atlantic, *Margaret*, I see hope for the coming world; all else which I have found true in any of our thinkers (or even yours) is their flat denial of what is false in the modern popular jargon; but for their positive affirming side they do but fling us back upon our own human nature to hold on by that with our own strength. A few men here and there do this, as the later Romans did; but mankind cannot, and I have gone near to despair. I am growing not to despair, and I thank you for a helping hand.

Well, I must see you some time or other. It is not such a great matter with these steam bridges. I wish to shake hands with you and look a brave man in the face. In the meantime I will but congratulate you on the age in which your work is cast: the world has never seen one more pregnant. God bless you!—Your friend (if you will let him call you so),

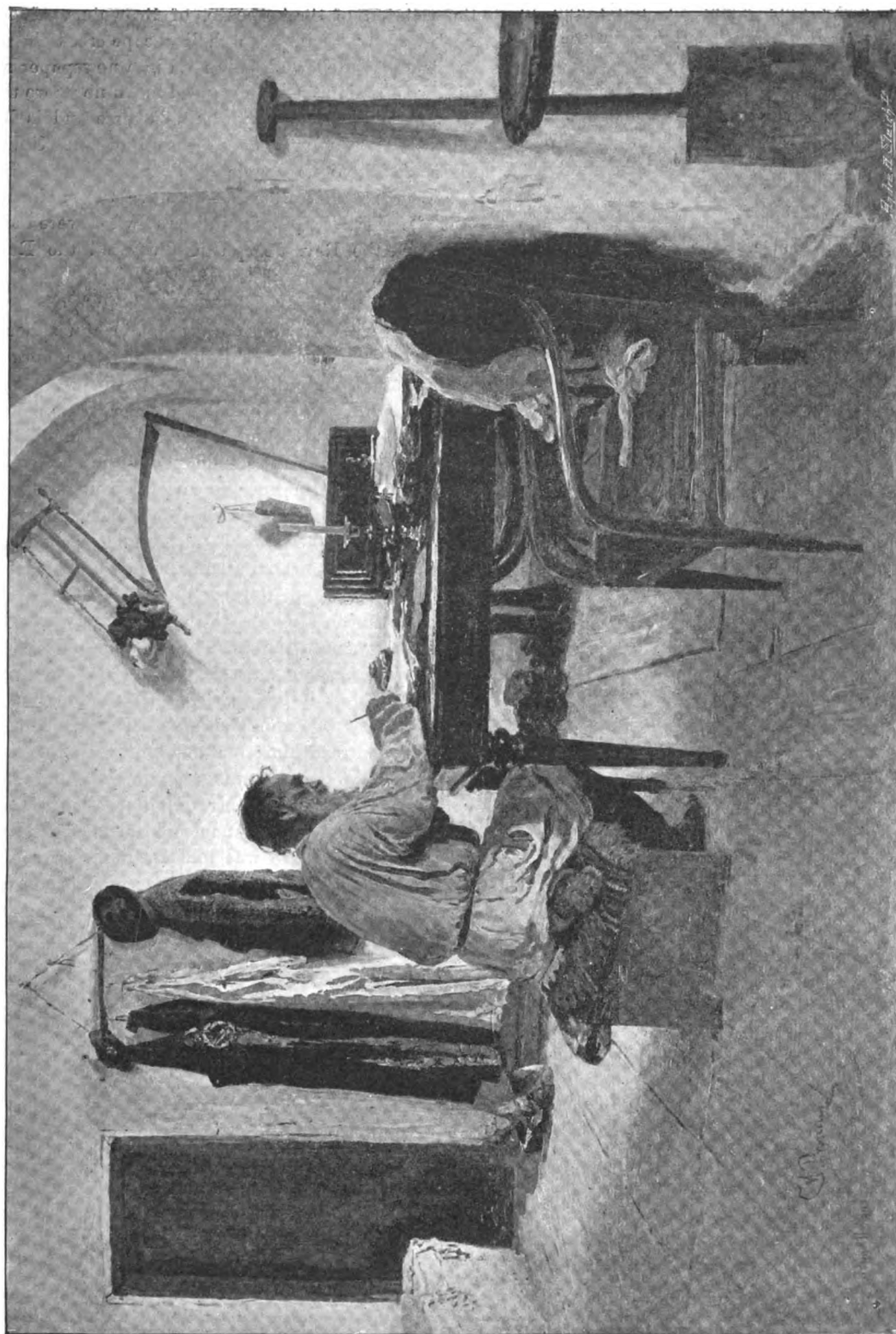
J. A. FROUDE.

Other interesting matter is to be found in the book—an entertaining glimpse, for example, of the whimsical Ellery Channing, easily recognised under the mask of "X. Y. Z." The true and tender nature of Sophia Thoreau is shown from her letters; and the Appendix preserves a valuable record of "Two Visits to Concord, from an Old Diary" (presumably that of Thoreau's Michigan correspondent), which gives a picture of Thoreau-land as seen, after the master's death, by one of the earliest of its pilgrims. Of Thoreau's literary circle there will soon remain but a memory. Both Harrison Blake and Daniel Ricketson—the "Mr. B." and "Mr. D. R." of the *Letters*—have recently died, and Ellery Channing, still living in Concord at an advanced age, is now the sole survivor of Thoreau's contemporaries.

HENRY S. SALT.

Tolstoi's New Book.

SOME very interesting particulars concerning Tolstoi's new novel are supplied to us by Mr. Walter Scott. The title is *Resurrection*, and the book will appear weekly and simultaneously in Russia and other European countries, beginning on March 25 and ending probably about September 2. In America it will appear monthly, beginning April 1, and the arrangements there are such as to prevent serial publication in that continent prejudicing publication elsewhere. About 100,000 words long, the novel will consist of about eighty chapters. Each weekly part will therefore consist of three or four chapters. It may be mentioned that in Russia, although the version published there will be mutilated by the censors and cut down by at least one-third of the length of the work, the serial rights have fetched about £1,300. In America the serial rights of the authorised English version have been sold for 5,000 dollars, and the opportunity of publishing immediately on completion of serial, but without copyright, has realised 4,100 dollars. In France about £500 is being paid for serial rights. So much for other countries. In England, however, a novel plan is to be adopted. No copyright is to be taken out, but all papers that care to print the story serially have the opportunity of doing so by payment to Mr. Walter Scott of the sum of £20. Then, on the day of completion of the serial publications, *Resurrection* will be issued in book form in the only authorised edition. In this edition will appear the illustrations, made by Prof. Pasternak, of Moscow, after consultation with the author. Newspapers wishing for these illustrations can have them by an extra payment. All the profits on the novel are, by the author's wish, to go to assist in the emigration to Canada, and colonisation there, of the Dukhoborts, the Russian sect who, for the crime of refusing to bear arms, have been cruelly prosecuted, but are now being permitted to leave Russia. *Resurrection*, we are told, besides presenting a vivid picture of contemporary Russian life, is a work of great dramatic power and interest, touching incidentally on several of the most pressing latter-day problems, and, so far as literary and artistic treatment is concerned, is likely to enhance even the fame which *Anna Karénina* brought to the author.



Tolstoi at Home.

Things Seen.

Capitulation.

ROBERT had been away four years in Paris and in London. When he came back to Dumbartonshire he was changed—to grandmother most of all.

But she took no notice, for she had loved Robert best of all from that first day when his Republican grandfather left the little crop-headed orphan boy to be brought up in his Scotch grandmother's home, by his dead mother's wish.

She listened and waited—till one day. The wind was howling round the grey old house. The weather had been wretched for a week, and Robert was bored and something sharp-edged as to temper. He sat by the fire discoursing of what were, to us, new philosophies. He touched on the iniquity of existing marriage laws and the inartistic exigencies of the Decalogue generally, explaining that although self-development is confessedly but a succession of suicides, it is the only form of evolution to be sought after and worked out, regardless of everything else.

Pretty Elspeth gazed and wondered; grave Margit shook her head; Geordie, his huge hand covering his mouth, smiled with his eyes at what he would call "Robert's French havers." Only grandmother spoke: from time to time exclaiming, "Indeed! is that the case? Dear me, dear me!" in a voice that might have been ironical but for the expression of candid innocence on her face.

Presently he began to speak of "existing creeds" and of their "outworn" character. For a brief space no one interrupted him.

Suddenly grandmother leant forward in her chair. "Laddie!" she thundered, "if I thoct ye believed one half o' what ye have been saying this day, I'd skelp ye till ye couldna' sit."

Robert sprang up and made as though to leave the room: half-way to the door he paused, and turning, went and kneeled down by grandmother's chair. He took her hand, beautiful still in spite of her eighty years, and kissed it, saying gently, "You would be quite justified."

She took hold of his chin and turned up his face towards her, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Puir laddie," she whispered, and he laid his head down on her knee.

Emptiness.

SHE was a young and thin and weary mother. Her child lay heavily on her lap as the omnibus rumbled along. Suddenly the infant awoke and cried, and she put the tube of the feeding bottle in its mouth. For a moment there was a grateful peace, but as suddenly as it came it went in a yell of anger and disappointment. The mother again proffered the time-honoured consolation, and for a second or two there was a gurgling calm, only, however, to be broken by a more energetic explosion than before. The mother repeated the operation, but with increasingly indignant manifestations till she discovered that the feeding tube had parted from the bottle! The child had been having its first taste of the emptiness of life.

Memoirs of the Moment.

BOOKS will no doubt be written some day or other on the religion of Kipling, as books have been written already on the religion of Shakespeare, of Browning, of Tennyson. Not even Mr. Swinburne shall escape creed-classification, seeing that he has already read in a newspaper a defence of his Christianity—which need mean no more than that its writer admires Mr. Swinburne's verse and is himself a Christian. Whatever may be said of Mr. Kipling—and there are ingenious people arguing the point of Paganism *versus* Christianity already—we have the undoubted fact that he had two grandfathers who were Methodist ministers, the Rev. Joseph Kipling and the Rev. G. B. Macdonald.

A GREAT authority once said that the atmosphere of the House of Lords suggested quotations from *Paradise Lost*, and the atmosphere of the House of Commons quotations from *Childe Harold*. But now neither Milton nor Byron is quoted—only Kipling. There is a tradition among politicians that poetry should not be quoted, except, perhaps, it be a Latin line; to care for contemporary poetry has always been to incur a sneer against your practicality. But Kipling has removed the reproach; and even the Viceroy of India, whom all his friends have been warning against being "too literary" in his allusions, could not resist quoting in Calcutta the other day a verse from the pen of the "Anglo-Indian." The illness of Mr. Kipling, by the way, has not only shown how full the world is of his readers, but it has vastly added to the number. By the Emperor's telegram Germany has been made alert to translate and read him; and one of the last orders for his *Barrack Room Ballads* was sent to England from—the Vatican. "But who is Mr. Kipling?" asked the Pope one morning when their names were headed together in a French paper. He was told by Monsignor Merry del Val, himself half an Englishman; and Thomas Atkins makes in consequence his peaceful and literary entry into the palace of the Vatican.

THE Count of Turin has made a new friend in an Englishman, Sir Henry Tichborne, once the little boy for whom the great case against the Claimant was fought. The Count and Sir Henry are shooting together in India.

THE mutability of human fortunes is nowhere written plainer than on the great houses of London, to which were proudly given the names of their founders or of families that were their former occupants. "We were" is the unseen writing upon these once boastful walls. Hardly one such house is now inhabited according to its label—not Bute House, not Marlborough House (though the present Duke of Marlborough will no doubt try to restore it to his family when the Prince of Wales moves to Buckingham Palace); not Chesterfield House, now Lord Burton's; not Cambridge House, which the present Duke of Cambridge, whose father lived in it, can still frequent, but only as a clubman; not Lansdowne House till lately. These titles have become confusing, yet to change them with each fresh owner would be to invite attention to transfers of wealth,

or other vicissitudes, in succeeding generations. Dudley House—to name another—must be Dudley House still, not Robinson House, though Lord Dudley lives elsewhere in London, and long ago sold his family mansion to Mr. Robinson, who, by the way, is just returning thither with his wife after an absence of two years.

MR. ZANGWILL, who reached Liverpool last Saturday morning, and is now in his native London, has much to say, and will publicly say some of it, on his visit to the United States. Mr. Zangwill finds it difficult to tear himself away from ports, especially from sea-ports. He loves shipping, with which he has made close acquaintance during long residence at Plymouth and Bristol; and he was almost reluctant to leave the *Campania* the other day, even after a rather troublous crossing.

MR. JOHN LANE, who leaves London to-day for the United States, will shortly return to occupy a house he has bought in Kensington Gardens-terrace.

THE Duchess of Sutherland has completed a novel which her friends pronounce to be "socialistic."

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON may very probably appear as Morrice Buckler in the play Mr. Mason is making (with Mr. Comyns Carr's assistance) from his Anglo-Indian story. But the appearance of Mr. Robertson as Sir Willoughby Patterne has been quite indefinitely postponed.

THE Marquis of Ripon has become President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. That announcement does not mean much to the casual reader; but it may make a considerable difference in the fortunes of persons whose only fortunes are ill ones. The Society, named after the French "Apostle of the Poor," consists of members who visit the poor and the sick in their own homes, administering money relief as well as kind words. The "brothers" are ordinary laymen, and their district visiting and their "conference meetings" are demands on the spare time which very busy men could hardly meet, except that very busy men have the knack of finding time for everything. Lord Ripon, when out of office at any rate, feels that he can undertake the acting duties of a "Brother of St. Vincent de Paul," and he has agreed also to be the President of the Society for all England. Branches exist already in various towns; but the new impulse brought by the leadership of Lord Ripon is counted upon to increase immensely the number of volunteers for this service of the poor, and also the amount of money placed in their hands for distribution.

A Fable.

A MUSICIAN died, and his sleeping soul waited at the Gate.

Then said the Angel: "Has this man sinned?"

"Yes," answered the voices of the neighbours; "he has played his own works all day."

"What shall be his punishment?" asked the Angel.

"Let him hear those works for ever," cried the voices.

So the soul was awakened in Hell by the chanting of its own music.

"This must be Heaven," it said.

Correspondence.

Green's "Short History."

SIR,—In common with many of your readers, I was extremely pleased with the instructive and suggestive letter of Mr. J. J. Poynter on Green's *Short History* which appeared in your issue for February 18, and I shall be still further obliged if he, or some other of your readers, can give me any information as to what seems to me to be a strange mistake later on in Green's *Short History*.

In the description of the death of Charles II., at the bottom of page 648 (of the 1875 edition), are the words: "The bishops around his bed fell on their knees, and implored his blessing, and Charles with outstretched hands solemnly gave it to them." I believe there were only two bishops present at all during his illness, namely, Sancroft (Archbishop) and Ken. Neither of them could do anything with him. He would not listen to their exhortations, and finally they were dismissed and Father Huddleston admitted, from whom the King received the last Sacraments.

Macaulay writes: "The King seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the Dukes of Grafton, &c.—Charles blessed them all," &c.

Burnet, in his History of his own times, says, "Bishop Ken was censured for a piece of indecency. He presented the Duke of Richmond, Lady Portsmouth's son, to be blessed by the King. Upon this some that were in the room cried out the King was their common father. And upon that all kneeled down for his blessing, which he gave them."

Who were these kneeling persons—Bishops? or is it another word beginning with B? Can Green have read shorthand notes and misread?—I am, &c.,

Hampden House, N.W.

T. H. G.

"Time's Revenges."

SIR,—A short time ago the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred by St. Andrew's University on Mrs. Henry Fawcett. All eyes were strained to attention, and to one onlooker at least the climax of an interesting ceremony was reached when the cap that had once been John Knox's rested for a moment in academic benediction on the brow of this distinguished lady, so long the champion of the political rights of her sex—one might almost say, the uncrowned queen of England's revolted daughters. "Women are weak, frail, impatient, feeble, foolish. God has denied to them wisdom to consider or providence to foresee what is profitable for the commonwealth," said the great Reformer; and in no measured language he condemned "the monstiferous empire of women," and asserted what Stevenson has called "his sense of unspeakable masculine authority." Truly Fate has not dealt over kindly with the shade of the churlish author of the *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*.—I am, &c.,

Manchester: March 5, 1899.

E. G.-B.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 22.

"A MIDDLE-AGED, unmarried lady, who attends University Extension lectures, subscribes to Mudie's, and lives in a London suburb with a parrot, a Pomeranian dog, and two servants, keeps on a little shelf beside the fireplace her dozen permanent favourite books. What are they?" This was the question we asked last week. A careful collation of the numerous lists sent in this week shows that the twelve books which our imaginary maiden lady ought to like best are as follows:

Tennyson.
Shakespeare.
Robert Browning, selections.
Sesame and Lilies.
The Imitation of Christ.
The Bible.
Pride and Prejudice.
The Mill on the Floss.
Lamb's *Essays*.
Macaulay's *Essays*.
Mrs. Browning, selections.
Sartor Resartus.

Two competitors—Miss Alice Thompson, 22, Grosvenor-crescent, Scarborough, and Mr. A. H. Meiklejohn, 4, Leamington-avenue, West Didsbury, Manchester—named each seven out of the twelve, and, therefore, one guinea has been divided between them.

The remaining books (Browning having been given as two) on Miss Thompson's list were:

Dante's *Divine Comedy*,
Emerson's *Essays*,
Ruskin's *Frondees Agrestes*,
Carlyle's *Heroes*;

and on Mr. Meiklejohn's:

Boswell's *J. Ineson*,
Carlyle's *French Revolution*,
Green's *Short History*,
Pendennis,
Adam Bede.

Against the voice of the majority there is, of course, no appeal; but several of the lists sent in seem to us to represent the probable tastes of the lady more nearly than the books forming the ideal dozen. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Charles Kingsley's *Life*, *The Christian Year*, and *Middlemarch* may be mentioned as books which we and certain competitors would expect to find on that little shelf.

Replies received also from J. B. N., York; A. M. C., Bristol; E. C. W., Oxford; E. B., Coldharbour; F. E. W., Meltham; T. M., Shrivensham; M. A., Sale; A. M. F., Crediton; W. D., Andover; Mrs. R. G., Highgate; L. F. M., London; L. K., Highgate; M. J. S., Bournemouth; H. B. F., Forest Hill; W. F. K., Dublin; M. L. H., Ambleside; L. E. A., Sheffield; T. C., Buxted; R. G. W., Richmond; H. J. W., Tonbridge; T. L. H., Dolgelly; K. C. W., Wrexham; E. H., New Romney; H. G. H., Ruswarp; A. E. L., Stafford; S. B., Great Malvern; Miss P., Wilton; F. W., Sydenham; Mrs. H. H., Shoreham; Miss P., Shotley Bridge; D. S., London; Miss J., London; H. P. B., Glasgow; G. E. M., London; A. H. C., Lee; G. R., Aberdeen; J. S., Elgin; M. A. W., Watford; W. S. R., Moffat; H. T. F., Cambridge; E. E. M., Bedford Park; H. L., Worcester; R. H., Aston Manor; L. M. S., Weston; E. M. H., Tonbridge; L. C. J., Edinburgh.

Competition No. 23.

WE print this week, in the middle of the issue, several columns of publishers' announcements. We ask competitors to select from those columns the twelve best books. A comparison of all answers sent in will be made, and a prize of one guinea awarded to the competitor whose list agrees in largest proportion with the general sense.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43,

Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 14. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 312, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

The "Academy" Bureau.

THE WISDOM OF PLOTINUS.

By C. J. W.

C. J. W. has provided us with pleasant entertainment for an hour. He set to himself the task of expounding Neoplatonism, and we think he has accomplished it very well. As will be seen from the excerpt which will follow, he writes lucidly, as a scholar should: "Plotinus defines Love as the desire to be united with a beautiful object, and thereby to produce or to create beauty. Thus Nature herself—or the soul of the universe, that soul of which Nature is the express manifestation—creates in virtue of the contemplation (spiritual union with) celestial or intelligible beauty. Those human beings who, loving beauty in the sensible world, have not the reminiscence or intuition of intellectual or ideal beauty, still owe their love of the former to the fact that it is an image of the latter. Love is always the result of an affinity, conscious or otherwise, between the soul of the lover and the object of his passion. Our desire to produce is the direct outcome of the instinctive craving for immortality, for the essence which is immortal is none other than Beauty itself. Those (and those only) who love beautiful bodies without the craving to be united with them love them for their ideal beauty alone. From the attention with which the celestial soul applies itself to contemplate the Divine Life which is its object, the supreme Love is born—an eye full of the object which it beholds, a vision made one with the image which it forms. Below the celestial soul exists Nature—the soul of the world as such—and of its contemplation and desire the love which is its eye, and which presides over earthly marriages, is born." Although a trifle pragmatist, that is not bad philosophy; but it has been expounded by such Englishmen as Mr. Myers and Mr. William Knight in a style more modern. Plotinus is a hard nut to crack. C. J. W. cracks him as well, we think, as he could be cracked; but we are not sure that the cracking would have a sufficient audience.

WITH WEIGHTED WINGS.

By F. J. T.

We are unhappy about this book. Now and then we come upon an original thought expressed with elegance. For example, the school-boy Dacombe, when he had persuaded the bully to fight him, "tried not to recognise the measure of ambition which had helped so materially to make the duty obvious—that ambition which is the devil's share in most noble deeds, and is the unsuspected spur which goads wavering hearts to acts of chivalry." The idea is well expressed, but the desert remains predominant. F. J. T.'s story is sensational and incredible. Published as a book, for the general reader of novels, it would do no good at all.

UNEXPECTATIONS.

By W. W. W.

We do not like to seem cruel; but it is necessary to say that this novel has almost no merit whatsoever. We hope that the author is a very young man. If he is, he need not despair. He has energy in abundance, and experience may give him insight. In order that he may perceive the main error of his way, let us merely mention, in friendliness, that the hero of "Unexpectedness," whom we are expected to admire, is a miracle of self-satisfied ignorance.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S LIST.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. By Rudyard Kipling. Forty seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SEVEN SEAS. By Rudyard Kipling. Forty-first Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ROUND the WORLD on a WHEEL. By John Foster Fraser. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The narrative of a bicycle ride right round the world, which covered over 19,000 miles and occupied 774 days. The book is full of adventure and incident, and contains as much matter as the ordinary book of travel published at six times the price.

"A very entertaining book of travel."—*Spectator*.

"A lightsome and entertaining narrative; irresistibly humorous."—*Daily Mail*.

"The story is told with delightful gaiety, humour, and crispness. There has rarely appeared a more interesting tale of modern travel."—*Scotsman*.

"A classic of cycling, graphic and witty."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"A narrative of remarkable experiences, written with great spirit and unvarying good humour."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"A fresh, unconventional, and fascinating book."—*World*.

"Of intense interest to all cyclists, but interesting for other than cycling reasons."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CHEAPER AND REVISED EDITION OF "AN IMMORTAL STORY."

CHITRAL: the Story of a Minor Siege. By Sir G. S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. With numerous Illustrations and a Map. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

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One Shilling Monthly.
CONTENTS FOR APRIL (ready March 27th).—EARLY COLQUHOUN'S VICTORY. By A. Werner.—EARLY TUSCAN POETS. By Norley Chester.—APRIL. By M. Graham.—FROISSART'S CHRONICLES. By W. Forbes Gray.—FOR LOVE. By James Cassidy.—GEORGE CRABBE. By Maude Procter.—AN HONOURABLE PUBLISHER. By C. E. Meekker.—MARY CROMWELL, LADY FAUCONBERG. By R. W. Ramsey.—THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. By Alice Shield.—THE DEMAND for BOOKS. By Sylvanus Urban.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1402. Established 1869.

18 March, 1899.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

IN this number of the ACADEMY is printed the complete text of "A Repentance," the one-act drama by John Oliver Hobbes which is now being performed at the St. James's Theatre. Readers of the same author's *School for Saints* will remember that the Countess Des Escas, the heroine of the play, also figures in that romance.

THE William Black Memorial Committee is to be a very strong one. The following gentlemen have already joined it:—J. M. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Lauder Brunton, J. L. Toole, Colin Hunter, A.R.A., J. W. MacWhirter, R.A., Alfred Parsons, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir H. C. Mackenzie, Marquis of Lorne, Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Victoria Campbell, Sir Felix Semon, Sir Wemyss Reid, Lindsay Macarthur, Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson), E. Marston, W. L. Thomas, Major Macdonald Hall, C. W. M'Ilvaine, the Editor of THE ACADEMY, the Editor of the *Oban Times*, Lord Archibald Campbell (Hon. Treasurer).

WRITERS of introductions to standard English novels come in for hard treatment in the current *Blackwood*. Therein a writer examines some of the results of the Education Act of 1870. The cultured products of that epoch-making enactment, he says, "are not satisfied with the newest effects of fiction. They would scrape a bowing acquaintance with the masters who are dead and gone. So there are prepared for their delight countless reprints, pleasant to look upon and light to hold, which shall perform the trick of introduction. The reprints are prefaced by a brief essay, which gives the criticasters something to write about, and serves as a buffer between the hastily educated and the superhuman task of perusing a classic. Neither Dickens nor Scott can make a direct appeal nowadays to their readers. The shock is always decently broken; and if the reader never gets as far as the original, he at least knows what somebody else thinks about it."

THIS is a piece of the true Maga scornfulness. There is another side to the case. The fact that the Education Act makes people want a bowing acquaintance with good literature at all is something. And if they will not come direct to these books, but demand an intermediary, why hold that useful person up to ridicule? His services—if he is competent and modest—may be the means of transforming a bowing acquaintance into close intimacy. But, as a matter of fact, it is not for the product of the Education Act that these editions are designed. There are many genuine lovers of Dickens and Scott and Miss Austen who are interested in collecting opinions on the books, and welcome every new introduction.

A NEW edition of the novels of the Brontë sisters is about to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., with introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward. These, we imagine, will hardly come under the ban of the *Blackwood* contributor.

THE death of M. Emile Erckmann has an almost antiquarian interest. In one sense M. Erckmann did not

survive M. Chatrian, for the names of the two men were always uttered together and often hyphenated. For forty years they collaborated, turning out stories and dramas in incredible numbers. Alsations both, they had as much in common as two friends can; perhaps that is why they quarrelled so bitterly at the last. Their names were very familiar to many in England who, as schoolboys, were set to read the *Conscrit de 1813*, and as men have seen the presentation of their *Juif Polonais* ("The Bells") by Sir Henry Irving.

To the rapidly increasing list of sixpenny books is to be added Miss Beatrice Harraden's *Ships that Pass in the Night*. Meanwhile, this writer's new novel, *The Fowler*, is almost ready for publication.

ON our Prize Competition page will be found the results of the voting on the best books of the Spring publishing season. We give not only the first twelve books selected by popular opinion, but also the second twelve. It must be remembered, however, that certain of these works are merely announced, not yet published. We give this warning in order that readers may not expect to procure the books at once.

THERE was in life not much resemblance between James Russell Lowell and Danton, but in death they have this similarity, that two independent Lives of each are published at the same moment. In Danton's case the biographers are Mr. Beesley and Mr. Belloc; in Lowell's, Dr. Edward Everett Hale and his son, Prof. Edward Everett Hale. The two Lives of Lowell are due almost at once. We trust that this competition does not mean that the house of Hale is divided against itself.

SINCE "tall paper" copies of books went out of fashion, more attention has been paid to the decoration of the ordinary editions. In this respect the designs on the covers of some novels published recently have been quite attractive, characterised by spirit and taste. Many of these designs, we understand, are due to Mr. F. R. Kimbrough, a young American artist, at present studying under Prof. Herkomer at Bushey.

THE valuable library of Mr. John Crosby will be sold in Glasgow on the 21st and 24th of this month, by Messrs. Morrison, Dick & M'Culloch. The catalogue should be examined by librarians and others, its contents being varied and popular.

THE *Daily Telegraph's* scheme for bringing out one hundred novels has been reported as complete. It will not, however, be announced this month.

WE understand that Messrs. Black will publish a supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, bringing a number of articles up to date. This supplement will be issued through the *Times*, and it is expected to be complete "before the end of the century." Whether this expression means before the end of 1899, or before the end of 1900, is a matter of doubt.

With the reviewer, at any rate, Mr. Dooley is already a favourite. Whether the general reader takes kindly to the *patois* of the Irish Chicagoan remains to be seen. The story of his origin shows that Mr. Dooley began as many a good series has begun ere this—in the suggestion of an editor. The Chicago *Evening Post* started a Sunday edition, and Mr. Dunne, who was one of the younger members of the staff, was told off to fill an odd column of the first number, which suddenly manifested itself. He asked for guidance as to subject: “‘Oh, anything or anybody,’ replied Mr. M’Auliffe, the editor, ‘interview Jim M’Garry or the man in the moon or anybody you like, only give us a column, and give it quick.’” Jim M’Garry was a saloon keeper, whose views on things in general, delivered in a rich Irish-American brogue, always gave amusement to his patrons. So Mr. Dunne wrote a column giving an imaginary conversation between “M’Gearin” and “Jawn” M’Kenna, a local politician. Next week the Sunday *Post* was again short of copy, and Dunne was called upon once more. The column then became a prominent weekly feature. In the meantime, however, M’Garry complained to the editor that “Peter Dunne, a decent boy,” but a villain, had served him a low, mean trick, and generally made life miserable for him. The result of his pleadings was that “M’Gearin” gave place to “Dooley.”

So little, according to the New York *Critic*, did Mr. Dunne think of the Dooley articles more than of his other regular “copy,” that he did not even preserve the papers containing them, and when publishers began to make offers to him for the book rights, and he finally consented to collect the little papers as best he could, it was an admirer of Mr. Dooley, unknown to Mr. Dooley’s author but known to some of his friends, who came forward with a complete file, or nearly complete, and made the book possible. It has been a pronounced success, from more than one point of view, and publishers are making flattering offers to Mr. Dunne looking toward more ambitious portrayal of Irish-American life. Mr. Dunne’s wit is inevitable; it is his birthright. The Irish people he knows well, though he has never been in Ireland. The dialect of Mr. Dooley, it may interest some to know, is the dialect of County Roscommon, and natives of that county have enthusiastically approved its accuracy.

MR. SHELDON’S books, it has been remarked, are enjoying no unique popularity. Among works which have been selling by thousands for years and years must be included Anna Sewall’s *Black Beauty*, a story that is still a favourite in the nursery. Of this book Messrs. Jarrold & Sons will shortly issue 100,000 copies in sixpenny form. Already *Black Beauty* has gone through forty-seven editions in this country, and has been translated into French, German, Norwegian, and Italian. In the United States, where unfortunately for author and publisher the copyright was not secured, some two or three million copies, published under the auspices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, have been sold, and a vast quantity distributed gratis.

A LETTER from Mr. Kipling to an author who lost his little son, which is printed in *M. A. P.*, has a pathetic application to-day. This is a passage: “People say that that kind of wound heals. It doesn’t. It only skins over; but there is at least some black consolation to be got from the old and bitter thought that the boy is safe from the chances of the after-years. I don’t know that that helps, unless you happen to know some man who is under deeper sorrow than yours—a man, say, who has watched the child of his begetting go body and soul to the Devil, and feels that he is responsible. But it is the mother that bore him who suffers most when the young life goes out.”

A CAUSTIC rhymers comments, in the current *World*, on some of the less restrained telegrams which were despatched to Mr. Kipling. He writes:

Had this homage been intended
Solely for your private ear,
It might well have been defended
As spontaneous and sincere:
But this sort of demonstration
Loses its impressiveness
By concurrent publication
In the columns of the Press.

A recapitulation of messages follows:

From each corner and each cranny
Of the Kailyard cables flew:
While the voice of Florence Annie
Pleaded for the mild Hindoo.

Minor poets, blubbering blindly,
Cabled from Parnassus’ slope:
Anthony assured you kindly,
While there’s life there must be Hope:
Till, by dint of constant churning,
Everywhere was plainly seen
Milk of human kindness turning
Into merest margarine.

This is truly a day when a strong searchlight beats upon sentiment. The slightest lapse from reticence and dignity that finds its way into the Press finds also its castigator.

A SIXPENNY edition of Mr. Kipling’s *Departmental Ditties* is about to be issued by Messrs. Newnes. This is the book which, owing to copyright difficulties, Messrs. Macmillan were unable to include in their uniform edition of Mr. Kipling’s writings. Messrs. Thacker, who were the previous owners of the copyright, have now transferred it to its present holders.

THE new volume of the Biographical Thackeray, which contains “Lovel the Widower,” the “Roundabout Papers,” and “Denis Duval,” is enriched by a hitherto unpublished chapter of the last-named story. In her Introduction Mrs. Ritchie carries the story of her father’s life to the end. Here is a portion of a letter written by Thackeray to his mother not long before his death:

So with our diseases—we die because we are born; we decay because we grow. I have a right to say, “O, Father, give me submission to bear cheerfully (if possible) and patiently my sufferings”; but I can’t request any special change in my behalf from the ordinary processes, or see any special Divine *animus* superintending my illnesses or wellnesses. Those people seem to me presumptuous who are for ever dragging the Awful Divinity into a participation with their private concerns. In health, disease, birth, life, death, here, hereafter, I am the subject and creature. He lifts me up and sets me down certainly—so He orders my beard to grow. Yonder on my table in the next room is a number of the “Earthen Vessel”—Brother Jones writes of Brother Brown how preciously he has been dealt with: Brown has been blessed by an illness; he has had the blessing of getting better; he has relapsed, and finally has the blessing of being called out of the world altogether. I don’t differ with Brown essentially—only in the compliments, as it were, which he thinks it is proper to be forever paying. I am well: Amen. I am ill: Amen. I die: Amen always. I can’t say that having a tooth out is a blessing—is a punishment for my sins. I say it’s having a tooth out.

In another place Mrs. Ritchie gives this account of her father’s reading habits: “As far as I can remember, I do not believe that he had any particular feeling for special editions. He used a cheap, battered old Boswell with double columns; the companion with whom, as he said, he could have been quite content to dwell upon that problematical desert island. He also liked his shabby, worm-eaten copies of Johnson’s poets. Milton’s Sonnet to

Shakespeare in Johnson's poets was one of the last things he ever read. When he did not sleep well, sometimes in summer-time he used to get up very early, about 4 o'clock—long before the house was astir—and we would come down to breakfast and find him standing reading by his bookshelves. . . . If he read a book he turned page after page without stopping at all, in a rapid methodical way, and he used to say that from long habit he could glean the contents of each page as he glanced at it. It was only the other day that an eminent politician of this present time declared to a friend that it was almost impossible to him to read less than three lines at once, and some such power must have belonged to my father's short-sighted eyes."

THE house in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born, lately advertised for sale, has now changed hands at the sum of £800. The purchaser is Mr. J. C. Dibdin, a descendant of the nautical song-writer and the author of *Annals of the Edinburgh Stage*. He has recently, says the *Scots Pictorial*, blossomed into a novelist, "and now, under the Stevensonian roof, there is no saying what he may do with the pen."

A new sixpenny magazine for schoolboys, entitled the *Captain*, will be published by Messrs. Newnes on the 24th inst. The *Captain* will have two serial stories, short tales, competitions, and a regular article on pastimes and athletics by Mr. C. B. Fry. It will be illustrated, and an attempt is to be made to interest also the undergraduate. The statement, however, which is made in the circular before us, that at present there is no sixpenny magazine for boys,

is not strictly accurate. There is the monthly issue of the *Boy's Own Paper*, and there is the *Public School Magazine*.

CONTINUING our series of portraits of prominent men of letters in their studies, we give this week Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. Grant Allen is a Canadian by birth and cosmopolitan by training. He was educated in the United States, in France, and at Oxford. Subsequently he taught, and Darwin had no apter exponent. His early books displayed this bent: *Physiological Aesthetics*, *The Evolutionist at Large*, *The Colour Sense*. But there is not much money in Evolution; hence this agile mind turned to fiction. *Philistia* appeared, and short stories appeared, and *Babylon* appeared, all signed with persuasive pseudonyms—"Cecil Power" or "J. Arbuthnot Wilson"; while *The Colour of Flowers*, *Flowers and their Pedigree*, still testified to the old love. Gradually, however, fiction won the mastery, and *For Maimie's Sake*, *The Tents of Shem*, *The Devil's Die*, *This Mortal Coil*, bore witness to the author's energy. Meanwhile he reviewed much, and was busy journalistically, as was explained in that famous confession, in which, rather than write for a living, said he, a man should sweep a crossing. The next phase was hectic sociology. That was the period of the hill-top and *The Woman who Did*, mother of a long line of the fiction of revolt. Then came *The Lower Slopes*, a collection of poems, and then more novels of a less serious type, and *The Evolution of the Idea of God*. And now Mr. Allen is guiding tourists about Europe with one hand, and doling out more fiction with the other. He wrote better once than to-day, but that is only natural when his tremendous output is considered. Mr. Allen's



MR. GRANT ALLEN.

From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

mind is of extraordinary quickness, and his knowledge is encyclopædic. He lives at Hind Head; and is just fifty-one.

IN Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's reminiscences in the March *Atlantic Monthly* is an amusing story of Theodore Parker, the American divine, and his devotion to his wife. Says Mrs. Howe:

His affection for his wife was very great. From a natural love of paradox, he was accustomed to style this mild creature "Bear"; and he delighted to carry out this pleasantry by adorning his *étagère* with miniature bears, in wood-carving, porcelain, and so on. His gold shirt stud bore the impress of a bear. At one Christmas time he showed me a breakfast cup upon which a bear had been painted, by his express order, as a gift for his wife. At another he granted me a view of a fine silver candlestick in the shape of a bear and staff, which was also intended for her. He even confided to me the first clauses of a little catechism, which ran as follows:

"What creature is this?"

"A bear."

"What sort of a bear is it?"

"The very best sort of bear."

"What shall it do to be saved?"

"Have cubs."

Which, alas! the poor Bear did never accomplish.

The attitude of clever men to their wives would make an entertaining magazine study. In the case of the Carlyles the bearishness was on the other side. The Grotes have never been rightly presented.

ROUEN now has a bust of Guy de Maupassant. It stands near that of Flaubert, Maupassant's master in literature. On the occasion of the unveiling, two of the author's stories were read in the theatre; his play, "*Histoire du Vieux Temps*," was acted; and M. Jacques Normand read a paper on Maupassant's dramatic method.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Many years ago a brother of mine sent an old edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels to be bound, and to his wrath *The Talisman* and *The Legend of Montrose* came home with these backings—'The Tallish Man' and 'The Leg End of Montrose.'"

THE *Literary Review*, an American periodical devoted to current literature, has just undergone revision and enlargement. Among its new features is "A Novel Readers' Guide," in which all works of fiction will be noticed. Therein we seem to detect the influence of the ACADEMY.

Bibliographical.

THE three-and-sixpenny edition of Tennyson's *Works* is, it seems, to be minus the Plays. The Plays, of course, are bulky things; they occupy some 260 pages in the seven-and-sixpenny edition of the *Works*. It is easy to see why they are not to be included in the cheaper volume; but why not put them into a volume by themselves? Tennyson, we are all agreed, was not a great dramatist; he was not even a fine one. But, for all that, his plays contain a good deal of genuine and charming poetry. It is, therefore, not quite fair to him as a poet that they should not be easily acquired by those who want them. I submit the suggestion to Messrs. Macmillan. Let us have two three-and-sixpenny volumes—one *Poems*, the other *Plays*.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis's coming book on *Dinners and Dinners* should be an acceptable companion and complement to the *Cakes and Ale* and *Flowing Bowl* of Mr. Edward Spencer. I presume it will partake of the character of a pleasant guide to good eating. I remember reading some years ago, in the pages of *All the Year Round* (I think), a

series of articles on "Famous Dinners," dealing with the repasts which have found a place in historic and biographic records. They struck me as very interesting, and I have sometimes wondered why they were not formed into a volume. Some dinners have had an unquestionable influence upon the fate of nations. Was it not a spell of postprandial indigestion which made Napoleon lose the Battle of Leipsic?

The selection from the verse of James Thomson ("B. V."), which Mr. Bertram Dobell has just made and published, is not, of course, the first of its kind. Just a decade ago Mr. Dobell joined Reeves & Turner in issuing a little volume called, like the new one, *The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems*. In this there was no "Weddah and Om-el-Bonain," no "Mater Terebrarum," no "Blake" or "Burns," and so forth. On the other hand, the 1888 book did contain the "Attempts at Translation from Heine," which one is sorry to find absent from the book of 1899. However, those who desire to study Thomson's verse as a whole will, of course, discard the selections both of 1899 and 1888, and turn to the *Poetical Works* in two volumes.

Can anyone tell me anything about the Mr., Mrs., or Miss L. Melville who is announced as the author of a forthcoming *Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*? In view of the biography of her father which Mrs. Ritchie has been giving us in instalments lately, this announcement of another and an unauthorised *Life of Thackeray* naturally strikes the eye. We have had the compilation which John Camden Hotten published, and the monograph by Anthony Trollope, and the more recent "Great Writers" volume by Messrs. H. C. Merivale and F. T. Marzials. I submit that unless Mr. or Mrs. or Miss L. Melville has something new to tell us about Thackeray, his or her effort has the air (in the meantime) of being supererogatory.

The Realms of Gold is the happy title Mr. John Dennis has hit upon for his "new book for youthful students in English literature." The phrase is taken, of course, from the first line of Keats's sonnet on Chapman's Homer—a poem which Mr. Dennis naturally included in the pretty little collection of *English Sonnets* published by him so long ago as 1873. That collection was the forerunner of several such collections from other hands. That Mr. Dennis is well qualified to cater for "youthful students" his *English Poetry for Young Readers*, issued some fifteen years ago, sufficiently attests. He has a real knowledge of English literature, well illustrated, of late years, by his volume on *The Age of Pope*.

We may take for granted, I think, that there will be no new biography of Mrs. Keeley. Mr. Walter Goodman's book about *The Keeleys on the Stage and at Home*, published four years ago, is a flimsy performance; but it holds the field, and a very few lines would bring it "down to date." It seems inevitable that theatrical memoirs should be rather vague and superficial. Before Mr. Goodman's volume appeared, the late Montagu Williams had introduced into his own *Autobiography* two chapters (if I remember rightly) of delightful gossip with Mrs. Keeley about her professional career—Mrs. Keeley, as all the world knows, being the autobiographer's mother-in-law.

Mr. W. P. James has been criticising the policy of inclusion and exclusion adopted in the case of the "English Men of Letters" series, and has mentioned among the regrettable omissions the name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. But in this Mr. James has made a slip. The said series does comprise a monograph on Sheridan, and a very poor one it is. Mrs. Oliphant wrote it, and rarely has there been a more unsatisfactory bit of book-making. Mrs. Oliphant was no authority on either the *Life* or the *Works* of Sheridan: why was she selected for the task?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Natural Man.

The Treatises of Benvenuto Cellini on Goldsmithing and Sculpture. Translated by C. R. Ashbee. (Arnold. 35s.)

THE Renaissance was the last universal outbreak of human nature in the colloquial sense, and Benvenuto Cellini in this context has been rightly called its ultimate word and its epitome. This fact, and not his artistic achievement, assures him a cheerful eternity on earth. Were all the creations of his facile hand pulverised to-morrow, our impression of him would not be weakened, for his unpractised pen pictured his times and himself, the luminous point upon which all their rays were focussed, with the perfection that is attained only once in a fortunate epoch. He combines the merits of a human document of the greatest rarity with those of a unique genius who accidentally wrote one of the more excellent books among the most excellent.

It is on this ground that one accords an expectant welcome to the first English version of his *Treatises on Goldsmithing and Sculpture*, dedicated to the "Metal Workers of the Guild of Handicraft" by C. R. Ashbee, and illustrated by the blocks originally used in Eugène Plon's magnificent volume, *Benvenuto Cellini, Orfèvre, Médailleur, Sculpteur*. The translator has done his best to imitate the method of Mr. Symonds in that writer's vivid rendering of the *Vita*—a piece of work that takes out of Roscoe's version all the life and colour it ever boasted—and it is not too much to say that he has succeeded in the attempt. But we must confess to repeated shocks of incongruity on hearing modern English slang put into the mouth of the sixteenth century Tuscan, as when he is taught to speak of a man's action being "all off his own bat." Though Mr. Ashbee has fitly chosen to address his labours to men engaged in the actual processes of the goldsmith's art, he might surely have retained, without any loss of lucidity, a little more of the archaic flavour of the original.

This is not the place to deal with the *Treatises* from a technical standpoint. We did not open them to learn "How to Give a Diamond its Reflector," but in the hope that they might reflect light upon Benvenuto. And they do. The fantastic, exuberant, irrepressible creature has everywhere stamped his emphatic seal. He tells us in his first sentence that "what prompted him to write, was the knowledge of how fond people are of hearing anything new," and later on that, "wishing to give God some sort of thanks for having made me the man I was, I set to write what I am now writing." Were reasons more humanly persuasive ever given for the existence of a scientific handbook? He characteristically proceeds: "Then, in the second place, I felt much troubled in mind because of all sorts of annoying things, the which I purpose in the following treatise, with due modesty, to recount." It is with a thrill of pleasure that we learn that the old bravo of the *Vita* is, as ever, ready to finger his sword hilt. But we throw up our hands at the modesty of the man who, after several lurid manslaughters, performed with infinite gusto, pointed out to the friends who had acquired the keenest relish for him, that his head had been blessed with an aureole, visible even to their disenchanted eyes!

The note of self-revelation and self-appreciation, struck so early in the book, is insisted upon again and again with such robust candour and fervid joy, that the reading of his driest technicalities is an exhilarating exercise. Here are a few more utterances of the kind: "Now I'm not the sort of fellow who's afear'd of any mortal thing"; "I minded me of those gifts from God Himself, and which come to a man without any toil of his own: comeliness, for instance, or strength, or handiness—and to

me methought God had given surety of purpose"; "Suddenly, as in a frenzy, my own inborn daring came upon me: it's not a thing one can learn, this! it's in a man's nature." In these and in other instances that might be adduced, we perceive that the *Treatises* form a supplement to that more exhaustive eulogy, the Autobiography, which Walpole in his best superficial manner qualified as "more amusing than any novel." Always true to his intense personality, Cellini illustrates each of the arts he describes by explicit references to his own works. Thus, when he speaks of the tinting of diamonds, he relates his difficulties with the magnificent stone bestowed by Charles V. upon Pope Paul III.; when he unfolds the mystery of Minuterie Work he presents us with a graphic history of the Morse he fashioned for Clement VII., and gossips of the famous salt-cellar that adorned the banquets of Francis of "the Field of the Cloth of Gold"; and when he treats of Casting in Bronze he recites the stormy epic of his "Perseus." Of course, in all this we renew our acquaintance with stories that we have already heard from the lips of their hero; but when that hero is Benvenuto, where is his admirer who will not gladly listen to them again, recounted with the old fire, and with many a new touch of passion, humour, wrong-headedness, and enthusiasm, amazingly united with the nicest observation?

And here recurs the idea that recurs until it convinces us as we consider Cellini—that he must be weighed as a man and a writer rather than as an artist. It is perhaps generally admitted that Cellini the artist smacks of the jeweller and of decadence, and that even Cellini the jeweller may be too Corinthian an artificer. His crowning work, the "Perseus," is indeed the figure of a "pretty man." He stands above poor trussed Medusa like a gladiator upon a vanquished rival, holding aloft the gory head with "pardonable insolence" for the applause of the thundering circus. But there is nothing elemental in the statue beyond florid youthful strength, which is the less elemental in that it is florid. There is no touch of the triumph of clear heroic serenity, no trace of the austere simplicity of great inspiration; yet it was devoutly worshipped by its creator as the masterpiece of a transcendent genius.

No; to have worked upon wax and marble is assuredly not Cellini's distinction: to have *been* "wax to receive, and marble to retain," is his felicity. It has become a commonplace to say that his reception of an impression was marvellously sharp and impersonal, and that it never grew dulled. But the singularity of these facts has perhaps never been sufficiently emphasised. It is to be found in this—that the man whose spirit was so properly his own in its self-absorption, so entirely not his own in the welter of his passions, and who saw himself purblindly in a mist of false and shifting colours, should be a medium so faithful and transparent for the transmission and record of external images. The reading of the Autobiography for the first time is a milestone in one's literary experience. One cannot forget the wonderful differentiation of the units that cross its stage, or the sense of brilliant confusion that follows the final descent of the curtain. It leaves the reader's imagination full of sound, life, and colour; of the blaze of southern suns, of the crimson of cardinals, of the oppressive and blatant magnificence of popes and princes; of dusty battles and bloody treacheries; of junketings where Petronius Arbiter would have lolled an apt host and scarce have hankered after Neronian Rome; of fair galleries cool with the breath of marble, and of streets simmering with packed humanity; of the clash of arms and the click of the trowel, and the reverberation of imperial salutes. Such is the spectacle that moves in Cellini, where its flaming masses are portrayed as in a magic crystal.

Through these motley multitudes the indomitable Ego of Benvenuto winds its way, and "swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies." Baretti, watching the progress

of that turbulent soul, says: "We derive from it something of the same pleasure which we feel in contemplating a terrible wild beast who cannot get near enough to hurt us." This is true, but not entirely true. If Cellini in many moods much resembled the Pietro Torrigiano whom he has immortalised—Pietro of the terrible brows and demoniac gestures, who battered stone into statues, and statues, when he judged them better than his own, into stone—he had others as mild as that of his father, Giovanni, the architect and recluse, who delighted his soul with the music of flute and viol, and prayed God to spare his days until he should see Benvenuto the first utterer of sweet sounds in Florence. In short, Cellini is the Natural Man raised to the hundredth power, and forced into magnificent growth in the hot-bed of the Italian Renaissance. We rise from our last meeting with him in the pages of Mr. Ashbee's translation stimulated and refreshed, and close the plain sage-green volume with regret. Could its cover adequately suggest its original author, it should be mounted in enamelled gold and set with gems.

Young Love and Old Love-Tales.

Early Italian Love Stories. Taken from the Originals by Una Taylor. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

"If all the world and love were young" (as Raleigh's famous line has it), then might the modern masters of the short story be still writing such tales as these. The world being old, and love yet older, we may thank Miss Una Taylor for showing English readers how the short-story-writer of the Middle Ages pleased the Italian public. She does not profess to be a literal translator, and confesses to omissions—partly necessitated by the difference of modern taste; so that she calls these stories "retold." Nevertheless she allows that they "are given in the main as they were written." No English is childlike enough to suggest the delicious lisping Tuscan of these old *novellisti*. But she has done wisely in refraining from the sham Elizabethan which is the usual resort of translators in rendering old-world literature. Instead, she gives us simple and elegant modern English; the *naïf* sentence-structure and manner of narration alone suggesting the style of the originals, and doing so very efficiently.

These old tales are young tales: young in their ingenuous directness, in their ways of thought, in the society they depict, and in the love they exalt. It is the love of a young world, and it is also useful love, the love of young men and maidens. You might think, to read these *novelle*, there was no love after thirty—nay, after twenty-five. Doubtless, in those days, this was no such untruthful impression as it seems to us. When no over-crowded and over-competitive social conditions artificially impeded marriage, we may take it, probably, that early marriage was the rule. Young love, and southern love, and the love of a young society, it is direct, tyrannous, self-abandoned, rushing over all obstacles to its end—with the blind instinct of animals. It is southern love, also, in that it quickly turns to hatred, and is as extreme in the one shape as the other. That terrible convention prevails in it (still lingering in France and on the French stage) of the outraged husband's right to visit death upon the adulterous wife. Miss Una Taylor shows us this in the sternly dramatic climax of "*Madonna Laura*." After that striking scene where the husband bids the youth give her the harlot's price, Masuccio tells us in the most incidental, matter-of-custom fashion: "Calling his servants, he made Alfonso enter a richly furnished chamber made ready for his coming. When this was done, before he, too, sought his couch, the knight bade prepare poison for the last sleeping-cup of his wife." No more has the novelist

to say of it or her: it is as though the man had bid them poison his dog. Hideous!

There are twelve stories, from the pens of seven novelists, and they cover the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. There is a distinct progression in manner, not altogether for the better. We begin with Boccaccio—direct, simple, clear-cut; nothing too much, everything adequate; symmetrical and most seeming-artless. Extract is far more helpless with him than with Chaucer. The touches of tenderness are not unlike in both—as in the tale where the girl has a dream signifying her lover's sudden snatching from her, and he dreams to like issue. They relate their dreams beside a garden fountain, where they sit gathering kisses and roses; but he would fain make light of the twin visions:

Presently, as thus they abode together, Gabriotto gave a deep sigh, and, outstretching his arms to her, he cried: "Alas, my soul! help me, for I die!" So saying he fell backwards upon the grass. The girl lifted him upon her knee, and, weeping, said:

"Oh, sweet my lord, what dost thou feel amiss?"

But Gabriotto answered her not, and, breathing hard and covered with sweat, in a short space he passed from this present life.

She summons her serving-woman, and they resolve to carry the body to his house:

She bade the woman quickly fetch a piece of silken cloth she had laid by in a chest. When it was brought she spread it as best she could beneath the body of Gabriotto, and she put his head upon a soft pillow. With many tears she closed his eyes and his mouth, and she made him a rose-garland, and the roses they two had gathered she heaped around him. . . . Then, because the day drew near apace, the woman prevailed upon her with much entreaty, and she rose, and that same ring with which Gabriotto had wedded her, she drew from her finger and set it weeping upon his hand, saying:

"Dear my lord, if thy soul now sees my crying—or if it be that in the corpse whence the spirit is departed there is neither knowledge nor feeling—receive with kindness her last gift whom living thou didst love so much."

This said she swooned, falling backwards upon his body.

Infelicitously did Keats apostrophise "eloquent and famed Boccaccio." This unstrained and natural pathos is more than all eloquence.

Then from Giovanni Fiorentino we have a story which all will recognise as the groundwork of the "*Merchant of Venice*." A skilful and charming tale, it is yet interesting to see how unerringly Shakespeare has improved it. The plot with regard to the Jew's bond he has taken unaltered; the trial-scene keeps strictly to the lines of the original, even the dialogue being merely a wonderful poetisation of the original dialogue; and, indeed, the scene in the novel is so dramatic that it could not be bettered as a skeleton for the dramatist. But the incident of the caskets he has taken from elsewhere. In the "*Lady of Belmonte*" (as Miss Una Taylor names the story) it is replaced by a scheme strongly resembling one in the *Arabian Nights*. The suitors have to go through the ordeal of remaining awake all night; and if they fail, their ship, with all the property they have brought, is forfeit to the lady. The difficulty is that they are presented with a cup of drugged wine before they retire to their couch. The hero, after losing two ships of costly merchandise, succeeds only at the third attempt, when an attendant of the lady in pity tells him the secret of the drugged cup. The callous treachery and avarice of the lady and the lady's scheme before his success contrasts abruptly with her devotion afterwards. Shakespeare, consummate dramatist, saw that the character fell in two halves, and wisely preferred another test for the suitors.

With Masuccio and the fifteenth century we get more of modern detail, less direct keeping to the essentials. Yet the close of "*Madonna Laura*" has a certain terrible force,

which must be read to be appreciated. With the sixteenth century the departure from simplicity increases, though there is still charm and ingenuousness in Cintio and Straparoli, till in Erizzo we get downright speeches of set eloquence. The change is at its height in the final story from Bandello, which provided the plot of "Much Ado About Nothing." Here the tale is told at length, with detail and free use of dialogue, often with lengthy outpourings of eloquence. But it is dramatic, affecting, and effective. No wonder that Shakespeare seized on it. Yet here his admirable judiciousness of adaptation is more than ever conspicuous. Benedick and Beatrice are altogether his own additions. The trick by which the heroine is brought to shame is much less plausible in Bandello's tale. The villain is only seen to scale the balcony of her house; the waiting-woman talking with him in her mistress's clothes is Shakespeare's addition. So also he has given to Claudio traits of levity which make his ready belief of the slander more credible. In Bandello the lady's lover is a high-minded gentleman. In Bandello the slanderer is a rival, who indulges in romantic repentance, and is forgiven by everyone with inconceivably generous ease. Shakespeare assigns the odious part to the irredeemable scoundrel Don John. But Bandello shows marked dramatic skill, particularly in his speeches, now strong, now moving, now noble and pathetic. Take the message in which the hero casts off the heroine:

"Signor Timbreo bids you and your wife provide yourselves with another son-in-law, for that he will not ally himself with you. And this for no shortcoming of yours: you he holds good and true, but because with his own eyes he has witnessed of Fenicia that which, hearing, he would have held incredible, therefore he bids you look well to your own affairs. To thee, Fenicia, he says, the love he bore to you deserved no such guerdon as that thou hast bestowed upon it, and that as thou hast taken to thyself another lover, another husband shalt thou seek. With thee he has no more to do."

Exceedingly beautiful, but too long to quote, is the speech of Fenicia in answer to the accusation, when she believes herself dying. Altogether a charming book, yet more charming for the very beautiful illustrations of Mr. H. J. Ford.

Sympathy and Satire.

No. 5, John-street. By Richard Whiteing. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A PRACTISED journalist, a keen observer, a man of feeling and reading, Mr. Richard Whiteing is one of those authors—alas, not too common!—who are content to produce two or three books in a lifetime. In *The Island*, published eleven years ago, he gave us his notion of an ideal community; in *No. 5, John-street* he offers us his matured views on that eternal problem, the contrast between the lives of rich and poor. He uses the autobiographic convention, imagining himself to be a man of fortune (£10,000 a year), with a reflective temperament and unique powers of adaptability. Through the death of his friend, the first-person-singular of *The Island*, who, like himself, suffered from "one of the most serious maladies of the time—the impossibility of telling what the deuce it all means," he takes upon his shoulders the burden of Agent-General of the aforesaid Gilbertian island and contracts to deliver a report on the laws, customs, institutions, and manners of the mother country. In the first wild rush for light, he attends a conference at the Mansion House on the social question; but the proceedings do not inspire him. In his cab on the way home the better plan of seeing for himself occurs to him. He will live in a slum on starvation wages, and earn them. He will live so for six weeks.

The motive is not new, such tales of mean streets have been told again and again; but Mr. Whiteing arrests

attention by his vigorous and engaging method of presentment. His style is gay, and goes with a lilt; he has a neat gift of characterisation; his satire bites, and underlying is a strong and deep sympathy for all vicarious sufferers. He just presents the battered side of the shield; he has no pet panacea to offer; he does not try to soothe by the promise that there may yet be balm in Gilead. Also, Mr. Whiteing sees clearly. The foolish anarchist is flicked with contempt, the bland company promoter is chastised with scorpions. And yet—if Mr. Whiteing were not so facile a writer and thinker this would have been a better book. For years his busy brain has been so accustomed to weave articles on any subject proposed to him, that he is apt, in the delight of composition, to glide over the exact moment when bit and bridle must be clapped upon the imagination. Again and again, passages of observation—sure, direct, and convincing—are followed by passages where the brain goes on to imagine what the eye has not seen. Low Covey, a philosophic vagabond of the slums, excellently drawn, is a case in point. He receives a call from a Salvation Army lass, and being what he is, an independent, cute man of the slums, the dialogue that follows is natural and convincing:

"Now, brother, come and be saved this very minute. You promised me for to-day."

"Don't want to disgrace myself, Captin'. Wish I may die, if I'd larf; and if I didn't, I should have to bust."

"Larf as long as yer like, only come."

"It ain't you what I should be larfin' at. It's them other cures."

"I know; poor old Colonel Slocum. But he's such a dear!"

"Kunnel Slocum! Why, 'e's only a coaley—jest as I might be. I can't stand that."

"Never mind, brother, larf at 'im. It'll only make 'im pray for yer twice as 'ard. 'Allelujah! Come, and do let us finish off the job this time. Save yer while yer wait."

"I ain't a goin' to sit along with no sinners, not me—to be talked down to by a Gospel shark."

"You shall be saved all by yourself."

Covey softens—"I don't mind goin' jest as far as the door of the barracks—to see yer march out. But I won't go in."

That is so. "I won't go in." Low Covey is not the kind that "goes in." But Mr. Whiteing cannot leave him outside, smoking his cutty, taking an amused, tolerant interest in the proceedings. No! Mr. Whiteing's imagination takes Low Covey the whole way, even to the "sinners' form, with his pipe smouldering in his pocket, his head bowed, and his shoulders rounded in the collapse of repentance."

The narrator does not remain in his slum in all the 337 pages. Through several chapters he leads the bright existence of a man with £10,000 a year, in the prime of life, and in the pink of health; but we find the slum recital the more interesting. Tilda, the flower girl, Low Covey, Nance, and Ole Ikey are real and human, and the narrator's comments—half serious, half pathetic—are always to the point. At a tea party given by Tilda in her bedroom, Low Covey obliges the company with his famous imitations of bird-calls.

"Cleverest bird-call in London, bar none," whispers Mammy to me, as the applause subsides. "If he was more genteel-like to look at, he might make a fortune at the music 'alls. But there, you can't get him into a black coat. He splits it, if it's anything of a fit. And some days there ain't a note in 'im."

She speaks half in pity, half in admiration, as though the Divine finger had been laid on Covey, and had oppressed him with its weight. It is the attitude of all simple natures and simple races towards genius, or the gift. They reverence the burden; they pity the bearer. See a naked dervish in the East haranguing a crowd that bates no jot of veneration for him, though it regards clothing as almost a religious rite. He is not to be judged by their law; he has been "touched."

A deeper note is struck in the pathetic story of Nance, who dies of disease contracted in the indiarubber factory where she works. Here is a passage from a poignant analysis of the last hours of this unhappy child of circumstance:

With the dying girl, as the awful clouds gathered about her, it was the abjectness of sheer physical misery—the sense that the house of the body was a house falling in on all sides.

With this there was the terror of the unknown, unexperienced anguish that might yet be to come, inspired by fragmentary recollections of old teachings of God as Judge, of eternities, of torment, still physical in their nature.

This was rendered only more exquisite by attempted propitiations of confession, as though a midge sought to make a clean breast of it in regard to the infirmities of midge life. These poor consolations soon yielded to the sense that tremendous powers, pitiless, unmoral, working out a law of their own, have us in their grip, and will deal with us according to that law. So the engine-room of an ocean liner would deal with one who had toppled over into its pulverising order of wheel and piston working at their full speed.

And ever yet, in contrast with the sense of that little, vague, and half unknown “naughtiness” of wrong done, the sense of that mighty, yet still vague and unknown, wrath of retribution—the fear that death was going “to hurt,” now and hereafter; the wonder why the irresponsible and unresponsive powers could not let “poor little me” alone.

The explosion of the bomb at the house of the millionaire capitalist does not convince. This is another example of the imagination carrying on the work of eye and insight. It is not to belittle Mr. Whiteing's very real power to say that the gift of making the abnormal seem inevitable is not his. *No. 5, John-street* is a book to read. It is not unhappy reading. To us it proclaims the moral, consoling to many philanthropists, and sweetening their labour, that happiness—and the kinds and degrees of happiness are as the sands of the sea—may be, and often is, quite independent of environment and the shocks of life.

In Brightest Japan.

A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Hutchinson & Co. 2 vols. 32s.)

THAT women write good books of travel has been acknowledged again and again. Their quickness to notice and compare small things, their readiness to chat and linger and exclaim, go far to ensure success. But where a sense of style is added, where the heart as well as the eye is employed, and where the subject is itself alluring, then a woman's account of her residence in a foreign land has a radiant excellence. Mrs. Fraser's book is of this higher kind: it is more than a book of travel, it is an outpouring of the heart and the expression of a grafted patriotism. In its superiority to the ordinary travel book it is comparable to *Eothen*. Otherwise it is very unlike that book. *Eothen* is a criticism of life enforced and adorned by new surroundings. The surroundings are not essential, but are rather used as a convention of style and a source of illustration. It did not matter where Kinglake travelled: he wrote from a cool and witty head, and would have done as well in Kamschatka or “by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po.” But Mrs. Fraser writes from the heart, and her subject is all. She, too, has brains; her pages lack nothing of gaiety and twinkling detail; but her impulse is sheer love of Japan.

Mrs. Fraser's first glimpse of the islands came during a break in her voyage to Tokyo, where her husband was to take up his duties as head of the British legation.

The only thing that came to me as I stepped on shore at Nagasaki was a fit of really light-hearted laughter—

laughter of the joyous and unreasonable kind whose tax is mostly paid in tears. Life suddenly presented itself as a thing of fun and joy: the people, the shops, the galloping jinriksha coolies, the toy houses treated as serious dwellings by fathers of families, all combined to give me a day of the purest amusement that has ever been granted to me yet.

The approach to Tokyo was by the Inland Sea, with its shores of pine-fringed hills and clinging mists—mists which really cling and curl and wave and hang as they are made to do by Japanese artists. Here is enchantment:

A fresh wind came tearing down some watercourse in the hills; it swept under the brooding mists, and rolled them up like a scroll; and then—we were on a sparkling sea, flooded with sunshine, enclosed by green mountains, and dotted with innumerable islands. On one, just before us, a lovely temple with a red *torri* (gate) stood right out on the flood, which bathed the feet of its sentinel pines. The deep was suddenly covered with what seemed a flotilla of white nautilus shells, with sails all set, closing in around us with a flutter of wings, and the cool music of a hundred prows rushing through the water in the sun. Every fishing-boat from every village had put out on that liberating breeze, and the moving crowd of silver sails on the morning sea made a sight too bewildering to paint in words. The peculiar warm sheen of the junk sails, square above and round below, made in long strips, seamed and held together in a thousand lovely patterns by the interlacing ropes strained against the breeze, gave the impression of a web of silver against the blue; and the calm majesty of the silky rush on the water's surface made me feel that our great coal-fed, screw-driven liner was a blot on the universe, and had no title to travel with that fair company.

One might pick a score of passages as good. Here are cherry blossoms:

Tokyo is the city of cherry blossoms; every avenue is planted with them in full, close-set rows, every garden boasts its carefully nurtured trees; over the river at Mukogima they dip to the water, and spread away inland like a rosy tidal wave; and the great park at Uyenno seems to have caught the sunset clouds of a hundred skies, and kept them captive along its wild forest ways. . . . There is a tall grove of cherry trees in my garden, and as I look from my upper window I see the soft branches moving against the sky, and far away, rosy white as they, Fujiyama, the queen of mountains, flushing in the sunset.

Although Mrs. Fraser writes with such fulness and feeling of Japanese scenery, she does not neglect Japanese life. Her pages abound in character sketches, and her notes on manners, arts, and occasions are always

keen and interesting. Take her womanly reading of the character of Marquis Ito, or her account of the doll festival in March—the girls' month—when the ancestral dolls are produced and all little maidens are happy from Hakodate to Nagasaki; or the mushroom parties in the autumn, when the heats are past, and the happy folk of Kyoto say one to another: “Let us walk on pine needles and quote poetry, and let us gather and roast the *matsu-také*, for its time has come.”



THE CHILD OF A MIXED MARRIAGE

Mrs. Fraser was not an onlooker only; she took her share in the life around her. One of her first acts was to “stand godmother” to a little waif of the Tsukiji

Orphanage, which is kept by the Black Nuns. At the baptism she was overcome, as well she might be, to see the good missionary father pour the holy water over the child's head from a china tea-pot. The nuns keep a school to which a few European girls and a few daughters of mixed marriages go. Of mixed marriages Mrs. Fraser has little to say; but the portrait we reproduce is not the least interesting picture in a book which is illustrated with much taste.

Whatever this book contains of observation, gossip, and wit, its under-note of emotion prevails. Returning to Japan in 1894, just before the death of her husband at Tokyo, Mrs. Fraser wrote:

I do not think I have really been so far from Japan that I did not sometimes see the cherry blossoms drifting on the wind, did not sometimes hear the scream of the wild goose through the winter sky, and the long roll of the surf thundering up the Atami beaches. Whatever life brings or takes away—and I came with a heavy heart to this other home of my love, as if life or death, I knew not which, were chanting some final dirge in my ears with every break of the sea against the ship's side—whatever comes, Japan will always be my second home. One cannot explain these things. I have lived in many countries, north and south and east and west, and, except in the Rome of our childhood, in none have I found the spirit of beauty, the spirit of peace, the skirts of Nature's robe ever at hand to cling to, as I have here, "east of the sun, west of the moon," in the land of the gods, reed-growing Japan.

Our enjoyment of Mrs. Fraser's book has been complete.

Arms and the Man.

The Right to Bear Arms. By "X.," of the *Saturday Review*. (Elliot Stock.)

Armorial Families. By A. C. Fox-Davies. (Jack.)

Two genealogical experts of marked ability have been doing yeoman's service of recent years in preaching and conducting a crusade against bogus titles and fictitious or pilfered coats of arms. These are Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies and the mysterious and terrible "X.," of the *Saturday Review*. It is a strange, but happy, coincidence that twin champions—the one of acknowledged, the other of evident, authority—should come forward simultaneously to do battle in this righteous cause. The vigorous articles of the latter writer have now been reissued in permanent form, under the title of *The Right to Bear Arms*; while it is satisfactory to find that the success of *Armorial Families* has been such as to justify the publication of a third and revised edition of that magnificent volume. Who steals my purse may or may not steal trash; but he that helps himself to my name or my escutcheon steals what makes me no poorer by the theft, and makes him richer only in the contempt of all men of honour and good sense. *The Right to Bear Arms* puts the iniquity of this practice with striking force and lucidity. The book is excellent reading, and carries conviction with it. Its pages are full of interest throughout. The history of armory in England is sketched in outline; the exact position and powers of the Earl Marshal and the College of Arms are defined; the methods followed in the Heraldic Visitations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are described; and the whole is illustrated, where requisite, by copies of original documents and by specimens of official grants of arms early and recent. Nor are "Lyon" and "Ulster" neglected, an account being given of heraldic regulations in Scotland and Ireland. Altogether, *The Right to Bear Arms* is a volume which both those who do and those who do not possess the right will be wise to acquire. Many of the "gentle" will probably learn from it much about the nature of that right as to which they were not very clear before; while its perusal should convince the "ungentle" that the unauthorised assumption of coat armour is an offence alike against the canons of honesty and taste. With regard to *Armorial*

Families, it is, of course, impossible within the limits of a review to do justice to so important a work: we must be content to point out its scope and object. This is twofold. The Introduction, on the one hand, gives a survey of the chief rules relating to the bearing of arms, explains the proper practice as to liveries and the much-used and much-abused cockade, and adds a variety of further information on kindred topics, which, it is to be hoped, will do something towards dispelling the extraordinary ignorance that prevails concerning such subjects. The body of the work, on the other hand, records armigerous persons whose coats have been duly registered in the Heralds' College down to date, and holds up to derision the names of a number of *soi-disant* armigers who have assumed bearings for which they can show no official sanction.

Coat armour was primarily a mediæval military and genealogical symbol. Although employed as late as the Great Civil War, its value for martial purposes virtually died out in the first half of the sixteenth century, but its use in connexion with family history ceased only when the Heraldic Visitations came to an end in the reign of James II., and when, about contemporaneously with this, the parochial registers began to be more carefully kept than was previously the case. It may not be obvious to everyone what object a man achieves by obtaining the grant of a modern coat of arms. A patent of arms, however, confers a hereditary rank of gentility, just as a patent of peerage confers a peerage, and the object of a modern grant of arms is to obtain that rank. So far back as upwards of three hundred years ago William Wyrley, in his conspicuously sensible booklet, entitled *The True Use of Armorie*, which appeared in 1592, was moved to denounce the prevailing slackness in matters armorial, and laid the blame for this to laxity on the part of some of the officers of arms; but a rigid and uncompromising exertion of their powers was no easy task, and, as we know, was often resented. Indeed, the famous *Boke of Saint Albans* wound up with the following anarchical declaration: "It is the opinion of many men that a herald of arms may give arms. But I say if any such arms be borne given by any herald that those arms be of no more authority than those arms which be taken by a man's own authority." But Dame Juliana Berners must not be taken too seriously; and this, moreover, was in 1486, when the newly incorporated Heralds' College, like other excellent products of the rule of the much maligned Richard III., was temporarily under a cloud. Institutions, as well as individuals, have their vicissitudes, and even the College of Arms has not at all times enjoyed the respect it now commands. But, whatever revolt there may have been now and again against the jurisdiction of that corporation, the appropriation of another man's coat of arms has, from the earliest days of organised heraldry, been invariably and unhesitatingly condemned. Witness, for instance, the celebrated Scrope and Grosvenor controversy, decided in 1390; and, says the *Boke of Saint Albans*, not even the Prince may righteously grant arms that any man already bears.

The editor is justly severe upon the "heraldic purveyor," as he terms the advertising stationer who dispenses shields, crests, and war-cries to his gallant customers, after the fashion of the enterprising grocer who presents each purchaser of a pound of cheap tea with a gaudy pot in which to stew it. We know, though, from Wyrley that the heraldic "painter-fellow," or quality-monger, was already freely trading on the snobbery of the baser sort in the spacious days of great Elizabeth.

Before closing we should like to call attention to the ingenious and quite practicable plan suggested by Mr. Fox-Davies for the permanent endowment of hereditary titles. If carried out, it would effect the reforms needed to ensure rightful succession. It only remains to say that *Armorial Families* is in every sense a μέγα βιβλίον, which "The Italicised" will probably in their wrath vote to be also a μέγα κακόν.

Beardsley's Monument.

The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley. With a Prefatory Note by H. C. Marillier. (Lane. 31s. 6d. net.)

THIS handsome volume is Aubrey Beardsley's monument. It will be less enduring than brass, but for many, many years, and perhaps generations, curious-minded people and students of draughtsmanship will examine its pages. The complete career of the artist is not represented—there are no specimens from his ornate French period, the period of "The Rape of the Lock"—but sufficient examples have been reproduced here to prove emphatically, even to the most prejudiced opponents of Beardsleyism, that by Aubrey Beardsley's death was lost an extraordinary decorative genius. Beardsleyism may describe two totally different classes of person: those that are attracted by his decadence, his schoolboy candour, his power of suggesting wickedness; and those that cannot too greatly admire his delicacy of line, his masses of black, his superb gift for ornamentation, and his skill in composition. These latter care nothing for the picture's subject; the former care very little for anything else. It is the former who admire "The Stomach Dance," "Enter Herodias," "Messalina," the stupidly obscene designs for the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes (not reproduced here), and all the rest of the rather puerile and for the most part very ridiculous emanations of the less healthy side of Beardsley's nature. Whether they represented a natural bent, or whether they were drawn from him by the plaudits and other encouragements of misguided friends, we are not aware; but they form the inferior portion of his output. Compared with his best work they are nowhere: his "Peacock Skirt," "The Toilet," the "Revenants de Musique," the title-page for *Salome*, the "Eyes of Herod," the peacock's feather in the Neophyte and Black Art drawing, the figure of the girl in the tail-piece to *Salome*. The hand that produced such exquisite decorative effects as these can hardly be too highly extolled. Judged by his worst, Beardsley is still unique and remarkable. Judged by his best, he is great.

Of the man himself—the private individual at the back of his work—enough has been said of late, both in our columns and elsewhere. Mr. Marillier, who contributes an introduction to this volume, speaks well when he says:

Those who live healthy, normal lives, uncracked by hæmorrhage, untroubled by genius, may try to picture the life of one harassed by both at once. They may hate the man's work if they must, and if their souls are built that way, but they might try and find some spark of sympathy for the man. One can scarcely realise what it means to have only six real years of life, and to feel that they are precarious. To have done as much in them as Beardsley did, of actual solid work, is no mean achievement, apart from the fact that so much is work of almost microscopic delicacy.

This passage may be commended to the enemies of Beardsley's art, who usually contrive to be also the enemies of Beardsley's character.

We find two faults with the book. One is the title. When an artist's career is so brief as that of Aubrey Beardsley—little more than six years—it is misleading to use the phrase "early work" unless one proposes to adhere to it. Beardsley's "early work," strictly speaking, would comprise only the drawings which he made before the days of *Salome* and the *The Yellow Book*. With those publications his middle—or Lane—period began. Then came his last—or Smithers—period, when his style changed once more, and he produced the exquisite "Rape of the Lock" drawings and the very inferior designs for *The Savoy*. As a matter of fact, as he died in his twenty-sixth year, all Beardsley's work was early; but confusion would have been saved had this volume borne another title. Our second grumble is that no dates are appended to the drawings. For the most part they seem

to be chronologically arranged, but at the end comes a batch of *Pall Mall Budget* work which takes us back into time at a jump. They ought to be at the beginning. The presence of accurate or approximate dates throughout the book would lend it increased value. Nothing, however, could augment its magnificence. The volume has been prepared by printers and binders with the greatest care, and it reflects the highest credit on Mr. Lane's thoroughness and taste.

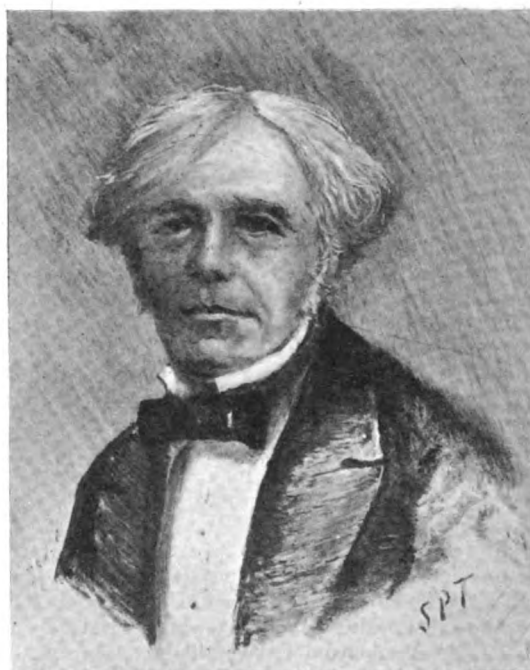
A Gentle Philosopher.

Michael Faraday, His Life and Work. By Silvanus P. Thompson. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

IT was as a lecturer that Faraday won the affection of the public. Many people now living sat as children in the theatre in Albemarle-street spell-bound by the old man's kindly talk as he explained the chemistry of a candle. One listener, Lady Pollock, has recorded her impressions of Faraday as follows:

His quick sympathies put him so closely in relation with the child that he saw with the boy's new wonder, and looked, and most likely felt for the moment, as if he had never seen the thing before. Quick feelings, quick movement, quick thought, vividness of expression and of perception belonged to him. He came across you like a flash of light, and he seemed to leave some of his light with you. His presence was always stimulating.

A few people there must be who can recall Faraday's more elaborate and impassioned address to adults. His lecturing seemed to be without art, yet it was most carefully



MICHAEL FARADAY.

studied, as Prof. Thompson shows. Of its effect there can be no doubt, for we hear of the kindly old man enchaining his hearers by the most gradual and persuasive arts, and then lifting them on a tide of feeling and lofty speculation. With all his eloquence Faraday knew the value of a plain and slow delivery, of a quiet and dignified bearing. He believed in experiments, and rehearsed the simplest. When lecturing on the magnet he would, with delightful accuracy and abandon, throw a coal-scuttle full of coals and a poker and a pair of tongs at the great magnet, where they stuck to the intense amusement of his audience.

But the crowds which thronged the theatre on a Faraday night saw more than an orator and a fine manipulator. The character of the lecturer shone in his face, and all could read the simplicity of the man who had refused to turn a single one of his discoveries to his own profit; who preferred his laboratory and his home to the dinner tables of Mayfair; and who was not ashamed to belong to the insignificant sect of the Sandemanians.

Prof. Thompson tells the story of Faraday's life with sympathy and completeness; he is alive to the quaint attractiveness of the man who shocked his scientific friends by the freedom of his speculations, but who "never admitted the possibility of human flaw in the printing, editing, translation, collation, or construction of the Bible."

Notes on New Books.

FRAGMENTS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY FELIX MOSCHELES.

Mr. Moscheles began his interesting life among musicians and continued it among artists, of whom he is himself one. He has also known many distinguished authors. Barry Cornwall wrote a song for his christening; he painted Robert Browning's portrait, and once collaborated in a poem with him; and that pleasant little book *In Bohemia with Du Maurier* is from his pen. Mr. Moscheles, however, has not very much to tell, but he tells it genially. The Browning passages of his volume will be perhaps the most interesting. This is the Browning-Moscheles effort, in which, however, Mr. Moscheles' part was a very modest one. First version:

And as I wandered by the happy shores
And breathed the sunset air of balmy climes,
I waking dreamt of some transcendent shape—
A woman's, framed by opalescent shells—
Peacefully lulled by Nature's harmonies.

Second version:

Wind-wafted from the sunset, o'er the swell
Of summer's slumbrous sea, herself asleep,
Came shoreward, in her iridescent shell
Cradled, the isle's enchantress. You who keep
A drowsy watch beside her—watch her well!

The lines were used to describe Mr. Moscheles' picture, "The Isle's Enchantress." On another occasion Browning made the following impromptu translation of some familiar lines in Horace's Third Satire:

All sorts of singers have this common vice:
To sing 'mid friends you have to ask them twice!
If you don't ask them, that's another thing:
Until the judgment-day be sure they'll sing!

And the same friend once translated thus two verses by Klingemann, written for Mr. Moscheles' father's birthday:

Hail to the man who upwards strives
Ever in happy unconcern,
Whom neither blame nor praise contrives
From his own nature's path to turn.
On and still on, the journey went,
Yet has he kept us all in view,
Working in age with youth's intent,
In living—fresh, in loving—true.

(Nisbet. 10s. 6d.)

THE MUNICIPAL PARKS. BY LIEUT.-COL. J. I. SEXBY.

This book is far too diffuse. Luckily its scope excludes the Royal Parks, the history of which would have swelled Lieut.-Col. Sexby's book to proportions which we are afraid even to imagine. As it is the book contains 634 pages, not counting the index. Our author's enthusiasm has led him to take every open space as a text for a gossiping account of the neighbourhood. Thus his chapter on the recreation ground in Leicester-square

gravely begins: "The task of writing the history of Leicester-square is a difficult one, owing to the wealth of materials at the chronicler's disposal." Surely it had been better if he had been content to write the history of the "municipal park" and portray its frequenters. Then a page or two on the associations of the surrounding streets and houses would have been welcome. But Lieut.-Col. Sexby's seven pages on the recreation ground are overwhelmed by fourteen pages of familiar history and literary gossip about the square generally. In the case of Lincoln's Inn-fields, four pages about the opening of the garden are succeeded by twenty pages of historical matter relating to the surrounding streets and houses. Imagine the effect of this generosity in a book which surveys the London parks and open spaces from Hampstead to Tooting and from Battersea to Hackney Marsh. We can applaud Lieut.-Col. Sexby's industry. His book is a mine of facts, but we have had so many such! What we want, and do not get, is the book about London which is pointed and original, and reveals an observant eye as well as an acquaintance with books. We are tempted to imagine how a clever Frenchman would have treated this theme; his book would hardly have weighed 3½ lbs. (Stock. £1 1s.)

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

BY SIR C. DILKE.

Sir Charles Dilke is one of the aptest pupils of the school of Lord Beaconsfield and Prof. Seeley, who discovered the British Empire in its modern sense. But Sir Charles is more, for he invented the term "Greater Britain" as long ago as 1867, though his use of the phrase was for the countries of English speech and English law, in addition to those of British rule. The present little book is a useful handbook to the Empire, and consists of a series of articles contributed to several periodicals during the past year, the whole subject being summed up in 150 pages of good-sized print. In these circumstances Sir Charles Dilke's remarks are naturally somewhat curtailed, but for that very reason they will perhaps prove more attractive to the general reader, for whom, and not for the expert, they are intended. Sir Charles at once strikes the reader's imagination by pointing out that the British Empire has an area of nearly four Europes, public revenues of 260 millions sterling, a population of 400 millions, and half the carrying trade of the world. The people who love to illustrate statistics by means of squares and circles have to keep their largest figures for the British empire, except in the matter of army, silver, tobacco, coffee, and sugar. In the production of gold we are about level with the United States and the Transvaal, while in coal and iron we are run hard by the States. The methods of government throughout the Empire are strange and divergent, for while eleven colonies govern themselves, others are under the Foreign, Colonial, and India Offices. Sir Charles in one passage couples Gibraltar and Malta together; which may give rise to a false impression, for the two possessions are very differently governed, and one of the first things to be done is to put Malta on the footing of Gibraltar. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

SPAIN (1479-1788).

BY MARTIN A. S. HUME.

Major Hume is really the most prolific of historians. The intimate knowledge which he has acquired of the sixteenth century relations of England and Spain in the course of calendaring the State papers at Simancas has already yielded him a *Life of Philip II.*, as well as much material for a series of studies bearing more particularly on the same question from the English point of view. It now furnishes a considerable part of the present work, which, though not on a very large scale, is comprehensive in its scope, covering as it does the brief period of Spanish glory, and the long centuries of ruin and decay through which that once mighty empire crumbled into nothingness. Major Hume elects to stop with the eighteenth century;

but in so doing he left his story not quite finished, as, indeed, is shown by an editorial note which points out that even since part of the book was printed off the loss of Cuba and other islands by Spain has rendered it, in a measure, obsolete. The rapidity of Major Hume's literary production has not, to all appearance, affected either the solidity of his study or the effectiveness of his presentment. His portrait of Philip, politician first and bigot afterwards, is an interesting one, and should lead to some modification of the traditional view of the English Protestant historian. The book is of permanent value. (Pitt Press.)

CHINA.

BY PROF. R. K. DOUGLAS.

There is a certain irony in the addition of this book to the "Story of the Nations" series, for the real history of China seems to be just beginning. No wonder that the first half of the book accounts for a period which "dwarfs into insignificance the antiquity of Egypt and Chaldea," while the second half is packed with events that have occurred since 1840. A spirited account is given of General Gordon's suppression of the Taiping Rebellion. Doubtless many people have forgotten that Gordon once seized a rifle with the intention of shooting Li Hung Chang. In spite of his solemn promise to Gordon to spare the lives of certain rebel commanders, who surrendered on that understanding, Li had sent them to instant execution. "The news of this inhuman treachery reached Gordon in Soochow, and he then, for the first time during the campaign, took a weapon in his hand. Arming himself with a rifle, he went in search of the treacherous Li, and would unquestionably have shot him if the Governor, having received timely warning of his danger, had not taken to flight." The book is well illustrated and indexed, and we note that it is the fiftieth volume in this well-written series. (Unwin. 5s.)

CHINA AND ITS FUTURE.

BY JAMES JOHNSTON.

Mr. Johnston's book begins where Prof. Douglas's leaves off. It is a plea for the national integrity of China under the protection of Great Britain. As for the "partition of China," Mr. Johnston thinks "it is impossible to read with philosophic calmness the pretensions of the upstart nations of Europe to carve out for themselves, from that vast and venerable empire, provinces larger and with populations more numerous than their own territories and people." Mr. Johnston is scornful of the claims of France and Germany to assist in civilising China, and he would have England train a Chinese army, to prevent Russia seizing Manchuria. But Russia might be given the freedom of the valley of the Amur, and be left to develop the railways in peace. (Stock.)

THE STORY OF OLD FORT LOUDON. BY C. E. CRADDOCK.

In this book a writer who was once prominent among novelists, but has lately done but little, makes her re-appearance. We say her, for Charles Egbert Craddock, author of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, is in reality a Miss Murfree. The work before us is a contribution to a series entitled "Stories from America's History," wherein facts are set in an attractive environment of fiction. Herein the Red Man is again prominent, for the Cherokee Indians were intent upon securing Fort Loudon. Hence the struggle. The history is told well, but a map would have made the book much more valuable. (Macmillan. 6s.)

OBSERVATIONS AT DUMRAON. BY V. DE CAMPAGNEULLES.

While large and well-equipped parties of scientific men were observing the solar eclipse of January 22, 1898, in various parts of India, a small band of Jesuit Fathers, belonging to the West Bengal Mission, were taking observations with self-constructed instruments and poor resources. This is their account of the matter. The book

has undoubted scientific value. Besides the scientific analysis of the eclipse we have a graphic account of the camp and the arrangements. The moment of totality is thus described:

Soon, from the telescope, came the first warning for totality. "Five minutes more!" Operators, assistants, everyone was already at his post; one scarcely dared to move or breathe. Then, at an interval of a few seconds, came in quick succession: "Ready! Go!" here, as in most stations, a few seconds sooner than expected. Suddenly, to the deathlike immobility of suspense succeeded a feverish activity. Nothing, however, was heard but the telling of the seconds, sounding as monotonous as a dreary death-knell, and the numbers of operators notifying their several exposures. "Ninety-five! Ready for the over!" But the warning was scarcely given when it was over, taking again everyone by surprise at Dumraon, as elsewhere, so that no negatives could be secured at the exact moment of last internal contact.

The book is admirably produced and illustrated. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO ASTRONOMY. BY W. H. S. MONCK.

This is a useful little book composed of chapters which have appeared in *Popular Astronomy*. Although only an "Introduction" to its subject, the writer speculates freely, and claims for the List of Bright Stars which he gives at the end of the book that it includes additions, and shows, as no other published list does, "all the more important features presented by the principal stars which naturally attract the notice of the ordinary observer in our nocturnal sky." The book is illustrated with photographs of stars on the scale of one millimetre to forty-eight seconds of an arc. The rapidity with which our knowledge of the fixed stars is advancing is highly embarrassing to authors: Mr. Monck has been compelled to print a page of "Alterations while Printing" in order to correct a few conclusions upon which doubt has been thrown by the publication of spectroscopic researches at the Lick Observatory. (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.)

THE GOSPEL PROBLEMS AND THEIR SOLUTION.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

The cover of this book bears the impress of four keys—one big one and three little. The big one represents the theory that the narrative parts of the Gospels are records contemporary with the events they narrate, and that the longer discourses were taken down as they were spoken. The little ones symbolise (1) that our Lord spoke sometimes in Aramaic, sometimes in Greek; and that the discourses delivered in the former tongue are those which have been preserved by the three synoptists, while St. John records the Greek utterances; (2) that the synoptic Gospels represent the united testimony of the Twelve, severally reported; (3) that the chronological discrepancies between the records of the first three Evangelists are explicable by the supposition that the writers' notes became disarranged, and in the case of Luke by the premature death of the compiler. Mr. Palmer writes with full conviction; but while there is much that is striking in the coincidences which he points out, the chain of his argument is in places perilously thin: (H. R. Allenson.)

If That Were Enough.

To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on for ever and fail, and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with
the eyes:
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?

From R. L. Stevenson.

Fiction.

The Amazing Lady. By M. Bowles.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS book has two values: it is a story of more or less interest, according to the taste of the reader; and it is a contribution to the social history of the end of the nineteenth century. The social historian, when he comes to the early nineties and would deal with a certain feminine type which belonged to them, will find this record of the thoughts, words, and actions of Magda Stacpoole of priceless service. For it is a little epic of Beardsleyism. The whole "Yellow" movement is focussed in this amazing lady: its emotions, its preferences, its dislikes, and its vocabulary. The author has mastered her subject. Every novel that contains a type minutely and accurately set forth is an addition to fiction, and not often does a new writer begin with such fidelity to the fact.

Interest in the wayward character of the heroine once assured, the story will be read throughout. But not everyone will acquire that interest. Most people like fiction to describe persons who in given situations behave approximately as they themselves would; for the presentation of types, however skillfully done, they care less. To the reader antipathetic to "Yellow" women and their affected oddities this story will come as a piece of sustained artifice. He will refuse to be interested in its emotional paradoxes and its elaborate sentences. It will be useless, therefore, for readers of this class to attempt it. But to the student of types we recommend it with confidence.

Miss Bowles gives evidences of painstaking search for the fitting epithet, often with happy result, but often, also, with a result that is little short of disastrous. Her failure comes of two causes: in her desire to reproduce in words extreme subtleties—divisions and sub-divisions—of meaning, she takes liberties with the language which are not permissible, and, in other hands, not necessary; and also she aims at elaborate words rather than simple ones. As a matter of fact there is no situation which short words will not describe as well as long. With a less studied form of diction this story would be far more readable. But in a new writer the fault is not serious. If Miss Bowles can acquire simplicity of style, or, at any rate, complete command of words (at present she is somewhat in their power), she may write a notable book. But we suspect that she will ever be attracted more to the psychology of capricious womanhood than to other subject-matter.

Odd Issues. By S. Squire Sprigge.
(Leonard Smithers & Co. 6s.)

DR. SQUIRE SPRIGGE writes with admirable care and precision, and he is evidently a trained observer. But fiction, especially the short-story form, is not his medium, which, it seems to us, should be the essay. There are thirteen tales in this volume; each contains a quantity of excellent work, and each is—we are bound to say it—a complete failure. The reason for this failure appears to be that Dr. Sprigge is interested in the statics rather than the dynamics of life. He will describe to you the complications of a microcosm at rest—a school, a university, a capital city—and do so with notable skill; but when confronted by event, by movement of any sort, he loses his good qualities, fights shy of difficulties, and ends by running away. The result is that, while his stories are beautifully "prepared," with all imaginable laborious elaboration, they gradually decline (instead of developing) towards an anti-climax which is usually ludicrous. Take the first story, "Mr. Bonnamy's Bishopric." It opens with a fine statement of the respective positions of a tutor and an undergraduate in a famous college. Both characters are minutely set forth, and the *milieu* is carefully

studied. In the result the undergraduate hides certain questionable French books behind learned tomes in the tutor's ante-room. Then a Prime Minister comes down to offer in person a bishopric to the tutor (sufficiently improbable this!). The statesman takes his turn with the rest in the ante-room, and, while awaiting an audience of his old tutor, discovers the French books. He at once assumes (more improbability!) that the tutor has secret vicious tastes, and he departs without even seeing the tutor. He goes to the rooms of an old friend, talks the matter over (here occurs the only bit of dialogue in the story), and ultimately decides to return to the tutor and make the offer. The fact that he actually did so is stated in a few lines. As a story "Mr. Bonnamy's Bishopric" is not good. Yet it contains pages of first-rate writing. In the other stories the same fatal lack of dramatic perception, the same incoherence (we use the word in its etymological sense), is noticeable. In one tale, "Two Women and a Millionaire," the author does seem to have made an attempt to give dramatic significance to his narrative, but the attempt is clumsy, necessitating a succession of four coincidences, each of which is more ridiculous than the one before it.

We regret to have to condemn Dr. Sprigge, *qua* novelist, so unreservedly. For he is the possessor of a dignified and adroit style; he can observe accurately and describe faithfully. Also, he is rather original, not only in choice of theme, but in attitude towards his material. Best of all, he has a grave and charming humour. Here is a specimen of it:

"Which way are you going, please?"

"To Norwich, missy."

"Will you take me to Hensham Rectory first?"

"It's a goodish bit of way," said the driver, pondering.

"I would give you my watch," said Alice.

"It ain't that, missy. But, you see, I don't know as I should like to take you all that way without knowing more about you."

"I'm Miss Vaughan Vincent, the daughter of the rector," said Alice, drawing herself to her whole four-feet-six. "It's marked on my handkerchief, and in this book"—holding the *articles de circonstance* towards him. "My father will be pleased with you and will give you some beer. And my mamma will put your wife into the clothing-club. And we will come and see you at Christmas, if mamma is well enough, and give you some tobacco, and your wife some tea."

By Berwen Banks. By Allen Raine.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

THOSE who like pathos and a good deal of agony, introduced with the urbane intention of whetting the appetite for a happy ending, should read *By Berwen Banks*. Another Welsh novel, *Aylwin*, deprived the heroine of her memory: in this novel the hero is deprived of his. But whereas it was a very good thing for Winifred Wynne to forget her past, it was a very bad thing for Cardo Wynne, inasmuch as his wife was the subject of his oblivion, and hence the product of a marriage whose secret she had promised to keep was regarded as illegitimate. The heroine's enforced silence brings out the astonishing magnanimity of her twin sister. "'Now speak,' said Gwladys, taking her [Valmai's] hand and holding it on her own fast-beating heart; 'now tell me, here as we kneel before the all-seeing God and His holy angels, do you know of any reason why we two, when we have dropped these bodies, should not stand in equal purity before the throne of God?'" Replies Valmai: "'Before God there is none! Of course, Gwladys, my heart is full of the frailties and sin belonging to our human nature.'" Whereupon Gwladys: "'I will believe you, darling.'" A little of such Grundeian eloquence goes a long way, though it sheds a wonderful radiance on wedding rings and registers. One is glad to say, therefore, that Valmai

is, earlier in the book, a charming, unsophisticated girl who introduces "whatever" into her conversation with most engaging irrelevance. There is also a fine old sea dog who "tarnishes" everything instead of damning it. "'John,' Ay sez, 'you are a d—d fool. You're killing your mother with your foolish swears. Pull up short,' sez Ay, 'and tray and faind some other word that'll do.' So I fixed upon 'tarnished,' and Ay'm dashed if may mother wasn't perfectly satisfied. It's a grand word! Puts you in mind of tar and 'tarnal, and tarpauling, and lots of shipping things." An excellent portrait is the "Vicare du," with his secret remorse for his unkind behaviour towards his deceased wife, his hatred of Methodists, his love for his son Cardo and gradual conversion to Cardo's point of view with regard to a Methodist's beautiful daughter. The pathos of this deep and reticent nature, with its ugly surface-faults, is distinctly moving. Gwladys, her glory of rhetoric notwithstanding, is the one failure of the book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

BY E. W. HORNUNG.

The dedication of this book runs thus: "To A. C. D., this form of flattery." The initials stand for A. Conan Doyle, and the form of flattery is imitation, Mr. Hornung's central character being one Raffles, a Sherlock-Holmes type of man, who, however, not only detects crimes, but also perpetrates them for the sheer fun of the thing. A very readable set of stories. (Methuen. 6s.)

YOUNG LIVES.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Mr. Le Gallienne's new romance follows, as its title indicates, on his favourite lines. Youth, with its raptures and foibles, its generousities and poetry, has always appealed to him. Here we have it again. The young lives are those of a little company of friends, chief among whom are Henry and Esther Mesurier, brother and sister, who indulge a "Charles and Mary Lamb dream" of existence. Another character is Ned Hazell. Together Henry and Ned "had read Keats for the first wonderful time, together learned Shakespeare's Sonnets by heart, together rolled out, over tavern tables, the sumptuous cadences of De Quincey." (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

BY M. P. SHIEL.

A new bellicose fantasy by the author of *The Yellow Danger*. This time Mr. Shiel takes a real war—the Spanish-American—and imagines the mind of the American machine to be that of Richard P. Hocking, a millionaire, and Daniel Lambert. Hocking weighs thirty-two stone, and has boundless resources, both of money and brains. The book has incident enough for several. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Mr. Boothby herein out-Boothbies himself. His hero, Pharos, is of the family of the Wandering Jew, Zanoni, and She: he lives on and on through the ages, perpetrating mischief. The story is of to-day. Pharos, the servant of the Egyptian gods, is told off by them to avenge desecration of Egyptian tombs. Finding a young artist in possession of the mummy of Ptahmes, the magician who wrought wonders against Moses, Pharos (who in his first incarnation was this identical Ptahmes) sets himself to make life unendurable for him. A work of tremendous but attractive improbability. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

THE KINGDOM OF HATE.

BY TOM GALLON.

Mr. Gallon has forsaken the quiet groove of *Tatterley* and *Dicky Monteith* for a romance of mystery and action. He adopts the device of a vague German kingdom, which is called Labyrinthia; and the action moves swiftly to and fro between it and London. From the outset probability is thrown to the winds, but in its place we have rapid dramatic incident that holds the reader. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

AN OPERA AND LADY GRASMERE.

BY A. KINROSS.

A smartly written novel of the gilt-edged type. The hero is young, rich, and clever, yet has seen nothing of life until his friend Hutchinson, a sailor visiting London, drags him into a whirl of gaiety. Instantly Marceron—that is the hero's name—begins to live and love and have the best of good times. The story turns on an opera, and there is musical criticism in the air. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

THE MARBLE KING.

BY LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

A pleasant, fantastic little story of a voyage which two boys took on the Adriatic, and their arrival at a beautiful town full of stately men and women and the home of a divinely gifted sculptor. The whole point is in the descriptions and in the fact that never in after life could the heroes find again the city of the Marble King. The book is neatly produced at a very low price. (Arrowsmith. 6d.)

THE NAMELESS CASTLE.

BY MAURUS JÓKAI.

Another translation from the indefatigable Hungarian novelist. This time the translator is Mr. S. E. Boggs, whose version has had the advantage of the author's revision. It is a pity the names were not Englished too. There is a Herr Vice-Palatine Bernat Görömbölyi Dravakeresztur, who might so easily have been made Smith. But the romance is full of robustness, colour and excitement, and Jókai's persistent charm. (Jarrold. 6s.)

SHANGHAIED.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

To be Shanghaied is to be drugged, and decoyed as a sailor on board an American ship. Once on board, the mate's fists or revolver instil seamanship. In this story a gilded youth of San Francisco suddenly finds himself on a vessel commanded by a drunken, bullying captain. His adventures form the book, which is of American origin, and incisively written. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

FAME THE FIDDLER.

BY S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

This novel of Bohemian life in London is concerned with a set of struggling writers and artists living in or about Butestreet, Tottenham Court-road. We visit some curious haunts, including the Crimson Lily Club. Some of the characters emerge from poverty and single unblestness, and there is a happy ending to a very readable story. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THE SWORD OF FATE.

BY HENRY HERMAN.

A story of tin and copper mining interests in Cornwall. "The old mine will yield another fortune," soliloquises one of the characters on the second page. "We'll see if it will come to me this time or to that fool Usselby." (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

FROM THE RANKS TO THE PEERAGE.

BY H. A. BRUCE.

The transition is effected in 559 closely printed pages. The style is crude: a vicar "ensconced in his own home" retires to "concoct" his sermon; another character feels "in the vicinity of the lock for the key"; the heroine's arm is so perfect that "it would have made an artist's heart leap. . . . To attempt to describe its ideal form in words would be vandalism." (Digby & Long. 6s.)

THE FELLOW PASSENGER.

BY RIVINGTON PYKE.

This story is "an attempt to combine a complex plot and plenty of incident with measured realism (or to coin a much-needed word, 'actualism') in the telling; the end being complete verisimilitude with life." A good railway mystery. (Greening. 6d.)

HANDSOME PHIL, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

Eight short stories by this popular novelist. Mrs. Riddell is fond of unhappy endings. There are several in this book. Here is one: "The years have come and the years have gone since the second Mrs. Keegan lay cold and alone on the floor of that poor house, but she has never once heard from or of Handsome Phil, and her earnest hope and prayer is that she never may." (F. V. White. 3s. 6d.)

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN WAVE.

BY W. N. OSCAR.

"As trim a little vessel as you ever saw. She's a three-masted schooner, sails like a dolphin, and swims like a cork. Did her last trip from Canton to Liverpool in a hundred and thirteen days." (Innes. 6s.)

A Repentance:*

An Original Drama in One Act.

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

Produced at the St. James's Theatre, February 28, 1899.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

THE COUNT DES ESCAS Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
(Disguised as a Friar.)
THE MARQUIS OF MONFERO Mr. H. B. IRVING.
(A Carlist Leader)
CAPTAIN AVION Mr. ARTHUR ROYSTON.
(A Carlist.)
CAPTAIN SOBRATO Mr. ALFRED BROWN.
(A Christinist.)
THE COUNTESS DES ESCAS Miss JULIE OPP.
BIANCA Miss KATE SARGEANTSON.
(An Attendant on the Countess.)
FIRST ATTENDANT Miss HENRIETTA LEVERETT.
SECOND ATTENDANT Miss BUCKLEY.
Soldiers, &c.

SCENE.—A Room in the Villa of the Countess des Escas, near Bilbao, in Spain. (*W. Telbin.*) Period, 1835.

SCENE: A room in the villa of the COUNTESS DES ESCAS. At back of stage three wide steps leading to a door, over which is a large coat-of-arms; the panels are covered with black velvet and immortelles: another door near this. The two divide, but not evenly, the back of stage. On R. a small altar with light set as a sanctuary lamp. On L., lower down, a casement window. COUNTESS is kneeling on a prie-dieu before the altar. BIANCA, the attendant, is watching at the window. It is clear moon-light without. Trumpet calls are heard from time to time; otherwise all is silent.

Servant enters.

Servant. [*Announcing.*] Madame, the Marquis of Monfero.
[*The MARQUIS enters, a man about forty-five, in a long military cloak; he has a slight imperial and side whiskers; a very pronounced Spanish type.*
The Servant goes out.

Countess. [*A beautiful and young woman dressed in deep widow's mourning. She wears a cross on a chain round her neck. Rising from her knees and giving him her hands.*] Ah! At last! What news?

Marquis. [*Kissing her hand.*] At present all goes well.

Countess. Thank God!

Marquis. Before the sun has twice set we may see the King crowned.

Countess. Don't speak the word. It is too fortunate. I fear to be glad—yet.

Marquis. The signal will be given at twelve to-night, when you hear Sancho and his young men singing under your window—and then—before the morning—we shall gather from every road and march toward the fort. We cannot fail. The fellows there are too well fed and too much bullied to have either stomach or heart for the fight.

* All rights reserved. The acting rights are the property of Mr. George Alexander.

Countess. And have they no suspicions? Have you been careful? The least word—the smallest sign is reported instantly at Madrid, and the clue, once given, has never yet been missed. [*With much sorrow and emphasis.*] There have been twelve generals shot like dogs.

Marquis. Ah! you are tired from over-long watching, and these prayers you pray. . . . [*Sees that she feels hurt.*] Nay, we would not be without them, but they make you sad. And then, a fight can never happen so often that the sound of guns will cease to remind you of the most gallant soldier who ever fell in King's cause.

Countess. Ah! do not speak of that.

[*She glances up at a portrait which juts out from the wall, near the altar, as though it formed a V with some other picture. The face must be plainly seen by the audience. It represents a man of thirty-five, with a military and rather reckless air.*

Marquis. It was on such a night as this. . . .

Countess. [*In a low voice.*] Two years ago. . . .

Marquis. [*Glancing at sky through window.*] With the moon and the stars like these. . . .

Countess. [*To herself.*] That he said good-bye to me. . . .

Marquis. And went forth at the head of the finest company . . . but I won't speak of that. Still, if we had a few more such men now. . . .

[*Sighs and checks herself.*

Countess. I shall never understand why justice should seem to so many people—so hard a thing!

Marquis. Ah, dear Madame, while you live and one remembers what you have lost, who would dare to be a coward? Be of good heart. Did the Count die for nothing? There is the Cause still—there is still the King!

Countess. [*Clasping her hands.*] It is well said. No great sacrifice was ever made in vain. I always think that—I always tell myself that—when I walk in his room [*she points to the room hung with velvet and immortelles*] and see his uniform, and his swords hanging on the wall, and all his books—for, although he was a soldier, he loved books. . . . Ah, Marquis, you always make me go back to these memories when my mind should be fixed on other things. It is true that he died, but he still lives. He will be watching you, perhaps, this very night—he will know now that his death was not folly, that his blood was not poured out merely to swell the river—that great, cruel, hungry river that goes out to the sea. [*She wipes her eyes.*] And when will the attack begin?

Marquis. At twelve. It is now eleven. If you could but sleep. . . .

Countess. Sleep!

Marquis. Ah! pardon me. [*He points to the altar where she had been kneeling.*] If you will fight the powers of darkness there, we shall vanquish them without.

[*Cries are heard from the street, jeers, hoots, and laughter.*

Countess. [*In terror.*] Hark! what is that?

Bianca. [*From the window.*] Oh! Madame, Madame! It is too cruel! They are pelting mud and stones at a friar—a poor old friar. The blasphemers! the dogs! the rabble! Oh, Madame, see—I cannot look!

Countess. [*To MARQUIS.*] Not you—you would be

recognised. [*She rushes to the window and calls out.*] Shame on you! A friar—a holy man! [*Shouts of laughter from without.*] Are you men . . . human? [*To MARQUIS.*] How strange they are! I don't know their faces. They must be gipsies. [*She calls out again.*] Stop, I say! [*To the Maid.*] Bring him up here to me. Bring him up. He must be protected. [*To MONFERO.*] This will show you to what our people have been driven by war and usurpation. They have neither religion left, nor honour left, nor the barest charity. But it is not their fault. You know men by their leaders. [*To BIANCA, who is still hesitating.*] Did you understand me?

Bianca. Not here, Madame! You do not mean to receive him here? I think he is but a poor lay brother. He will be more easy in the kitchen.

Countess. Here, I said.

[*BIANCA goes out. COUNTESS scratches anxiously, and then closes the window.*]

Marquis. You have still great power with these people, Countess; they don't forget your convent and your hospital; but for you that friar would have been old leather by this time.

Countess. Are they not God's poor? Oh, I am not angry—I love them well, but suffering has made them cruel.

Enter BIANCA and two old Maidservants by door at back of stage, conducting the COUNT DES ESCAS wearing a Dominican habit; his robe is torn; he seems much bent; is covered with mud; the upper part of his face is concealed by the hood. He bows very low on entering, and kisses the COUNTESS's hand.

Countess. Alas! poor Brother! Pray be seated. That you should have suffered such humiliation!

Friar. Ah, Madame, for what else was I born? Yet I felt it keenly, and I owe my life to your voice.

Countess. And how came you in such a sad plight, Brother?

Friar. Well, Madame, I was, as usual, begging from house to house, when suddenly I found myself attacked, for no reason, by a party of desperadoes. . . .

Countess. Yes . . . yes. . . .

Friar. Perhaps it is right to say that I first accosted them. They were ill-treating a poor cripple. It was a case of eight against one. I ventured to interfere. The cripple, I am happy to say, escaped, but I think I met with rough handling. I dare say a bone or two is broken.

Countess. Poor soul! What barbarians!

Friar. I will be honest, and I will own that, knowing myself old and feeble, I became terrified. Their looks were death to me. They cursed God. They opened their knives. They forced the mud of the streets down my throat. "Spaniards!" said I, "ye are no Spaniards—you are devils!" One struck me many times in the face, saying, "This is a cur of Don Carlos!"

Countess. Ah, poor Brother, and what did you do?

Friar. [*Casting down his eyes.*] I prayed, Madame. And then, I . . . I . . . [*he seems at a loss*] remember little more, Madame; I am dazed, I fear. Those hell-hounds [*the MARQUIS looks surprised at the expression*]—those poor sinners, may God have mercy on their souls—they pursued

me, yelling, hooting, blaspheming [*shudders*], till you rescued me. Phew! that was an escape! But it shows the power of a woman's voice even over the most depraved.

Countess. [*Who has seemed puzzled during this speech.*] And what was your destination, Brother?

Friar. My destination, Madame, was Portugalete, a distance from here, I know, but I have been on a begging expedition. My Superior is, no doubt, waiting for me, but, as my arms are broken, or, at least, they feel so . . .

Marquis. [*Coming forward.*] Will you allow me to examine you!

Friar. You are too good.

Marquis. [*Feeling him. Speaking drily.*] They may be bruised, but there is a good deal of power there yet.

Friar. Ah, yes, sir, in these days the Church needs muscle.

[*COUNTESS gives an order to BIANCA, who goes out, and COUNTESS comes down to FRIAR.*]

Countess. You must have some food and rest awhile, and then some of my men shall escort you to Portugalete. But must you leave us to-night? Surely you will accept a lodging?

Friar. I am all gratitude, Madame. I place myself in your hands. But when the street is quiet I must go. My Superior will be anxious. In half an hour's time. . . .

[*An old Maidservant enters with a tray of provisions, which she places on the table. FRIAR goes over to the table, seats himself before the food, crosses himself before eating, and begins to eat ravenously.*]

Countess. [*To MARQUIS.*] That man is a spy. He has been sent here. We must not let him go. I seem to know him. I have seen him somewhere; I feel certain of it. He is neither so low as he pretends, nor so pious. I cannot believe his story. It is a plot to betray us all. He has been sent here, and, before he can harm us, we must place him under arrest.

Marquis. But we must avoid any disturbance. He can do no mischief if you detain him here till twelve, at all events. . . . Afterwards we can make short work of him.

Countess. I shall trust him with no one, then, except myself. Besides, who knows?—I may find out something from him. He seems a babbler.

Marquis. Yet, on the whole, it would be hard to say what he is—if he is not a friar. He has a fine arm. He may be a gallant—doing penance.

Countess. Did you observe how he avoided our eyes? And how much more youthful his voice is than his back? That's a rascal if I know one. Did you ever hear such a rambling tale?

Marquis. Friars always do tell rambling tales! But, as you say, he can be happy here if he is innocent; and, if he should be a spy, we must not run any risk.

Countess. Do you go and tell Captain Avion to send six men here before twelve.

Marquis. But is it safe to leave you here alone till that time?

Countess. [*Pointing to the dagger which hangs at her side.*] I fear no one. Besides, he has not the air of a man who

would strike a woman. And I am never lonely while I can see the face of Des Escas.

[*Points again to portrait.* MARQUIS smiles and kisses her hand, glancing again uneasily at FRIAR, who is now drinking.

Marquis. How many menservants have you kept?

Countess. I have sent them all to join your company.

Marquis. Who is with you, then, to-night?

Countess. There is Bianca and four other maids, and—the whole host of heaven.

Marquis. [*Laughs again.*] I think you are right. The man may be a rascal, but I see no vice in him. He would not hurt you. He is drinking like a fish—in ten minutes he will be snoring on the floor. Good-bye again, dear Madame.

Countess. I cannot say farewell! After all, this man will distract my heart from the thoughts that would be mine if I were alone—waiting for the first sound of the guns.

Marquis. And the first note of Sancho's music?

Countess. Oh, yes. What is the tune?

[MARQUIS hums an air from "Don Giovanni," "Andiam, andiam, ma bene, &c.," and goes out.

Friar. [*Looking up.*] I have heard better singing than that!

[COUNTRESS goes to the window, waves her handkerchief apparently to MARQUIS, then wipes her eyes. Trumpet call is heard without.

Friar. You seem sad, Madame, but these are sad times. What guardian angel brought me to these doors? I have heard much of your charity, your works of devotion, and how, since the death of your husband in battle two years ago, you have been ever faithful to his memory and your own grief.

[*Watches her intently from under his hood.*

Countess. He died in a great cause.

Friar. Ah! I have often heard so.

Countess. [*Pointing to the portrait.*] That is his portrait.

Friar. [*Rising and surveying picture.*] Would so sweet a lady have loved a man who was all evil?

Countess. Did you speak?

Friar. [*Rousing himself.*] I see his arms are over that door.

Countess. Yes; that was his room. He was born there.

Friar. I have heard that his mother was a saint. No doubt he inherited many of her virtues. [*Going back to his chair at the table.*] But a soldier's chief duty is to break at least two of the Commandments, if not three. He has to kill and steal, and, for the benefit of his cause, lie, which is not a pretty calling, Madame. But we each have our vocation and our gifts. For myself, I am too clumsy a liar, too tender-hearted, too simple in my wants to feel much sympathy with the martial trade. . . . Pardon me, I forget that I am addressing the widow of a hero.

[*He pours out some wine, crosses his legs in a very easy manner, and appears to find his habit irksome.*

Countess. You seem a philosopher, Brother. Do you ever think of either King, or Pretender, or Usurper?

Friar. Yes, often; it is forced upon me in these times. One day my heart rushes forth to the Carlists; another

day to the Christinists. Poor fellows! They are picturesque; their ancestors ruled over my ancestors. They fought for Spain, no doubt. They plotted and lied and loved and fought and stole when mine, perhaps, were doing the same thing, but less conspicuously! Then, I think, what should I say or do if I had been born an aristocrat?

Countess. Well, what would you have done?

Friar. Well, say I made my first entry into the world in . . . such a room as that. [*Points to door.*] I grow up. Three nurses watch me day and night, and, if I fall, a dozen fat footmen pick me up. I ride, I fence, I dance and sing, I play the fool, I dress myself up, I swagger, I brag, I am a dandy, I am a rake, I am a hero, or, in other words, an aristocrat!

Countess. [*Sighing.*] You must have seen something of life before you went into the monastery, Brother.

Friar. I did, Madame, I did. Well, say I reach the age of one-and-twenty. It is quite plain that I must marry—marry a lady with a large dowry. I am lucky if I am given the choice of three. Shall I imagine myself, Madame, as a lucky or an ordinary man? May I suppose that I have the choice of three ladies, or the choice of one lady—and a cousin? We might say, then, that the cousin had a touch of the family temper, and the other lady a strong leaning toward religion. I am advised by my director and my tutors to choose the pious lady. I choose her. She is young, she is beautiful, she is rich, she is charming. She has, in fact, but one shortcoming, or, to be generous, let us say two.

Countess. And those . . . ?

Friar. First, she deserves a much better man; and secondly, she is chosen for me—just as my coat and my boots are chosen.

Countess. [*Sadly.*] Oh! this is a very common history you are telling.

Friar. Ah, well, give those conditions, I maintain that a young man must get desperate. He grows up, and is doomed to certain opinions, to a certain way of living, a certain wife, certain principles. There is no opportunity for enthusiasm. If he join the King's cause—if he die for it—it is thought no more than his duty. There is no one for him to meet because he has met everyone worth knowing. There is no court for him to sigh for because he spends his days yawning there. But the people, who know nothing of all this, must win in the end. . . .

Countess. And why?

Friar. Because there are more of them, and they hold the purse! They pay good wages too, and any noble who is wise will make haste. Time presses. He is a very old story to his own party, but he comes like a dancing poodle on a fair-day among these Republicans. If I were an aristocrat I would be neither for Carlos nor Christina, but for the people—the trusting, simple, rich, enthusiastic people! [*Drinks.*

Countess. And did you gain this knowledge for yourself, Brother?

Friar. Oh, no, Madame. I am a poor beggar. I go from house to house seeking crumbs and crusts. I haven't had a supper like this, nor talked with a great lady for many a year. You remind me, Madame, of a young countess I once knew. She was a lovely creature. It was

before I was a friar, and, if my memory is a little vivid, you must remember that it is a pre-monastic reminiscence! But she could not laugh, and that was a great drawback. Her husband . . .

Countess. Then she had a husband?

Friar. [Taking more wine.] I could well believe, Madame, that had she been so minded she might have taken fifty. The one she chose was . . . not the one, perhaps, I would have chosen for her. He was brought up in the way I have described. He was no angel—but, he had an eye for beauty—for purity. It is surprising, Madame, how much you resemble that lady. When I come near to you. . . .

[Goes towards her and takes her face between his two hands.]

Countess. [Calling out.] Oh, God! what is this?

[He throws back his hood and roars with laughter.]

Friar. Marie-Joseph! You were always too serious!

Countess. [In a whisper.] Is it you, Des Escas? You!

[She draws back and looks a long time at his face.]

Des Escas. [Trying to conceal his emotion.] Good heavens! I never thought I should have to console my own widow! Have I changed so much? . . . [COUNTRESS throws herself into his arms. DES ESCAS still trying to conceal his emotion.] Ah! I wonder why I left you!

Countess. [Wiping her eyes.] But I cannot understand. . . . I do not realise. . . . It cannot be true. You are not . . . you . . .

[She looks at him again, and again throws herself into his arms.]

Des Escas. Ah! my poor angel! Men must be men! [COUNTRESS walks across the room, embraces him hurriedly in passing him, drags down the black mourning drapery from over his door, throws it on the ground, also pulls off her own widow's cap, laughing hysterically as she does so. DES ESCAS, with a forced laugh.] What pretty hair to hide! [Takes a tress, kisses it—draws nearer to her.] Oh, I love you better than I knew!

Countess. I knew. Our hearts were one, and all you felt I thought. What need was there for words?

Des Escas. And yet we quarrelled!

Countess. No—but my spirit and yours were as the wind and sky—I was the cloud, you were the breeze. There was agreement even in our storms!

Des Escas. [Taking her hand.] Am I forgiven?

Countess. [Tenderly.] Are you loved? . . . But why do you live? How did you escape?

Des Escas. [Concealing his embarrassment. All through the following scene he must seem to be a man at war with his own better nature.] All that part is simple. I hate death. I had fought well in the fight, and I had a wound or two . . . in the back! [COUNTRESS embraces him again.] Oh, it is quite healed now, but I want you to know that I fought well. We were all driven down to the river—we plunged in—most of us were drowned. I was not. But while I was in the water my enthusiasm cooled. I said to myself, I am perishing for an idea, a foolish idea. Who made the first King? Ten to one if he were not a Pretender. If I escape I shall join the other side. They are the stronger party, and you may argue as you please, but the King, sooner or later, must come from the side that is the more

powerful. All my comrades who were merely praying came to grief—I struck the land.

Countess. But I was praying for you. You forget that.

Des Escas. That was very good and wife-like. I owe much to it. But to resume. I got ashore. I looked about me. I saw the enemy's camp in the distance. The wound in my back was very painful. I said to myself, I was not born to die like a rat. I hate death. . . . So I crawled to the enemy. I recanted—I offered the enemy my services. They accepted them and entertained me extremely well. It was better wine than yours, my love! That is very bad wine! Well, as I tell you, I offered the enemy my services and they accepted them, but I did not give them my name. I reserve my name till their victory is established. Then I shall declare myself, and obtain a good post in the Government. These fellows love an aristocrat. They suspect already that I am nothing common.

Countess. Is this the story?

Des Escas. I believe you would rather be weeping now over your dead hero than listening happily to a man of good sense.

Countess. [To herself.] Traitor! Traitor!

Des Escas. And now prepare yourself, my heart, for further news. I have been watching your career for two years now. It is heroic—but you will ruin me. I cannot permit it any longer. I come here to-night. I find that grand fellow in the uniform—Monfero. . . . Oh, of course, in all honour and chivalry and respect, but—my angel—my saint—you are plotting against the Government. I must forbid it.

Countess. [To herself, wringing her hands.] Oh, fool! fool!

Des Escas. When I came here I had no intention of making myself known to you. Why should I spoil your unhappiness? I merely wished to see a little of your home life; but, good God! that black dress—that widow's veil! You look twenty years older. I could not allow a pretty woman to make herself dreary for my sake. No, it was not just. [Going to her.] I have watched the sea change from blue—to grey: I have watched the trees change from green—to grey: I have seen the sky rose-red turn grey—as ashes: I have seen the scarlet fields fade to the hue of dust: all things grow grey—life itself, you, Marie-Joseph, you, but that time has not yet come—not yet. [Kisses her tenderly.] So pale. You're crying! Why? Why? I am here. I am not dead. Why, then, do you cry?

Countess. Yesterday I cried about you: to-day I cry for myself!

Des Escas. Ah well! Women will. . . .

Countess. [Wringing her hands.] Oh, you don't understand . . . You don't understand! You played the spy so ill that they suspected you at once.

Des Escas. They—who are they? Your maidservant and those four doddering old women who brought me upstairs? I'll wring all their necks.

Countess. No, no. I suspected you—I.

Des Escas. You!

Countess. They will be here in ten minutes to arrest you, and they have no pity—none.

Des Escas. [After a pause.] But you won't give me up?

Countess. Not willingly.

Des Escas. Not willingly! That's tender! I thank you.

Countess. There is only one way—to say that you are on our side. Declare yourself.

Des Escas. Not I. A man may change his opinions once, but scarcely twice. I won't do it. Let them come and do what they like. *[The clock chimes.]*

Countess. Ah, you don't know the danger as I do. *[She draws the curtains across the window, and, in so doing, remembers his former story.]* But who were the ruffians who were chasing you when I called from the window?

Des Escas. *[Laughing.]* Didn't they do it well? It was really inimitable. Those fellows would make their fortune on the stage. We rehearsed it all at the Fort.

Countess. It was a trick!

Des Escas. No, my best life, stratagem! You must learn the language of war.

Countess. Ah, but you are always too light-hearted. You have flown into a death-trap. When they come they will listen to neither of us. They will doubt you—they will doubt me. In these times you can believe no one—trust no one. They will shoot you. . . . They will say that I am your accomplice. I would gladly die for you, but—to die as a traitor with you. . . . Oh, I can think of nothing. . . . But, as you must die, let it be under the true colours.

Des Escas. True colours! Why—I could close my eyes and swear I was listening to another pretty widow on the opposite side! You all say the same things. Both causes cannot be right—one of them must be wrong. God must decide which! But one thing is certain—there are no causes worth dying for.

Countess. *[Persistently.]* Your soul, Des Escas, is like the sea—as uncertain, as wild, as deep, as shallow, as dangerous, and as strong! Be strong, then, and I will not fear the rest. Your own strength can conquer your own storms. The tempest which uproots trees and desolates the earth does not spoil the least wave of the sea. The sea will leap with the wind, shout with the thunder, lightning but makes it bright. Oh, but be strong then!

[Bell is heard outside.]

Des Escas. Hark!

Countess. Was that a bell?

Des Escas. Who rang it?

Countess. *[Placing her hand over his mouth, and glancing at the door in terror.]* Oh, hush! *[Bell is heard again. COUNTESS flies to the door and bolts it.]* Oh! I can think of nothing! But—wait—here is my dagger. Strike me with it—and I will say that you attacked me and escaped by the window.

Des Escas. I would not strike you to save my life ten times over!

Countess. *[Bitterly.]* Do you think any knife could hurt me so much as the words you have been saying?

Des Escas. A sermon again!

Countess. *[Kneeling at his feet.]* I implore you to listen. If they see me wounded they will believe me. In the meantime you can hide there. *[Points to his room.]* Quick! there is not a moment to be lost. Strike!

Des Escas. *[Stooping down and kissing her forehead.]* You are a good creature, but that is impossible. If they come, they must come. *[The tramp of feet is heard outside.]*

Countess. *[Still kneeling.]* I implore you to go into that room and let me do what I can.

Des Escas. *[Sauntering toward the door and stopping at the table to take more wine; hammering is heard at the door.]* My life has done nothing for you, Marie-Joseph, why should you wish to save it even a little while longer?

[COUNTESS follows him and half pushes him into the room. COUNTESS noiselessly unbars the door, turns down the light, seizes a dagger, wounds herself on the arm, and falls on the ground by the window, as some men, headed by CAPTAIN AVION, rush in. As they enter, COUNTESS raises herself on her arm.]

Countess. Ah! you are too late. The wretch has escaped. He went by that window. I tried to hold him—the coward struck me. *[CAPTAIN AVION lifts her up as she seems half insensible.]* Send for my women.

Avion. But where is the devil—the beast? Gone by that window? That's impossible. *[Looks round the room.]* How long ago did he go? How long?

Countess. I cannot say. It seems long. I must have fainted. It may be five seconds—or ten minutes—or even longer. . . . Send for my women. He went by the window—he kicked me as he passed. I heard him drop to the ground. I should know him anywhere—a brutal face, like a fox. He had red hair. He was not a Spaniard. Oh, the coward!

Avion. *[Looking down from the window at the height below.]* If he were a young man he might have jumped, but it would be folly to try and catch him now. At this moment a brawl in the streets would be fatal, and any information he may have gained will be quite useless. The attack has begun.

Countess. It has begun. . . . *[She stanches the wound with her handkerchief as she speaks.]* Tell me what has happened.

Avion. They are now making their way towards the Fort. The attack will be very sudden. If we lose, all will be lost; and if we win, it will mean complete victory.

Countess. They say that if we can but take this Fort, every northern power in Europe will support us. As it is, they only want an excuse.

Avion. But, for me, I think it unwise to throw so much on one venture.

Countess. Ah, have courage! But you will be wanted. Go at once—join Monfero. Every man to-night is worth a kingdom. See, my wound is nothing—it will soon be healed. *[Guns heard in the distance and the sound of bugles.]* I entreat you to go. I command it. See, there are four bells—I can ring any of them. I think I am more frightened than anything. I assure you it was the terror. *[Laughs.]* I believe it was a mere scratch. And in any case, our friend has left me, and it is always easier to jump down than to jump up!

Avion. Ah, Madame, you teach us all a lesson in courage.

[COUNTESS goes towards door as though she would bow them out.]

Countess. Lose no time, and God be with you!

Avion. *[Gives an order to his men and they march out: he*

lingers a moment and draws his sword.] To reassure myself, will you allow me to thrust this here and there behind the curtains? [*He rushes for the black draperies over the door where DES ESCAS is.*] Why, this has been pulled down.

Countess. Yes [*Concealing her terror*] . . . the nail grew loose. On the whole, it is a good omen. I think it means that we must mourn no longer.

Arion. [*Laughing.*] Well, I never quarrel with superstition when it tells me pleasant things. You may be right. But, if there's a room here, I think it is certainly possible that the villain has escaped that way.

Countess. [*Putting up her hand.*] Ah, my good friend, no one ever crosses that threshold except myself. It is the room of Des Escas. I keep the key upon my heart.

Arion. [*Bowing very low.*] A thousand pardons, Madame.

Countess. Oh, that is nothing. There is no harm in your looking under the altar table, and you might strike out at the curtains there. [*Points to window.*]

[*AVION strikes the curtains. As he approaches the altar, he pauses before the portrait of DES ESCAS and draws a deep sigh.*]

Arion. Ah, Madame, if he were alive to-night I should feel more confident of victory. [*COUNTRESS hangs her head and says nothing. He strikes under altar with his sword.*] No, the devil escaped by the window. You are right. Good-night again.

[*AVION goes out. COUNTRESS bolts the door and returns slowly to the portrait, before which she stands with bent head. DES ESCAS at back cautiously opens the door and peeps out. He is dressed in his old Carlist uniform and comes down to COUNTRESS. She does not look round.*]

Des Escas. What are you thinking of, Marie-Joseph? This silence has more in it than prayer—more in it than thanksgiving—more in it than peace.

Countess. I do rejoice. . . . I do pray. . . . I do give thanks to heaven. . . .

Des Escas. Ah, but this is all on your lips—perhaps, in your heart also. . . . [*He draws her toward him.*] . . . Your eyes tell more.

Countess. It may be that I think a little too. I am thinking of something that man said.

Des Escas. And what was that?

Countess. He said: "If the Count des Escas were alive to-night I should feel more confident of victory." . . . [*Passionately.*] Ah, it is God alone whom we may never fear to love too well—it is God alone who never fails His friends—Who can never disappoint us in His goodness!

Des Escas. [*Slowly.*] And man alone may disappoint us in his frailty. When we are at our worst, we may still make amends. A man's heart wills all, hopes all, dares all. . . . [*Takes her wounded arm.*] For me—this . . . and what—for you?

Countess. Grief.

Des Escas. On my account? Because I live? Because I love you? Oh, on my soul, I have loved you. It may have been that I forgot to say so, but there's the truth. [*He lifts her face, studies it, and turns away.*] . . . I hate death. . . .

Countess. [*Slowly.*] Death?

[*Looks at him with anguish.*]

Des Escas. They will come for me.

Countess. Who?

Des Escas. My men.

Countess. Your men.

Des Escas. Yes, they will come for Monfero—that was the plan. They will come for him. They will find me.

Countess. God!

Des Escas. I am going, Marie-Joseph.

Countess. Where?

Des Escas. I am going to fight for my King!

Countess. [*Bitterly.*] Which King? Which Queen? Which cause?

Des Escas. I will fight for your King—for your cause, for Don Carlos—for you . . . Marie-Joseph!

[*He kneels at her feet. Bugle heard outside and men's voices.*]

Countess. Hark! What is that?

[*A voice outside, "In the Queen's name!"*]

Des Escas. [*Rising.*] They have come for me. Are you brave?

Countess. God!

Des Escas. They come! One kiss. . . .

Countess. God!

Des Escas. Pray for me!

Countess. God!

[*A company of soldiers under CAPTAIN SOBRATO rush in. Some of them arrest the COUNTRESS and pinion her arms. DES ESCAS also is seized.*]

Sobrato. [*Presenting his pistol.*] Are you for the Queen or Don Carlos?

Des Escas. [*Drawing himself up.*] I denied my King once.

Sobrato. [*Still pointing the pistol.*] My commands are these. If for the Queen—there is promotion. If for Don Carlos—there is this. . . . Are you for the Queen or Don Carlos?

Des Escas. [*Looks at his wife, whose lips move: she says "Don Carlos," inaudibly. He looks at SOBRATO and draws himself up.*] For Don Carlos!

[*SOBRATO takes aim and shoots. MARIE-JOSEPH gives a piercing scream. DES ESCAS falls dead at once.*]

Sobrato. [*Taking off his cap and bowing low.*] Madame, it was my duty—this fellow . . . [*Goes to look at the body.*]

Countess. [*Fiercely.*] Stand back! Stand back! I am his wife.

[*At this moment men's voices are heard outside singing the air from "Don Giovanni."*]

Sobrato. [*Rushing to the window.*] What is that?

Countess. [*With defiance.*] A song!

Sobrato. This is some signal—there's treachery abroad.

Countess. I say, a song.

[*The men at a signal from SOBRATO release her, and rush out. She staggers forward, takes the cross from her neck, places it in the hand of DES ESCAS. Then she throws herself on the ground before the altar.*]

Countess. [*As though praying.*] The strength! The strength!

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. type-written.

A Younger Reputation of 1865.

A GOOD many people have been asking lately: "Who is Dr. Sebastian Evans?" His version of *The High History of the Holy Grail* is perhaps the most attractive number of that attractive series, "The Temple Classics." And with no less skill, and no less sympathy, the same writer has put into its English dress that remarkable earliest life of St. Francis, the discovery of which, by M. Sabatier, is in itself a justification of critical scholarship at the bar of letters. But these are by no means Dr. Evans's first contributions to literature. A busy life, as barrister, designer of stained glass windows, editor of the *People* and the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, has been more than once punctuated by the writing and the publication of poetry. And in 1865 *Brother Fabian's MS., and Other Poems*, won the writer something of a reputation. It was in the early days of revived mediævalism, and Dr. Evans's knowledge of chronicle and romance was something quite out of the common then and not perhaps altogether universal now. The legends in his book are conceived in a spirit half of seriousness, half of irony. They remind you on the one hand of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, on the other of the subtler work of M. Anatole France in his mediæval moods. They are by no means unremunerative reading, though one feels that they are hardly of large enough composition to weather the storms of time or to tempt a resurrection. This may pass as a fair sample:

Well, 't was one Thursday, just on Michaelmas,
At daydawn, Randal starts him off to fish
Down at Saint Wigbald's;—whether he knew no trout
Were in the brook, or whether he hoped for sport
More to his mind in the Dame's private pond
Behind the cell—or whether, as I surmise,
Diabolo instigante—God best knows;
But down he walked to the triangular stew
Sacred to poor Dame Aylse's favourite luce.
The Dame—she had some wry whimsies in her skull—
Had wont each morn and even, rain or shine,
To cross the croft to this triangular pool
And ring her silver sanctus on the marge—
The bell, by the way—a gift from Ulverscroft,
Rang oftener far as mass for Sir John Pike
Than for the sisters, and Sir John, who lurked
Plotting his raids among the chestnut roots
That weave a wattled rampart round the bank
Against the lower floodgate—when he heard
Would dart from out his hiding with a swirl,
And shoal on shoal of startled sticklebacks
Leap silver-sided, flash on flash before,
Like sprays of osier when the summer wind
Toys with their upturned leaves, while to and fro,
All proud at heart of argent-damasked mail
And glistening hinges of his golden fins,
The knightly vassal of the pool glanced by
To claim his sovereign's largess. If to-day
She brought a full-fed frog (she docked the feet
Before she gave him frogs), to-morrow came
A brace of gudgeon or a slice of beef;
Except indeed on Fridays, when the fare
Was only rye-bread manchet, soaked in milk.
She had her faults good dame—for who is free?
But none can say she ever gave her fish
Flesh on a Friday.

In 1875 followed *In the Studio: a Decade of Poems*, which was more or less in the same vein. But two poems on "Arthur's Knighting" and "The Eve of Morte Arthur" are more ambitious, and reveal Dr. Evans's

pre-occupation with the Arthurian legends, of which he has made so minute and fruitful a study. Besides the translation already mentioned, he has recently published an essay on the Grail legend, in which he makes a detailed and highly ingenious attempt to interpret the significance of the adventures of Perceval in the castle of King Fisherman. In his eyes the whole legend is a late insertion in the Arthurian cycle, and has reference to the great interdict laid upon England in the reign of King John. King Fisherman is the Pope, Logres is England, Perceval is St. Dominic, and so forth. The early versions of the legend, says Dr. Evans, were written by Dominicans, and hence the prominence of Perceval. The later versions, in which Galahad takes Perceval's place, were written by Franciscans, and Galahad is clearly St. Francis. The Loathly Lady, we suppose, is "Our Lady Poverty." Dr. Evans will have the Celticists down upon him, with their magic cauldron, but it is a suggestive essay, all the same.

A Home of Rest

For Tired Brain-Workers.

LADY MURRAY, concerning whose Home of Rest we wrote last week, has sent us a copy of the prospectus and rules of that establishment, together with an account of its purpose. It will, she hopes, be a Home of Rest for artists in every branch of art and for literary men, whether English or of other nations, enabling them during their stay "to regain power for work." These words correct the impression which some persons entertain, that the Home of Rest is a kind of almshouse for literary men. On the contrary, perpetual residence is not possible there, and only active minds that are suffering from temporary strain or illness are wished for. This is the official prospectus of the Home:

CHATEAU DE L'ESPERANCE.

HON. LADY MURRAY'S HOUSE OF REST, NEAR ANTIBES.

This large house, standing in over ten acres of ground, recently purchased for the purpose of providing a temporary home for artists and authors in search of the rest so necessary to convalescence, is distant about one mile from Antibes Railway Station in a sunny and sheltered situation.

In starting and keeping open "L'Espérance," Lady Murray expects applicants and their friends to arrange for the expenses of the journey out and back, and for the subsequent payment of £1 per week for board and lodging. The six large front rooms with board £1 10s. per week.

Applicants are free to stay for longer or shorter periods, according to the necessities of their cases.

"L'Espérance" will be open this year from February 16 to May 1, and in subsequent years from November 1 to May 1.

No incurable or infectious cases can be admitted. Communications to be sent to Hon. Lady Murray, Villa Victoria, Cannes, France.

N.B.—Six weeks' return tickets via Newhaven and Dieppe, second class, London to Cannes, cost £7 4s. 6d. They are now issued to Antibes, a few miles along the line from Cannes, by Messrs. Cook & Son's obliging arrangements.

RULES.

That the health of the applicant shall be such as to make a winter in a mild climate necessary, or at least advisable.

That he shall be unable to obtain this without such assistance as he will find here.

That his medical advisers shall be able to give a fair hope of his being able to return to his work after the benefit of a winter abroad.

That those admitted shall pay their journey out and back, and £1 per week for board and lodging. Personal washing, extra fires and lights, and wine charged extra. No dogs allowed.

Guests taking meals in the Home must be punctual. No dish will be brought back for late-comers.

That a certain number of candles will be provided per week for each bedroom. Guests requiring more must provide them.

That fires are provided in bedrooms as occasion requires, or on the recommendation of the medical attendant.

That all lights in public rooms shall be put out at eleven p.m.

That in applying for admission to this "Home of Rest," the undersigned engages to conform to the Rules and to leave the "Home" at any time he may be requested to do so by Lady Murray or by the Director, her representative.

And this is the medical certificate:

I hereby certify that _____ has been under my care, or known to me, since _____, 189____, and that he is suffering from _____, which illness is not contagious, infectious, nor incurable, and, in my opinion, a residence of _____ months (or weeks) in the Riviera would be likely to do the patient good, and enable him to resume his profession.

Name _____
Address _____

Date _____

The Director, who is now in charge, is not English, but he speaks English fluently. The Home, by the way, is intended only for men.

Things Seen.

Spring.

SPRING, yesterday, on Waterloo Bridge. I could see neither flower nor leaf. But the sunshine bathed the town in one warmth, one brightness. All the red things were on duty, so to speak. In particular, the sail of a Rochester barge had been left idly hanging; and its single patch of red seemed to robe the black wharves. Men were shooting unsightly litter into a boat; it mattered not. A trickling stream ran out from the flour mill, winding through fetid banks in the greater mud-bank: it mattered not. A wide warmth and gentleness prevailed; the stones were warm. The breeze was lost and found, and you wondered to see it crinkling the river.

And London? Oh, London was herself! A little red boat lay far off under the Embankment, red like smouldering fire; a thing to be conscious of, not to see. All else seemed white and grey. The City spires—those dear permanent spires that rise up in all the picture-books—showed white and grey by turns as the curtain of smoke swung lazily. Then I saw St. Bride's reflected in the river, and lo!—how had I missed it?—the whole Embankment was double, and the little red boat was glowing like a ruby among pearly shadows. All things were double, and in the wonder of the moment I looked for nothing but saw everything. While I waited, the smoke, the wind, and the river prepared a greater vision. There in the "muddy" stream I saw St. Paul's, the whole inverted temple. Had I needed words, they would surely have been Milton's:

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty; thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair.

Irony.

SHE (no longer young) was walking home, grave and depressed, from an animated Temperance meeting, at which she had pleaded for the example of Total Abstinence among her fellow workers and declaimed against the wickedness of permitting children to fetch and carry from the public-house. As she moved slowly down the village street she came upon a group of excited children, the centre one weeping pitifully and gazing on the fragments of a broken bottle and the wandering pools of beer on the pavement. To inquiries as to the trouble, came the

answer: "Mother gave me tuppence for the beer—I dropped it." Here a fresh burst of tears.

"Will mother be angry with you for the accident?" A sad shrug of the shoulders and a nod was all the answer.

There was a long silence, broken only by two sobs from the child. "Well—here—are—two pennies, go and buy some beer, and be more careful, and then mother won't be angry."

"They charges a ha'penny for the bottle," said one of the older children.

The half-penny, too, was produced, tears were lost in smiles, and the Temperance advocate, grave, but light-hearted, pursued her way.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

ONE opens with dismay and surprise, with a feeling of disquietude, a study in fiction of modern Parisian morals and customs by a grave and mystical writer like M. Schuré. Here, indeed, is a proper occasion to echo Molière's cry: "Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?" The novel is no less a disappointment than a surprise. *Le Double*, by reason of its motive, is rescued from the charge of vulgarity, but it is crude and impossible. M. Schuré's sense of style and certain sober charm of expression, so happily rendered in his more important work *Sanctuaires d'Orient*, here quite forsake him. He writes a modern novel like the gifted amateur whom his friends unwisely press into print by injudicious and unfounded praise. His characterisation is gross and facile, and his colouring is cheap melodrama. But the whole, bad as it is, is saved by the dignity of the moral: salvation through renouncement in love. In a modern French novel it is a pleasing change to find any fundamental theory which lifts us above mere sensualism and upholstery and millinery, and so we are moderately thankful for this thin ray of light, though the atmosphere it penetrates is dull and dense enough even when purified, and the hero hardly seems worth the effort of redemption.

Paul Marrias, a popular painter, is a vulgar conqueror among women, called in Society "the Tamer" and "the Torero." He has a Saracen head, superlative beauty, swaggering manners. As a hero he is a little after the manner of our beloved Ouida. He meets his match in a lady—also a tamer of the opposite sex—a lurid, luminous, black angel. The scenes that follow are the customary scenes of the French novel described by an unpractised hand. Paul is a very dull and ill-mannered dog—why is it that these conquerors of women are inevitably so ill-bred and ill-humoured?—the lady is a very cheap sinner, no less disagreeable and insupportable. They have such a very bad time of it together once they elect to stray from the path of virtue (if either from childhood ever can be said to have dallied in that region of peace), that one wonders they came to yield to temptation. M. Schuré's sympathies are with his worthless hero, and he has resolved to save him. His model is a delicate, refined working-girl, engaged to a starving Flemish painter, a symbolist and dreamer. These two figures are imperfectly sketched, but such as they are, they possess a distinct and pathetic charm. Marrias perceives that the little model is beginning to love him, and is tempted to break her lover's heart. He, too, loves her, and renounces her, and departs.

As a study of contemporary Parisian life, M. Léon Daudet's *Sebastien Gourev* is a work of more important significance. The moral it preaches is of a hardier and more disputable nature. Filial devotion is an admirable quality in woman; but most old-fashioned persons will hold that there are limits to this virtue, beyond which it takes on quite another aspect. A man of science, at the bidding of a fashionable charlatan, a Jewish physician, comes to Paris to be miserably exploited by the fashionable charlatan,

who pays him a modest salary and claims the glory of his discoveries. We know that M. Daudet, an ex-medical student, loathes the medical profession, and ever since he left it holds it to be his instant duty as an honest man to climb up upon the house-tops and shout abroad his unutterable contempt of doctors, surgeons, and the Academy of Medicine. Like his illustrious father, he would abolish academies of every kind, and maintains, with black and mordant emphasis, that every academician, member of an institute, fashionable physician and surgeon, is necessarily a scoundrel, a humbug, and a chartered highwayman. We have all our pet and irrational animosities. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire detests the magistrature since he left it. Major Esterhazy no longer loves the Army. M. Léon Daudet elects to hold the profession he chose in youth in disesteem. One regrets it, but one takes his consistent and virulent attacks on an admirable profession for what they are worth. *Sebastien Gourès* is a hard, unpleasing, but very clever, novel. M. Léon Daudet has an unsparing pen; but he possesses none of his father's redeeming sensibility, none of his father's little exquisite touches in his bitterest hour. He has no gaiety, no humour, no lightness, no charm.

M. Henry Houssaye's latest contribution to the vast collection of Napoleonic literature is a most serious and valuable study of Waterloo. "After that," writes M. Larroumet in the *Figaro*, "we must for ever renounce the legend of an impeccable Napoleon and a Napoleon beneath himself. In 1815 the Emperor had as much genius and activity as in his most fortunate days, but he erred many times, and gravely. We must also renounce the legend of Grouchy responsible for the defeat, as well as that of Grouchy sacrificed before history by imperial egoism. At no moment did Napoleon rely on Grouchy's arrival, and away from Napoleon, Grouchy badly executed orders vitiated by initial error. All Napoleon's lieutenants, Ney as well as Soult, were below their task as all had superb moments." The French point of view, of course, rejects Wellington as the sole hero of Waterloo. For them it was the victory of allied forces against a single hero. M. Larroumet sums up the value of Henry Houssaye's masterly work: "As far as it is given to man, to a single man to reach absolute truth, M. Henry Houssaye has given it to us on Waterloo."

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE-RIDLEY was thirty when he made his happy marriage with Miss Majoribanks, a little more than a quarter of a century ago. It was a North Country alliance, and all the more popular on that account, where the Ridleys are a power; for Northumberland still retains that local patriotism which proximity to London does something to destroy. It was less important that in politics the uniting families were divided; and Lord Tweedmouth and Lady Aberdeen, staunchest Liberals of their class, have enjoyed rather than otherwise the perpetual little surprise of a sister as wife of the Conservative Home Secretary. The great grief of Lady Ridley's life was the sudden death of her eldest daughter, Miss Cecilia Ridley, three years ago; and during her last days, before she became unconscious, she missed from her side her eldest son, absent in Egypt on his honeymoon. The decision of the Home Secretary that the burial should be, not at Blagdon, the seat of the Ridleys in Northumberland, but in the great democratic God's acre of London at Kensal Green, is significant of the times, and a curious commentary, too, on the accusation made against him at the time of his appointment, that he was a squire first and everything else afterwards. Far better as a memorial of Lady Ridley than any elaborate tomb or effigy in the north is the full-

length portrait of her painted, not very long ago, by Mr. Sargent, R.A., which now hangs in the house in Carlton House-terrace, and which the world will be careful to preserve should the family ever cease to be its custodians.

THE *Times* on Tuesday morning considered in a leaderette the question of a successor to Lord Herschell as Great Britain's Commissioner at Washington and also in the matter of the Venezuelan boundary. In so doing, it nominated the Lord Chief Justice of England with a confidence that had about it a certain air of authority and inspiration. Yet in the afternoon a member of Parliament, who rose in his place to ask if any appointment had been made, was told by Mr. Balfour that it had not. Nor had it, in the strict sense of the term, for not only must the Government offer, and Lord Russell of Killowen accept, but the Queen must formally approve. Barring this formality, the appointment may be regarded as a fixture, and the Government be congratulated on its exercise of patronage.

THE ways of the Washington Conference are hard to divine; but if there was ever any real doubt about its reassembling in the autumn, the appointment of the Lord Chief Justice as British Commissioner will probably remove it. Lord Russell of Killowen is a singularly popular man in America, as his visit there two or three years ago must have convinced the greatest cynic about the value of popular applause—himself. He commands the respect of the Anglo-American and the pride of the Irish-American—a rare conjunction.

BUT the Venezuelan boundary is the matter of more immediate concern. America, it will be remembered, objected to certain claims on Venezuelan territory put forward by Great Britain, and waved the Monroe manifesto in the face of Lord Salisbury, who replied that we wanted no new territory, and only asserted our rights established of old by the Schomburg line. As there were three so-called Schomburg lines, and as boundary posts, if ever planted, had long ago been obliterated, this did not seem to be a very definite or enlightening reply. Hence the Commission, which will assemble probably in Paris, and probably in the month of May.

OF course the Courts lose the Lord Chief Justice; and, equally of course, the opportunity will be taken to appoint another judge. Little inconvenience or none need result to the English suitor; but any slight domestic drawbacks to the going of Lord Russell of Killowen must count nothing against having the best man as the representative of Great Britain at a council on the issue of which her Imperial interests depend.

As for the outcry against the temporary absence of the Lord Chief Justice, those who utter it have probably a new grief or grievance in store for them. The Lord Chief Justice may possibly have a colleague at the Venezuelan Conference, and that will be a Lord Justice whom it is premature now to name.

News of the death of Mr. William Charles Kingsbury Wilde reads suddenly enough to those who remember him when he first came to London, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, where he had shone, and full of ambition to make his light blaze over London. Willie Wilde brought with him to town a copy of *Kotabos*, the college magazine, containing a sonnet on which he a good deal prided himself, and built some hopes of future poetical honours.

"Salome" was the theme, and she speaks describing her dance before Herod and his men :

And every soul was mine, mine utterly,
And thrice each throat cried out aloud my name.
"Ask what thou wilt," black-bearded Herod said.
"God wot a weird thing do I crave for prize;
Give me I pray thee, presently, the head
Of John the Baptist." 'Twixt my hands it lies.
Ah, mother, see the lips, the half-closed eyes,
Dost think he hates us still now he is dead ?

Times are changed. Twenty years ago the young man who wrote as well as that was the exception : now the exception is the man who, if he writes at all, does not write better. But this young sonneteer was a beautiful reader in those days, and so the friends to whom he delivered his lines applauded them, though they seemed to lose some of their virtue when they got into print.

THE end of it was that Mr. William Wilde did nothing to illustrate the name that came to him with a certain echo of renown. His father, Sir William, was a surgeon of Dublin repute ; and his mother was a writer of verse which found many readers, and in which the patriotism outstripped the poetry. There was not much home life for the son of Sir William and Lady Wilde, the parents being not wholly in sympathy with each other ; and that influence was one which undoubtedly was missed by an impressionable youth. His first dreams as a poet gave way to an ambition to write stories—it had to be "creative work"—and some of the smartest stories in the *World* early in the eighties were from his pen. That was a vein easily exhausted ; and Mr. Wilde, after trying to run a weekly paper, *Pan* (whose tint set the fashions in green journals), took to daily journalism for his daily bread, becoming a contributor (and for a time a very successful contributor) to the *Daily Telegraph*. A tour in America resulted, as everyone knows, in a marriage which the lady afterwards annulled ; and a second marriage brought to Mr. William Wilde, not only a daughter, but perhaps the greatest peace he had known in his drifting years of life, numbering in all only forty-six.

MR. KIPLING's poem, "The White Man's Burden," has not escaped the American parodist. Mr. E. H. Crosby has scornfully adapted the title to a very different set of sentiments. His verses begin thus :

Take up the White Man's burden ;
Send forth your sturdy sons,
And load them down with whisky
And Testaments and guns.
Throw in a few diseases
To spread in tropic climes,
For there the healthy niggers
Are quite behind the times.

The same strain is maintained throughout.

A DAILY paper makes an allusion to "St. Elihu Vedder"—a misprint he will perhaps pardon. Mr. Elihu Vedder—the Elihu seems to belong to Biblical sanctity—is now an oldish man, whose studio in Rome is a haunt of American visitors on Sunday afternoons, and whose pictures seem to have their inspiration in other worlds than ours. They are mystical, starry, transcendental. He is, too, a painter of tiles, many pilgrims to the studio in the Via Capo le Case carrying away with them these souvenirs—at a price. As an illustrator, moreover, of the inevitable Omar Khayyam, copies of which can also be bought at the studio, Mr. Vedder ought to have a particularly warm welcome in London, whither he proposes to come, with an exhibition, this spring.

"At One o'Clock Precisely."

A Book Auction.

AN auctioneer is wonderful. This one united the calm of the Sphinx with the quickness of Ariel. He cajoled, he appealed, he commented on books and illustrations ("Pretty book!"—"Pretty illustrations!"), he called for a chair for Mr. Z., he took bids from words that I could not hear, and from nods that I could not see. He was quick as lightning, and as wax receptive. He tore bids from the crowd, picked them up like a conjurer, suggested and fathered them, so that one-and-ninepence became three-and-threepence by a process you could not follow. Yet his leisure was great. A postman brought a letter. He seemed to dally with it, and to be nice in the opening of it, yet he was repeating the bids like a shuttle. He sat calm and rotund, his hands were slow, and he looked down at a deprecatory angle while the booksellers clashed and synchronised, and raised disputes which he waived with a faint corrugation of his brow. No bidder was too distant from him ; and he would throw a hint to a customer as an angler drops a fly over an indolent trout. I stood to the front and wished I had been more modest. He raked the room for bids, and it was perilous to meet his eye. To move one's hand or cough might be expensive, for he saw a bid in the motion of an eyelash, and once, when I smiled, he had nearly assigned to me thirty copies of Motley's *Dutch Republic*. The buyers stood forward or retired as the lots varied, but his was continuous action, eager yet unruffled, mercurial yet sedate. He sat as Cause above confused Effect. The boy beneath him bounded like a marsupial. He was trained to obedience. Did he take a book to Mr. B. ? he was lassoed by a demi-word, and handed it to Mr. A. The booksellers, too, were chided when need was—and with what nice tact, with what old and tested blends of bluntness and suavity ! When they were slow to bid for a peer's *Reminiscences*, in two volumes, how reasonably he pointed out that these books were here for them to take at their own price ; to-morrow the chance would be gone. Now was the accepted time, they might have them if they liked, but if they would not bid, why then—he dipped his pen and said, with a swift resignation, that then, they might *do the other thing*. This, perhaps, was less than Olympian—I know not—but the peer's *Reminiscences* were bought. Just as daintily would he recommend a book to the willing buyer. "One of the prettiest counties in the whole country, sir," he said, as his boy distributed specimens of a work on Hertfordshire. "A rather instructive little book" was his luminous estimate of a history of the Garrick Club. It seemed to me that it was a sale of "remainders," but he defied us to find the word in the Catalogue or on its cover. Many of the books, however, were new copyright works, and some bore this year's date. They went at a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth of their published prices, in batches of 5, 10, 20, 30, and 50. They melted like snow. I thought of the pains of authorship, and as I left the sale-room I heard that smooth, untiring voice. I had not thought that books, which take so long to write, could be so sold, so fast or for so little. Even — takes three weeks to write a book, but this gentleman sells them off at the rate of thirty in four seconds.

LIFE is a game of whist. From unseen sources
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt ;
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled ;
But still I like the game and want to play.
Thus through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
Play what I get until the break of day.

By Eugene Ware. "The Whist Reference Book."

An Ode to Old Chronicles.

THE door of the editorial office opened and a very thin man with a very bright and cheerful face entered.

He laid a manuscript upon the table, saying: "I have just been reading Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass.' They have made me happy, because I have wanted for years to write a poem, and the rhymes and metres have tangled me. But I see now that rhyme and metre are the fifth and sixth wheels to a waggon. I have therefore thrown them away and cut loose. Here is my poem: "

I sing a song to the old "Chronics," for I am an old "Chronic" myself.

For sixty years I have had the dyspepsia and have had it bad!

I cannot eat pate-de-foie-gras. I cannot eat Welsh rarebit at ten o'clock at night. I cannot eat plum puddings and mince pies and boiled cabbage at all.

And what is worse I cannot even eat beefsteak and potatoes, brown bread and oat meal, without having cramps and swelling up like a balloon.

I cannot sleep well at night, but have to get up and walk around the house even when it is cold and the furnace fire is banked up and the draughts turned off.

Oh, I know what it is, the whole of it, from top to bottom, up and down, and all the way round. But what of it? It can't be helped, and what is the mortal use of going around like a "kill-joy"?

Come now, old "Chronics," wherever you are, in America, in England, in France, in Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Africa, Turkey, India, China, Russia, Japan and islands of the sea, cheer up!

Come now, I throw out my big bass voice to you!

I speak to you without regard to age or sex, for all are alike to me, old folks and children, men and women. I care not whether you are black or white or red or yellow or green or blue (the bluer the better for my purpose).

I care not what ails you!

Maybe you are a poor old rheumatic with stiff joints and muscles all drawn up into sailor's knots. Maybe you have got the gout, and not from any fault of your own, but from some roystering old ancestor who thought more of his palate than of his posterity.

Maybe it is the consumption and you are slowly coughing up all your bright red blood and going down to the grave in racking pain while all your young friends—your childhood companions—are sweeping onward in all the ecstasy of life to seize its prizes.

Are you lame, dumb, paralytic, neuralgic, knock-kneed, bow-legged, freckled, near-sighted—do you have to carry a big ear-trumpet or hire a boy or a little dog to lead you?

Are you hump-backed, have you rickets, erysipelas, or are you stupid and dull and unlucky?

Which one of all earth's thousand ills that seize upon men and hang to them and won't let go until the grave loosens their grip—which one, I say, holds you?

No matter.

Be brave. Be cheerful. Look up. Go forward! Grin and bear it! Don't kick!

Show the strong how the weak can bear their burdens! Make cowards and whiners ashamed of themselves when they see *you*! Show all classes and conditions that the old "Chronics" may die, but will never surrender!

Remember that the great Comerado waits on the shore on the further side of the river of the death—He the Sufferer—and looks for the men who have come up out of great tribulations.

When he had finished, the burly old editor tapped his forehead and winked at his assistant. But when the "copy" was placed in *his* hands, the old printer smiled and said softly to himself in a harsh asthmatic voice (speaking with great difficulty): "Whoever he is, 'he has been there!'" And he braced up and set type with new courage.

Charles F. Goss in "The Conservator."

Correspondence.

Sydney Smith and the Tortoise.

SIR,—With regard to the tortoise story claimed by Sir Frederick Pollock (the child being, as he says, his brother George [?]) I can only refer you to the account given by my mother, Lady Holland, in her memoir of my grandfather, the Rev. Sydney Smith (p. 320):

We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking the shell.

"Why are you doing that, B—?" said my father.

"Oh! to please the turtle."

"Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter!"

Thus Sydney Smith's daughter acknowledges the authenticity of the story, and seems to have been present in person on the occasion. Only the tortoise appears to have been a turtle, and the child's name began with a B. Possibly, therefore—as history often repeats itself—both turtle and tortoise tale may be true, my grandfather being the author of one, and Sir Frederick of the other.—I am, &c.,
CAROLINE HOLLAND.

72, Brook-street, W.: March 13.

[Miss Holland refers to this passage in Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's *Notes from an Indian Diary*, quoted in our review: "The Breakfast Club met at Henry Cowper's. [Sir Frederick] Pollock told us that it was he, and not Sydney Smith, who said to the child who was patting the tortoise, 'You might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's by way of pleasing the Dean and Chapter.' Pollock first put about the story under the name of his father, the Lord Chief Baron; but it was really his own. The child was his brother George."—ED. ACAD. MY.]

Green's "Short History."

SIR,—I was surprised on reading the letter of "T. H. G." to find that anyone should question the accuracy of Green's account of the scene in the death-chamber of Charles II. Your correspondent is himself in error in stating that only two bishops were in attendance on the dying king, for we are told by Evelyn that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, Ely, and Bath and Wells watched by his bedside in turn.

The "blessing" incident is described very fully by Dr. Lingard, who, as usual, is liberal in his citation of authorities. To my mind the matter is interesting as an illustration of how a statement accepted by general consent may owe its significance to the spirit in which it is reported. Bishop Burnett, with an unmistakable allusion to the frailties of Charles, seems to chuckle at the idea of these bishops and courtiers claiming the king as their "common father"—in the sense that the King of Yvetot was called the father of all his land—and beseeching the paternal blessing.

As described by Lingard, the scene is an impressive one. The Duke of York knelt by the bedside and kissed the king's hand. Not once did Charles mention Monmouth,

"but he sent for his other illegitimate sons, recommended them to James, and drawing each by the hand successively gave them his blessing. At this sight one of the prelates observed that the king, the Lord's anointed, was the common father of all his subjects; everyone present instantly threw himself on his knees, and Charles, being raised up, pronounced a blessing over them."

Dr. Green, while despising the inuendo of Burnett's account, is unmoved by the almost sacred scene pictured by Lingard, and very properly represents the whole thing as a piece of ghastly mummery. As to who were the kneeling persons, the language employed by Dr. Lingard should convince "T. H. G." that there could be no such reservation about the blessing as he conceives. We may assume that, in addition to those mentioned, the Earls of Bath and Feversham were present, besides the bishops, physicians, and attendants who had been readmitted on the departure of Huddleston, the confessor.—I am, &c.,

F. B.

Baldovan, N.B.

Peel and Tennyson.

SIR,—In your issue of March 4 one can read, on p. 273, your contributor's comments upon the "Peel Papers" and his (Peel's) treatment of Tennyson in the matter of a pension. In remarking upon Mr. Gladstone's letter (which was written in answer to one from "Sir Robert" asking for a "character" of Tennyson), your contributor writes: "which came as follows, and which, one must remember, was penned after Tennyson had written what is now generally admitted to be his finest poetry."

As these remarks apply to the year 1845, and Tennyson did not publish "The Princess" until 1847, "In Memoriam," 1850, "Maud," 1855, "Idylls of the King," 1859—unless he had written all these previous to 1845, surely it cannot be a safe assertion to make, "after Tennyson had written what is now generally admitted to be his finest poetry."—I am, &c.,

T. EDWARDS-JONES.

Garden Villas, Ipswich.

An Explanation.

SIR,—I have been asked by Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson to explain that a volume of collected pieces published by me last autumn under the title of "*Huntingrop Hall, and other Stories*," by Alfred E. T. Watson and other Sporting Writers, and lettered outside "*Hunting Crop Hall. A. E. T. Watson*," was not prepared nor edited by that gentleman, and that he had nothing to do with the publication.

The two stories by Mr. Watson included in the volume were republished from *London Society* of 1872 by arrangement made by me with Mr. James Hogg, the proprietor of the copyrights, and not by permission of Mr. Watson, the writer of the stories.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE REDWAY.

"The Forest Lovers."

SIR,—In your issue of February 11 we read a note on page 175, in which you say, "It is a little odd that *The Forest Lovers* seems to have met with no popularity across the Atlantic." As the ACADEMY, deservedly, is read very widely in the United States, we feel sure that you would like to know the facts of the case, which are, that throughout last summer and autumn *The Forest Lovers* was one of the best selling books of the year, and is still having a large sale. It is now in its seventh large edition.—I am, &c.,

New York.

WM. S. BOOTH,

For the Macmillan Company.

Epigrams.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a review of a work of mine—*Short Poems* (Kegan Paul)—in your issue of February 18. I have no intention of dealing with your critic's estimate of my book as a whole. I only want to say that he appears to have misconceived my ideas of the epigram as a poetical form. He says that my epigrams are not very epigrammatic. Are all those of Martial or Landor "very epigrammatic"? An epigram may be a perfectly grave poem, devoid of pungency or wit; such, for instance, as that of Landor, beginning "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife." Here, for instance, is a specimen of my own, newly written:

ON MR. KIPLING'S ILLNESS.

Rudyard, we love thee: nay, you must not go;
And more we love thee, since you suffer so;
You that have spells to make us laugh or cry,
Whilst yet you live, we wish that Death would die.

Here there is no pungency; yet I claim that this is an epigram, just as Wolcot's quatrain "To Sleep" is an epigram. If your critic will bear in mind Mr. Watson's "Note on Epigrams," he will better understand my notion of this poetical form.—I am, &c.,

JOHN OTTWELL.

[There are, of course, epigrams and epigrams. When our reviewer said that Mr. Ottwell's examples were not very epigrammatic, he meant what he said, for though an epigram is a short poem a short poem is not necessarily an epigram. Mr. Ottwell does not prove him wrong by the perfectly accurate statement that an epigram need not be pungent or witty, nor by the not very epigrammatic specimen he here adduces.—ED. ACADEMY.]

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 23.

WE printed last week several columns of publishers' announcements; and on our Prize Competition page we asked our readers to select from those columns the twelve best books. A collation of the ninety-eight lists sent in shows that in the opinion of our readers the following are, in their order of merit, the twelve best books belonging to the spring season, the number of votes each has obtained being placed after it:

The Browning Letters. (Smith, Elder.)	66
Omar Khayyam. "Golden Treasury Series." (Macmillan.)	52
The Life of Tennyson. (Macmillan.)	48
The Life of Borrow. (Murray.)	39
Imitation of Christ. (Kegan Paul.)	33
The Life of William Morris. (Longmans.)	32
White's Selborne. (Lane.)	32
Vanity Fair. (Methuen.)	32
The Life of Millais. (Methuen.)	29
Pride and Prejudice. (Methuen.)	27
Mr. Hewlett's Forest Lovers. (Macmillan.)	27
Pickwick Papers. (Methuen.)	22

And these are the second twelve:

Jowett's Letters. (Murray.)	21
The Life of Gladstone. (Cassell.)	20
Tennyson's Poems. Sixpenny Edition. (Macmillan.)	20
Carlyle's Past and Present. (Dent.)	17
Herford's Shakespeare. (Macmillan.)	15
Alfred the Great. (Black.)	12
H. G. Wells's When the Sleeper Wakes. (Harpers.)	12
Mr. Dooley. (Grant Richards.)	10
The Etchingham Letters. (Smith, Elder.)	10
Trevelyan's American Revolution. (Longmans.)	9
Kinglake's Eothen. (Methuen.)	9
Green's Conquest of England. (Macmillan.)	7

These figures are very interesting. The absence of new fiction—represented only by *The Forest Lovers* and *When the Sleeper Wakes*—is striking, and we have yet another proof of how large an audience an interesting biography will always command. The inclusion of *Vanity Fair*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Past and Present*, indicates the affection that people entertain for small editions, all three being in pocket form. The presence of *Pickwick* is another sign, if another were needed, that Dickens still holds his own. Finally, we would remark that the *Life of Danton* was

THE 12 BEST BOOKS OF THE SPRING.

A collation of replies to last week's Prize Competition (see page 340 of this issue) gives the following as the 12 best books of the Spring Season.

PRICE.		VOTES.
21/-	SMITH, ELDER & CO. THE LETTERS of ROBERT BROWNING and ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT, <small>2 vols. Second Edition ready.</small>	66
2/6 net.	MACMILLAN & CO., LTD. THE RUBAIYAT of OMAR KHAYYAM. <small>Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. "Golden Treasury" Series.</small>	52
10/6	MACMILLAN & CO., LTD. ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: A MEMOIR. By his Son. <small>With Portrait. 1 vol. Edition.</small>	48
36/-	JOHN MURRAY. THE LIFE and WRITINGS of GEORGE BORROW. <small>By Prof. KNAPP. 2 vols.</small>	39
15/- net.	KEGAN PAUL & CO. THE IMITATION of CHRIST. <small>Illustrated with a Frontispiece to each book, Title-Page, and Cover Design by L. HOUSMAN. Edition de luxe. Narrow demy.</small>	33
32/-	LONGMANS & CO. <small>Will be Ready Early in April.</small> THE LIFE of WILLIAM MORRIS. <small>By J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College. With 6 Photogravure Portraits and 15 Illustrations by E. H. New, &c. 2 vols., 8vo.</small>	32
1/6 net per Part.	JOHN LANE. THE NATURAL HISTORY of SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. <small>Over 200 Illustrations by E. H. New. Edited by Grant Allen. 12 Parts.</small>	32
2/-	METHUEN & CO. VANITY FAIR. By W. M. Thackeray. <small>"Little Library" Edition.</small>	32
32/- net.	METHUEN & CO. THE LIFE of SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. By his Son.	29
2/-	METHUEN & CO. PRIDE and PREJUDICE. By Jane Austen. <small>"Little Library" Edition.</small>	27
6 ^d .	MACMILLAN & CO., LTD. THE FOREST LOVERS. By Maurice Hewlett. <small>Sixpenny Edition.</small>	27
3/-	METHUEN & CO. THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens. <small>Preface by George Gissing. Pictures by E. H. New.</small>	22

many times mentioned in the lists, but the circumstances that two lives of Danton belong to the spring season, and the author was frequently not specified, exclude the book from the first four-and-twenty. Certain competitors included books not to be found in last week's ACADEMY at all.

No one named the first twelve complete, but Mr. Thomas Fleming, care of Mrs. Fraser, 25, Bruntsfield-avenue, Edinburgh, has supplied nine of them, and to him, therefore, a cheque for a guinea has been posted. His remaining three books were *Jowett's Letters*, which comes thirteenth in the voting, Prof. Herford's edition of *Shakespeare*, which comes seventeenth, and the *Life of Müller*.

Replies received from:—T. L. H., Dolgellay; E. C. M. D., Crediton; A. T. G., London; T. S. E., Sheffield; S. D. A. W., Tiverton; H. S. U., Chelsfield; F. A., Leeds; A. S., Carlisle; C. B. D., Bridgewater; W. P., Liverpool; A. M., Glasgow; A. G., Reigate; H. J., London; P. R. W., Tavistock; G. R., Aberdeen; A. E. B., London; E. M., Glasgow; M. L. P., Wilton; R. H., Aston Manor; F. G. C., Hull; E. C. A., Norwich; D. D. C., Edinburgh; J. T. A., Ireland; W. F. C., London; C., Bedford; A. R. S., Stratford; J. L. P., London; L. M. S., Weston-super-Mare; A. C., Edinburgh; M. A., Sale; C. J. C., Cardiff; M. E. H., Bradford; E. A., Belper; E. B., London; J. G., London; "B.", Cambridge; S. J. B., Waltham Cross; H. T., Epsom; A. W. P., Londonderry; J. J. P., Oswestry; J. G., Bridlington Quay; H. B. F., London; W. J. H., Worcester; W. F., Birmingham; A. R. B., Malvern; W., Oxford; T. E. O., Brighton; E. F. F., Didcot; A. R., London; A. H. C., Lee; G. E. M., London; G. B., Beckenham; W. M., York; H. L. R., Cardiff; C. E. D., London; H. H. J. F., Sutton; W. P. W., Caterham; J. W. G., London; M. H., Derby; H. T. H., Newbury; E. H. C., Abergyle; C. F. K., Eccles; H. H. R., London; M. S., London; J. C., London; A. B., Cardiff; W. H. G., London; J., Whitby; S. D., London; B. L. K. B., London; L. E. J., Ipswich; W. R., Leytonstone; L. R. G. W., Richmond; R. H., Addiscombe; S., Marple; E. M. C., London; L. F. M., London; A. M. C., Bristol; R. G. M., Glasgow; F. B., Dorking; W. H. D., Olton; C. S., Brighton; W. S., Glasgow; W. D., Andover; J. S., London; T. C., Buxted; W. D., Edinburgh; D. O. M., Edinburgh; G. M., London; A. E. L., Stafford; W. F. K., Dublin; J. F. O., London; P. B. M. W., Cardiff; R. F., Belfast; J. L. M., Edinburgh; and two others—the name of one of which is missing and the other is by request not printed.

Competition No. 24.

A publishing firm is just now preparing a new series of literary monographs of English writers. The programme, as at present announced, includes only one woman writer—George Eliot. Mr. W. P. James, in commenting in the *St. James's Gazette* upon this circumstance, suggests that the readers of the ACADEMY should be called upon to draw up a list of women writers that deserve inclusion, together with the critics best fitted to deal with them. We take the hint, and offer a prize of one guinea to the best list of six monographs on the lines of those in the "English Men of Letters Series," the subject of each being an English woman writer of this century (exclusive of George Eliot, who is already arranged for), and the monographer a living English author, either man or woman. In this instance the decision will be made by the ACADEMY, and not by popular suffrage.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 21. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 344, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, March 16.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Palmer (J.), *The Gospel Problems and their Solution* (Allenson)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Trevelyan (S. M.), *England in the Age of Wycliffe* (Longmans) 15/0

Palgrave (G. F.), *Francis Turner Palgrave: his Journals and Memories of his Life* (Longmans) 10/6

Beesly (A. H.), *Life of Danton* (Longmans) 12/6

Pinvert (L.), *Jacques Grévin: Etude Biographique et Littéraire* (Fontemoigne, Paris) 12 fr.

Craddock (C. E.), *The Story of Old Fort London* (Macmillan) 6/0

Knapp (W. L.), *Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow* 2 vols. (Murray) 32/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Monrey (G.), *Les Arts de la Vie et la Règne de la Laideur* (Ollendorff)

Texte (J.), *Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature*, translated by J. W. Matthews (Duckworth) 7/6

Powys (J. C.), *Poems* (Rider & Son) 5/0

Real (R.), *Poems*. Edited by R. J. Binton (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) 10/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Ellis (B.), *An English Girl's First Impressions of Burmah* (Simpkin)
Johnstone (J.), *China and its Future* (Stock)
David (Mrs. E.), *Funafuti, or Three Months on a Coral Island: an Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition* (Murray) 12/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Mark (H. T.), *An Outline of the History of Educational Theories in England* (Sonnenschein) 3/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mortimer (G.), *Chapters on Human Love* (Univ. Press, Ltd.) 10/0

Singes (G. A.), *Judicial Scandals and Errors: I., Press Censorship and Compromise* (Univ. Press, Ltd.) 1/0

Wright (C. T. H.), *London Library: Shelf Classification List, 1899* (London Library) 1/0

Herford (C. H.), *"Eversley" Shakespeare, Vol. II.* (Macmillan) 5/0

Butler (W. M.), *The Whist Reference Book* (John C. Yorston Publishing Co.) 6

Blatchford (A. N.), *Idylls of Old Greece* (Arrow-smith) 2/6

Thornhill (M.), *Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official* (Murray) 6/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Browning (E. B.), *Aurora Leigh* (Scott) 2/0

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord), *Poems, including "In Memoriam"* (Macmillan) 7/6

Reynolds-Ball (E. A.), *Mediterranean Winter Resorts* (Kegan Paul) 6/0

Braid (J.), *Neurypnology; or, the Rationale of Nervous Sleep*. Edited by A. E. Waite (Reidway) net 10/6

Ironquill, *Rhymes* (Reidway) net 7/0

Sheldon (C. M.), *The Redemption of Freetown* (Sunday School Union) 1/0

Follock (Sir F.), *Spinoza: his Life and Philosophy* (Duckworth) net 8/0

Austen (Jaue), *Catherine Morland* (Editions de la Revue Blanche, Paris) 3 fr. 50 c.

Carey (R. N.), *Sir Godfrey's Grand-Daughter* (Macmillan) 3/6

Announcements.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish immediately a new novel, entitled *Rachel*, by Miss Jane H. Findlater, author of *The Green Graves of Balgownie*.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS are about to publish a volume on *Holland and the Hollanders*, by Mr. David S. Meldrum. The work contains over eighty illustrations, chiefly from paintings and drawings by the leading Dutch artists.

MR. JOHN LONG published on Thursday, 16th inst., simultaneously in London and New York, Mrs. Lovett Cameron's new novel, *A Fair Fraud*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish early next month Max Pemberton's new novel, *The Garden of Swords: a Story of the Siege of Strasburg*. Messrs. Cassell & Co. will also publish early in April *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*, edited by Sir Wemyss Reid, complete in one volume.

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, the author of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, has completed a new novel, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. are publishing this month. Its title is *A Double Thread*, and it deals partly with London society life and partly with upper middle-class provincial life.

The Academy.

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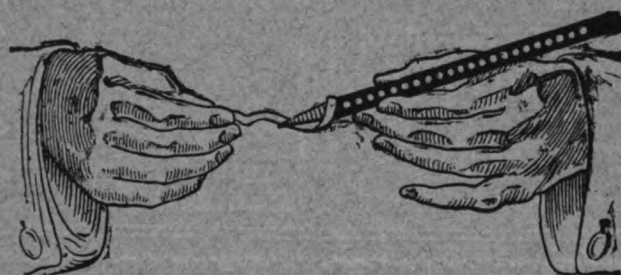
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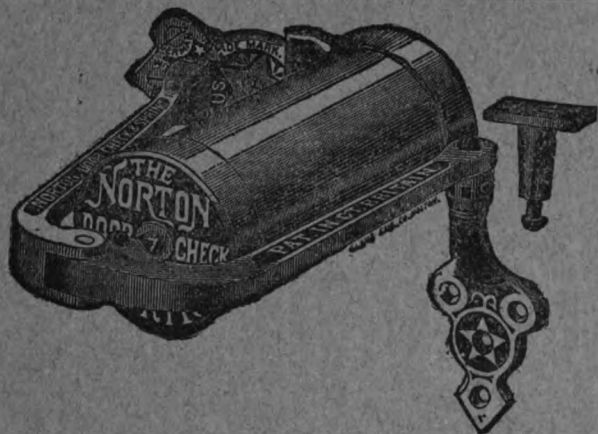
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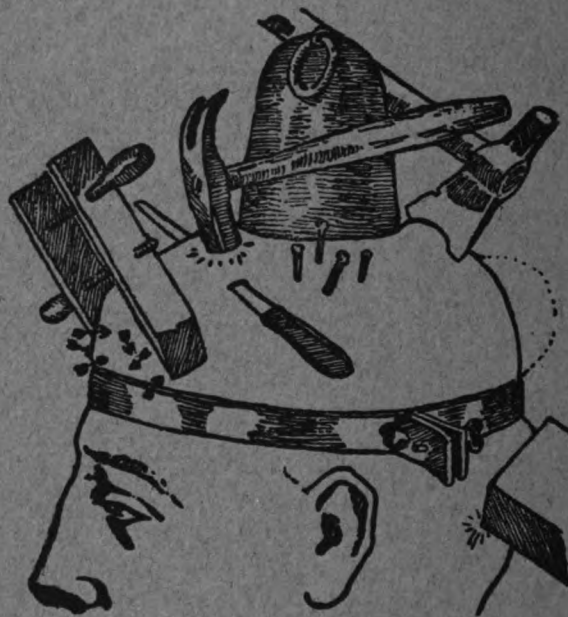
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THE first message to the outside world given by Mr. Kipling consisted of the word "Yes." It was his reply to a cablegram asking if he would join the committee of the William Black Memorial Fund. Already over a hundred pounds have been subscribed to this object, mainly by personal friends. It is hoped that £2,000 may eventually be raised. Meanwhile, as a glance at our Prize Competition page will show, there is some indecision about the most suitable form the memorial should take. The original project for a lifeboat is the most favoured.

A COMMITTEE has been formed, of which Mr. Sidney Lee and Mr. Thomas Seccombe are joint Honorary Secretaries, for the purpose of presenting Dr. Garnett with his portrait on the occasion of his retirement from the British Museum. Subscriptions will be received by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. H. Huth, Bolney House, Ennismoregardens, S.W. Dr. Garnett may have expressed a wish that the memorial should take the form of a portrait. We do not know. But we cannot but feel that there are better ways of signalling honourable public service.

THE scuffle and competition of sixpenny and threepenny magazines is, as we have already stated, to be relieved by the production of an expensive splendour in the way of magazine literature, under the editorship of Lady Randolph Churchill. It will cost a physician's fee—one guinea, net, quarterly. Each volume of the *Anglo-Saxon*, as it will be called, will contain 250 pages, in which everything (the prospectus informs us) that is sumptuous in type, paper, and illustration, everything that is learned and exquisite in Science and Art, everything that is exclusive in Politics and Family History, everything that is gay and enviable in Fashions and Amusements, will confront the reader. The very binding will assume varied historical and original designs, each the subject of a "note" by Mr. Cyril Davenport. The names of annual subscribers will be printed in each number.

THE death of Dr. A. B. Grosart removes a most industrious and enthusiastic student of English letters. He was by profession a Presbyterian minister at Blackburn, but his life-work was the editing of a long series of reprints of the neglected sixteenth and seventeenth century writers. The Huth Library, with Greene, Nash, Dekker and Gabriel Harvey; the Fuller's Worthies' Library, with Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw and others; and the Chertsey Worthies' Library by no means complete the list. Some of these editions have since been superseded; others, printed

by subscription in exceedingly limited numbers, are nearly as difficult to procure as the originals. Unfortunately, for all his zeal and devotion, Dr. Grosart was by no means a model editor. Valuable as his publications are for the biographical and illustrative matter which he spared no pains in hunting up, they are mostly of little use to the scholar. He was extremely inaccurate and very imperfectly equipped as a critic of literature. At the same time his devotion to the chaotic contemporary spelling and punctuation shut off his work from anything like a popular success.

THE last thing that Dr. Grosart wrote was an article in a recent number of *Englische Studien*, in which he described a number of "literary finds" unearthed from manuscripts at Trinity College, Dublin, and elsewhere. Some years ago he issued proposals for publishing a volume of this material, which was to include the poems of Aurelian Townsend and William Strode of Christ Church. It would be a pity if the scheme should altogether lapse. It is to be feared that his death also leaves his sumptuous library edition of Spenser still shorn of its last volume, for which subscribers have waited many years in vain. Dr. Grosart was a kindly man, ever ready to give and receive literary help. For all the defects of his work, lovers of English poetry owe him much.

DR. KNAPP, in his biography of George Borrow, which we review elsewhere, regrets that, whereas the Bible Society's letters to Borrow exist, Borrow's letters to the Bible Society are lost. This is, however, not the case; for the secretary has now announced that most of them have been found. In the next edition of Dr. Knapp's work they will, we trust, be printed.

MISS FIONA MACLEOD's new book will be published in the spring under the title, *The Dominion of Dreams*. It will be akin in nature to her *Washer of the Ford*, and will be divided into three sections: tales, legendary and other, with a modern setting; narratives, mainly psychological; and tales with a pagan or old Celtic setting.

THE second volume of Sir William W. Hunter's *History of British India* will be published in connexion with the Centenary of the founding of the East India Company in the latter half of 1900.

THE distribution of books through unorthodox channels tends to develop. The merry newsvendor whose pitch is at the top of Chancery-lane has added cloth bound sixpenny novels to his pavement display. Soon we shall be called a nation of booksellers.

A copy of the *Stevenson Medley* lies before us. This volume, which consists of certain literary odds and ends of R. L. S., was first put together as the bonus volume of the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson, and presented to subscribers to that set. It was afterwards republished in an edition of 300 copies and ballotted for, no price being fixed, but ten guineas being required for five copies, the smallest number any one could have. The book contains as frontispiece a photograph of Stevenson taken in 1885 by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. On the title-page is the printer's mark of the Davos Press. The contents are: A prefatory note by Mr. Colvin, "The Charity Bazaar," "The Light Keeper" (two poems), "On the New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," "Reflections and Remarks on Human Life," and a number of facsimiles of the Davos Press booklets and leaflets, very cleverly inserted by a binder's device. The volume is issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Some day it will be priceless.

THE story of some of the telegrams which were sent from persons of note to Mr. Kipling, and printed in the papers, is told by C. K. S. in the *Illustrated London News*. "Now, however," says he, "everything is explained, and the explanation excuses an otherwise jarring note in the sympathy called forth by the illness of one of our most distinguished writers. It was an enterprising New York Sunday paper that rained down prepaid cablegrams upon these numerous ladies and gentlemen. They could scarcely do otherwise than answer them, and one or two may be excused if, in the hurry of answering, they sent messages that were not in the very best taste."

MR. HENLEY's literary causerie has not yet begun in the *Pall Mall Magazine*; but in the April number Mr. G. S. Street, who is also to supply a monthly dissertation—on men and things—makes his bow. "From a London Attic" is his title; but that is only Mr. Street's amusing way. No one would be less comfortable in an attic than himself. Beginnings are always difficult, and therefore Mr. Street must not be judged too hardly; but his first instalment is truly rather thin. His illustrator is Mr. S. H. Sime, who grows steadily stronger. In these thumbnail drawings there is a remarkable fancy at work; but in illustrations to a story called "The King's Taster," elsewhere in the same number, Mr. Sime proves himself a fine imaginative draughtsman.

THE instructions to critics and spectators, printed on the programme of Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," which has just been acted for copyright purposes, are amusing. Thus: "The play follows history as closely as stage exigencies permit. Critics should consult Manetho and the Egyptian Monuments, Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo (Book 17), Plutarch, Pomponius Mela, Pliny, Tacitus, Appian of Alexandria, and, perhaps, Ammianus Marcellinus. Ordinary spectators, if unfamiliar with the ancient tongues, may refer to Mommsen, Warde-Fowler, Mr. St. George Stock's Introduction to the 1898 Clarendon Press edition of Cæsar's *Gallie Wars*, and Murray's *Handbook for Egypt*. Many of these authorities have consulted their imaginations, more or less. The

author has done the same." In the caste the age of Cæsar is given as fifty-four and of Cleopatra sixteen.

A LITTLE while ago we gave a list of some of the English words which are now in constant use in France. The contra account has again been drawn up by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, after its annual custom, and we find that in 1898 only on 95 days out of the 313 have the *Times'* leaders been free from French and other alien phrases. Altogether, 255 different foreign expressions have been used by the *Times'* leader-writers during the year, *chose jugée* figuring 31 times, *dossier* 14 times, *Ausgleich* 18 times, *communiqué* 6 times, *hinterland* 23 times, *régime* 14 times, *status* 7 times, *status quo* 9 times, *personnel* 6 times, *bordereau* 27 times, and *likin* 14 times. It will be seen that the Dreyfus Case is much to blame.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, who is now in England, recently tried an interesting experiment. He sent letters to America by Boy Messenger instead of by post, in order to—well, to win a bet. The boy engaged was one Jagers, a sharp lad whom Mr. Davis had reason to trust. When asked, he expressed no surprise—Chiswick or Chicago, Bloomsbury or Boston, it was all one to him—and said he would be ready when Mr. Davis was. He is now on his return journey. In New York Jagers was *fêted*, and his printed opinion is that that city is "all right," but there should be better tea in it. Mr. Davis's books, he said, have hitherto been neglected in London, but probably "will be read now." "Now" is good. Jagers suggests Gallagher, one of Mr. Davis's best characters, not only by name and age, but also by shrewdness.

A LITTLE collection of the *Letters of Samuel Rutherford* has just been published. To this we shall return again, but here we quote the following testimony of an English merchant to the preachers of St. Andrews two hundred and fifty years ago: "I came to Irvine, and heard a well-favoured, proper old man [David Dickson], with a long beard, and that man showed me all my heart. Then I went to St. Andrews, where I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man [R. Blair], and he showed me the majesty of God. After him I heard a little fair man [Rutherford], and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." English merchants do not write like that now.

THE story of how Mr. Anthony Hope's successful play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," came to be staged at all is told in the New York *Bookman*: "One day during his visit to America over a year ago, Anthony Hope was combating an argument with Mr. R. H. Russell, the New York publisher, that he had a knack for the stage. Mr. Russell was trying to persuade him to dramatise *Rupert of Hentzau* himself, instead of putting it into the hands of a playwright. Just to convince Mr. Russell that he was mistaken, Anthony Hope said he would hunt up 'a sad little thing,' that he had attempted and in disgust had buried in the bottom of his trunk. 'The Adventure of the Lady Ursula' was put in rehearsal the next day." The rest everyone knows.

UNDER the title *Catherine Morland* a French translation of Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey* has just been published. The translator is M. Félix Fénélon.

IN a recent prize competition originated by *La Lecture* (Geneva), a journal for librarians, the winning list of "thirty-three novels suitable for a boy's library" contained the names of twelve British and American authors. They are represented by Scott (twice), Swift, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Stowe, Dean Farrar, Mrs. Wood, Miss Alcott, Mayne Reid, Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Burnett, and Miss Montgomery. It seems strange to find Stevenson unrepresented; and, among living authors, Mr. Henty.

THE first chapters of Tolstoy's new novel, *Resurrection*, will begin to appear next Saturday, the 25th, in French, German, American, and English papers simultaneously. The first rights of publication in this country have been granted to the *Clarion*.

A YEAR or so ago, our readers will perhaps remember, a firm of photographers, wishing to include Walter Savage Landor in a series of eminent authors, asked us to forward a letter from them to him asking for a sitting. And now the *Chronicle* states that a well-known firm or London music publishers received a few days ago a letter, from the organist of a church in New London, Connecticut preferring the following request: "Would you kindly inform me how a letter will reach Mr. Ben Jonson, author of song words, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'?"

A NEW series of Mr. Dooley's utterances is in preparation in America. The title will be *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*. Meanwhile, *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War* is, in America, in its fortieth thousand.

THE readers of *Literature* in America have been playing the Academy game, with the result that of the thirty-three Immortals already decided upon Mr. W. D. Howells comes out first, and Prof. Fiske and Mark Twain are bracketed for second place. This is the list, though not perhaps in its final form:

W. D. Howells.	Margaret Deland.
John Fiske.	Paul Leicester Ford.
Mark Twain.	Capt. A. T. Mahan.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.	James Whitcomb Riley.
Charles Dudley Warner.	Edmund Clarence Stedman.
Bret Harte.	Henry Cabot Lodge.
S. Weir Mitchell.	Richard Watson Gilder.
Henry James.	Henry M. Alden.
George W. Cable.	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward.
John Burroughs.	Richard Harding Davis.
Henry Van Dyke.	Henry B. Fuller.
Frank B. Stockton.	Mrs. Annie T. Slosson.
Donald G. Mitchell.	Joel Chandler Harris.
Richard Henry Stoddard.	John C. Van Dyck.
Bronson Howard.	Henry E. Krehbiel.
Bliss Carman.	Lafcadio Hearn.

Owen Wister.

There are several notable omissions from the above list which will probably strike readers at once. But that is a peculiarity of the Academy game.

"THE Art of William Morris" will form the subject of the Easter Number of the *Art Journal*. The monograph will be written by Mr. Lewis F. Day, and illustrated by fifty designs and other works, among them examples of stained glass, tapestries, carpets, silks, curtain fabrics, chintzes, wall-papers, tiles, embroideries, and decorations.

THE dedication of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel, *A Double Thread*, runs thus:

If, in the circle of my friends, there be
One who will take this volume, writ by me,
And not on all its imperfections look,
But rather see the pathos and the wit
Which I have tried, yet failed, to put in it—
To her (or him) I dedicate my book.

It is an odd coincidence that so unusual a name as Mesurier should be found in two novels in one week—Miss Fowler's *A Double Thread* and Mr. Le Gallienne's *Young Lives*.

WE said something last week about the case for the writers of introductions to standard books, as against superfine critics who deprecate the practice. In Mr. Austin Dobson's introduction to one of Miss Austen's novels, in Messrs. Macmillan's edition, he states the situation very clearly and well. Thus:

One of the curiosities of modern criticism is a marked impatience of new prefaces to old books. Considered from one side only, the objection is intelligible. To the critic who can do without it, an introduction has no value; and if, in addition, it is inept and uninspired, he is fully justified in complaining that its lifeless bulk should be obtruded between the work and his nobility. But, on the other hand, assuming it to be capable and instructed, it is surely a mistake to conclude because one exceptionally-gifted reader finds it superfluous that it is not required by other people. The theory of its uselessness can only be supported by supposing that everyone comes to a fresh reprint of a classic as well equipped as some particular critic—in other words, that all the world is so familiar with every existing introduction to the masterpiece concerned as to make any additional "preliminary matter" a mere impertinence. This is a palpable error; and it may be doubted whether even critical omniscience would claim so much. The truth is, that such a book—unless bought solely for some accidental difference, as *format*, illustrations, type, or paper—nearly always comes into the hands of a large percentage of its public for the first time, and any preface which it contains is as new to its new readers as if the volume had never before had its literary gentleman usher.

But the literary gentleman usher must, of course, do his work well—that is understood.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Birmingham Gazette* writes, *apropos* of our article on Dr. Sebastian Evans last week: "Your pleasant notice of Dr. Sebastian Evans and the notice in the ACADEMY mention his literary work as dating from 1865. May I mention that in 1852 a series of twelve sonnets on the Duke of Wellington were published and much admired at Cambridge? In Dr. Hart's *Life and*

Letters we find: 'A man named Evans has published a more than respectable set of sonnets on the Duke's death.'

Bibliographical.

I WONDER whether the performance at St. George's Hall on Monday evening has caused any special demand for copies of Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, "Lochrine"? The work, published originally in 1887, reached a second edition in 1896, after rather a long interval. When will the third come? I am inclined to believe that Mr. Swinburne is a little-bought poet, and that this is so, largely, if not mainly, because his books are issued and maintained at such (comparatively) high prices. People cannot afford such sums nowadays. I would suggest that Mr. Swinburne should sanction the publication of a much cheaper edition of his works, both in prose and in verse. Those works are numerous and make a library in themselves. The verse, I am sure, would (except, perhaps, in the case of the bulkier tragedies, such as "Bothwell") sell much better at a low price than it does now at a high. Why not try the experiment with the lyrical volumes, at any rate?

The claim made by Sir Frederick Pollock (in a passage quoted by Sir M. Grant-Duff in his *Notes from a Diary*) to the joke about "stroking the dome of St. Paul's by way of pleasing the Dean and Chapter," raises a curious point in chronology. Lady Holland's *Life of her father*, in which the joke (as we all remember) is ascribed to Sydney Smith, was first published in 1855. Now, as Sir F. Pollock was born (according to *Who's Who*) in 1845, it is clear that he must have uttered the witticism before he was ten years old, or else how could it have got into Lady Holland's book? Moreover, it must have achieved a wide circulation, or it could not have come to be attributed so soon to Sydney Smith. We can reconcile the two-fold origin of the *mot* only by assuming that Sydney Smith made it first and Sir F. Pollock (quite independently, of course) afterwards.

Most of us, I think, must have been surprised when, reading of the death of Dr. Grosart, we read also that he was then only a few years over sixty. He had done such an immense amount of solid (though not always fruitful) work that we had thought of him, I fancy, as older than he was. What a typical Dryasdust! yet how enthusiastic, how laborious! The serious student of English literature must needs be grateful to him for his many careful reprints. Yet to how many English people was he known even by name? Mr. Andrew Lang once wrote a *ballade* with the refrain, "I am not in *Men of the Time*." It is significant of much that there is no mention of Dr. Grosart in *Who's Who*.

Permit me to supply a brief supplement to the account of Dr. Sebastian Evans's literary career which appeared in last week's ACADEMY. On at least one occasion Dr. Evans sought fame as a dramatist. That was when he prepared an adaptation of Pailleron's "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*," and brought it out at first at Bournemouth and afterwards at the Gaiety, London, under the title of "*Culture*." This was in 1884-85. At the Gaiety, I regret to add, the play (in which Dr. Evans had collaborated

with Mr. Frank Evans) was not a success—a result partly due, I have always thought, to the inadequacy of the representation.

The world knows next to nothing of its greatest women. Here is a Miss (or Mrs.) Anna Sewell who has written a book which has been sold by the thousands of thousands; and yet I, who call myself, forsooth, a bookman, have never read, have never even seen, that masterpiece! Is it not monstrous (as Hamlet says) that *Black Beauty: the Autobiography of a Horse*, should have been sown broadcast over the world ever since 1877 (that seems to have been its date of birth), and that I should be none the better for it! So far as I know, *Black Beauty* is Miss (or Mrs.) Anna Sewell's single achievement. She has not had the literary fecundity of her not less popular namesake, Elizabeth Missing Sewell, of whom even I have heard.

Talking of Miss E. M. Sewell, who is in her eighty-fifth year, I am led to think of another "grand old lady" of literature—Miss C. M. Yonge. I have on my table, fresh from her still active pen, the ninth series of her well-known *Cameos from English History*, the first series of which made its appearance just thirty years ago. Miss Sewell possibly regards Miss Yonge as quite a youthful person, for Miss Yonge is only in her seventy-sixth year.

Though Miss Florence Marryat is known to thousands as a very fertile novelist, not many of those thousands, I suspect, are aware that she has for a good many years had associations with the stage. I have a dim recollection of having myself seen and heard her (in the provinces) in one of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas; and now I note that so recently as last week she appeared as an actress in a play of which she is part author. The play was "*The Gamekeeper*," and the theatre that of Kilburn, N.W. Miss Marryat's daughter Eva was a professional player; she likewise have I seen and heard upon the boards.

Mr. Redway's reference to certain contributions by Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson to the pages of *London Society* in the early sixties reminds me that Mr. Watson was generally credited with the authorship of some critical essays on contemporary dramatists which figured in that magazine at the same period. They were signed, I fancy, "Peyton Wrey." I do not think Mr. Watson ever published them in book form, and probably they would not now represent the mature opinions of the dramatic critic of the *Standard*.

It is curious that we should be so badly off for English *Lives of Robespierre*. That by George Henry Lewes, which is so soon to be re-issued, came out in 1849, just half a century ago! However, its republication at this moment is acceptable, for it will help to correct the popular impression of Robespierre as only a bloodthirsty monster, and will show that M. Sardou has historical justification for the much more engaging portrait of Robespierre which (it is understood) he has drawn for us in the work we are all of us looking forward to.

I find the late Mr. Henry Herman described by a literary paper as "joint author, with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, of 'The Silver King' and 'Claudian'." It is true, of course, that Mr. Herman and Mr. Jones joined in the production of "The Silver King," but in the case of "Claudian" Mr. Herman's collaborator was not Mr. Jones, but Mr. W. G. Wills.

THE BOOKWORM.

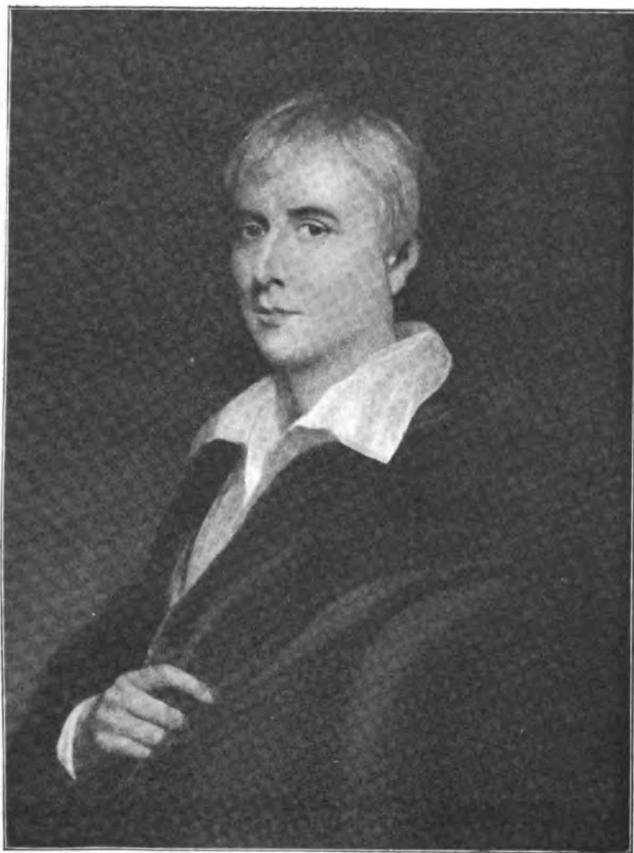
Reviews.

Six-Foot-Three.

Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow. By William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. Two vols. (Murray. 32s.)

A LAD who twenty tongues can talk,
And sixty miles a day can walk;
Drink at a draught a pint of rum,
And then be neither sick nor dumb;
Can tune a song and make a verse,
And deeds of Northern kings rehearse;
Who never will forsake his friend
While he his bony fist can bend;
And, though averse to brawl and strife,
Will fight a Dutchman with a knife;
O that is just the lad for me,
And such is honest six-foot-three.

Such was the autobiography in little which George Borrow wrote of himself in 1824, when he was twenty-one years of age, and we are sorry to have to say that Dr. Knapp's eight hundred large pages do not add much to it. Of Borrow's



GEORGE BORROW.

From the Picture in the Possession of John Murray.

writings, their inception and progress, of his travels and vicissitudes, of his friends and enmities, we are told much. But the kernel of the matter, the man himself, eludes us. The work, in fact, is more an exaggerated bibliography than a biography: for the books are in the foreground and the man in the back. It is odd that so keen a partisan as Dr. Knapp, who has literally devoted some of the best years of his life to the preparation of this book, should be so weak on the human side of his hero. But so it is. It is true that Dr. Knapp never saw his hero, and therefore could hardly describe him from life; yet it is the duty of a biographer to attempt to reproduce his man. Dr. Knapp makes no such attempt.

From a truthful *Life of Borrow*, Dr. Knapp seems to believe, all mystery must evaporate. Borrow the man, as we see him in *Lavengro*, was one of whom it is impossible to hear too much. He fascinates at every turn. His mystery, his native freemasonry, his faculty for alighting upon curious incidents and odd people, his indomitable gift of picturesqueness, which never deserted him, his open-air enthusiasms, his passion for hobbies so dissimilar as fisticuffs and philology, his intimacy with gypsies and murderers (he was the close friend of two murderers of renown—Haggart and Thurtell), his love of horses, his strength and majestic height, his delicate white hands, his hatreds and spite, his strange lonelines and stranger companionships, his mysterious absences and meteoric presences—everything about him makes its appeal to the imagination of the reader, especially, perhaps, of the young. English literature does not contain a more attractive figure. Hence the interest which these pages of Dr. Knapp's are certain to excite, but not, perhaps, to satisfy. A judicious blend of *Lavengro* and Dr. Knapp would have made a book of the highest literary value. Alas! *Lavengro* is absent, and if we want the blend we must make it ourselves. All the mystical, unreal light has ceased to play upon our hero; and that portion of him which is revealed in these pages is not particularly attractive, and certainly not, however Dr. Knapp would have us believe it, lovable. No biographer, however, could make him that. We will admire Borrow through thick and thin, but to love him is difficult. Nor did he want love.

Of Borrow the man we should have in all these pages no glimpse at all were it not for a scrap or two of reminiscence written by other persons and quoted by Dr. Knapp. Here, for example, is the account of Borrow in 1854 (aged fifty-one), as written by the late Rev. J. R. P. Berkeley, Vicar of St. Cleer in Cornwall, near the Borrow's ancestral home:

He must have been, I should say, full six feet four inches in height—a very well-built man, with somewhat of a military carriage; snow-white hair; dark, strongly marked eyebrows; his countenance pleasing, betokening calm firmness, self-confidence, and a mind under control, though capable of passion. His frame was without heaviness, but evidently very powerful. His hands were small for his size, beautifully formed, and very white. He was very vain of his hands, which he used to say he derived from his mother, who was of Huguenot extraction. He was, when in the vein, a delightful talker. It will give some idea of the effect of his appearance if I recount a circumstance which occurred on his first visit at the Vicarage. My eldest son, then between ten and eleven years of age, having been introduced, stood with eyes fixed on him for some moments, and then without speaking left the apartment. He passed into the room where his mother was engaged with some ladies, and cried out, "Well, mother, that is a man." He could find no other words to express his admiration. The child's enthusiasm evidently delighted Borrow, who, from all I saw of him, I should judge to have been singularly alive to, and grateful for, tokens of affection.

We soon came to delight in his society. He often dropped in of an evening, when he would, after tea, sit in the centre of a group before the fire with his hands on his knees—his favourite position—pouring forth tales of the scenes he had witnessed in his wanderings—sometimes among the gypsies of Spain, sometimes among those of England. Then he would suddenly spring from his seat and walk to and fro the room in silence; anon he would clap his hands and sing a gypsy song, or perchance would chant forth a translation of some Viking poem; after which he would sit down again and chat about his father, whose memory he revered as he did his mother's; and finally he would recount some tale of suffering or sorrow with deep pathos—his voice being capable of expressing triumphant joy or the profoundest sadness.

Without that description of Borrow in later life we should be nowhere, and it is fortunate that Dr. Knapp was able to obtain it. And this passage, in a letter from Hasfeldt, a Danish friend whom Borrow met in St. Petersburg, is

also illuminating: "Do you still sing when you are in good humour? Doubtless you are not troubled with many friends to visit you, for you are not of the sort who are easily understood, nor do you care to have everyone understand you; you prefer to have people call you gray and let you gae." That was Borrow to the life: he preferred to have people call him gray and let him gae.

Dr. Knapp's conception of the duties of Borrow's biographer differs from our own. He seems to hold that Borrow having written his own intimate life, principally in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, and elsewhere in his other books, it would be presumptuous to do it again. The following passage explains his view:

No truer books were ever penned than *The Bible in Spain* and *Lavengro—Romany Rye*. There is no mystery about them, if you have the key. And what is the key?—only Sympathy! Believe them and read and weep and feel. Believe them and then investigate. Investigate the times in which Borrow lived and wandered and struggled and wrought, as the First Volume of this work will show. Not in the public documents of civil history, but in out-of-the-way pamphlets, obscure handbooks, local almanacs, rural newspapers, and old magazines—all long ago obsolete and now despised, found on the twopenny shelf of country bookstalls on market days. That is where I met *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* and rejoiced to find them true. There I found the author of them to be no banshee, no brownie, no mystery at all. The *brétima*—the haze of Galicia—the forerunner of corpse-candles, witches, and all the "fair family" of Celtic mythology—fades into thin air under the microscope of honest inspection, and untiring search in letters, registers, records, newspapers, poll-books, army lists, and all the forgotten dust-heaps of shop and attic.

Yet a man's mind cannot exceed itself. If it produces an effect of mystery, mystery must first belong to it. Borrow is not accounted for by an array of local papers and old memorandum books. The best way, then, to consider these two volumes is as a companion, a handbook, to *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*. But it is not the best result of so much loving care and patience as Dr. Knapp has bestowed. He should have re-created Borrow for us; have set him four-square to the wind on the heath; incorporating passages from his works where needful to add vivid picturesqueness to his narrative.

Dr. Knapp is the sturdiest, staunchest champion a man could have. He will allow nothing to be said against his hero. Miss Martineau dared to record the fact that when Norwich heard that George Borrow had been appointed an agent of the Bible Society there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered his early days. Probably it was so: human nature is like that; human nature dislikes conversions of any kind, and always looks on ironically when they occur. But Dr. Knapp is furious; he attributes Miss Martineau's remark to the venom of a provincial blue-stocking, and quotes a passage from a letter of Borrow to his mother by way of comment on the incident: "The Russians do not know as much as the English, but they have not their fiendish, spiteful dispositions." If Miss Martineau disliked Borrow, Borrow disliked her brother, the great Unitarian, more. The cause was sufficient for so inflammable and unreasonable a creature. Dr. Martineau, when Borrow's schoolfellow at the Norwich Grammar School—probably his only schoolfellow still living—was once told off to "horse" George while the master administered a thrashing. It was no fault of James Martineau that he was chosen thus to officiate, nor can the experience have been pleasant; but Borrow neither forgave nor forgot. Years afterwards he left a party in a hurry rather than meet this object of his rancour. We hasten to add that we do not for one moment wish to blame Borrow for his feeling in the matter: he was as God made him, and he had all the qualities of his defects. Without these unswerving prejudices, he would have written much tamer books.

Another lady who comes within Dr. Knapp's scorn is Miss Frances Power Cobbe, a neighbour of Borrow at Brompton. In Miss Cobbe's autobiography are descriptions of Borrow's flighty ways in his old age, his contradictory methods of conversation, his little tempers and crotchets. Miss Cobbe's "usual bitterness and injustice" is Dr. Knapp's phrase in referring to these passages; and elsewhere he credits her with "the harmless poignancy of her sex." But, if he doubts them or dislikes to see them in print, why does he reproduce them? To object to Miss Cobbe's narration, and then to give it fresh publicity, is illogical, unless he has means of refutation. But whereas Miss Cobbe knew Borrow, and writes with every sign of veraciousness, Dr. Knapp did not come on the field until Borrow was no more. Either the passage should have been quoted without atrabilious comment, or left out. If Dr. Knapp were less of a partisan and more of a biographer he would recognise the truth of the account. Borrow was often a difficult, wrong-headed man, and there is no need to blink the fact. Indeed, Dr. Knapp quotes a correspondence about a dog which is proof enough that the author of *Lavengro* was awkward to live with. Many great men are.

Yet, in spite of blemishes and omissions, let it not be thought that Dr. Knapp's volumes are dull. They are not, but compression and concentration would have made them far more interesting. We miss so many of the characteristics of good biography: the temperate, all-round view of the subject, the quiet progress, the occasional pauses for breathing time, the anecdotage. Dr. Knapp never attempts to bring his readers into intimacy with Borrow by means of anecdotes of him, of which several are extant, and probably authenticated. None are given here. And of Whewell, who has been alleged to be the original of the Flaming Tinman, there is not a word. Nor is there much correspondence, for Borrow did not mix much with other men of letters or persons of note. He went his own way, head first, little amenable to the wishes of others. Such natures do not receive many letters. The circumstance does not in the least detract from Borrow's character, but it makes his biography somewhat unusual among lives of literary men. He met authors now and then, but they made him unhappy. He was too much a man of action and free thought to care for mere writers. His own literary work was always based upon personal action and privation. Without some foundation in fact he was helpless: his method was to take a real incident and bring to it his power for "toning-up" and his wonderful gift of dramatic force, by which he made it live again and invested it with mystery. Everything he wrote about he had first seen: he did not, as most story-tellers do, evolve it from within. Hence the company of most story-tellers and bookmen was not sought by him, however much they might have desired that of himself. His best literary friend in his prime was Richard Ford, author of *The Handbook for Travellers in Spain*, and a man of an independence not inferior to Borrow's own. To Ford's advice much of the excellence of Borrow's books may perhaps be attributed. The letters quoted by Dr. Knapp are splendidly direct and sensible. Here is one bearing upon *The Bible in Spain*:

My advice again and again is to avoid all fine writing, all descriptions of mere scenery and trivial events. What the world wants are racy, real, genuine scenes, and the more out of the way the better. Poetry is utterly to be avoided. If Apollo were to come down from heaven, John Murray would not take his best manuscript as a gift. Stick to yourself, to what you have seen, and the people you have mixed with. The more you give us of odd Jewish people the better. . . . Avoid words, stick to deeds. Never think of how you express yourself; for good matter must tell, and no fine writing will make bad matter good. Don't be afraid that what you may not think good will not be thought so by others. It often happens just the reverse. . . . Give us adventure, wild adventure, journals,

thirty language book, sorcery, Jews, Gentiles, rambles, and the interior of Spanish prisons—the way you got in, and the way you got out. No author has yet given us a Spanish prison. Enter into the iniquities, the fees, the slang, &c. It will be a little *à la Thurtell*, but you see the people like to have it so. Avoid rant and cant. Dialogues always tell; they are dramatic and give an air of reality.

And here is another written to Borrow while *Lavengro* was on the stocks :

Never mind nimminy-pimminy people thinking subjects low. Things are low in manner of handling. Draw Nature in rags and poverty, yet draw her truly, and how picturesque! I hate your silver fork, kid glove, curly-haired school—one cuckoo note of common-place conventionalities. *Hechos! Hechos!* Lay about you boldly and manfully, and your good ship will sail over these puddle stones. . . . Lay it on thick; butter the bread on both sides.

This was the best kind of advice Borrow could have. Why does not someone give us the Life and Letters of Richard Ford?

A Soul's Pilgrimage.

My Inner Life: being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By John Beattie Crozier. (Longmans. 14s.)

THIS most alluring book is a metaphysical Pilgrim's Progress of a unique kind, how unique probably Dr. Crozier himself is not aware. It tells the adventures of a soul among the philosophies, and it is written with the exciting vividness of a realistic romance; you pass from point to point, as you pass from incident to incident in *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Gil Blas*, or *Lavengro*, or *Kidnapped*. You guiltily turn to the close, long before reaching it, to see whether Dr. Crozier escaped from the dungeons of Mr. Herbert Spencer, whether he succeeded in his quest for the Absolute; in doing so, your eye is caught by the breathless word Hegelianism, and you read a bit to discover his experiences in that bewildering labyrinth or dizzy whirlpool; you read, with an almost indecent laughter, the Remarkable Episode of Carlyle; you follow, with agitated expectancy, all the varied fortunes of Dr. Crozier's candid and valiant soul.

To vary the metaphor, he may call his chapters by what sober names he pleases, but the chapters themselves remind us of the headings in sportsmen's Reminiscences: "How I Took my First Fence," or "Landed my First Salmon," or, going higher, "Bowled Over my First Lion." We all know those titles, and the joy of memory with which the writer recounts his feat. Sometimes it is a record of thrilling peril—"How a Tiger Almost Did for Me"; but Dr. Crozier, telling how in mid-Atlantic the universe collapsed about him by his discovery of a fatal flaw in Mr. Spencer's doctrine is to the full as moving; he describes his state at such and such a time of mental and spiritual penury; how he was reduced to live upon Macaulay, and found him thin diet for the soul; how, for months together, he fed off De Quincey and Hazlitt and other essayists, and felt hungry all the while; and if his poverty had been that of bodily privation, he could not have made his narrative more poignant and arresting. When he comes into his own, and a light breaks upon him, and he becomes, if not rich in philosophic truth, yet possessed of a competency which he can turn into more, we are filled with a delight like that of the galleries when the injured hero of melodrama recovers his rights, and the curtain goes down upon ten thousand a year and "God bless you, my children!"

But there is no need to have recourse to illustrations from without. The first part of this admirable and extraordinary book is an account of the writer's infancy, boyhood, and youth in an obscure Canadian village, and in certain seats of Canadian education, which it is not insulting

to the Dominion to describe as mediocre. This fascinating piece of autobiography is given us, just to show what manner of living, what religious and social and personal experiences, what tendencies and influences were Dr. Crozier's in early life: it is all by way of preparation for the story of his maturer years. Having a distinct gift of words and a notable narrative power, he has written a most engrossing set of chapters. But, though he describes with delicious zest his nocturnal raid upon a neighbour's pigeon-house, or the strange case of his fascinating and drunken Uncle James, or the grim humours of Calvinism, or just his ordinary boyish sports and occupations, or his singular enslavement to phrenology; though he describes these and other things with a keen-eyed story-teller's pointedness of phrase, it is undeniable that the rest of the book, dealing with great problems and perplexities of thought, is no less living, exciting, and real. Dr. Crozier, in his Canadian boyhood, stole pigeons; Dr. Crozier, in his English manhood, has pursued the arduous and ardent hunt for truth—that metaphysical chase, in which so many have lost their way, wandered upon a false scent, and found themselves at nightfall beneath starless heavens far from home. The pursuit of the ideal, as chronicled by Dr. Crozier, is a good rival, in point of adventurous interest, to the pursuit of pigeons.

And this in a book of grave moment, of intellectual severity. Our previous phrases may have seemed frivolous; may have seemed to indicate a lack of seriousness, either in the book or in its critic. On the contrary, each is extremely serious. We insist that the book's paramount importance and distinction lie in its marvellously and profoundly human sense of philosophy as a human problem, near to us all: it refuses to isolate metaphysics, as you might—nay, must—isolate the higher mathematics, a speciality or luxury of the few. Few may possess the metaphysical instinct, but all are concerned in the metaphysics. Dr. Crozier most simply and unostentatiously—perhaps "unprofessionally" is the word—reveals himself as one of those to whom existence, if there be existence, is painful, if there be pain, to all minds and souls, if there be any, without some answer, if there be one, to those questions and uncertainties which seem to be the only certainties about our seeming selves and the apparent universe embracing them. He does not write in idle speculation, as one might write of the possibilities of existence in a world of four dimensions; he writes with an immediate concern for this present world and life of ours, with an eager and insatiable craving to find a firm foundation for that ideal which manifests itself by glimpses in the various manifestations of high sanctity, beauty, moral and mental energy. Nothing less or else could content him: not his own science and practice of medicine. The following is surely an almost heroic passage. He received from an eminent physician a certain offer, which opened to him a pleasant and ready way to professional distinction. He was young, unknown, not a man of means. But

in spite of my natural love of reality, and the fascination which Nature and her processes had always exercised over my mind, I could not reconcile myself to making any or other of the departments of science or medicine the object of my life's devotion. What with the great Problem of Life, to which I had already dedicated myself, lying still unsolved before me, and with the Spencerian Philosophy pressing on me like a nightmare; what with the limited scope that any special department of science permits for the free exercise of the whole range of mental faculties, and with an exorbitant ideal which would be satisfied with nothing less than the whole interests of Man; what with the fact that I had taken as the basis and groundwork of my thinking the doctrine of Evolution, which was not to be affected in any of its greater implications by any minor scientific discovery; what with all these, and other subordinate considerations, it was impossible that I should give the full allegiance of my mind to Medicine. . . . That it was the parting of the ways, and would decide the entire course of my after years, I was well aware, but in

spite of the material and professional advantages that would have accrued to me from my acceptance of the proposal, it was without hesitation or after-thought that I deliberately chose Philosophy as my bride, content to endure with her whatever in the future might befall.

That brief passage gives the spirit of Dr. Beattie Crozier's work, its whole-hearted and single-eyed sincerity. Men are less reluctant, for the most part, to confess their moral than their mental shortcomings; not many would publish the fact that, at a fairly advanced stage of youth, they failed to grasp the meanings, and sound the depths, of Emerson and Carlyle, but that the late A. K. H. B.'s *Recreations of a Country Parson* afforded them "precisely the grade and stage of platitude" they required. But this frankness invests the book; we are told, clearly and openly, of the writer's progress and halting points and retreats; how he sought, now in the novelists, now in the historians, now in other quarters, for light upon the one problem. In exactly the same way he narrates his often amusing and guileless interviews with great men, or his experience among editors and publishers; and this inspiring and high-souled record is no less frank than are the unedifying confessions of Cellini, Casanova, Rousseau.

And there is no *Dichtung* mingled with the *Wahrheit*: no attempt to magnify achievement or to minimise failure: all is candour, almost to a fault. For sheer spiritual and intellectual honesty the record has few rivals; the stories of Bunyan and Mill suggest themselves, each in its very separate way, or Wordsworth's "Prelude." We have endeavoured to make it clear that the work has a strong charm of personality—that charm is Socratic, the charm of sincerity and clarity and impatience of the second-hand or second-rate, which forbids *iurare in verba magistri*, even though the Master wear the purple robe and deliver his sophistry amid general applause. Intolerance of light answers, of the putting aside of questions, of blindness to other sides of questions, of philosophical jugglery or sciolism, amounts to a passion in this searcher for the hidden treasures of truth. It is noteworthy, that while he is not of those often very superior persons who are agnostics as to the value or even possibility of metaphysical science, Dr. Crozier has found the greatest suggestiveness and flashes of light in the works of "the poetic thinkers," Bacon, Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, and—tell it not in the Gathes or Ascalons of Calvinism!—Newman. Not, indeed, as definite teachers; but as invincible victors over all or any solutions of the problem upon principles of materialism which deny either the reality of mind or its superiority to matter, so stultifying, or rather rendering impossible, any explanation of all that most imperatively demands to be explained; or, in Dr. Crozier's phrase, bringing "chaos into the World and madness into the Mind."

It is impossible so much as to suggest the various wealth of good and worthy matter in this volume of 550 pages; but even the more strictly metaphysical portion contains much that is of interest to readers, however innocent they may be of metaphysical taste and perception. There are chapters of almost purely social or literary criticism: as those upon Style, Lord Randolph Churchill, Aristocracy, and Democracy. Some readers may prefer the homely accounts of Canadian village life; others, except all Hegelians and the straiter sect of Spencerians, the pure philosophic expositions—Dr. Crozier's setting forth of his "own contribution" to the problem of life; others, again, the story of his literary struggle for recognition, his personal labour and suffering. But they are chiefly to be congratulated who are able to enjoy the whole; they will see in the writer of this winning work, and, *inter alia*, of *The History of Intellectual Development*, one who, in Tennyson's words, has "followed The Gleam"; followed it even when clouds and darkness were thickest round about it, and the light of its guidance well-nigh gone.

Tankas and Haikais.

A History of Japanese Literature. By W. G. Aston, C.M.G., D.Litt. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a timely book on a most interesting subject. It is curious, indeed, that it has never been written before. Japan has influenced our art for years, and our comic stage for more than one season, but hitherto, save for a few experts, Japanese literature has been an unworked field. Mr. Aston proves conclusively that this is not on account of its barrenness, for the poetry at least of this singular folk has qualities which, for all its limitations, are very well deserving of attention. Of course, we cannot profess to follow Mr. Aston critically, but he is a recognised authority on his subject, and we can at any rate bear testimony to the order and lucidity of his presentment, and the gracefulness of his translations. Our only complaint against him is that, a little preoccupied with the failure of Japanese poets to touch the deeper themes or develop the larger manners, he does not lay quite enough stress on the extraordinary merit of the best in what he has to show. However, that is doubtless better than gushing, and the poetry will assuredly make friends for itself. Taken all in all, it is remarkably like what Japanese design would have led us to expect—dainty, finished, decorative; darting with swallow-flights of song over the surface of things. And certainly quite irresponsible, averse to the less ornamental passions, and contenting itself for "fundamental brainwork" with that easiest and most obvious of philosophies, the gentle Horatian lament over the transiency of life. Mr. Aston's summary of its character and subjects is too admirable not to quote:

Japanese poetry is, in short, confined to lyrics, and what, for want of a better word, may be called epigrams. It is primarily an expression of emotion. We have amatory verse, poems of longing for home and absent dear ones, praise of love and wine, elegies on the dead, laments over the uncertainty of life. A chief place is given to the beauties of external nature. The varying aspects of the seasons, the sound of purling streams, the snow on Mount Frijji, waves breaking on the beach, seaweed drifting to the shore, the song of birds, the hum of insects, even the croaking of frogs, the leaping of trout in a mountain stream, the young shoots of the fern in spring, the belling of deer in autumn, the red tints of the maple, moon, flowers, rain, wind, mist, these are among the favourite subjects which the Japanese poet delights to dwell upon. If we add some courtly and patriotic effusions, a vast number of conceits more or less pretty, and a very few poems of a religious cast, the enumeration is tolerably complete. But, as Mr. Chamberlain has observed, there are curious omissions. Sunsets and starry skies, for example, do not appear to have attracted attention. War-songs, strange to say, are almost wholly absent. Fighting and bloodshed are apparently not considered fit themes for poetry.

The great age of Japanese poetry extends from the eighth to the twelfth century. Mr. Aston divides it into a brief introductory and a longer classical period. The elements of rhythm are very simple. There is no quantity, for all the vowels have the same length value, and they are nearly all open; no rhyme, and practically no accent. The two principal metres consist of alternating phrases of five and seven syllables each. In Naga-uta, or "long poetry," these may be continued to any length, and Naga-uta as used by Hitomaro in the eighth century, was the germ of a very decent medium for narrative and elegiac verse; but its development was checked by the extraordinary popularity of the "Tanka," a short poem strictly limited to five phrases or lines of 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7 syllables—31 syllables in all. Tanka writing became an almost universal accomplishment, and by far the larger number of the writers were women. This is, perhaps, a unique literary fact, and is explained by the tendency of educated men in the eighth century to write not in Japanese, but in Chinese. Tankas, however, were sometimes written in

series, and then become practically stanzas of a lyrical poem. Here are some Tankas by Akahito, the great rival of Hitomaro, on the Spring :

On the plum blossoms
Thick fell the snow;
I wished to gather some
To show to thee,
But it melted in my hands.
The plum blossoms
Had already been scattered,
But notwithstanding
The white snow
Has fallen deep in the garden.

Among the hills
The snow still lies—
But the willows
Where the torrents rush together
Are in full bud.

O thou willow
That I see every morn,
Hasten to become a thick grove
Whereto the nightingale
May resort and sing.

Before the wind of spring
Has tangled the fine threads
Of the green willow—
Now I would show it
To my love.

The Tanka continued to be the normal form of poetry throughout the "classical" period; but when, after an age of decline and darkness, literature revived in the seventeenth century, an even slighter art took its place. The Haikai is a Tanka minus its last two phrases, and must, therefore, be complete within the short compass of seventeen syllables. One of the earliest Haikais is the following :

Thought I, the fallen flowers
Are returning to their branch;
But, lo! they were butterflies.

Is it not like a fan? But the greatest master of this very real art was one Matsura Basho. Of him the following story is told. Travelling in the country he came to a spot where a party of rustics were drinking saké and composing the fashionable Haikais. They had chosen the full moon for their subject; and taking Basho for a begging Buddhist priest, they urged him, for fun, to contribute. Basho, with feigned reluctance, began :

"Twas the new moon—

"The new moon! What a fool this priest is!" cried one.
"The poem should be about the full moon." "Let him go on," said another; "it will be all the more sport."
Basho, undisturbed by the mockery, went on :

'Twas the new moon!
Since then I waited—
And, lo! to-night!

The rustics were amazed; and, when Basho revealed his identity, apologised for their rudeness to an eminent man, "whose fragrant name was known to the whole world." Here are some more of Basho's Haikais :

An ancient pond!
With a sound from the water
Of the frog as it plunges in.
I come weary,
In search of an inn—
Ah! these wistaria flowers.
'Tis the first snow—
Just enough to bend
The gladiolus leaves!

In prose, the Japanese, strongly under the influence of the voluminous and pedantic Chinese, have done less well. The learned Matōri, who composed a treatise on Japanese grammar, certainly did not emulate the conciseness of the Tankas and Haikais, for Mr. Aston records that the seven

volumes of the work have been compressed into seven pages of English without material loss. The *Makuri Zōshi*, or "Pillow Sketches," of Sei Shōnagon are perhaps the best examples of classical prose. These display a pretty style, and a genuine observation both of nature and of court life.

In spring [the author says] I love to watch the dawn grow gradually whiter and whiter, till a faint rosy tinge crowns the mountain's crest, while slender streaks of purple cloud extend themselves above.

In summer I love the night, not only when the moon is shining, but the dark too, when the fireflies cross each other's paths in their flight, or when the rain is falling.

The Japanese carry the principles of economy and restraint which govern their art into the conduct of life also. The philosophy of doing without finds characteristic expression in the following maxims, from the *Tsure-dzure-gusa* of Kenkō :

THINGS WHICH ARE IN BAD TASTE.

Too much furniture in one's living room.
Too many pens in a stand.
Too many Buddhas in a private shrine.
Too many rocks, trees, and herbs in a garden.
Too many children in a house.
Too many words when men meet.
Too many books in a book-case there can never be, nor too much litter in a dust-heap.

The value of bare spaces and silence is the real lesson of Japan. Hakuseki records of his father, a gentleman of the old school, that "the room he occupied he kept cleanly swept, had an old picture hung on the wall, and a few flowers which were in season set out in a vase. He would spend the day looking at them." As to the humorist Ikku, the Japanese Dickens, "his house lacked even the scanty furniture which is considered necessary in Japan. He, therefore, hung his walls with pictures of the missing articles." You cannot call them a materialistic folk. On the other hand, they are grossly indecent, and most of their lighter literature, especially in the modern period, is spoilt by this. An exception, however, is Bakin, the most popular novelist of the century, who died in 1848 after completing two hundred and ninety works!

U.S.A.

A Short History of the United States. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1898. 6s.)

ENGLISH people are astonishingly ignorant of American history—almost as ignorant as they are of the history of the British Rule in India. And yet the expansion of America and the conquest of India are the two biggest achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race. Anyone, therefore, who writes a book on American history which the British public will read is a benefactor to the English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic. Not that such are wanting. Within the last three or four years two short histories of the United States have been published in England—one by a distinguished Englishman, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, to his country's loss, has now for many years watched American politics from the vantage ground of a Canadian home; the other by the eminent American historian, Prof. Channing, of Harvard, which has found a place in Prof. Prothero's "Cambridge Historical" series. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has traversed the same ground; and the size of his book challenges a comparison of his work with that of his two recent predecessors. To our thinking his place is third on the list; he is neither so full as the American writer, nor so fair as the old Oxford Professor of History in his

treatment of the English side of questions between the two countries. Printer and binder have both done their part admirably; the paper, type and neat buckram binding leave nothing to be desired in these important particulars. The author, too, is a man of letters, and knows how to distribute his abundant material. He has produced a book which is certainly readable, and in these days of book-making that is no slight praise. But for all that, we are by no means contented either with his style or with his treatment of the subject matter.

Clear and to the point as are the sentences in themselves, page after page is charged with a mannerism whose occasional employment in a public speech might be pointed and effective. Two illustrations taken at random will suffice. "The States of America were free. The States of America had asserted and maintained their independence. The States of America were avowedly united." Again, a few pages further on, of Washington's retirement it is said: "He was growing old. He was growing deaf. He wanted rest. He retired to Mount Vernon to end his days. He issued a farewell address to his fellow-citizens which remains one of the monuments of American wisdom, American statesmanship, and American eloquence."

For English readers the subject-matter of American history falls into four more or less distinct periods—the days of colonisation, the War of Independence, the expansion westwards, and the Civil War. Writing for readers on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. McCarthy, perhaps not unnaturally, devotes the greater part of his space to such events as the War of Independence (pp. 80-168), the second war with England in 1812 (only eight pages, but otherwise out of proportion to the general scale and its own intrinsic importance), and the Civil War (pp. 231-302). The whole history of the years 1783-1860 is dismissed in sixty pages. Rather more than half the book is devoted to the history of the colonies as such. It is a very important piece of our own history, but it is not the history of the United States. It is almost as if Mr. Freeman's five volumes on the Norman Conquest had been labelled "The History of the English People." Moreover, the story has been now so often told, that unless a writer has anything new to tell us, or intends to deal with the War of Independence as an episode in itself, he would do well to cut the matter short, and to devote the greater part of his space to the marvellous development of the American people since they became a nation—a portion of history of which even educated Englishmen know next to nothing. As it is, the sixty pages in which this wonderful development is sketched are far too general and too allusive for the readers who are likely to take up Mr. McCarthy's book. Comparatively little is said about the many crucial financial questions which American politicians had to face in those early years of their national history. The doctrine of "nullification" and "wild cat" banks—to take two important technical points—are introduced into the narrative with little or no explanation of their precise meaning. Daniel Webster is described as "the first of the Federalists so long as the name of Federalist was worn by the new generation—the first of the Whigs when the name shifted to that venerable relic of English political phraseology." He is rightly said to have desired the Presidency, and to have been denied the gratification of his desire. But the glowing eulogium is not spoilt by any allusion to the fact that, in order to attain his end, the hero "ratted" on the all-important question of slavery.

Finally, in our opinion, Mr. McCarthy is grossly unfair to the English side in the three important controversies between Englishmen and Americans. During the state of tension arising out of the Venezuelan imbroglio, many examples were given in the English press of the version of their revolt from the mother-country which is taught in American schools. The Americans would find little to hurt their national pride in Mr. McCarthy's account. "That the bond did not endure was entirely the fault of

the mother-country" is his concise opinion; and he talks of the "angry imperialism" of the Government officials. We would rather learn our history from Prof. Seeley. "The final breach," says the late Cambridge professor, "was provoked not so much by the pressure of England upon the colonies as by that of the colonies upon England"; and he points out that the taxes which we imposed were for the object of paying a debt which we had incurred on their behalf; while Mr. Lecky has made it clear that much of the action of the home Government in this and other dealings with the colonies was due to the inter-colonial jealousies which prevented any concerted action in aid of the mother-country among the thirteen settlements themselves. Truly, as Prof. Seeley says, the American grievances "were smaller than ever before or since which led to such mighty consequences." We should have liked to speak of Mr. McCarthy's extremely partial exposition of the English case in the War of 1812, and of his most imperfect account of the English attitude during the Civil War. For a fair statement of the latter we will, at least, refer him to the lucid account in his father's *History of Our Own Times*. But enough has been said to show that, although the author has produced a very readable book, English readers will not, and should not, be content with his version of American history.

Indian Folk Legends.

Creation Myths of Primitive America. By Jeremiah Curtin. (Williams & Norgate.)

A VERY interesting collection of the *Märchen* or folk-tales of the Indians of California. The *dramatis personæ* are all taken either from the animal world or from the personifications of natural phenomena usual in tales of this kind, while enough is introduced about the origins of things to justify, at any rate, the first part of Mr. Curtin's title. The stories are stamped, too, with the love of the grotesque, which seems to be instinctive with the American aborigine, and in many cases afford valuable glimpses of Indian manners. Nothing, for instance, can be more fantastic than the story of "Hawt," where the spotted trout gives a musical party to all the flute-players of the universe, and the prize is taken by the lamprey, who converts himself into a flute by drawing in breath through his sucker-like mouth and converting the marks on his sides into keys. During this performance the other guests are the green snake, three kinds of deer, the jackass rabbit, the coyote, the weasel, the yellowhammer and blue jay, and—most incongruously—the Polar Star. Equally amusing, too, is the stately courtesy of the host, who tells his guests at the close that "they are free to stay longer," but that he supposes they are in a hurry, and the tact of the guests who understand that they have stayed long enough, and that the trout only spoke as he did "because he wished to say something nice to us and be friends." We are sorry to find that the poor trout's duty as master of the house led him to eat manzanita berries, lest people should think he was setting before them "bad food," and that these berries caused him to break out for the first time into red, yellow, and black spots in consequence of his "spirit" being "afraid of the berries" and not wishing that he should eat things which were not his food. Evidently the spirit knew nothing of the exigencies of hospitality.

While the stories are in themselves both interesting and amusing, it is plain that their collector would like them to be considered as a serious contribution to the science of religions, or, at the least, of folk-lore. We are afraid that they are hardly likely to be thus taken by instructed persons, because the form in which they are presented to us is the reverse of scientific. We gather from a sort of *excursus* appended to the book that all the tales appeared in the *New York Sun* of 1895, having been obtained

ad hoc from two tribes of Californian Indians called the Wintus and the Yanas. The latter tribe, once numbering three thousand men, were practically exterminated in 1864 by a most cruel massacre perpetrated by Mr. Curtin's countrymen, of which he gives the details, and for which he shows a proper sense of horror. He seems, therefore, to have gathered his information from the fifty survivors who escaped the massacre or their descendants, and had therefore no large field for investigation. With regard to the Wintus, who seem, from an incidental remark in the notes, to belong to the despised caste of "diggers," he only tells us, though without any evidence for the statement, that they possessed the Sacramento Valley before the coming of the white men. He does not tell us whether he obtained these tales from one or two Indians only, or whether he has any evidence that they form the tradition of the whole tribe, nor what language was used in the narration. Neither does he give us any clue to the racial affinities of the Wintus, whether the Sacramento Valley was supposed by them to be their first seat, nor how long and to what extent they have been in contact with white men. This is the more to be regretted because, while there are many incidents in the tales, such as the magic power attributed to the green snake (compare the Mexican culture-god Quetzalcoatl, or "serpent clothed in green feathers") and the predominant part played by the humming-bird (the favourite form of Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican war-god) which point to their having come from the south, there are yet others, such as death coming on the world as the result of disobedience to the Creator's injunctions, the defeat of an army owing to the gnawing of their bowstrings by mice, and a bridge between earth and heaven made out of a single hair, which seem to point as plainly to an Oriental origin. The vocabulary which is prefixed to each tale is singularly inconsistent, proper names which have a certain meaning assigned to them in one tale being often marked as of "unknown" significance in the next, and might with profit be replaced by a glossary at the end of the book. On the other hand, there is prefixed to the book a rather windy introduction, in which Mr. Curtin makes unsupported assertions as to Aryan, Semitic, and Egyptian "thought," and on the superior antiquity of what he is pleased to call "the American system," which can only excite a smile in the learned. It is a thousand pities that he did not, instead of indulging in "spread-eagleism" of this kind, ask the aid of distinguished American anthropologists like Prof. Cyrus Thomas and Dr. Brinton. Had he done so, and had he—as we have no doubt he would have been able to do—successfully verified the provenance of his tales, he might have produced a book as valuable to the scientific as it should prove amusing to the general reader.

God did not make her very wise,
But carved a strangeness round her mouth;
He put her great sorrow in her eyes,
And softness for men's souls in drouth,
And on her face, for all to see,
The seal of awful tragedy.

God did not make her very fair
But white and lithe and strange and sweet;
A subtle fragrance in her hair,
A slender swiftness in her feet,
And in her hands a slow caress:
God made these for my steadfastness.

God did not give to her a heart,
But there is that within her face
To make men long to muse apart
Until they goodness find and grace,
And think to read and worship there
All good: yet she is scarcely fair.

From "Poems" by A. Bernard Miall.

Other New Books.

THE STORY OF ROUEN.

By T. A. COOK.

The historian of Rouen has no lack of material. The city's association with the Duke who was to overthrow Harold and conquer England is almost proof enough of that. William the Conqueror is indeed the dominant figure in the long roll of great men who file through this well-packed, brilliant little book. Some of Mr. Cook's best chapters deal with him. "He rose above the coarse, laughter-loving, brutal, treacherous Norman barons of his time by the force of his own personal genius, and the acuteness of his own strong intellect." The fiery nature of the man and the part played by material fire in his career is brought out in a way we do not remember to have seen before: "A comet flamed across the sky of Europe in the year of the great Duke's conquest. Amid fire and tumult he was crowned at Westminster. Upon the glowing ashes of Nantes he met his death wound. Through burning streets he was borne to his burial." The plan of the "Mediæval Towns" series is a most interesting one, combining as it does equal attention to imperial and social history, topography, architecture, and, indeed, whatever is noteworthy. As there is no town of any consequence with a record old enough to qualify it for admission into this series which does not yield bountiful opportunities to an intelligent writer, it follows that these volumes cannot be anything but interesting. The author who made one dull would be a magician. Mr. Cook is not a magician, and his book is a most readable narrative of splendour and squalor, magnificence and turpitude, quaintness and beauty. Among his researches in the town Mr. Cook came upon a charming old madrigal, which has been arranged for the piano by Mr. Fuller Maitland, and adds attraction to the book. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

A STUDY OF WAGNER.

By ERNEST NEWMAN.

The character of any emotional artist is apt to evade us when we seek to realise its actuality; but few figures are more elusive than that of Wagner. He could crowd his musical scores with an incredible wealth of fascination, and yet would often give to his singers no more than an ugly and difficult sequence of chromatics; he could write criticism glowing with insight, yet has left us volumes of tedious rhapsody, difficult even to understand. But when we get most impatient of him, we have but to hear again one of his master-scores to forgive everything to this man who so had it in his power to exhaust for our delight the resources of beauty. Not only to musicians, but to all who are interested in studying so strange and wayward a character, Mr. Newman's book will certainly appeal. It is patient in its research and lucid in its English; it displays both a fine knowledge of æsthetics and a broad grasp of psychology; its writer can use both the artistic and the scientific method, and neither in vain; but this much can be said (we hope) of many a modern-day critic. The real achievement of Mr. Newman's book is due to something beyond his admirable care and training; it lies in the profound insight with which he unfolds and displays to us the peculiar characteristics of the real Wagner, showing how the apparent vagaries and contradictions of the artist all have their consistent place in the organisation of one of the most singular and attractive personalities who ever fascinated the world of art. Nor was this a work of supererogation. Probably no artist ever provoked so much controversy as Wagner; and this very fact has served to obscure the true characteristics of his genius. Amid a whole library of pamphlets, treatises, and volumes upon the Wagner question, we seek almost in vain for an impartial investigation or a truly critical attitude. Indiscriminate blame has been combated by indiscriminate eulogy, till the truth seemed to be for ever drowned in the clamour. Mr. Newman is to be congratulated upon the fact that by a temperate, scholarly method, combined with

a highly sensitive artistic judgment, he has shown us the grandeur of Wagner's art without distorting the picture by excesses of banal praise or fatuous blame. And the extreme Wagnerites will do themselves grave wrong if they carp at Mr. Newman's often unsparing analysis. Far more moving and eloquent than any number of pages of mere adulation is the chapter in which this most sane critic, after rigorously searching out the blemishes in the method, concludes that, despite all faults, "Wagner has made his drama a living thing that can stand unashamed among the finest artistic products of all the ages." (Dobell. 12s.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. BY C. M. YONGE.

The foundation of a scholarship at the Winchester High School in commemoration of her splendid record reminds us that Miss Yonge is one of those who love their work too well to lay it down in the evening of life. Miss Yonge has written nearly forty novels, and many miscellaneous books besides, yet her pen goes on and on. She has just completed the ninth series of her "cameos" from English history, her subject this time being the eighteenth century. Forty "cameos" are selected, the first being "Methodism" (1730). Among the others we notice "Oliver and Duplex," "Men of Letters, 1763-1770," "The Boston Tea-Fight," "The Wilkes Prosecutions," "The Gordon Riots," "The Siege of Gibraltar," "The Slave Trade," and various "cameos" illustrating the progress of the French Revolution. Readers of Miss Yonge will know what to expect, and they will not be disappointed. (Macmillan. 5s.)

THE EARLY VALOIS QUEENS. BY CATHERINE BEARNE.

This is a book for the descendants of the readers of Miss Strickland. We do not find much charm of style in Mrs. Bearne's account of the three Valois queens, Jeanne de Bourgogne, Blanche de Navarre, and Jeanne de Auvergne et de Boulogne. The very first sentence of her book is turgid and difficult to read. But Mrs. Bearne improves greatly when a battle or some moving incident is to be described. Then her style warms to its work. Thus, in her account of the Battle of Poitiers we alight on vigorous, clean-cut English like this: "Then the knight went forward and stood before the Prince's division, in the place where the ravine came down to the plain. And with him went four valiant esquires—Dutton of Dutton, Delves of Doddington, Fawlehurst of Crewe, and Hawtrestone of Wainehill—to assist him in the fight, to raise him if he fell, to carry him away if he were wounded, to avenge him if he were slain." (Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

FANTASTIC FABLES. BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

Mr. Bierce is an American writer of genuine if somewhat uncouth power, as readers of his *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians* will agree. He is, however, over sombre as a satirist. In these cynical fables, direct and forcible as many of them are, his spleen too often gets the better of him. Satire, to be attractive and operative, should be lighter and more playful. Mr. Bierce would also have done better had he made a small selection of his fables. We quote a typical example:

THE TWO POETS.

Two Poets were quarrelling for the Apple of Discord and the Bone of Contention, for they were very hungry.

"My sons," said Apollo, "I will part the prizes between you. You," he said to the First Poet, "excel in Art—take the Apple. And you," he said to the Second Poet, "in Imagination—take the Bone."

"To Art the best prize!" said the First Poet, triumphantly, and endeavouring to devour his award broke all his teeth. The Apple was a work of Art.

"That shows our Master's contempt for mere Art," said the Second Poet, grinning.

Thereupon he attempted to gnaw his Bone, but his teeth passed through it without resistance. It was an imaginary Bone.

(Putnam's. 3s. 6d.)

FUNAFUTI.

BY MRS. EDGEWORTH DAVID.

"To start with, we none of us knew where it was; but my husband said he was going, and politely hinted that I should be an idiot not to go with him." And so they went, and two "University students" and a married invalid couple went with them; and they took six workmen, and a vast store of provisions; and at last they all set foot on Funafuti. "What for? Why, to prove whether the great Darwin's coral atoll theory was true or not." Now Funafuti is a coral atoll in the Ellice group, and the work to be done consisted in boring to a great depth. This proved to be a long battle against difficulties, and the result is not yet known. A core of the reef was obtained, and is in the hands of scientific experts at South Kensington. Mrs. David is properly flippant on the subject, and is quite content to gossip at large about the work, and about the natives, who finally bade the party good-bye with ear-piercing cheers: "Ip, ip, ulla!" While containing little that is new, and not claiming to be a literary production, Mrs. David's book gives a pleasant and slightly harum-scarum account of a coral island in the Pacific. (Murray. 12s.)

EVAGRIUS. EDITED BY G. BIDEZ AND L. PARMENTIER.

The Ecclesiastical History of Evagrius, to give this volume its full title, is one of the new series of Greek texts of the Byzantine age, issued under the general editorship of Prof. G. B. Bury. Evagrius, whose history extends from A.D. 431 to A.D. 593, is one of the least wearisome of ecclesiastical historians, and gives us a lively picture of the amenities of theological controversy in his time. When Dioscuros, Bishop of Alexandria, asserted that the divine and human natures of Christ became after the baptism in Jordan one nature, the Emperor assembled a General Council at Chalcedon to try him. Dioscuros was found guilty of heresy, and one Proterius appointed in his place; but some time after the consecration of Proterius, the mob of Alexandria rose, roasted him, and ate him. Such is the account given by Evagrius of the beginning of the Monophysite controversy, which ultimately led to the cutting off of the Egyptian Church from communion with Rome. But there can be little doubt that the quarrel which began in the time of Charles Kingsley's friend Cyril was really due to the determination of the Egyptian clergy to settle their doctrine without State interference. The present volume is well printed (although we could wish that the fount used for the rubrics could have been used throughout), and excellently edited by the two learned Belgians whose names are given above. (Methuen.)

UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

BY H. MONTAGU BUTLER.

These twenty-six sermons by the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, are historical, biographical, and of a general character. They were preached, some to Harrow School, others before the University; others, again, were delivered on special occasions in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and other public churches, and, as commenting upon events and persons of public importance, are addressed to a wider circle of hearers. There are panegyrics of Stanley, of Dean Vaughan, and of Gordon; a pean over the "glorious deliverance" of Waterloo, and the appropriate lesson of obedience deduced from the heroic imbecility of Balaclava; and the volume concludes with the sermon preached at Great St. Mary's at the hour when, in Westminster Abbey, the remnant of William Ewart Gladstone was given back to earth. In all of them breathes the spirit most characteristic of the great religious communion of which the preacher is a distinguished son: the spirit of wide tolerance, of ready acceptance of the natural virtues—of courage, of continence, of simplicity. And their language is clear and dignified, and resonant with the music of the English Bible. (Macmillan & Bowes.)

Fiction.

A Daughter of the Vine. By Gertrude Atherton.
(Service & Paton. 6s.)

Mrs. ATHERTON's new story has the merit of being extremely interesting. It falls naturally into two portions—the one gay, bright, fascinating; the other sad, terrible, and incredible. The story purports to be the wretched life history of a dipsomaniac, Nina Randolph, a charming Californian girl, in the days just before the Civil War, her love affair, her illegitimate child, and her ultimate unspeakable degradation that ended only with her death. By turns the tale is delightful, hopeless, horrible, and irritating. Now, the study of a dipsomaniac is a quite permissible theme for fiction, and it is possible to work out the idea delicately and in such tones and half-tones as to be quite convincing to the reader. This was done in the case of *Poor Nellie*, a dipsomaniac study of considerable power published some years ago. That Mrs. Atherton could do it to our entire satisfaction we have no doubt; but it is sad to think that a writer of such talent, through haste, or impatience, or indifference, should be content with such a series of improbabilities as disfigure the latter portion of the book. As a general rule, the reviewer who says dogmatically, "This is impossible," or "That is contrary to human nature," rushes in where wiser critics fear to tread. But the probabilities of life must be observed, and a writer who chooses to depict the abnormal must make every effort to convince the reader. We cannot believe in Nina's mother—a fiend, if ever there was one—who sets herself to ruin her child, body and soul, from the cradle upwards; or in Nina's attitude of mind towards her baby; or in her marriage to a man whose face she slapped on the day he proposed to her. Here is the passage. After she has accepted him, the happy man says:

"Suppose Mr. Thorpe [lover No. 1] should come out here after you, anyhow, married or not."

"He will do nothing of the sort. One reason, you would be incapable of understanding, should I attempt to explain; the other is, that he will no longer want me after I have been the wife of a person of your sort."

"My word, Nina, you are rather rough on a fellow; but give me a kiss, and I'll overlook it."

She lifted her face, and let him kiss her, then struck him so violent a blow that the little man staggered.

"Now go," she said, "and don't let me see you again until the eleventh. If you have anything to say, you can write it to Molly Shropshire."

When he had gone, she drew her hand across her lips, then looked closely at it as if expecting to see a stain.

Yet, as we have said, the story is extremely interesting. Than the opening chapters, dealing with the joyous life in old California, its flirtations, its fun, its quick life where everybody was young and every girl a princess, we ask nothing better. Mrs. Atherton can do this well, for her power of characterisation is vivid, her narrative agile, and she can give the atmosphere of a place; but we beg to remind her that she has now reached a stage of her career when she must take more pains to construct her story, and check her abundant imagination by a shrewder and more mature observation of the realities of life. Then she may write a really good, possibly a really great, novel.

Young Lives. By Richard Le Gallienne.
(Arrowsmith. 6s.)

THIS is Mr. Le Gallienne's third novel, and, taken with those that preceded it—*The Quest of the Golden Girl* and *The Romance of Zion Chapel*—it shows us clearly what are his powers and limitations in fiction. It shows us that for the delineation of a certain type of young man, a product of the past two decades, Mr. Le Gallienne has considerable gifts. The young man is of the Nonconformist middle-

classes. His home is strict and pious. His own bent, however, is for poetry and gladness. He is frank, impulsive, enthusiastic, generous, warm-hearted, intolerant of all that is dull and mechanical, and very tolerant of whatever is "done beautifully," however it may conflict with the moral code. He is an agnostic, with leanings towards elaborate ritual; a busy but superficial reader, his gods being Keats and Pater; a dilettante in art, the last word being found in the pictures of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. A sentimentalist, he can adore many young women at once; and in rhyming "love" and "dove" and "bosom" and "blossom" he is expert. If he knew more he would perhaps be more admirable, but far less "lovable"; and to be "lovable" is his end in life. That is the type of young man to which we refer, a type which at this moment is common in London and in all the great towns all over the country; and it is this young man whom Mr. Le Gallienne can set down with precision and literary skill. And as we said last week, in noticing another new novel, every work that accurately reproduces a type is a contribution of real value to fiction.

Mr. Le Gallienne is not a good novelist; he has neither the concentration nor the dramatic power needful. He is always the essayist a-story-telling, glad of an opportunity to digress. But though he has little to tell in the book before us, and though it moves spasmodically and ends anywhere, we can imagine a great many simple people reading it with pleasure. Especially in the provinces will it be enjoyed. The tone is bright and sunny, and the characters are pretty and gay. But the readers will have to be simple, we fear, because, with the exception of the type, who rings true, there is a great deal of chocolate-box unreality about the story. Baptist ministers, for example, on whose shelves is "all the most exquisite literature of doubt," are not really named Chrysostom Trotter. It is largely these wilful little perversions of fact, which Mr. Le Gallienne always indulges in, that keep sophisticated readers from his works. But for their especial benefit, we take it, the author has inserted in this story a chapter *d'clef*, describing a certain literary set whom his hero meets in the rooms of an enterprising publisher. Mr. Le Gallienne here hits round him with spirit, sparing not even himself. We quote a passage:

Presently there entered a tall young man with a long thin face, curtained on each side with enormous masses of black hair—like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pine wood.

At the same moment there entered, as if by design, his very antithesis, a short, firmly-built, clerically fellow, with a head like a billiard-ball in need of a shave, a big brown moustache, and enormous spectacles.

"That," said the publisher, referring to the moon-in-the-pine-wood young man, "is our young apostle of sentiment, our new man of feeling, the best-hated man we have; and the other is our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money. It is one of our many fashions just now to sing 'Britain and Brutality.' But my impression is that our young man of feeling will have his day—though he will have to wait for it. He would hasten it if he would cut his hair; but that, he says, he will never do. His hair is his battle-cry; and hair, too, he says, is a gift. Well, he enjoys himself—and loves a fight, though you mightn't think it to look at him."

In laying *Young Lives* aside, we cannot honestly say it has interested us; but it is innocent and bright and young, and it is written with care.

Love and Olivia. By Margaret B. Cross.
(Hurst & Blackett.)

To quote the concluding passages of *Love and Olivia* is to make the book criticise itself.

He is a man of considerable fame, and is credited with spoiling his wife, yet there are acute persons who have observed that Mrs. Joliffe's first glance is for her husband's

approbation. Whatever the truth may be, they are a charming and interesting couple, and their house is one of the most agreeable in London. There is only one shadow upon the brightness of Olivia's lot. Sometimes when she meets George and his wife—and Violet enjoys all the happiness her brother could have wished for her—when she meets George, who has grown stout and prosperous and—she cannot but admit it—commonplace, she feels a little twinge of remorse, and wonders if she ought to be so happy. But then she had ever a very tender conscience.

Dealing with the world of cultivated professional single women, and written by one thoroughly familiar with that world, this story fairly represents a large class of modern novels, both as to incident and as to atmosphere. Olivia (lecturer) is betrothed to George (traveller and pioneer). There are also Leslie (critic and scholar), and Violet (a bright and youthful and rather ordinary girl). Olivia marries Leslie, and George marries Violet. As for the atmosphere, it is tepid. There is no single trace of strong feeling throughout the book. The writing is discreetly literary, with a few slips. For instance, "Olivia looked up at George, and said under cover of the noi—music" is quite inexcusable. The construction of the book is weak, and sometimes clumsy. *Love and Olivia* is pretty: it can scarcely be called successful. Had it contained a little less fancy and a little more imagination, the verdict upon it might have been different.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A DOUBLE THREAD.

BY ELLEN T. FOWLER.

All who read *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, one of the most successful novels published last year, will open Miss Fowler's new story with interest. It is a long and calm book of modern life and manners, with many characters and few incidents. The interest revolves around an heiress, beautiful and cynical, who leads a double life, and is loved in one condition, not in the other. Much of the dialogue tends to the epigrammatic, and the end is peace. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A DUET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

This is a departure for the author of *Micah Clarke* and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Faithfully and with much detail Dr. Conan Doyle depicts the first year's married life of a typical middle-class young man and young woman of to-day, from the last month of the courtship to the birth of a son. On the way are certain misunderstandings and troubles, but all is clear in the end. The tone of the book is the tone of actual suburban life. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

SPIES OF THE WIGHT.

BY HEADON HILL.

Another contribution to the new school of political romance. *The Wight* is the Isle of Wight, whither goes the hero, a young journalist, to track and frustrate the Braggart of Berlin, a German plotter named Von Holtzmann, an enemy of Great Britain. Such adventures follow as were bound to follow, and in the end the journalist triumphs. Incidentally, he wins "the sweetest wife in all the world." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

UNHOLY MATRIMONY.

BY JOHN LE BRETON.

A painful, powerful story of a loveless marriage. The Rev. David Collier takes a party of East End children and women helpers into the country, and loses his way in the woods in company with a strapping young woman. The two miss the train back. There is a great scandal, and the curate offers Rose Spenny marriage. The story is concerned with his lifelong ruing of his union with a crafty and low-minded woman. The tragedy is well worked out, and is not unrelieved with humour. (Macquenn. 6s.)

A FAIR FRAUD.

BY MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

This story by the author of *In a Grass Country* has not so much of the hunting-field in it as some of the author's other novels. Nevertheless it opens with the characteristic sentence: "The horses were eating their heads off in the stables and Marion was eating her heart out in the house." The love-story concerns the attempt of the unscrupulous widow of a convict to get her daughter well married. A well woven, interesting novel. (John Long. 6s.)

PROFESSOR HIERONIMUS.

BY AMALIE SKRAM.

Amalie Skram (*née* Müller) is a Norwegian novelist of naturalistic tendencies. Indeed, she is bracketed with Zola. But in this story, translated by Alice Stronach and G. B. Jacobi, that which is usually understood by the term naturalism is not evident. The book relates with grim minuteness the experiences of a sane woman kept against her will in a lunatic asylum, and it follows that it is sombre reading. (Lane. 6s.)

THE MIRACLES OF ANTI-CHRIST.

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF.

A new story by the author of *Gosta Berling's Saga*, translated by Miss Flach. The matter is, however, very different, although the manner remains the same. "Anti-Christ" stands for socialism. By a series of curious, picturesque, and spasmodic circumstances the author makes her meaning clear, but the book is not the easy reading that *Gosta Berling* offered. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

BRASS.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

A satirical novel of the day, with a new kind of villain, or what serves for villain, in the person of an English Cardinal. Cardinals, of course, have plotted in fiction ere this again and again, but Miss Blissett's crafty Uberto is the first we remember in an English novel for a long time. The story is garnished with a more or less caustic commentary on things in general. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

ESPIRITU SANTO.

BY HENRIETTA D. SKINNER.

Once more we have a tenor for a hero. There is also a baritone in the book, a "King of Operatic Song," who wears a hair shirt and scourges himself. The story, which, like the baritone, is a blend of music and religion, has place in Paris, chiefly among the Spanish and Italian residents. It is delicately written. The appeal is neither to those who do their reading running nor to those who cannot be interested in Catholicism. (Harper. 6s.)

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

BY ETHEL FORSTER HEDDLE.

The plot of this story turns on the familiar theme of a lost family mansion and its recovery by marriage. A pleasant tale. (Bowden. 6s.)

THE GOLDEN SCEPTRE.

BY GERALD H. THORNHILL.

Another novel with a mythical foreign principality. In the opening chapters we learn how Mr. Giles Brittain, special correspondent of the *Evening Hooter*, was mixed up with the fortunes of Queen Varna of Moritania. There are plenty of exciting improbabilities in the story, which is laid in Derbyshire. An earthquake, in which two foreign ministers perish, is introduced at the end of the book. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE DOOM OF SIVA.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

The plot is concerned with the rather familiar subject of the theft of a jewel from a Hindu temple. The thief is a pretended fakir, Chunda Ram by name, but the jewel passes into English hands and the author has had no difficulty in weaving a good story of love and adventure. The scene is England. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

COMRADES OF THE BLACK CROSS.

BY HUME NISBET.

This thoroughgoing story of crime opens with an escape from Dartmoor. Then we learn how the Rev. Apprasius Holt, with his sister, came to Arrowel, and, imposing on the real clergyman of the parish, preached a most elegant sermon while planning a burglary for the same evening. This is only one incident in a narrative compact of crime and hoodiganism. In the end the Rev. Apprasius Holt returns to Dartmoor, where he gives "his silvery voice to the prison choir." (F. V. White & Co. 3s. 6d.)

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The Great Oxford Dictionary.

A National Undertaking.

At a dinner given last year by the Vice-Chancellor in the hall of Queen's College to the chief workers on the new *Historical English Dictionary*, Dr. Murray declared that he saw no reason why the work should not be finished by the year 1908. The first volume, A and B, was issued in 1888; the most recent instalment, which brings it down to *Hod*, appeared on the 2nd of January of this year. The mere conception of such an undertaking is enough to impress a man's mind; and that so colossal a work should have been resolutely carried out and be now within sight of completion argues a remarkable diligence and organising power on the part of its projectors.

The story of its projection is by this time an oft-told tale. A resolution of the Philological Society, passed in 1857 at the instigation of Archbishop Trench, provided for the collection on the part of the members of various materials to illustrate the history of words. Among such collectors were Dr. Trench himself, Dr. Furnivall, Mr.

Herbert Coleridge, Dr. Guest, Prof. Dowden and Prof. Skeat. In 1878 upwards of two million quotations had been collected and arranged; and then Dr. Murray, on behalf of the Society, submitted his scheme to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. It was only fitting that so important an undertaking should be entrusted to one of the greatest printing and publishing agencies in the world. The Oxford Press had been suppressed by Henry VIII. and re-established by Elizabeth. Its first great windfall was the presentation to it of the copyright of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, from the profits of which the old Clarendon Buildings were erected. It possesses the jealously guarded secret of the Oxford India paper, and it can print works in more than sixty different tongues. It employs over a thousand persons, retains its own binders, builders and engineers, and manufactures its own material. Clearly so great a work as the new Dictionary, and one of which the returns must needs be so long delayed, could not be undertaken by any ordinary publishing house. It is to the eternal honour of the Delegates that they were willing to take the risk. At the present moment the University is over £50,000 out of pocket on what, after all, must be regarded as a great national undertaking.

The work in its present form was commenced in 1879, and at the same time an appeal was made for volunteers to collect instances. The appeal was liberally responded to, and in the course of three years nearly a million additional quotations had been amassed. The aim of the work is, in the words of the editor's preface, to "furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in general use, or known to have



DR. JAMES MURRAY IN THE ROOM WHERE THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY IS BEING PREPARED.

From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

been in use at any time during the last seven hundred years." Each use or variant it attempts to illustrate by a quotation. Hence it is not only a dictionary of English words: it is also a very effective dictionary of dialects. It forms a better Scottish dictionary than Jamieson's, and it enters largely into the domain which is to be covered by Dr. Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*.

Dr. Murray's method has been to make lavish use of voluntary workers in the British Isles, the United States, and on the Continent. Thousands of unknown scholars, country clergymen, people with leisure and a taste for literature, have helped in supplying the enormous wealth of quotation. Mr. Henry Bradley is the chief of the philological department, and he has many able lieutenants, such as Mr. W. A. Craigie, who is well known as an authority on Scandinavian literature. Dr. Murray himself, while fulfilling the duties of general editor, has especial charge of the quotations. Anyone who has seen his *scriptorium* at Oxford, the walls lined with little pigeon-holes full of docketed papers, will understand what the genius of method means. But it is hardly possible for a stranger to fully estimate the difficulties of the work. No help was to be got from the work of predecessors, for this was the first attempt to "exhibit a combined logical and historical view of the sense-development of English words." The sole clue to the meaning of a word was often to be found in an obscure allusion, and the highest critical skill was necessary to bring light into the darkness. Again, the mere task of introducing order into the chaos of thousands of quotations involved endless labour. The nice questions, too, between what words are in use and what are obsolete, what words are pure English and what are dialectic or colloquialism, had to be faced and answered daily.

It is incredible [Dr. Murray has written] what labour has had to be expended sometimes to find out the facts for an article which occupies not more than five or six lines; or even to be able to put the words "derivation unknown" as the net outcome of hours of research, and the laborious testing of statements put forth without hesitation in other works.

And, above all, every word had to be defined, and every definition implied, at least, a modicum of knowledge of the class to which the thing denoted by the word belongs. On the matter the greatest authorities on each subject have been consulted; so that the Dictionary is more than a history of words: it is a treasure-house of exact definitions by competent men and women.

When Dr. Johnson wrote his famous preface, it was after the completion of a work which stands to this as a hillock to a mountain. It was the dictionary of a single great man, done by himself without aid from another. "My former dreams," he wrote, "were those of a poet doomed to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look for instruments when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it. . . . I then contracted my design, determining to confide in myself, and no longer to solicit auxiliaries, which produced more incumbrance than assistance; by this I obtained at least one advantage, that I set limits to my work, which would in time be ended though not completed." The present Dictionary bids fair, when it ends, to be as near completion as mortal man can want. It is a triumph of collective energy and co-operation, of patience and method.

Do you know that the sight of your face
(Though I see you each day of the seven)
Can transfigure the commonest place
Into something that seems to be heaven?

Chapter heading to "A Double Thread,"
by Ellen T. Fowler.

"Wan Legends."

Mr. Swinburne on the Stage.

It was a comfortable audience that I found filling the St. George's Hall last Monday evening, when Mr. Swinburne's tragedy *Loerine* was presented by the Elizabethan Stage Society. There was smiling and handshaking and running to and fro, and much pretty doubt about seats. People stood, and consulted, and smiled intensely, and ran about to kindle their enthusiasms by the flash of each other's *pince-nez* glasses; and little groups formed, and some smiled because they were clever, some because they were not, and some were smart, and some were sworn to the higher doddiness. And all the while learned carriage-folk poured in, mothers, daughters, well-dined fathers, young men with long hair, men with opera hats, and men in soft hats—all improbably bent on *Loerine*. Mr. Swinburne has been writing dramatic poems for years and years; he has written ten. No one had ever dreamed of playing a single one of them. But these Elizabethan folk—on whom I looked, therefore, with amazement—had decreed, by some esoteric feat of exquisite selection, that Mr. Swinburne's tragedy, *Loerine*, should be played to them this Monday evening.

Well, it was played to them, and I hope they enjoyed it. My own enjoyment was small. An Elizabethan draught raked the stalls. Between the scenes strong men rose and huddled on their overcoats. This was a merely climatic evil. But as the play proceeded a great gulf fixed itself between my book and the stage. In the copy of *Loerine* with which I had equipped myself I found a poem; on the stage I saw only ladies and gentlemen. In my book I found fine lines; from the stage there came only sound and fury and the tinny rattle of accoutrements. Words were inaudible, or reached me only as a stagey gabble. On and on it went, this contradiction, this queer parallel between a living poem under my eye and an irrelevant spectacle on a level with it. And between my book and the footlights I surveyed ladies' heads swathed in shawls, like rose-bushes wrapped from the cold.

The acting of *Loerine* was not only poor—of that I do not so much complain—it was wrongly conceived. Here was a drama so poetical in form that two whole scenes are written in sonnet sequences, and the rest in systems of rhyme more or less complex. Now there is only one way in which such a poetical drama can be made acceptable to an audience. It should be recited, not acted. This need not exclude simple costume, and such elementary scenery as were used last Monday night. But the playing should not be more dramatic than the play. For here, as everywhere, the play's the thing; and if the play be no play, but a psychological dramatic poem, discursive and leisured, and as full of the poet's own *by-play* as of the essential story, why, then simple elocution is the one thing needed. Every word, every rhyme, every rhythmic device, every nuance of feeling and expression should be conveyed to the ear. Shouting and gestures and stage tricks can do nothing to secure this; and the style of acting at St. George's Hall was more appropriate to an Adelphi drama than to the delicate work in hand.

For my part, I should have asked nothing better than to have been able to lean back in my seat and take in Mr. Swinburne's lines, his words, his thoughts. The proportion of these which reached us was miserably small. I should then have heard Sabrina's answer to her mother's question:

Dost thou understand,
Child, what the birds are singing?

SABRINA.

All the land
Knows that: the water tells it to the rushes
Aloud, and lower and softer to the sand:

The flower-fays, lip to lip and hand in hand,
 Laugh and repeat it all till darkness hushes
 Their singing with a word that falls and crushes
 All song to silence down the river-strand
 And where the hawthorns hearken for the thrushes.
 And all the secret sense is sweet and wise
 That sings through all their singing, and replies
 When we would know if heaven be gay or grey,
 And would not open all too soon our eyes
 To look perchance on no such happy skies
 As sleep brings close and waking blows away.

I should have heard the many low speeches of Estrild and
 Loctrine when that king was being hard pressed by his
 wife, and all his spirit was swayed and clouded by her
 threats of war.

LOCTRINE.

Estrild,

Estrild ?

ESTRILD.

No soft reiteration of my name
 Can sing my sorrow down that comes and goes
 And colours hope with fear and love with shame.
 Rose hast thou called me: were I like the rose,
 Happier were I than woman: she survives
 Not by one hour (like as of longer lives)
 The sun she lives in and the love he gives
 And takes away; but we, when love grows sere,
 Live yet, while trust in love no longer lives,
 Nor drink for comfort with the dying year,
 Death.

Miss Lilian McCarthy's rendering of Guendolen's part
 was careful, vigorous, talented. And yet—such was the
 rapidity with which she uttered and *staged* the text—it
 was to my book, not to her, that I owed my appreciation of
 many fine lines, as these in which Guendolen is address-
 ing Loctrine :

Dost thou know
 What day records to day and night to night—
 How he whose wrath was rained as hail or snow
 On Troy's adulterous towers, when treacherous flame
 Devoured them, and our father's roofs lay low,
 And all their praise was turned to fire and shame—
 All-righteous God, who herds the stars of heaven
 As sheep within his sheepfold—God, whose name
 Compels the wandering clouds to service, given
 As surely as even the sun's is—loves or hates
 Treason ?

To do Miss McCarthy justice, she delivered many of her
 lines well, and none better than the last in the poem.
 Looking down on her slain husband and the slain woman,
 her rival, Guendolen soliloquises :

The gods are wise who lead us—now to smite,
 And now to spare; we dwell but in their sight
 And work but what their will is. What hath been
 Is past. But these, that once were king and queen,
 The sun, that feeds on death, shall not consume
 Naked. Not I would sunder tomb from tomb
 Of these twain foes of mine, in death made one—
 I, that when darkness hides me from the sun,
 Shall sleep alone, with none to rest by me.
 But thou—this one time more I look on thee—
 Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not mine—
 Sleep sound—and God be good to thee, Loctrine.
 I was not. She was fair as heaven in spring
 Whom thou didst love indeed. Sleep, queen and king,
 Forgiven; and if—God knows—being dead, ye live,
 And keep remembrance yet of me—forgive.

The performance overwhelmed the play. Yet it con-
 vinced me that these "wan legends" (as Mr. Swinburne
 calls them) of Geoffrey of Monmouth's mythical Britain
 could hold an audience if given with just the measure
 of dramatic art that is necessary for life and variety in
 the hearing. As it was, not a few people left the hall,
 and the longest haired Elizabethan present bolted after
 the second act.

W.

Things Seen.

Italy.

THE doctor who stepped hurriedly into the hall, in re-
 sponse to my application, said: "You're just in time!
 He's a cheerful, curious little fellow—a Messenger Boy
 but——" and the doctor shook his head.

"How did the accident happen?" I asked.

"Run over by a van. He stopped to pat a dog that
 was crossing the road, and the shafts of the van caught
 him."

Then the doctor led me upstairs, and thence to a bed
 at the end of the ward. The boy greeted me with a
 smile, and said apologetically: "It was such a jolly dog,
 sir."

"And how are you?" I asked.

"Very comfy," he replied. "Ar'n't I lucky, master?"

I followed his eyes, which gazed through the upper
 panes of the tall window opposite. I thought of his poor
 broken body, of the pitiful end that was so near, and my
 eyes said: "Why do you call yourself lucky, little
 Messenger Boy?"

"Nobody else in the ward has got the sun bang
 opposite him, 'cept me," he said gleefully.

I looked again, and there, sure enough, high up, at the
 top of a huge building that abutted upon the hospital
 wall, was a patch of stray sunlight. He thought a little,
 then he said: "In Italy the sun always shines, doesn't it,
 master? *I've seen Italy*," and his face flamed with pride.

"How did you come to see Italy?" I asked, humoring
 him, for his strength was far spent. His eyes opened
 wide: "I was one of the Tourist Club at the Settlement,
 and they took us to Switzerland. And one day we walked
 from—from—I forget names—up and up and up, through
 snow and over rocks, on and on, till we crept round a hill
 and stood on a ledge of rock, and—and—(his eyes
 glistened, his breath came quickly)—I saw Italy. There
 was a great valley and lakes and white roads running by
 the side; and sunshine—golly, such sunshine! and the
 water of the lakes was all blue and sparkled; and on the
 tops of all the mountains was snow, and below them green
 trees. And there were goats, too, and sheep walking
 along the white roads in the sunshine. Not many boys
 have seen Italy, have they, sir?"

A spasm of pain shook him, but his eyes still held the
 memory of delight. I held his small hand for a moment,
 and then I left this child of the streets, who was so grate-
 ful to the life that had been so unkind to him. But he
 did not know it. He had a brave spirit, that little
 Messenger Boy who had seen Italy.

The Horizon.

BEFORE a newly-built villa in countrified Wembley I
 saw a carrier's cart bearing upon its side the name of a
 City van-man.

On a meadow by the house was the carrier's boy,
 running up and down like a mad thing, crying out
 "Fields, fields; trees, trees!" and stopping ever and
 again to look at the open view which stretched away to a
 distant peaceful horizon.

The carrier, seeing me, said with a grin: "'E ain't
 used to nothing like this, sir; there ain't much of this sort
 of thing in the Eastinjerdock-road! The Hisle o' Dawgs
 may be seaside, but it ain't rooral."

He whistled the lad to him. The youngster came up,
 crying out: "Father, what's that line drawn there?"

"Where, my boy?"

"There! right at the bottom of the sky?"

The man peered a moment and then said: "There
 ain't no line at all; that's only because you can't see no
 further." The lad stared, mystified; hitherto his horizon
 had been brickwork.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE great English love of gravity on all occasions is also American. Undeterred by the fate of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Rosebery jested himself to doom as a leader; and now Mr. Choate, before he has been with us as American Ambassador for more than a few days, is beginning to realise what a funereal affair office really is. He has been condemned by the Press of New York for conduct unbecoming an ambassador and a statesman, and his guilt is written boldly on the front of his speech at the Associated Chambers of Commerce. The *Sun* advises him to "keep away from any festive gatherings," and to spend the saved time in "the study of public documents." The *New York Times*, after protesting against "questions of high policy being made the subject of after-dinner quips," suggests, with all gravity, that "the ideal ambassador to Great Britain would be a deaf mute." One begins to have a hint why the temperance cause makes slow progress: Sir Wilfrid Lawson is sometimes amusing. The dulness of members of Parliament is proverbial; but there are extenuating circumstances: "a laugh" might be seen by a constituent and cost the frivolous senator his seat. English statesmen must be hypocrites indeed in their professed devotion to the British Constitution if it is true that you do not really believe in anything until you are free to laugh at it a little; but that saying, being witty in its own way, has, of course, no credit in Parliamentary circles. The doctors have lately discovered the health-giving virtues of laughter; and as statesmen live long, and then do not die of chest disease, one is driven to the conclusion that they do laugh a little, if only in their sleeves.

THE judges have always tried to redeem the dulness of the Bench with jokes—very bad ones, but still jokes. But Mr. Justice Bucknill, a new hand, may perhaps find that he has presumed too far on the public tolerance. Received with great cordiality by his fellow Devonians in London, at their recent banquet, the judge said:

He would give them a tip. If a man who was not a Devonshire man were to fall in love with a Devonshire girl and were to break his promise, and that young lady wanted justice, just let her try it under the roof of the Law Courts in the Strand. And if she wanted a judge she should not go to Justice Kekewich, because he only dealt with equity, but go to the Common Law side, and only have Justice Bucknill. And whatever the merits of the case, if they did not happen to accord quite with the young lady's statement, justice would be blind.

Already the paragraph has been quoted in an Irish paper with a leer; in Paris it will be given as the set-off against the Dreyfus Case. For in Paris this week dulness has reached a climax in the criticism of the ACADEMY's collection of the man-in-the-street's ideas about Kipling. In France, we are solemnly assured, they submit nice literary questions to an Academician, not to an omnibus conductor. As well, cries the paragraphist, might the Parisian send down to consult the concierge on the merits of Mallarmé!

By the way, at this same Devonian banquet, the name of Mr. Kipling evoked the cheer of the evening. Nor was the allusion to the fact that Devon claims him as a school-boy; it was a chance reference made by Sir Courtney Ilbert to the chairman, Sir William White, as a naval constructor of monsters "which only the genius of Rudyard Kipling could describe."

THE Society of Women Journalists has performed many enterprising things. With its lectures, and what not, it has done its full share to amuse or to edify the public. But women's societies are always very much in earnest; and when the women journalists give entertainments

other than informatory ones they give them to raise funds for the disabled and unlucky of their profession. Their kind-heartedness has brought them good luck. They have had a hundred or two pounds to hand over to women writers whose health has failed, or whose opportunities for work have been fitful or have ceased. But there are, it seems, women journalists who object. They are flourishing, and they see in the relief of the necessitous a stigma on their calling. "What does the society mean by invoking the aid of actresses?" asks Miss Frances Low. "The capable journalist," cries the successful Miss Billington, "requires no philanthropic aid, and, indeed, resents it." But if Miss Billington were not capable? or, being capable, had an incapacitating illness? "Every capable journalist can earn three pounds a week," is the testimony of another; but there, again, one has to say there are degrees of capacity. Miss Carpenter thinks a *matinée* for the sick and wounded woman journalist "most humiliating"; Miss Honor Morten, too, is hostile; and Miss Flora Shaw is hardly less irrelevant to the real issue when she merely says that she does not know that the Society exists. The comment of the mere man can only be that the successful woman journalist is unduly sensitive. It is no discredit to her that some of her colleagues are incompetent or unlucky; and that others who are clever and lucky wish to raise, by common and agreeable devices, a fund for the unfortunate. Artists, actors, musicians, have all of them their sick and wounded funds; and Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Henry Irving, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, instead of proclaiming to the world that they are not paupers, take the chair at dinners given in aid of their benevolent funds. Nobody has ever objected, not even a capable actress who could make three pounds a week and wanted the world to know it. Even if the criticism is one of method and not of principle, and deals with the rival merits of a dinner or a *matinée*, the procedure of the Society of Women Journalists seems to be very needlessly attacked.

THERE have been a good many consultations during the last few weeks among those responsible for the decoration of St. Paul's, and an official reply will shortly be made to the criticisms lately appearing in the daily press.

MR. LANE-FOX PITT and Lady Edith Douglas have had a sensation denied to most people—they have read the announcement that they are Buddhists. A good many English people have had a vague sort of reputation of having joined the ancient religions of the East; and some with a little more reason than that behind this last rumour. In the case of Byron it was absurd, and in that of Sir Richard Burton it was misinformed. In our day theosophy has been an undeniable link between the East and the West; and the "Light of Asia" has glimmered over London. It is hard to demand of a man, on the eve of his marriage, a profession of faith; but Mr. Lane-Fox Pitt, who has no second-hand knowledge of the East, would probably, if called upon, be quite willing to say that Christianity—and Buddhism too, for that matter—falls short of any true expression of the hearts of their founders. They are still of the world. Their followers do not serve each other all for love and nothing for reward; and the ideal of aloofness from earth is reached in perfection by only a few—some wandering Fakirs among the number. Mr. Lane-Fox Pitt is against the numbering of the people as of this religion or that; he is against nominalism, and he would deny the right of a man to join a religion he did not mean to live by. It is a little irony of fate, therefore, that he should have been himself made the subject of a startling religious census, and should have been announced to all the world as the thing he is not.

What America Reads.

AGAIN the American *Bookman* discloses to us the book preferences of Transatlantic readers. Its reports are made up to the end of February. Thirty lists in all are given, covering most of the great cities, but unaccountably omitting Boston. These lists show that the six most popular books in the United States and Canada at the present time are:

The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling.
The Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker.
Red Rock. T. N. Page.
David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
Aylwin. T. Watts-Dunton.
Mr. Dooley. F. P. Dunne.

It is interesting to see that Mr. Kipling's *Day's Work* comes out first in popularity. *Mr. Dooley* is popular, but its satire has not driven romance into a corner.

The popularity of *David Harum*, which heads the list in no fewer than seven centres, is very noticeable. This novel is published in England by Messrs. Pearson. It is melancholy to think that its author, Edward Noyes Westcott, died before the public verdict had been pronounced on his work. He lived only long enough to finish the story, which is remarkable for its vigorous portrayal of an original and humorous type of character peculiar to central New York State.

We give below a few lists which seem to be typical or remarkable:

NEW YORK (DOWNTOWN).

1. Mr. Dooley. F. P. Dunne.
2. David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
3. The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling.
4. The Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker.
5. Red Rock. T. N. Page.
6. Adventures of François. Weir Mitchell.

CHICAGO.

1. David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
2. Mr. Dooley. F. P. Dunne.
3. The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling.
4. Red Rock. T. N. Page.
5. The Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker.
6. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Thomson J. Hudson.

CINCINNATI.

1. Benner's Prophecies of the Ups and Downs of Prices.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. E. Caskoden.
3. David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. E. Rostand.
5. Anglo-Saxon Superiority. E. Demolins.
6. Mr. Dooley. F. P. Dunne.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Old Chester Tales. Margaret Deland.
2. David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
3. Mr. Dooley. F. P. Dunne.
4. Castle Inn. S. Weyman.
5. The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling.
6. Aylwin. T. Watts-Dunton.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. With Kitchener to Khartum. G. W. Stevens.
2. Aylwin. T. Watts-Dunton.
3. A Fleet in Being. Rudyard Kipling.
4. Afterwards. Ian Maclaren.
5. Black Rock. R. Connor.
6. The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 24.

A PUBLISHING firm (we wrote last week) is just now preparing a new series of literary monographs of English writers. The programme, as at present announced, includes only one woman writer—George Eliot. Mr. W. P. James, in commenting in the *St. James's Gazette* upon this circumstance, suggests that the readers of the ACADEMY should be called upon to draw up a list of women writers that deserve inclusion, together with the critics best fitted to deal with them. We took the hint, and offered a prize of one guinea to the best list of six monographs on the lines of those in the "English Men of Letters" series, the subject of each being an English woman writer of this century (exclusive of George Eliot), and the monographer a living English author, either man or woman.

The response has been full and interesting, and the task of selecting the best lists is not easy. We have, however, decided to give the prize to Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, The Clapham School, High-street, Clapham, S.W., for the following:

Emily Brontë. By A. C. Swinburne.
Charlotte Brontë. By W. E. Henley.
Mrs. Browning. By Theodore Watts-Dunton.
Christina Rossetti. By Mrs. Meynell.
Harriett Martineau. By John Morley.
Mrs. Gaskell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

It is not an ideal list—Miss Austen, for example, is of more importance than either Miss Martineau or Miss Rossetti—but it is good, and the books would be of great interest. Popular opinion, as gathered from the lists before us, is with Mr. Ratcliffe in two of his selections, a large number of competitors wishing Mrs. Meynell to write of Miss Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne of Emily Brontë. Mrs. Meynell is also bracketted with Mrs. Browning on several lists. But the most recurring association on the papers are Miss Austen and Mr. Dobson, and Charlotte Brontë and Mr. Shorter. Several, however, wish Mr. Lang to write of Miss Austen and several Mr. Birrell, while one competitor suggests very happily that Mr. Howells should do so. Mr. Henry James is also named in this connexion, and truly his book should be a joy. Mr. Birrell is allied by several readers to Mrs. Browning, and there is a pretty general feeling that Mrs. Humphry Ward should make a monograph of someone. Now it is Harriet Martineau, now Mrs. Gaskell, now Charlotte Brontë, while one paper suggests that Mrs. Ward should herself be a subject, and Mr. Bernard Shaw the critic. Among good suggestions are Emily Brontë by Miss Olive Schreiner, Harriet Martineau by Mrs. Fawcett, Miss Rossetti by Mr. Laurence Housman, and Mrs. Gaskell by Mr. George Gissing. In one paper Maria Edgeworth is handed over to Mr. W. B. Yeats, and in another Hannah More to Mr. Henley!

Answers received also from: J. S. London; L. C. J., E. W., Clapham; E. J. L. A., Cardiff; J. L. M., Banff; J. C., London; E. R. F., Hylton; F. G., London; A. W. Edinburgh; H. B., Gartcosh; G. M. C., Bradford; M. H. L., Sheffield; E. U., London; G. R. A., Dublin; W. R. D. F., London; A. W. P., Londonderry; Mrs. C., South Ealing; C. E. D., Upper Norwood; E. M. C., London; H. T., Epsom; W. A. J., London; E. A., Todmorden; S. R. J., Merthyr; A. R., London; T. C., Buxted; H. J., Crouch End; C. C., Aberdeen; Mrs. R. S., London; T. B. D., Bridgewater; G. B. A., Birkenhead; W. H. B., Birmingham; A. C. H., London; Miss W., Oxford; M. A. B., Greenock; H. M., London; J. D., Exeter; E. H. C., Abergele; Miss B., Scarborough; G. C. H., London; S. D. A. W., Tiverton; D. S., Glasgow; J. G., London; A. C., Edinburgh; L. R. G. W., Richmond; H. M. C., Ealing; F. C. B., Dorking; W. J. B., Cambridge; R. M. H., Eastbourne; W. P., St. Albans; G. R., Aberdeen (disqualified: see Rules); W. M. S., Herne Hill; I. B., co. Dublin; W. M. M., Lowe Bebington; H. B. H., Westbourne Park; R. D. M., Emsworth; M. P., Wilton; H. C. H., West Didsbury; C. J. C., Cardiff; J. H., Churchdown; H. T. H., Newbury; H. B. F., Scarborough; F. W. A., Leeds; Q. K., Highgate; Cantab, Cambridge; H. P. B., Glasgow; J. G., Bridlington Quay; O. F., Baildon; J. E. Y., Kilburn; M. N. A., Barnes; A. S., London; G. E. M., London; T. E. A., Todmorden; F. J. B., Winchester; H. L. B., Llandovey; K. K., Belfast; M. A., Bowdon; T. H. T., Streatham Hill; H. G. H., Rusways; T. B., Chesterford; L. F. M., London; Mrs. E. M., Bedford Park; A. E. J., Ipswich; H. H. J. H., Sutton; A. L., Davos-Platz; and one other, name missing.

Competition No. 25.

THERE is, as we have already announced, a movement on foot to establish a memorial to the late Mr. William Black, the author of *Madcap Violet*, and a score or so of other stories which have been read in their thousands all over the world. The suggestion came from Lord Archibald Campbell, and a Committee has now been formed, the constitution of which was explained in the ACADEMY last week, to translate it into fact. It has been proposed that a lifeboat, bearing Mr. Black's name, should be endowed and placed at a station in the western Highlands. Alternative plans are—"a beacon light,"

"a Scholarship for a Highland lad to be held at a Scotch University," "a cot in a Highland hospital," "a cot in a London hospital for the benefit of Scots"; but nothing has yet been decided upon. In the hope of a more suitable practical suggestion resulting, we ask our readers to consider the memorial this week in connexion with our Prize Competition. To the author of what seems to us the most fitting scheme of keeping green Mr. Black's fame, a cheque for a guinea will be sent. It should be borne in mind by all competitors that Mr. Black was a keen optimist, a sportsman, a passionate lover of nature, especially as she is found in Scotland, and one who delighted, in his books, in his power to create beautiful young womanhood and brave men. Briefly, he was an open-air idealist: a fact that should not be lost sight of in considering the form a memorial to him should take. It must also be remembered that a large sum is not likely to be subscribed. Hence if £2,000 is taken as the outside amount of the cost of the memorial (although more may, of course, be received), competitors will be on the safe side.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 28. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 368, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, March 23.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Smith (H. P.), A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Samuel	(Clark) 12/0
Jowett (B.), Sermons Biographical and Miscellaneous	(Murray) 7/6
Butler (H. M.), University and Other Sermons	(Macmillan & Bowen)
Ingram (Rt. Rev. A. F. W.), Banners of the Christian Faith	(Wells Gardner) 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Yonge (C. M.), <i>Cameos from English History</i> . Ninth Series: The Eighteenth Century	(Macmillan) 5/0
Mends (B. S.), Life of Admiral Sir William Robert Mends	(Murray) 16/0
Bearne (C.), Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens	(Unwin) 10/6
Church (Rev. A. J.), Nicias and the Sicilian Expedition	(Seeley) 1/6
How (W. W.), Hannibal	(Seeley) 2/0
Adams (G. B.), European History	(Macmillan) 6/6

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Weir (J.), The Dawn of Reason	(Macmillan) 5/0
Huoppe (Dr. F.), The Principles of Bacteriology	(Open Court Publishing Co.) 9/0
Young (T. E.), On Centenaries	(Layton)
Schubert (H.), Mathematical Essays and Recreations	(Open Court Publishing Co.) 3/6
Rogers (A. K.), A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy	(Macmillan) net 5/0
Patten (S. N.), The Development of English Thought	(Macmillan) net 10/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Cook (T. A.), The Story of Rouen	(Dent) net 4/6
Johnstone (C. L.), Christian and Jewish Pilgrims to the Holy Land	(Church Newspaper Co.) net 2/6
Gomme (G. L.), The <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> Library: English Topography. Part XI.: Staffordshire-Suffolk	(Stock)

EDUCATIONAL.

Archer-Hind (R. D.), Cambridge Compositions, Greek and Latin	(Camb. Univ. Press) 10/0
<i>Queen's College, Galway: Calendar for 1898-99</i>	(Univ. Press, Dublin)
Kirkman (F. B.), Les Gaulois et Les Francs	(Black) net 1/3
Sidwick (A.), The <i>Aeneid</i> of Vergil. Book IX.	(Camb. Univ. Press) 1/6
Sanderson (F. W.), Geometry for Young Beginners	(Camb. Univ. Press) 1/4

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Grierson (F.), Modern Mysticism	(George Allen) net 3/6
Verhaeren (E.), Poems	(Lane) net 5/0
Miall (A. B.), Poems	(Lane) net 5/0
Smith (H. J.), D'Ennabuc, Governor of St. Martinique: a Drama	(Cornish) net 1/0
Nietzsche (F.), A Genealogy of Morals. Poems	(Unwin) 8/6
Gwynn (S.), Tennyson: a Critical Study	(Blackie) 2/6
Bierce (A.), Fantastic Fables	(Putnam's Sons) 3/6
Williams (F. H.), English Roses	(Simpkin) 6/0
Roberts (W. R.), Longinus on the Sublime	(Camb. Univ. Press) 9/0

Announcements.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON have arranged to issue in this country a concise dictionary of English etymology recently published by Karl Trübner, of Strasburg, and written in English. It has been drawn up by Prof. F. Kluge and F. Lutz, and intended by the authors to serve "as an introduction to the history of the English language."

LORD ROBERTS has written an introduction for *From Cromwell to Wellington—Twelve Soldiers*, which will be published

in the course of a few days by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd. The general editor is Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have in the press, for early publication, the new book by the author of *The Glamour of the Impossible*, which is called *Through a Keyhole*. Overheard by Cosmo Hamilton.

MR. JOHN MURRAY writes: "I notice that in the list of the twelve best books of the Spring, in the ACADEMY just published, you state the price of George Borrow's *Life* as 36s. The price is 32s."

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THE PRINCESS XENIA: a Novel. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup. A Story of Adventure by the Author of "Hallopings Dick," "The Adventurers," &c.

ASPECTS OF ROME. By Arthur Symonds. The article describes with rare sympathy and insight modern phases of the life of the Eternal City. It is elaborately illustrated by F. N. Du Mond.

THE TRIAL of the "OREGON." By Rear-Admiral L. A. BEARDSLEE, U.S.N. Illustrated by Edward Edwards and Carlton T. Chapman. The author, who was a member of the Government Board that tested the "Oregon" at the time she was built, gives a graphic account of her trial trip, and indicates the excellence of construction that enabled the "Oregon" to make her phenomenal run in the late war.

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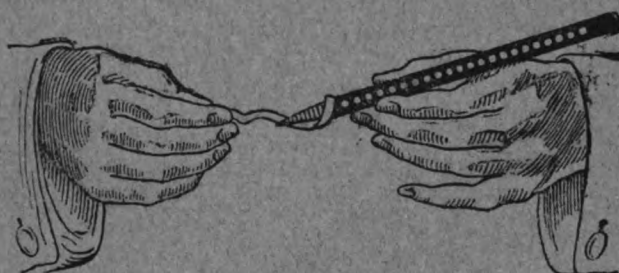
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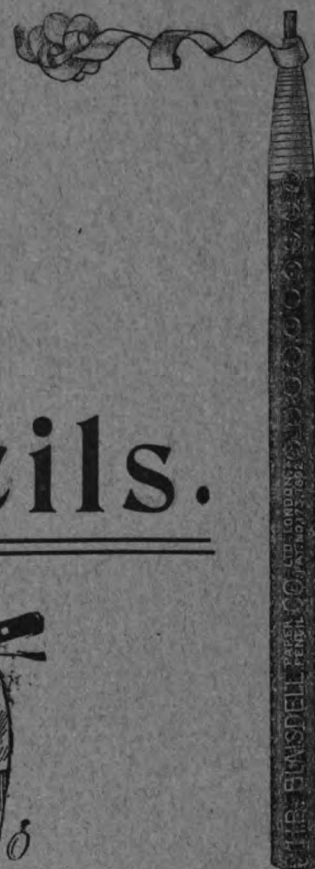
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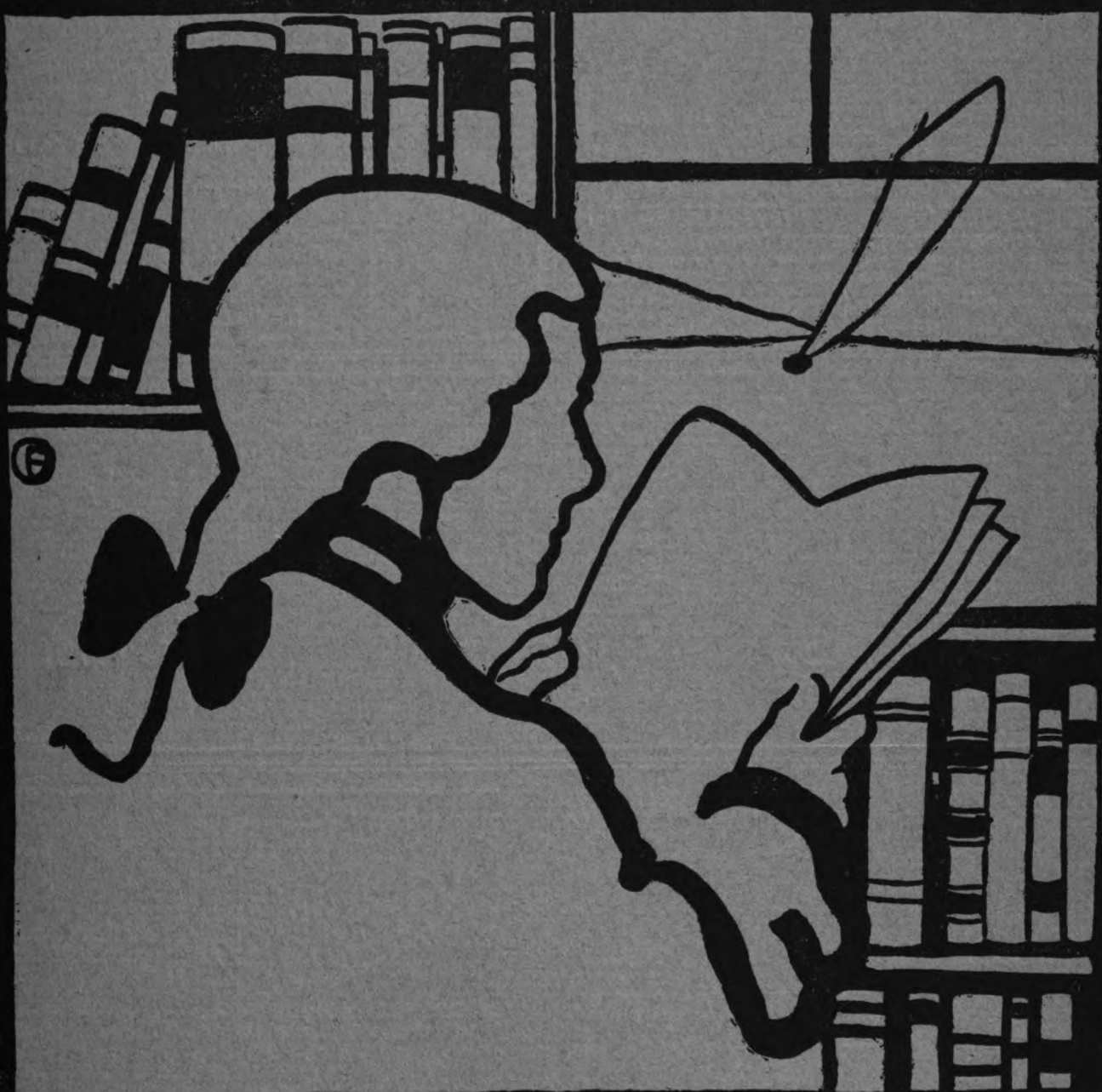
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The Literary Week.

ON our Prize Competition page will be found a number of suggestions concerning the form which the memorial to the late William Black might take.

THE new one-volume edition of the Life of the late Lord Tennyson, which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued, is clad in the familiar green cloth which, although other poets wear it too—Matthew Arnold, for example, and Clough—is associated particularly with Tennyson. The book has been designed to consort with the complete edition of Tennyson's *Poems*. It contains a great deal for two covers to support—929 pages—but the paper used is very thin. Some day, we suppose, all or some of the numerous new verses scattered about the biography will find their way also into the complete edition of the *Poems*.

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE, whose biography of Thackeray will be issued in two volumes by Messrs. Hutchinson next month, is not much more than thirty years of age. He has been collecting materials for his book for the last ten years, making the pursuit his hobby, and in this way he has amassed information which would probably escape the eye of an editor to whom time and labour were considerations. Indeed, Mr. Melville's difficulty has been to compress his matter. The work will be illustrated, and it will contain a bibliography which, it is believed, will be the most complete yet constructed.

TAKING his text from Mrs. Atherton's study of a female dipsomaniac, *A Daughter of the Vine*, a writer in the *World* conjures up a dismal dream of the abnormal heroines which are likely soon to dominate fiction. Nowadays a fashion has but to be set to be run to death; for there is an increasing body of literary opportunists who are ever ready to supply whatever variety of story the public seems to require. If there is the least inclination for novels of disease, novels of disease will appear. The *World* critic suggests a few possible titles: *The Elephantiasis of Esther Egerton*, *The Sequels of Irene's Influenza*, and *Chloe the Chloralid*.

A MEMORIAL tablet has now been fixed by the London County Council to mark the abode at Highgate of Andrew Marvell. A plain inscription is all that is engraved thereon, because, as we read in one of the daily papers, to the County Council Committee's appeal for a suitable quotation from Marvell's writings there has been no response. Why do not committees in these difficulties

take some trouble to make their requirements known? Many persons could have found them a suitable quotation.

FROM the new Stevenson letters in the April *Scribner*: "I have a great piece of news. There has been offered for *Treasure Island* . . . a hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid.—None of it [*Prince Otto*] is exactly funny, but some of it is smiling.—Here lies the carcase of Robert Louis Stevenson, an active, austere, and not inelegant writer.—My view of life is essentially the comic; and the romantically comic. 'As You Like It' is to me the most bird-haunted spot in letters."

AND this is a little Whitmanesque fragment, belonging probably to the year 1883, and dropped into a letter from Stevenson to Mr. Henley:

Sursum Corda:
Heave ahead:
Here's luck.
Art and Blue Heaven,
April and God's Larks.
Green reeds and the sky-scattering river.
A stately music.
Enter God!

MR. FISHER UNWIN's successor to the Pseudonym Library is the Overseas Library, a series of books depicting foreign and colonial life. Certain works published from time to time by Mr. Unwin have stimulated young writers in the Colonies and Dependencies to set down their own impressions, and these will form some of the volumes. The first, however, which will be issued this month, is by Mr. Cunninghame Graham. It will be called *The Ipané*.

AN interesting commentary on a piece of English slang has just been made by Prof. Skeat. Noticing in the *Daily Telegraph* the report of a police case wherein two women were said to have thrown "nasty snacks" at each other, Prof. Skeat wrote to that paper thus: "It is one of the numerous instances which show how Scandinavian we are. Turning to the Danish dictionary we find *snakke*, 'to prate, chatter'; *snakke over sig*, 'to talk wildly'; *snakke-broder*, 'a chatterbox'; *lit.* 'a "snack-brother"'; *snaksom*, 'talkative.' The Norwegian dictionary tells us that such terms are very common in the west and north of Norway."

THE outspoken bookseller in Cannon-alley, Paternoster-row, has pinned a new set of placards, bearing maxims, to his books. The most direct of his new *pensées* is this: "One of the last things to dawn on you, but one of the first to dawn on your friends, is that—you are a fool."

MR. SIDNEY LEE is justly alarmed by the way in which First Folios of Shakespeare are being acquired by Americans. In an article on "The Shakespeare First Folio" in the April number of the *Cornhill* Mr. Lee writes:

It is devoutly to be wished that all English men and women who at the present time own copies of the First Folio—by far the most valuable of the four volumes—will keep a firm grip upon them; for this country is being rapidly drained of its First Folios by the United States of America.

When, in the summer of last year, I found that for purposes of research it was desirable that I should consult two copies of the First Folio which were reported to possess unique features, and were known to have been in libraries in England a very few years ago, my inquiries led me to the embarrassing conclusion that, if I wished to examine the copies in question, it would be necessary for me to take a trip to New York. One of these two copies only crossed the seas in 1897. There was a third copy, which I sought to trace in vain, and I believe, although I have no precise information on the subject, that that copy has also joined its brethren in America. English booksellers make no secret of this fact of the growing practice of exporting rare editions of Shakespeare to America. Mr. Quaritch, the great bookseller in Piccadilly, wrote to me lately in reference to the First Folio: "Perfect copies are usually sold by us dealers to American collectors. They thus get scarcer and dearer every year."

However, the honey of Mr. Lee's article is in the tail of it. He has just discovered a copy of the great folio of 1623, which he is convinced is "almost certainly the first copy of the great Shakespeare folio which came from his [Jaggard's] press." This copy is nearly half an inch taller than any other known copy, and it contains an inscription in the handwriting of Jaggard, who presented it to Mr. Augustine Vincent, of the Herald's College. We trust that this copy will remain in the country that gave it birth.

A LITTLE pamphlet on *Shakespeare's Handwriting*, extracted from Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*, has been issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. It consists of facsimiles of the only extant specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting that are of undisputed authenticity—namely, five autograph signatures. Shakespeare wrote very badly. His own treatment of his name was so careless that every variety of spelling it can find sanction in these five signatures—except, of course, the variety that resorts to B-a-c-o-n.

At last, after long waiting, the Omarians have the Golden Treasury Edition of their Creed according to FitzGerald. The book is a very charming one, but the Golden Treasury practice of decorating the title-page with a fitting design has not in this case been adopted. The information concerning editions of the poem is interesting. We reproduce the figures: First edition (Quaritch) 1859; second edition, 1868; third edition, 1872; fourth edition (with Salámán and Absál), 1879; fifth edition (FitzGerald's Collected Works), Macmillan & Co., 1889; Omar, reprinted separately, July and October, 1890, 1891, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897 (twice), January, March, and November, 1898, 1899; Golden Treasury Edition, 1899.

IN the *Art Journal* for April will be found an article on Mr. Elihu Vedder, the illustrator of FitzGerald's version of *Omar Khayyam*, whose illustrated edition, however, is not mentioned in the foregoing account of the English history of the poem. With the April number has also been issued the "Easter Art Annual," which takes the form of a review of the late William Morris's life and work by Mr. Lewis F. Day. It is a little hard that in the advertisement pages of this number a firm of booksellers should draw attention to "remainder" copies of Morris's *Lectures on Art*.

MR. LANG brings his task as editor of the *Gadshill Edition* of Dickens to a close with a general essay on the novelist's work. It is sound, if somewhat breathless, criticism. Mr. Lang rushes over his ground as though he would give anything to have it done and be back again at something really congenial—a theory of totems or the history of Scotland. And yet there could hardly be more stimulating or thorough praise of *Pickwick* than this:

Mr. Pickwick ceased to be the amateur suburban savant, and bloomed into the delight of mankind—the cockney Quixote, the soul of gaitered chivalry: the cockney Socrates with his disciples; the obscure Johnson of a newer Fleet-street. This great man, in his benevolence, chivalry, childlike wisdom, and geniality, reminds us alternately of all the three characters mentioned; and surely Mr. Pickwick himself refutes the slander that "Dickens could not draw a gentleman." If Mr. Pickwick is not a gentleman (of course, not in the heraldic sense), who is? Who was ever more courteous, and considerate, and (despite Mrs. Bardell and the lady in yellow curl papers) more blameless in his relations with women? Who more gaily put himself in peril to rescue virtue in distress? Who was more fiery on the point of honour, even if his attitude of self-defence was unscientific? In whom do we mark a hand more open, a heart more tender, or more eager to forgive? Indeed, Mr. Pickwick seems "scarce other than my own ideal knight," though "a knight *sin amor*," like the good Earl Marischal. His foibles are amiable; his scutcheon is white as the pennon of Brian Tunstal. He did not shun the bowl; nor did Socrates, who, to be sure, like Dr. Johnson, had the stronger head. These excesses of the Pickwickians are to be taken in a Pickwickian sense; they are as symbolical as Maeterlinck, and infinitely more entertaining. As to method or plot, *Pickwick* has none, and needs none. It is not a novel, but something far better; it is *Pickwick*, the breviary of kindly men. "Delightful book!" as Thackeray cries when Dugald Dalgetty's name comes into his mind. "To think of it is to want to jump up and take it down from the shelf." It opens to us a world literally crowded with human beings, of whom the least important even are permanent creations, friends whom we do not forget.

AND this is Mr. Lang's summary of the whole matter. "No man," he writes, when the time comes to record Dickens's death, "no man, for forty years, had diffused so much delight, had given so much sterling happiness. How glorious is the record, how far beyond envy the achievement, how frivolous do our deductions and carpings appear, when set beside the undeniable fact! Shakespeare, Fielding, Dr. Johnson, Burns, Scott, and Dickens

—these, when we think of authors who have made men glad, who have made life joyful in England, are the names. They are with Homer and Aristophanes, Molière, Rabelais, and Cervantes; they are heroes and benefactors."

In the new edition of Sir Frederick Pollock's *Spinoza*, to which we shall return in a future number, is printed an old translation, dated 1706, of the *Life of Benedict Spinoza*, by John Colerus, minister of the Lutheran Church at the Hague. The philosopher's serious thoughts being, as a rule, of so much more interest than his trivial ones, we are tempted to make this quaint extract from the little *Life*:

When he staid at home, he was troublesome to no Body; he spent the greatest part of his time quietly in his own Chamber. When he happen'd to be tired by having applyed himself too much to his Philosophical Meditations, he went down Stairs to refresh himself, and discoursed with the people of the House about any thing, that might afford Matter for an ordinary Conversation, and even about trifles. He also took Pleasure in smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco; or, when he had a mind to divert himself somewhat longer, he look'd for some Spiders, and made 'em fight together, or he threw some Flies into the Cobweb, and was so well pleased with that Battel, that he wou'd sometimes break into Laughter. He observed also, with a Microscope, the different parts of the smallest Insects, from whence he drew such Consequences as seem'd to him to agree best with his Discoveries.

"We, the editor, were dressed in black and white, and wore an ermine cape lined with brocade, and a large black picture hat with white feathers." A correspondent sends us the cutting from a Sunday paper of a leading article on the recent Women Journalists' Matinée containing the above marvellous sentence. As our correspondent says, "it is a grand attempt to combine the personal with the anonymous."

THE promise of formidable additions to Sunday journalism is not being received with unmixed gratitude by the British public. A Bill to check such enterprise is to be brought before Parliament by Major Pirie, and many Nonconformist preachers have been deprecating ephemeral reading for the Day of Rest. Competition, however, will mean eventually a diminution of these enterprises.

ONE of the Sunday journals, which will not, we presume, be much affected by the new papers, is about to lose an editor of fifteen years' standing. We refer to the *People*, from the control of which Captain Carlisle retires in June. Captain Carlisle, who is a well-known journalist, transformed the *People* from a mere news-sheet to a Conservative organ of considerable weight. Although leaving the *People*, Captain Carlisle does not mean to abandon journalism altogether.

ADMIRERS of Rodin's work have an opportunity of seeing some very interesting examples of his sculpture at Messrs. Carfax & Co.'s Gallery, 17, Ryder-street, St. James's. Among other works is a sketch for the head of the great Balzac statue.

FROM the Malay Peninsula comes the following letter:

Ipoh, Kiuta, Perak,

Feb. 27, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Your paper comes as a boon and a blessing to several of the exiles out here in the jungle, and we are sorry that distance and the cost of telegrams prevent us from competing in your competitions.

"Things Seen" are very fascinating—so simple and yet so good. Enclosed please find my maiden effort; it may amuse you if it is of no use otherwise.—Yours faithfully,

J. S. KER.

Mr. Ker's "Thing Seen" follows:

A START.

The sun blazing down on a racecourse, far, far east of Suez, and on a field of hot, excited horses and men, waiting till the eccentricities of the starter and an even more eccentric horse combine to get us in line. The patience of the former is at last exhausted. "Bring up that horse! Come up on that beast! You'll get into trouble over this, I tell you," and so forth. The Australian lightweight replies patiently: "I can't help it, Sir. This is a cab horse, this 'orse is. He won't start till the door shuts—and—I haven't got a door!"

It is a little odd that the most notable impression made on the mind of a dweller in the immemorial and gorgeous East should be an incident at a race meeting.

In one afternoon we have received two educational editions of Lord Macaulay's "Essay on Milton," each supplied with an introduction and copious notes. Whether it was wise to present this essay to schoolboys at all seems doubtful. We notice that both editors quote Lord Macaulay's opinion of the essay, in which he found "scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves," to say nothing of its "gaudy and ungraceful ornament." At all events, it seems a little unfortunate that two editors should separately toil to edit the same piece and see their books issued on the same day. Comparisons being "odorous," we make only one. In Messrs. Macmillan's edition no note is appended to the mention of Tyburn; in Messrs. Blackie's we are informed that Tyburn was in *East* London. On the whole, we prefer the sin of omission.

It is often amusing, it is occasionally pathetic, to find financial papers venturing upon literary criticism. A case in point is an appreciation of a poem by Mrs. Jane H. Oakley, whose literary efforts are occasionally published in the advertisement columns of the *Times* and other newspapers. Here are some extracts from a commercial contemporary's estimate of Mrs. Oakley's works, *apropos* of an effusion which appears in its own pages:

We have the pleasure of publishing this week another poem from the gifted pen of the authoress named above. . . . In the United States of America, where appreciation is more rapid than in this slow old country (yet sound withal), Mrs. Oakley has been designated "The sweet singer of the Alliance." . . . The Hove poetess, it is needless to say, is overwhelmed with requests to write on many subjects—local and general—and makes frequent contribution to the Service newspapers, as well as consenting to, perhaps, too many private requests for poetical treatment of local subjects. Poesy is particularly a lady's

work; it is only very occasionally that we have the strength of diction of a Rudyard Kipling; whilst the sweet flowing ideas of a woman's mind, applied to that love of country that we call patriotism, is welcome to all classes, although it may not be completely understood except by the few. . . .

Who shall say that the art of constructive criticism is no longer practised?

THE April *Bookman* has as a Portrait Supplement a photogravure of the fine portrait of Mr. Kipling by the Hon. John Collier.

Bibliographical.

A NEW *Life of Charles Lamb*, embodying all the Letters (worth embodying) in chronological order—by all means! Mr. E. V. Lucas has shown, in his *Charles Lamb and the Lloyds*, how much he is in sympathy with Lamb; he knows the subject, and he has the necessary literary knack. I hope he will produce the final *Life and Letters of Lamb*. It is high time we arrived at finality in the matter. We have had, in succession, since 1837, the *Life and Final Memorials*, by Talfourd; the *Life*, by Barry Cornwall; the *Poems, Letters, and Remains*, edited by Mr. Carew Hazlitt; the *Life, Letters, and Writings*, produced by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; the monograph, by Canon Ainger, and the *Letters*, edited by that gentleman. Now, if Mr. Lucas can see his way to bringing together, once for all, everything that is necessary to the comprehension of Lamb as a man and a letter writer—leaving his published works for the moment out of the question—we shall all be indebted to him. Of course an edition of the *Works*, uniform with the *Life and Letters*, would be very desirable.

My brother gossip, "W. J.," while applauding my suggestion that Mr. Swinburne should issue his volumes of verse in a cheaper form than that which they now take, proposes that the poet should also give us a book of selections from his work in rhyme and rhythm. As a matter of fact, such a book is in existence. It came out about twelve years ago. I do not know what measure of vogue it had, but I do know that it disappointed at least one reader terribly. It was in no sense representative, and could hardly have done anything to popularize the author's work. I have been told that Mr. Swinburne made the selection himself. If that be the fact, it explains the inadequacy of the book, for no poet knows (so well as an outsider knows) which of his pieces have the greatest attraction for the public. A selection of this sort should be done by someone other than the author. There is, therefore, ample room for another anthology of Mr. Swinburne's lyrics; and I believe that such an anthology, shrewdly made, would be a pecuniary success.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. William Archer is to give us, in the course of the spring, a selection from the essays on theatrical and literary subjects which he published during 1898. This, however, will hardly compensate for the non-appearance of *The Theatrical World* for last year. The chief utility of *The Theatrical World* lay less in the reproduction of Mr. Archer's comments upon plays and

performances than in the synopsis of playbills by which those comments were supplemented. The synopsis supplied a chronological list of the year's plays, with the names of the characters and players and the date and *locale* of production. This was a very useful feature, and its disappearance will be regretted by all close students of the stage; for the annual *Era Almanac*, though it furnishes a list of the year's plays (with date and *locale*), gives no information about the "casts."

It would seem that the late Francis Adams's *Essays in Modernity*, announced for imminent publication some years ago, are to appear very shortly. Had they been delayed much longer, they might have seemed ancient rather than modern. And, in truth, thought grows so rapidly nowadays that it is not easy for a writer to keep up with it. The melancholy end of Francis Adams will be remembered. His prose and his verse were alike clever and promising, but he never made a distinct hit. Health or temperament, or both, may have been at the bottom of this, for he had certainly much natural ability. His *Essays in Modernity* may perhaps show him at his best.

I was saying something the other day about the essay on Dumas which Mr. Andrew Lang reprinted in his *Essays in Little*. I might have added that in that volume Mr. Lang published for the first time a very appreciative little paper on "Mr. Kipling's Stories." This was at a period (1891) when Mr. Kipling was not so well known and so universally praised as he is now. Mr. Lang's hearty commendation of the young writer is worth noting, for it is not often that he finds himself able to speak with enthusiasm about contemporary productions.

I observe, by the way, that in the new *Life* of James and Horace Smith Mr. Lang is dubbed "the Universal Provider of the literary world, seeking, like the busy bee, to gather honey from every opening flower." In his *Life of Lockhart* Mr. Lang has some remarks on Horace Smith against which Horace's biographer protests with vigour. Hence this flight of sarcasm, with its confusion of metaphor. We shall see whether Mr. Lang thinks it worth while to take notice of Mr. Beavan's criticism.

A correspondent writes: "I find in my copy of the memoir of F. T. Palgrave that, in addition to the ordinary 'end-papers,' there are, both at the beginning and at the end of the book, four pages of virgin white admirably adapted for the purposes of annotation. This, of course, may be a mistake in the binding, and peculiar to my copy; but I am none the less grateful for the boon, and could wish that all books were fitted with similar accommodation for the annotator's pen or pencil."

Mrs. Atherton has entitled her study in dipsomania, inherited and otherwise, *A Daughter of the Vine*. The allusion, of course, is to the last line of stanza 40 in the first edition (stanza 55 in the fifth) of FitzGerald's *Omar*:

And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

Years ago, I remember, I read a novel called *A Semi-Attached Couple*. By whom it was written I cannot recollect—can anyone tell me? The title of it has been recalled to me by the announcement of a new novel named *A Semi-Detached Marriage*.

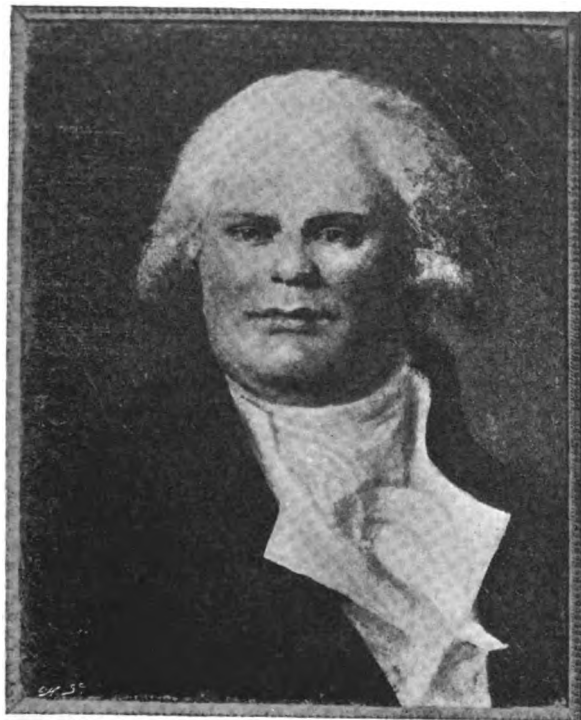
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Danton.

Danton: a Study. By Hilaire Belloc. (Nisbet. 16s.)*Life of Danton.* By A. H. Beesly. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

THERE was a real need for an account of the great Revolutionary which should be based on the most modern investigations, and, therefore, neither of these books is in itself superfluous. But it must be said that their combination is unfortunate for the reader, as it certainly is for the authors and publishers concerned. The simultaneous appearance of two volumes, covering the same ground, from the same standpoint, with the same aim, relying more or less on the same new investigations, affects us with the sense of too much Danton. Of the two biographers, Mr. Belloc (whom we take to be of French extraction) is the more pictorial, and gives us a clearer *coup d'œil*. Mr. Beesly, on the other hand, affords us more detail, and, on the whole, more precision of narrative. Both



DANTON.

From the Picture formerly in the Possession of Dr. Robinet.

are uncompromising admirers of Danton, and in full sympathy with the Revolution. They have done undoubted good work by clearing away the garbled view of Danton with which Englishmen are familiar. But we must needs say that their advocacy is liable to become special pleading. Mr. Beesly, in particular, indulges in an audacious latitude of hypothesis when he desires to turn the flank of a story adverse to his hero, which can only be paralleled by Macaulay's explaining away of the charge against Addison that he arrested Steele for debt. Nevertheless, in this respect we prefer Mr. Beesly to his rival; for he squarely faces the music, so that we can judge for ourselves the validity of his conclusions. Mr. Belloc is apt to keep the hostile evidence out of court, and state only his results. It must not be understood, however, that there are not numerous cases where he directly proves his defence. He does so in regard to the charge that Danton acquired houses and property in the names of others in order to disguise his unrepugnant wealth. In this and other ways the two books do, for some part, usefully complement each

other; however, from a publishing standpoint, their simultaneous explosion upon the public must be adjudged unlucky and ill-considered. And in their common endeavour to overset the traditional conception of Danton they must be pronounced largely successful. "White-washed," perhaps, he is not—except in the eyes of such as accept unshrinkingly the entire revolutionary formula. But no one can read these volumes without feeling it necessary to revise much in his previous ideas of the Sampson who pulled down the walls of the French monarchy.

The strong man of the mid-Revolution was himself no *sans-culotte*. At this day you may take the odds that a French Republican leader is a lawyer or a journalist. Danton was a lawyer, and—what is more rare—he was a successful lawyer, making a good income. His father was *procureur* at Arcis-sur-Aube, so that it was in a legal nest the young bird saw the light on October 26, 1759. *Candide* was born that same year, which was also in labour with the *Encyclopædia*. *Candide*, the *Encyclopædia*, Danton—three portentous births. He was educated at a Jesuit college, and was actually destined for the priesthood. It is not surprising that he cried off. Can you fancy him *le Père Danton*? The Revolution found him a leader among the reforming young politicians of his district in Paris—the Section of the Cordeliers, whence sprung the famous club. His ascendancy of character, no less than his oratorical gifts, carried him to the front. You can figure him to yourself with the aid of the portrait which precedes both these volumes. The three representative men of the middle and later Revolution are well known by their portraits—Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. With every respect to Danton's admirers, we assert that all three faces belong to criminal anthropology. A student of that science would recognise the types at once. All three, to our thinking, are hideous. Marat shows strong traces of the criminal lunatic. Robespierre—narrow, callous, egotistic—belongs to the type from which one might expect an educated poisoner. Danton alone has the redeeming quality of power. It is a formidable head, in which the criminal streak is introduced by the abnormal brevity of the nose, the tip of which occupies the centre of the broad countenance, leaving a disfiguringly long upper lip. Such was the case with Titus Oates. Everyone remembers the Greek physiognomist who declared Socrates to have the visage of a criminal, and Socrates' defence of the man. That incriminating nose branded the famous Greek, and quite justified the physiognomist. Whether Danton also was saved by philosophy every man must judge for himself. To enhance this deformity his nose was crushed by an accident, and his lip torn by another accident. Add to this countenance of a disfigured bull a voice of immense power, deep and trumpeting; imagine this being, huge and lowering of form, pouring forth menacing invective with a terrible and truculent regard; and you have the Danton who moved the Cordeliers, dominated the Convention, and left a legend of terror not easy for calm analysis to dissipate.

The legend of terror, in truth, was right; but it is Danton's misfortune that it should be associated with a legend of bloodthirstiness. "Terrible Danton" he was; bloodthirsty he was not. The ferocity of the Revolution was incarnate in Marat, its cold cruelty in Robespierre, in Danton its volcanic energy. To understand this we need only note the circumstances in which he came to the front. At different crises the Revolution put forward different men. It put forward Danton only when there was need of swift daring and organisation. To energise and to organise—those were the two things he could do supremely well.

Consider the crises at which he emerged. During the beginnings of the Revolution, with leonine Mirabeau over all, none heard of this "Mirabeau of the *sans-culottes*." He was addressing the daily meetings of his section (that is, district), the Cordeliers; seeing to its drill, and that

it was provided with pikes. He had no lead in the taking of the Bastille, which was indeed a rough affair, succeeding only through the complete unpreparedness of the Royalists. That event paved the way for his local power in the Cordeliers, for it taught the sections to organise and constitute themselves an armed force. Suppressed as a section, the Cordeliers revived as a club, and became the centre of the Théâtre Français, the new section in which the old one was merged. Meanwhile had occurred the first direct conflict between Crown and people. The Flanders regiment had sung "O Richard, O mon roi," at Versailles. It was feared that the king would retreat to the provinces and unfurl the standard of civil war. On the walls of Paris appeared a proclamation demanding insurrection—a proclamation issued by the Cordeliers. The tocsin rang, the mob gathered, and filled the road to Versailles. The palace was forced, and the king brought in triumph to Paris. It was the first demonstration that the people would prevent by insurrection the king from opposing the Revolution. That call to insurrection was signed by Danton. Then first Paris learned that whenever swift and unquailing energy was needed by the Revolution it was to be found in a certain big-headed young man belonging to the district of the Cordeliers.

During the time when Lafayette was striving to put the Revolution in swaddling-clothes, Danton again recedes into the background; heard only as a thunder playing round Lafayette's head at the Jacobins. He starts into the streets to prevent the king's journey to St. Cloud, bearding Lafayette, and compelling the king to renounce his project. He attacks the hapless Lafayette again as an accomplice in the king's abortive flight; and has to fly before that General's brief triumph in the Champ-de-Mars. But when the Tenth of August found the allies advancing on Paris, and revolt threatening in the provinces, Danton comes to the front before Europe. He is insurrection incarnate. While the tocsin tolls through the night he is organising, exhorting, bringing the pikes of the sections to the muster. The fall of the Tuileries finds him Minister of Justice, and the inspirer of France against the foreigner. Again, when the fresh successes of the allies, the war in La Vendée, and the revolt of the Girondin Departments menace the republic with downfall, he thunders forth encouragement, establishes the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Committee of Public Safety, begins the *levée en masse*, and a second time saves the Revolution. But there his labour ends. In the working of the terror he had no part. Blood for blood's sake he did not love. And he came back at last to combat the terror, and die in the effort to begin the reign of clemency before the passions of men were exhausted enough to suffer it.

For he was no truculent ruffian. His speeches were truculent, because so only could he keep his position with the fierce democracy. But at heart this formidable man hated blood. He would spill it for a purpose, but not for love of victims. He permitted the September massacres, for he dared not oppose them. But ever after he sought to guard against their recurrence by establishing a tribunal, to secure, at any rate, a fair trial before execution. That was his aim in the Revolutionary Tribunal, so terribly abused by his successors. He was the one man among the Revolutionists with an idea of government, an idea of diplomacy; the one man who perceived that the Revolution must end, if the Republic was to be saved. Among that crowd of theorists with their muzzles off, he alone was practical, and cared more for government than doctrines.

But he was not the man to end the Revolution. An immense volcanic force, he lacked perseverance; he must rest and recuperate after his fits of vast exertion. He had no ambition, no desire for rule. So lesser men and weaker men were allowed to capture the powerful engines he created; and when he attempted to cross their sanguinary policy they turned those engines against himself. A man

roughly and spontaneously eloquent, undignified and even foul of tongue in private; generous to his private, terrible to public enemies, with a burly magnanimity of nature; after being identified with the crimes of others, such as Marat, he perished in the effort to put an end to crime; and history has merely regarded him as a criminal caught in his own trap. But always he has tried to moderate between the fierce factions of the Convention. Let it be at length known and recorded of this fearless, vast volcano of a man, that he died in the deliberate attempt to end the terror. It was his misfortune that, powerful for destruction, he was impotent to save. But he dared the effort, and let him now have the honour for it. "To dare, and dare, and without end dare," was the advice by which he saved France from the allies. His life was one long daring; and the daring which brought him to the scaffold was the noblest of all.

A Little Master of English.

Letters of Samuel Rutherford. Selected from the Edition edited by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s.)

THIS little book in a blue cover should do much to make the writings of Samuel Rutherford better known to general readers. His works are loved by many; and by a few his *Letters* are, perhaps, still accounted "the most seraphic book in our literature." That was the praise they received when first published, and they still give out a most sweet savour. More than twenty-five editions of these *Letters* have appeared since 1664, the best being the one issued five years ago by Dr. Bonar. The slim volume before us is a selection from that edition, and we are tempted to string together a few of the radiant sentences in which it abounds.

For the sake of those who meet him for the first time, it will be well to premise that Samuel Rutherford was a Scottish minister in the age which gave us the Authorised Version of the Bible. He became minister of Anwoth, a small village in Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1627, and was so diligent a shepherd that they said of him: "He is *always* praying, *always* preaching, *always* visiting the sick, *always* catechising, *always* writing and studying." The more active of these employments were cut off by his banishment to Aberdeen in 1636. There he was free to move about among the people, but not to preach. The granite city was virtually his prison. One thing he could do: he could write letters to the saints of Anwoth and to his friends generally, and comfort them in the Lord. He could take pen and pour out his spiritual experiences. So he was *always* writing letters. He spilled his joys and sorrows upon paper; he gave comfort and sought it. Sometimes his joy makes his confinement a positive sweetness. "This prison," he writes, "is my banqueting house; I am handled softly and delicately as a dawted child." Again:

The smell of Christ's wine and apples (which surpass the up-taking of dull sense) bloweth upon my soul. . . . Nay, His cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails are to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour.

From this "banqueting house" he sought to cheer his fellows in the vineyard: "I tell you Christ will make new work out of old, forecasten Scotland, and gather the old broken boards of His tabernacle, and pin them and nail them together." Again, with evangelical fervour: "Oh, if I could make my Lord Jesus market-sweet, lovely, desirable, and fair to all the world, both to Jew and Gentile!" He learns anew the vanity of the world, and would instil it: "Oh, that we had as soon done with this world, and could as quickly despatch the love of it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of its room, so neither can we be masters and lords of two loves."

Stinted of life, he sees the end of it, and is often pointing to the grave:

Remember, when the race is ended, and the play either won or lost, and ye are in the utmost circle and border of time, and shall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all your good things of this short night-dream shall seem to you like the ashes of a bleeze of thorns or straw, and your poor soul shall be crying, "Lodging, lodging, for God's sake!" then shall your soul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely smiles than if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity.

But he can comfort as well as warn. As a comforter Samuel Rutherford must have been accounted great:

Christ was death's Cautioner, who gave His word to come and loose all the clay-pawns, and set them at his own right hand; and our Cautioner, Christ, hath an act of law-surety upon death, to render back his captives. And that Lord Jesus, who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance of death, hath numbered all the steps of the stair up to heaven. He knoweth how long the turnpike is, or how many pair of stairs high it is; for He ascended that way Himself: "I was dead and am alive." And now He liveth at the right hand of God, and His garments have not so much as a smell of death.

Not always was Samuel Rutherford uplifted. Sometimes his prison was really a prison and his sorrows like lead. To conclude: where, in the literature of faith, shall we find the aspirations of the Christian more sweetly and plaintively uttered than in these sentences?

A little of God would make my soul bankfull. Oh that I had but Christ's odd off-fallings; that He would let but the meanest of His love-rays and love-beams fall from Him, so as I might gather and carry them with me! I would not be ill to please with Christ, and veiled vision of Christ; neither would I be dainty in seeing and enjoying of Him: a kiss of Christ blown over His shoulder, the parings and crumbs of glory that fall under His table in heaven, a shower like a thin May-mist of His love, would make me green, and sappy, and joyful, till the summer-sun of an eternal glory break up.

The summer-sun of earthly liberty broke first on Samuel Rutherford. For many years he was a great man in the Scottish Church, and was sent up to the Westminster Assembly in 1643. After the Restoration he was again in disfavour, and was summoned to appear before the Parliament in Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. His enemies were too late. He replied that he had already got a summons to a higher tribunal; and he added, with one of his touches of humour, "ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." Yet there were great folk who had taken knowledge of him that he would soon be with his Master. When the Parliament voted that he should not die in St. Andrews, where his last days had been spent, Lord Burleigh rose and said, "Ye cannot vote him out of heaven." So passed this servant of God, and little master of English.

Dying Egypt.

A History of Egypt under the Ptolemaic Dynasty. By J. P. Mahaffy. (Methuen. 6s.)

In this volume, which forms the fourth of Prof. Flinders Petrie's *History of Egypt*, the general editor seems to have departed somewhat from his original intention. We need not complain, however, of the result which has led to his entrusting the narrative of one of the most romantic periods of Egyptian history to the capable hands of Prof. Mahaffy. Whatever interest we may feel in the proceedings of the pyramid-building Cheops, or of the heretic king Amenophis IV., we are too far removed by differences of race and period for them ever to be much more to us than names. But the case is entirely altered when we come to the lives of the brilliant line which began with the Greek soldier of fortune, Ptolemy son

of Lagos, to end, characteristically enough, with the peerless, but fatal, Cleopatra. Moreover, as Prof. Mahaffy has taught us elsewhere, these Hellenistic kingdoms, of which Egypt was the most successful, were really much nearer to us, both in constitution and in mode of action, than the republics of Greece and Rome, which we have been accustomed to look to for political examples; and in them do we find the earliest and, in some respects, the best type of that monarchical ideal which is now again rising into popularity. A king possessed of sufficient personal wealth to make him the munificent patron of art and literature, surrounded by a court, not of house-slaves and eunuchs, but of nobles and warriors as well-born, though not as wealthy, as himself; a middle class of officials who, so long as their salaries were punctually paid, did their best to administer equal justice between man and man; and a proletariat industrious, frugal, and kept in order by a clergy who were the creatures, rather than the masters, of the Crown—a Spaniard of the time when Spain was a Great Power, or a German, if it may be said without *l'iso-majesté*, of the present day, would have found himself more at home under such a régime than among the chattering democracies of Athens or Rome.

It is this ideal which Prof. Mahaffy here lays before us with a point and conciseness which have not always distinguished his later works. Especially does he make it clear to us that the cement which really held Ptolemaic Egypt together was the personal wealth of the king. So long as the Ptolemy for the time being could buy the services of enough Greek mercenaries to repel invasion and to quell revolt, could keep on foot enough public works to employ an agricultural population otherwise idle between harvests, and could lavish money like water on shows to amuse the huge and heterogeneous city population, he had nothing to fear except from dynastic quarrels; and to the last Ptolemaic Egypt seemed to be a perfect mine of wealth. The thirteenth and most feeble of all the Ptolemies is said to have had an income of three millions sterling, and certainly managed to spend in one year nearly £110,000 in bribes to Julius Caesar; while it was the desire to possess the treasures of Cleopatra which, according to Prof. Mahaffy, led the "dull, cold-blooded" Augustus to make "some stupid attempts" to lead her to think that he, too, had fallen a victim to her fascinations.

Where all this money came from Prof. Mahaffy is also able to tell us: some of it, no doubt, was due to a system of taxation which the Romans were afterwards to find only too fatally easy. Something, too, must be attributed to the sudden development of trade, mostly by Jews and Greeks, in a country naturally rich, and already destined to be the highway between East and West; but a great part must be assigned to one of the earliest of financial measures—the disendowment of the Church. Ever since their successful struggle against the religious reform of Amenophis IV., the priesthood of Amen had gone on increasing in power until it not only possessed the Crown, but a great part of the soil of Egypt. Yet the earlier Ptolemies, by the deification of themselves and their consorts—a practice which Prof. Mahaffy, fully approving M. Maspero's latest views on the subject, shows to be perfectly Pharaonic—managed to turn all this vast estate into a source of revenue to themselves. By what peculiarly Greek processes of diplomacy they managed to do this without offending the priests we cannot indeed learn; but it is evident that the scandal of the Daira Sanieh and other "cabbagings" of the Khedive Ismail were no new thing in Egypt.

We wish we had space to go more at length into this and other matters which Prof. Mahaffy has contrived to make as readable as a novel. We cannot bestow the same praise upon an appendix in which Mr. Griffith gives transliterations of the throne-names of the Ptolemies in that peculiar dialect of gasp and comma which all German and some English Egyptologists affect. Unlike the

hieroglyphics of which it is supposed to be a translation, it successfully conceals from all but the initiated the least idea of what the Egyptian words were like, while even to those trained in the abominable system it makes a difficult task more difficult.

A History of Egypt under Roman Rule. By J. Grafton Milne, M.A. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. MILNE'S book, which forms the fifth volume of the same series, cannot be said to be as interesting as its predecessor. Some picturesque incidents, such as the institution of monachism and the murder of Hypatia, could hardly have been avoided, but the academic thoroughness which has led the author to give the reign of every Cæsar from Augustus to Heraclonas under a separate rubric renders the narrative as a whole somewhat dreary. The subject, too, is the reverse of inspiring, for under the Cæsars Egypt became a mere milch cow to be drained of its natural products for the maintenance of the Roman *lazzaroni*, while its own people groaned under exactions all the more crushing because applied by the most perfect masters of the art of government as then understood that the world has yet seen. Into the maze of the hierarchy of Roman officials and the multiplicity of taxes imposed by them Mr. Milne plunges delightedly, and seems to find a clue through the labyrinth. But the question is too academic for ordinary readers, and we confess to a feeling of relief when we reach the last page and find the growing misery of the Egyptian *fellahin* culminating in the betrayal of the country by the Coptic Church to the invading Mohammedans under Omar. A chapter on Religious Institutions, though it deals more frankly than former histories have done with the defects of primitive Christianity in Egypt, adds but very little to our knowledge of the gods mentioned in such inscriptions as those in Boeckh's *Corpus* but unknown in Pharaonic times. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the fact that Egyptologists are quite as much in the dark about them as other students of religions. The volume contains several excellent appendices, in which we seem to see the hand of Prof. J. B. Bury, whose help is duly acknowledged in the Preface. There is also a capital system of references, which go to make the book as thoroughly useful to the student as it is unfitted for the general reader. The cartouches of the Cæsars, though all duly given, are not, like those of the Ptolemies, transliterated.

The Settlements of France in America.

Pioneers of France in the New World; The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century; La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West. By Francis Parkman. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THESE are the first three volumes of the new English edition of the works of Francis Parkman, and they have this in common, that they relate to that early phase of the story of Canada in which religion was still the dominant motive for exploration and discovery. In the successive American editions of his works, Mr. Parkman has appropriated and woven into the original text the results which the labours of many workers among the Paris archives have brought to light. Few historians have been more successful in clothing the bones of history in a garment of romance, or rather in repeating in the prose of to-day the romance of an almost forgotten past. A sympathetic imagination has helped him to be just to those in whose failure he reads a triumph for the best interests of mankind. He tells how what might have been the Jesuit empire among the Hurons went down in flame and blood, and then musingly observes that "Liberty may thank the Iroquois," and still without offence to readers of any creed, as witness the wide popularity of his books among all sections of Canadians.

If one had to select one episode rather than another for its vivid interest from what is really a collection of heroic tales, the story of the massacre of the Huguenot colony in Florida and its singular avenging might well be chosen. Fifty-six years before the Puritans landed on the sands of Massachusetts Bay, a little band of French Protestants, helped by the powerful patronage of Coligny, founded a colony at the mouth of the River May in Florida, under the shelter of a fort which their commander, René de Landonnière, in honour of Charles IX. called Fort Caroline. Their story was the story of many others who came hoping for gold, and found only fertile lands. Disillusionment brought discontent, and the colonists were reduced to the utmost distress, when an English vessel commanded by the redoubtable Sir John Hawkins arrived. But Sir John had got a cargo of slaves on board, and was in high good humour, and gave generous succour.

Hardly had the slaver disappeared when reinforcements arrived from France in four ships commanded by Jean Ribaut. But the stores had only just been landed when another big ship was seen approaching and carrying the flag of Spain. France and Spain were at peace, but the Frenchmen remembered they were Huguenots and had settled in the hemisphere which the Pope had reserved for the peoples of the Peninsula. In reply to a challenge as to whence he came the Spanish Admiral proclaimed that he was Pedro Menendez, commissioned of Philip II. "to hang and behead all Lutherans." The French ships were no match for their powerful adversary, but they outsailed him and fled down the coast. The Spaniard pursued until he came to an inlet, which he named San Agustín, where he was joined by four other vessels, and, landing, threw up entrenchments, and so founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. Meanwhile the French returned to Fort Caroline, and there was hot debate whether to wait the attack of the Spaniards there or to go to sea with the whole garrison and make a surprise assault. The last plan was decided upon. All the fighting men went with Ribaut and the ships, leaving Landonnière with the women and children and sick and a few invalids and civilians within the walls of the Fort. Unfortunately for the Huguenots, Ribaut's ships were scattered by a storm just as their presence had been revealed to the Spaniards. Menendez at once decided to make a forced march back to Fort Caroline and take it by assault in the absence of the garrison. His success was fatally complete. The defenders were either killed on the spot or hanged from the neighbouring trees. Menendez, with some misgivings, spared the women, though in dread "lest the venom of their heresy should infect his men." He had soon another thing to think of. Word was brought that one of the French ships had been driven ashore and that 140 of those on board were encamped on a narrow strip of sand. Menendez was quickly on the spot and knew he had them at his mercy. When reminded that the two countries were at peace, he replied that Spain was at war with all Lutherans, and according to his brother-in-law, who is our authority for what followed, he added: "If you will give up your arms and banners, and place yourselves at my mercy, you may do so, and I will act towards you as God shall give me grace." The French submitted, and the rest may be told in the words used by Menendez himself: "I had their hands tied behind their backs, and themselves put to the knife. It appeared to me that, by thus chastising them, God our Lord and your Majesty were served; whereby in future this evil sect will leave us more free to plant the Gospel in these parts." Twelve Bretons, who said they were Catholics, and four carpenters alone were spared.

But the good fortune of Menendez still continued. News was brought that 350 other Frenchmen had been wrecked. Some 200 of these preferred to take their chance of starvation and the Indian scalper's knife, and fled further into the wilderness; but Ribaut and 150 of his followers

preferred to trust to the mercy of a Christian Power. Menendez writes:

I saved the lives of two young gentlemen of about eighteen years of age, as well as of three others—the fifer, the drummer, and the trumpeter; and I caused Juan Ribao (Ribaut), with all the rest, to be put to the knife, judging this to be necessary for the service of God Our Lord and your Majesty.

The remnant of the Huguenots also eventually fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and, surrendering, were spared for the galleys. Philip II. was pleased to express his high approval of Menendez for “the justice he had done upon the Lutheran corsairs.” For the story of the avenging expedition, which it was left to the enterprise of a private gentleman to send from France, we must refer our readers to Mr. Parkman’s pages.

Some of the accounts of the old chroniclers quoted by our author to describe the effects of firearms among the Indians recall familiar passages in Defoe, and suggest the sources of his inspiration.

The Workers.

The Workers: an Experiment in Reality—The West. By Walter A. Wyckoff. (Heinemann. 3s. net.)

IN this dignified volume Mr. Wyckoff continues, and concludes, the record of his adventures as an unskilled labourer in quest of a livelihood. His previous book comprised “the East”; this covers “the West,” from Chicago to the Pacific. The predominant feeling in the minds of all who read the narrative will be one of admiration for the enterprise, the courage, and the tenacity which could conceive and carry out this so singular and so valuable “experiment in reality.” But, indeed, Mr. Wyckoff must be a strong man; he writes as a strong man—simply, directly, modestly, and, withal, skilfully. His literary technique is remarkable; if he chose he could do the *bravura* business round about the lurid horrors of Chicago, or the illimitable landscapes of the further West, as well as anyone; but he does not choose. He prefers the methods of austerity; and he is right. The stiff decorum, the perfect reticence of the book, deepen its conviction, and thereby add to its value as a psychological and sociological document.

Of course, Mr. Wyckoff had his depressions, during which he not only fervently desired to abandon his experiment, but saw with painful clearness that that experiment could at best be only partially successful. He nearly succumbed, at one period, to

the longing for fellowship that had grown to almost overmastering desire, the sight of a familiar face, the sound of a familiar voice, the healing touch of cultivated speech to feelings all raw under the brutalities of the street vernacular. . . .

And, after all, what real purpose was my experiment to serve? . . . I had discovered much that was new to me, but nothing that was new to science . . . all that I had learned, or could learn, was already set forth, in tabulated statistical accuracy, in blue books and economic treatises. Moreover, it was impossible for me to rightly interpret even the human conditions in which I found myself, for between me and the actual workers was the infinite difference of necessity in relation to any lot in which I was. How could I, who at any moment could change my status if I chose, enter really in the life and feelings of the destitute poor who are bound to their lot by the hardest facts of stern reality?

How, indeed! Yet he contrived, in some measure, to do it; and, in any event, he acquired an immense number of facts of precisely the kind which blue books and economic treatises, in their sublime accuracy, always ignore. No blue book could ever give you the effect, for example, of the Chicago street-walker’s charity to two

poor homeless and starving wanderers, of whom Mr. Wyckoff was one.

More than two-thirds of the whole book is devoted to Chicago. Mr. Wyckoff entered this city absolutely penniless, in rage—and it was winter. He saw, from the inside, all its various “realities” — its “station-houses,” its “sweat-shops,” its revolutionary clubs. He learnt that ten cents was wealth, and an old lady with a heavy bag an angel out of heaven. By paths of incredible hardship he rose to be an odd-job man, and subsequently to the proud post of hand-trucksman in an implement factory. He even began to look forward to the time when an ordinary artisan would deign to regard him as an equal. But that hope was not realised in Chicago, for the hand-trucksman went West, and in the agricultural districts found himself positively at a premium. Farmers stopped him on the road and begged him to tarry at a dollar a day and his board. The demand for labour—any sort of labour—outside a few big industrial centres was “amazing,” and Mr. Wyckoff was informed that it was practically constant throughout the year.

The last hundred pages of the book do much to take away the painful impression of the first two hundred and fifty; and one is forced to the conclusion that America, despite Chicago, is, indeed, a land of plenty for all.

Often as I look back upon the two thousand miles of country crossed, apart from the splendour of it — the almost overwhelming impression that it leaves of boundless empire wherein a growing, intelligent, industrious, God-fearing people are slowly working out great ends in industrial achievement and personal character and in national life . . . apart from all this, the strongest sense which possesses one in any retrospect of a long, laborious expedition like mine is that of a wide land which teems with opportunities open to energy and patient toil. Awful suffering there is among workers who are in the clutch of illness . . . pitiful degradation there is among many who lack imagination to see a way and the energy to pursue it . . . deep depravity and unutterable misery there are in the great congested labour centres, many of whose conditions are the price we pay for our economic freedom. But the broad fact remains that the sun never shone upon a race of civilised men whose responsibilities were greater and whose problems were more charged with the welfare of mankind, among whom energy and thrift and perseverance and ability were surer of their just rewards, and where there were so many and such various chances of a successful and honourable career.

We will conclude by giving our opinion that these are not the inexpensive vapourings of a facile optimist, but the carefully considered conclusions of a rigidly impartial and thoroughly informed intelligence—an intelligence which more than most has “seen life steadily and seen it whole.”

Mr. Palgrave’s Life.

Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals, and Memories of his Life. By Gwennlian F. Palgrave. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

WE have more than once ventured to protest against certain modern biographies in which details and domesticities, which the public has no business to—and, as a matter of fact, often does not want to—know, are offered to it by precisely the person whose fitness for the task, owing to the natural want of perspective, is least—a near relative. Such a book is Miss Palgrave’s life of that kindly and scholarly man, the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Far too much is here printed of which the interest, save to the limited circle of Palgrave’s own friends, is extremely slight; not a little which is even a trifle ridiculous. That a father should write childish letters to a child is excusable; but to gravely reprint them years after in a serious book is not. This is the kind of thing we mean:

I told a certain *wonderful* baby what you said about her, and she grunted a little to show that she was pleased.

Her godpapa came all the way from Kensington to see her, but she only pouted at him, naughty girl! Did you have any children going about with flowers and dressed up yesterday? I saw some poor little things going about in horrid London, and was so sorry for them.

Palgrave will, of course, be best remembered as the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*—the first *Golden Treasury*—and for that he deserves the gratitude due to a pioneer. Whether its vogue endures or will endure may be doubted. We do not ourselves think it is the best of the many anthologies now available. But there will always be those of the present generation who owe to it their first introduction into the felicities and splendours of English lyric. Miss Palgrave prints an interesting letter of her father's to Tennyson, in which he describes the genesis of the idea in a discussion with the poet in Cornwall, and the careful search through Chalmers' *English Poets* which formed the basis of the selection. From another letter it appears that Palgrave was glad to find the book "arouse thought and discussion about poetry, which I regard as the *causa finalis* of such a book much more than mere acquiescence in any one person's selection"; and also that he once had "a fancy to make a collection of English love poems only, of all dates; to include a few omitted from the *Golden Treasury* as too high-kilted—i.e., such as Spenser's "Epithalamium," some of Sidney's sonnets, Moore, &c.—all to be called 'Under the Rose': the tone being never coarse, but decidedly amorous." Mr. William Watson, by the way, carried out this idea in the *Lyric Love*, which he compiled for the "Golden Treasury" series.

Of the miscellaneous letters from and to friends which make up the larger portion of this biography, the most interesting is a very characteristic one from Browning, from which this is an extract:

You write the article? No, indeed! Were you minded to review me, you might easily have much to say against the general cut of my coat, but would not—I fancy—go grubbing among my old wardrobe of thirty years' accumulation, and, picking off here a quaint button, there a queer tag and tassel, exhibit them as my daily wear. Bless us! in the course of my musical exercises, and according to the moods of many a year, I may have treated myself to an occasional whistle, cherrup, and guffaw, besides the regular symphonies—and even in these it's not unlikely that "Stratford," written twenty-eight years ago, is far from perfect; whereupon . . . but see the Review and then smash it! I had supposed that the ramshackle old *Edinburgh*, under a succession of sleepy editors, was cleaned in the crannies; but—body o' me!—here's a bug again!

Palgrave was a man of considerable reading and refined tastes. But he was a sadly mediocre poet, and by no means a first-rate critic either of art or letters. You would hardly gather that from what is said about him in this book, but when you find him preferring Flaxman to Blake, or calling Tennyson "ten times a wider and deeper thinker than Browning," you get a hint.

A Schoolmaster on Education.

A Dialogue on Moral Education. F. H. Matthews, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a well-meant attempt to lure the unsuspecting secondary schoolmaster to a contemplation of the outworks of psychology, a science which, so far, the great majority of practical teachers have treated with utter disregard; or, at best, have viewed with mingled sentiments of aversion, suspicion, and derision. For our own part, we are desirous that the psychologist pure and simple should be allowed every opportunity of exhausting his ethical energies in theorising to his heart's content. All we beg is, that he be carefully excluded from the classroom. One

Pestalozzi or one Froebel on the staff of a school would speedily bring either ruin on the institution or a term's notice on himself. Mr. Herbert Spencer as a philosopher we suppose all men revere, but would any head master who had read what Dr. Ridding styled his "brilliant extravaganzas" on education appoint him to take a form? Mr. Matthews, however, is not a mere theorist, but a working head master, who, at the same time, is possessed of a taste for generalising on his experience; consequently he gives us plenty of food for thought.

In plan, his book is cast in the shape of a kind of triangular duel, in which the principals are a doctor, who represents faddism; a parson, who represents orthodoxy; and a schoolmaster, who naturally represents common sense. Their respective wives act, on the whole, as seconds, though from time to time, when things get exciting, they cut in and convert the proceedings into a chance-medley, in which everybody knifes and gouges everybody else. Still the scimmages bring about collisions of brain, and brain, whereby many excellent notions are hammered out, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself. We should like, though, in passing, to endorse the opinion that a head master harangues his boys from the *cathedra*, or from the pulpit, with far greater effect if a layman than if a cleric. "He is probably," says Mr. Matthews, "at a disadvantage if he is in orders. Boys are apt to treat the addresses of a clergyman merely as a part of his professional duty, and accordingly to think that, while such laws as he expounds may be good for the clergy, they do not much matter for the rest of mankind. With a layman preaching there can be no such suspicion." The question as to whether the education of the sexes should continue to be conducted separately or not is examined in a temperate and sensible manner. That mixed schools will in time become a recognised element in our educational arrangements there can be little doubt, but at present we should hesitate to say more than that, while as yet clearly outside the range of practical politics, the matter is ripe for academic discussion. Twenty years ago even thus much would hardly have been conceded.

The inter-dependence of morality and health is considered. "The more perfect the body the more easy is it to perfect the moral character. . . . Does it not stand to reason that the man whose bodily functions work with least effort and resistance is likely to have more energy to spare for moral growth, and that the cheerfulness which results from unimpeded health is a most valuable ally to morality?" A quite correctly professional *religio medici*. But the doctor is not always so sane. We have said that he sustains the rôle of "crank" in the confabulation, a part which sometimes lands him in strange positions. "That all work deserves to be honoured should be one of the primary objects of the educator to impress; the young should be taught that to despise another because his work is more unpleasant than their own is a mark of uncharitableness—of the meanest of vices." This is well enough. But when he proceeds to add, "the more degrading the work, the more should be the honour," weird visions rise before us of his land of charitable logic: of knackers dubbed knights, of scavengers sworn of the Privy Council, of sewer-men discharging their philanthropic functions decked out in all the glories of the Garter and the splendours of the Star. In fact, the doctor, the parson, and the ladies are perhaps set up a little too obviously as dummies on which the schoolmaster may display his prowess; the ladies, indeed, are craftily discounted by being made to couch their remarks occasionally in ungrammatical English. This imparts a cruelly life-like touch to the fair combatants.

One of Mr. Matthews's debaters is made to say that "among some wise suggestions these wonderful men [the psychologists] have uttered a vast deal of impossible nonsense." Mr. Matthews's book contains many wise suggestions, some impossible nonsense.

Impressions.

Genius Loci: Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THE comparison with Mrs. Meynell's *Spirit of Place* is inevitable, but it need not be laboured: for, in spite of a common interest in the finer sensations and a common love for Italy, the two ladies garner very different harvests from their peregrinations. Mrs. Meynell's is obviously the more definite personality: whatever she sees and whatever she records is coloured by her personal vision, takes the note of her personal creed. It has passed through the crucible of a temperament. Vernon Lee strikes you as far more dependent on her environment. Like the film of an extraordinary sensitive camera she registers faithfully the most delicate and varied impressions: but she brings far less of her own to the interpretation of these. There is a facility and even felicity of historical comment; a touch of whimsical fancy; a wise epicureanism of sentiment and philosophy. And all this is just enough to put a certain human interest into the landscape. But in the main it is her function just to see and to translate what she sees, her impressions, into the daintiest and most decorative of euphuistic English. Her miniature work is most charming and makes the temptation to quote irresistible. Here, for instance, is a vine-dresser of the Loire:

An old man, rather like a tidy satyr, with a tub of sulphate of copper and a vine syringe; his neat cotton clothes and his own old person all dyed an exquisite bluish verdigris green; a bronze *genius loci* or prosperous old-world Touraine.

This is Dieppe:

White and black, grey, slate colour; but picked out, of course, with brilliant red and orange of carnations or nasturtiums here and there on the balconies, as the grey dress and grey blond hair of a Velasquez Infanta are relieved by minute scarlet bows, by scarlet little mouth. Down side streets, glimpses of towers and flying buttresses of the cathedral, of porches and steep dormered roofs, and pavilions on some other church. . . . This lovely little flamboyant cathedral, all flowerlike with star and stem, its carved stone further carved and engraved by the centuries, seen thus under the pale, new morning sky, is a thing I shall not easily forget.

And here is Siena:

That mediæval town of Siena as I saw it last, rising with rose-coloured battlements and towers above the still sapless vines, the first green wheat, the cherry blossom of the arid little hills.

And here a Mantuan lake:

The pale blue water, edged with green reeds, the poplars and willows of the green plain beyond; a blue vagueness of Alps, and, connecting it all, the long castle bridge with its towers of pale geranium-coloured bricks.

"She turns it all to favour and to prettiness!" Well, yes, "prettiness": that is precisely the word. It is as pretty as the most delicate confectionery, and, like confectionery when taken in bulk, sooner or later it undeniably cloy. You begin to long for something with a little more of the incisive qualities of style, for the keen dry blade of the intellect, for a page or two of Gibbon, say, or of Voltaire. However, it is not necessary to take it in bulk, and for a Capuan ten minutes or so one of these pretty essays, preferably one of the Italian ones, can be thoroughly recommended.

"As You Like It is to me the most bird-haunted spot in letters. . . . I am no melodramatist, but a Skelt-drunken boy; I am, I know it, the man who went out to find the Eldorado of romantic comedy, and who means to come in sight of it."—From R. L. Stevenson's *Letters in "Scribner's."*

Other New Books.

HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS. BY DAVID S. MELDRUM.

This is not a guide-book. It is a book to read, mark, and inwardly digest *before* booking a passage to the Hook of Holland. And then you may take it with you. Mr. Meldrum writes no preface, but its dedication to "Many Friends in Holland," and its internal characteristics, show that it is the fruit of many visits. Mr. Meldrum has had time and opportunity to learn Holland, not by its ornaments and fringes only, but in its texture. He knows the lie of the land, and has that eye for physical marks which can be acquired only in time. We cannot better illustrate the quality of Mr. Meldrum's knowledge of Holland than by quoting such a passage as this:

The blue Veluwe. The sandy Veluwe. Here we have the same variety of scenery as in 't Gooi; but there is more water, the hills are higher, and the woods are larger, some of them, like the Beekbergsche and Soerensche Bosch, the largest in the country. A thin population lives on a poor agriculture and the cultivation of wood, and where the mossy sheep-sheds shelter under the trees, we see those shepherds and those sheep to whom the genius of the painter Mauve was dedicated. On the left beyond Meppel is the Land van Vollenhoven, where the cattle meadows roll away into Friesland. On the right is Twente, with many little rivers that rise in the hills in the east; to all appearances another Achterhoek of Gelderland, only that here there are industries of which Gelderland knows nothing, and corn takes the place of rye and buckwheat. To the north are peat lands that stretch away into desolate Drente.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Meldrum keeps to unbeaten tracks. On the contrary, he admits that the "tourist area" of Holland contains all that is most characteristic of the country. To expound Holland by its physical formation, its history, arts, employments, hinterlands, and its government, is Mr. Meldrum's scheme; and we think he carries it out admirably. He has the sense of the typical, and words for it. Mr. Meldrum has illustrated his pages from the paintings of Dutch artists. A good book, and one that stands alone in its scope and method. (Blackwood. 6s.)

TENNYSON.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

To sit down to Tennyson's works by request and say how they strike one and point out excellences is no unenviable task. It is always pleasant to embroider on a favourite theme. This is practically what Mr. Gwynn has done in this admirable little book, the latest volume in the "Victorian Era" series. Once the opening biographical chapter is out of the way, his enjoyment begins and continues until the end—or, perhaps, not quite to the end, where he is engaged in finding Tennyson's exact place in literature, but nearly to that point. Mr. Gwynn's taste in poetry is good, his knowledge is considerable, writes with unmistakable clarity, and his temper is just. Tennyson enthusiasts will, perhaps, be disappointed at the infrequency of superlatives, while those limited minds which cannot hold both Browning and Tennyson, and, therefore, let Tennyson go, will be disappointed too, for other reasons. We do not say that Mr. Gwynn is always right; but he is always thoughtful and always himself, which is more interesting. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. VOL. I. BY P. HUME BROWN.

Mr. Hume Brown claims with justice for his work the title of the first compendious history of Scotland. Scots histories we have indeed had in plenty. The excellent work of Patrick Fraser Tytler has never been wholly superseded. The lengthy history of Hill Burton, just because of its greater detail, is already partly out of date; and the same criticism applies, though less aptly, to Dr.

Skene's *Celtic Scotland*. The materials collected by the local historian and the societies for the preservation and publication of ancient records await the man who shall marshal them into connected history. Mr. Hume Brown's work is confessedly a mere survey, but it is a well-informed and vigorous sketch—the work of a man who knows his authorities. He is in no sense the picturesque historian, and the most sensational events in one of the most romantic of the world's histories are chronicled with dry fidelity. Nor is he the psychologist in history, for he has no care for subtle motives, though in an awkward and roundabout way he generally succeeds in arriving at a fairly shrewd estimate of his characters. The main virtue of the book is that it is succinct and clear, honestly confessing the fact when means of information are scanty or doubtful, and never shirking a difficulty. It aims also at giving a brief survey of the literature and the social life of each epoch. To us the most valuable part of the work seems to be the constitutional part, for the constitutional history of Scotland still awaits its Stubbs or Palgrave. The early narrative of the strife between Scot, Briton, and Angle, between Celt and Saxon and Norman, is comparatively full, though we may look to Mr. Andrew Lang's forthcoming volume for a more elaborate statement. Perhaps the best chapter is that on the difficult reign of David II., the history of whose last fourteen years differs materially from Tytler and Hill Burton, and is based on Mr. Burnett's Introduction to the second volume of the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland. Many of the old dramatic tales are examined and found wanting; the entertaining Pitscottie is regarded with deep mistrust; and on all crucial points the evidence of Bishop Leslie, Ferrerius, or Buchanan is preferred. Still, we are thankful to find that Mr. Hume Brown is not a consistent iconoclast. The story of James I. is still left to us more or less intact, and we are glad to find him opposing Mr. J. T. Brown's contention against the Royal authorship of *The King's Quhair*. We had thought that the replies of M. Jusserand and Mr. Rait, of New College, had effectually disposed of the fancy. (Cambridge: University Press.)

ADMIRAL SIR W. R. MENDS.

By B. S. MENDS.

From his house at Alverstoke the late Admiral Mends watched the assembling of the vast fleet which was called together in the Solent to celebrate Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. He was then in his eighty-fifth year, and had known sixty years of naval life. But before half the vessels had arrived Admiral Mends was failing; and when the royal salute was fired by that stupendous naval armament on June 26, 1897, he was unconscious; before the illumination of the fleet began he had breathed his last. And what need we add, save that this end was worthy of Admiral Mends's career? He was of England's best manhood and brain. We have many such men; their biographies arrive like old *Téméraires*, and long may they do so! In Admiral Mends we had an ideal organiser of naval transport. Indeed, he was the first head of the Transport Department at the Admiralty, founded by an Order in Council in 1862. In 1864 this Department took over the Indian reliefs, and it was on Mends's requirements that the Chief Constructor of the Navy designed those five grand troopships whose names are household words in so many English homes: the *Serapis*, the *Crocodile*, the *Euphrates*, the *Junna*, and the *Malabar*. No wonder that Admiral Mends looked on these ships with pride, called them his "old babies" when they passed his retreat on Stokes Bay, and held that "the regular passage of these great white ships, laden with troops, to and fro through the Canal, the whole scheme working regularly and without a hitch, year in and year out, did much to enhance the national prestige." Admiral Mends had learned practical transport work in the Crimea, where also he seems to have imbibed—not without reason—that rooted disbelief in our military organisation which led

him, in the later years of his life, to predict a breakdown in that Department when a real strain should come upon it. In his final years of rest and retirement his fears on this point were somewhat relieved. This biography of Admiral Mends by his son is of great general interest, and it abounds in points which naval and military readers will value. (Murray. 16s. net.)

POEMS.

By A. BERNARD MIALL.

Mr. Miall stands out from the ranks of new poets. He has himself well in hand; he controls words, and is not controlled by them; his thoughts are his own, and are worthy. He looks round about him and finds much that is good in man and in nature and daily life, and he expresses the fact well. He is not the poet of the youthful dream—all fire and fury and fine rapture and miraculous combinations of words: we know always just how his work is done. He is a gentleman and scholar expressing himself in verse. We quoted some stanzas of Mr. Miall's last week. Here he is in a more lyrical mood:

WINTER'S JOY.

By wold and holt and valley Scampered the scouring breeze, No flush was on the heather, No leaf was on the trees.	The wind of time was blowing And buffeting my mind; It tore my sad old memories And swept them out behind.
The sea and heaven of winter Met in a steeled embrace; The wind leapt off the Channel And shouted in my face.	And oh! I said, if winter Doth not abash the earth, If being poor as Adam She shows a sturdy mirth,
Far thro' the seething coppice The whispering drift was brown, Asway were all the branches, And every leaf was down.	Take all my thickets harbour, O stately blast of Time! Bare boughs may chaunt the carol Of poverty sublime!
But all the trees were shouting, And all the hills were sweet; The rascal wind was humming A tune to stir my feet.	For if in surly winter My heart shall dare to sing, Fate, thou art all defeated! What will it be in spring?

(Lane.)

POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN.

Emile Verhaeren is the young Belgian writer whose play "*Les Aubes*" ("The Dawn") we reviewed a few weeks ago. In this book Miss Alma Strettell, who is already known by her *Lullabies of Many Lands* and her excellent versions, in conjunction with Carmen Sylva, of Roumanian folk-songs, offers translations of a selection of Verhaeren's poems drawn from his volumes *Les Villages Illusoires*, *Les Heures Claires*, and *Les Apparues dans mes Chemins*. Verhaeren is both symbolist and similitist. Most things that he sees resemble other things, and most things stand for other things, and all is vague and mystical and melancholy. Some of his images seem to us to be unpermissibly unnatural. The first poem, for example, called "Rain," describes the rain tearing at the window-pane with its "nails of grey." Yet the effect of the whole poem is undeniable: one is as depressed and sodden at the end of it as if the rain had really been falling all day. In everything in the book we are conscious of definite thought and the desire to make beauty, but the result falls often below the intention. At any rate, Verhaeren is not easy reading for the Briton. Miss Strettell's efforts are commendable, but we cannot say that she ever suggests that the author's own medium was English—as a translator should. (Lane.)

THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" LIBRARY. PART XI.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* Library, as every student knows, is a classified collection of the chief contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1868, edited by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme. The English topography section, of which this is the eleventh part, is edited by Mr. F. A. Milne. In the new volume we reach Staffordshire and

Suffolk, and a mine of curious lore is presented. It is a pity that, in a day of so much activity in periodical literature, there is no one now quite carrying on the excellent work of Sylvanus Urban. For the want of a receptacle for it corresponding to the old *Gentleman's Magazine*, a vast deal of quaint and valuable information must go unrecorded. (Stock.)

HAUNTS AND HOBBIES OF AN
INDIAN OFFICIAL.

BY MARK THORNHILL.

Mr. Thornhill once wrote a book on his experiences as an Indian magistrate during the Mutiny. He now tells us how he employed his leisure when there were no alarms of war and massacre to disturb the routine of duty. Sent to a station on the Ganges, Mr. Thornhill found that his new residence had a garden which had run wild. Not being sure of the length of his stay, he left the garden as it was, and turned to the study of its living inhabitants, especially ants. He could also look down on the dry river bed of the Ganges in the hot season and watch the alligators, otters, reptiles, birds, and other creatures which had their home in or about the stream. Mr. Thornhill's gossip is as interesting as his observation was keen. Here is his account of the issue of a swarm of white ants:

The house I was then occupying was a bungalow, and, as is the case with many bungalows, the inner walls were constructed of merely sun-dried bricks, and in the recesses of one wall a colony of white ants had established a nest. It was evening; I was commencing dinner. I heard behind me a buzzing sound; I turned, and from a hole near the bottom of the wall I beheld a fountain of young white ants ascending. They reached the ceiling, and then the descent commenced. They alighted by thousands on the table, and there shook off their wings. In a few minutes the cloth, the plates, the glasses, even the lamp-shades, were covered with the little white, feeble crawling creatures. The fountain of ants continued to play for at least ten minutes. When next morning the floor was swept, the wings that the ants had shaken off filled a large basket. What became of the ants themselves I cannot say.

Mr. Thornhill varies his observations in natural history with notes on native habits and customs, including the marvellous achievements of native "alchemists" and fakirs. A pleasant book; one to read and keep. (Murray. 6s.)

COMRADES ALL.

BY W. J. MATHAMS.

Mr. Mathams, who has already addressed to sailors a little volume of sound advice, *Jack Ahoy!* now performs the same office for soldiers. His point is, that Thomas Atkins may as well be a God-fearing and kindly fellow as not; and both in prose and verse Mr. Mathams urges moral courage upon him. At the end we find a calendar of maxim shots, those for the ensuing week being: "April 1. He like a soldier fell—but not when he was drunk. April 2. The awkward squad may be veterans yet. April 3. Havelock's saints were none the worse for knee drill. April 4. A man's spirit should always be on active service. April 5. The longest night will have its *réveille*. April 6. Never be comrades in crime. April 7. Every inch a soldier, every inch a man. April 8. Go like a cavalry man when you are going to help a comrade." Lord Roberts contributes a cordial little preface. (Chatto & Windus. 2s.)

TRUE TALES OF THE INSECTS.

BY L. N. BADENOCH.

Another contribution to the nursery's natural history library. The tales are not, however, dramatic narratives with insects for heroes, as might be supposed from the title. The book consists of straightforward records of various phases of insect life, set down by a naturalist. The young entomologist who is taking his hobby seriously should be very glad to have this book, the value of which is increased by its illustrations. (Chapman & Hall. 12s.)

Fiction.

Cousin Ivo. By Mrs. Andrew Dean.
(A. & C. Black. 6s.)

IF the name of Anthony Hope had been appended to this story we should not have been surprised. As a rule, a writer cannot excite in his readers a strong reminiscence of a contemporary without, in a literary sense, losing caste. But we feel that Mrs. Dean has the perfect knack of the well-bred romance, the geography whereof is vague but German, the villainy black but associated with prowess, and the chivalry a nicely-groomed edition of Malory's heroes in the person of a nineteenth century English gentleman of splendid physique and good family. Mrs. Dean, perhaps wisely, does not allow a duel to take place in her story, but we have the satisfaction of continually expecting one until we see Cousin Ivo, the Rupert of the narrative, borne away on a litter, the victim of a thunder-bolt.

There is reason to write cynically of such novels as *Cousin Ivo*, but not unkindly. They award poetic justice, and they stir that ancient pulse of heroism whose throb is now only felt when a sympathetic finger is laid on it. In the novel under notice there is air and action, and an ingenuous pretence that ordinary things are happening in prosy England while Ivoes are drugging goblets and pushing princesses into wells in the delectable Duchy of Züriingen. The melodramatic passages are struck off at a white heat. One could clap one's hands like a schoolboy at the reception of the challenge of the base and profligate Ivo. "'I refuse,' said the Prince, looking him full in the face, 'and you know what that means when I say it to you.'"

Mrs. Dean is, of course, as well equipped for writing the pseudo-German romance as any English writer could be, and the gift for dialogue which she evinced in *A Splendid Cousin* and other novels stands her here in good stead. We think her general effect would have been neater if she had avoided the use of the diary as a form of narrative. To have done without it would have enhanced the considerable interest she maintains, by leaving the fate of the diarist in suspense. It stands to reason that a person who writes the history of a terrible experience has survived it, and consequently in the recital we miss the thrilling curiosity of those who listened for the doctor's step.

One of the Grenvilles. By Sidney Royse Lysaght.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. LYSAGHT's new novel belongs essentially to the quiet order of fiction. There is one romantic episode, when the hero is made captive in the Soudan and brought into personal contact with the Khalifa. But this is merely a brief incident at the outset of the story; and it is handled, moreover, in a subdued fashion, with as little sensational detail as may be. There is no small skill in the quiet realism by which it is, nevertheless, made interesting. The rest of the novel is purely English and domestic. It is emphatically what one would call a pleasant book. There is no attempt at brilliancy, in dialogue, narrative, or description. The characters are ordinary, without marked features of good or evil; none of them is even strikingly humorous, and there is no great call on the emotions. To maintain a continuous flow of interest in the gentle procession of such a story is not easy; but Mr. Lysaght has accomplished it. The fine old Captain Grenville and his two amiably eccentric naval companions on board his ship, the *Pegasus*, provide some very pleasant comedy in an entertaining and ably-written book, in which the plot is the least thing. But why did Mr. Lysaght introduce the needless tragedy of Mab—a character having no manner of connexion with the plot?

A Son of Empire. By MORLEY ROBERTS.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS puts in his characters in strong black and white, with no subtleties of half-tones or psychological flummies of that sort, and the result is that his serious personages are apt to be melodramatic, and his comic ones to border on the farcical. Farce, certainly, is in the composition of his British matron, mother of the heroine, whose conventionality reaches a point of hysteria, and who rarely meets her daughter in the course of the story without a page or two of Billingsgate. Nor are we in the least convinced by the *beau sabreur* of a hero, or by the vindictive and blustering old Adjutant-General, who rarely enters or leaves a room without a "damn." Madge Gretton, on the other hand, though a foolish, romantic young woman, and badly smitten with scarlet fever, is not unattractive. She has our reluctant sympathies when she falls in love with Black Blundell at first sight in Switzerland, has lunch with him on the top of a mountain, and allows him to kiss her under her sunshade at the railway station. Afterwards she forges a telegram from the Secretary of State to the authorities in India requesting that her hero may be given a chance of distinguishing himself in a brush with the hill tribes. The man, on the other hand, strikes us as rather a brute. Readers of modern biographies may amuse themselves by tracking portraits in these two characters. Of course Mr. Roberts can tell a story, and the vigour of his narrative, especially when he gets to the fighting, will atone in many eyes for his defects of psychology and art. This is evidently the part of the book which he enjoyed himself, and in writing it he was unable to stop to consider his English. Whence you get such sentences as this: "But he had little time to think of her after that night; what with driving the transport and commissariat chaps into doing the utterly impossible, which under his influence they did, and were quite surprised at themselves." It is slipshod, to say the least of it. When Mr. Morley Roberts used to write of what he had observed he was more brutal, but not so Ouidaesque.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE CONFOUNDING
OF CAMELIA.

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

Miss Sedgwick's novel, *The Dull Miss Archinard*, was clever and pleasant and engrossing; her new one opens in a way that suggests that these adjectives will serve again. *Camelia* is an original, charming, and selfish heroine, whose social successes and love affairs we are called to witness. Quite early *Camelia* was too much for her mother. But, as Mrs. Jedsley, the last rector's widow, put it: "The very way in which she says 'Oh, *Camelia*!' is flattering to the girl. Her mother's half-shocked admiration encourages her in the belief that she is very naughty and very clever; and really while *Camelia* talks Lady Paton looks like a hare under a bramble." . . . The alarmed retirement of Lady Paton's attitude was pictorially apparent forthwith." (Heinemann. 6s.)

ONE POOR SCRUPLE.

By MRS. WILFRID WARD.

Mrs. Ward calls this "A Seven Weeks' Story." This does not mean that she wrote it in seven weeks, for on the next page we learn that it has occupied her at intervals for seven years. It is a complex story of upper-class family and social life, and is mainly concerned with Roman Catholic circles. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE DRONES MUST DIE.

By MAX NORDAU.

"His idea of life was founded on the maxim that there was nothing one could not buy for money; it was left for a woman to teach him that the sole remaining thing to which he attached

any value was not to be had for money." The plot and the moral of this novel are concentrated in this sentence from p. 393. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MARQUERITE DE ROBERVAL.

By T. G. MARQUIS.

A romance of the days of Jacques Cartier, the fifteenth century French sailor and explorer. We begin with passion and duelling of the Dumasian type—doublets and hose, plumed hats, rapiers and honour. Later we go to sea and the drama is continued on the Isle of Demons. There is a deal of life and death in the story, which is well written. (Unwin. 6s.)

A MODERN MERCENARY.

By K. & HESKETH PRICHARD.

We are here introduced to the Duchy of "Maasau." The hero, John Rallywood, has lost his fortune and has obtained a commission in the little army of the Duchy. Just as he is beginning to despair of active service the Duchy begins to go "to the devil," and trouble is indicated by the presence of Stokes of the *Times* and another "big daily" correspondent. Rallywood concludes to stay: hence these bright pages of love and fighting and conspiracy. There is good dialogue; hear Blivinski, the Russian diplomatist:

"Britain loves to feign the Pharisee. We smile—we others—because we understand that her rule and ours is after all the same—self-interest."

"If that be the case we come back to the law of the Beast," said Counsellor.

The Russian put his gloved hand upon the open door and looked back over his shoulder at Counsellor.

"Always, my dear friend, by very many turnings—but always." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

AN EARTHLY FULFILMENT.

By JOHN REAY WATSON.

A love drama with several leading characters. Intrigues and complicated relationships. Nemesis. And for background a mining colony in Australia, where "little evidence of leisure of life, or love of it, is presented. Yet children are born here, and men die; life opens and closes on tones of grey." And this story opens and closes on tones of grey. (Unwin. 6s.)

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

By E. D'ESPÉRANCE.

By one who has studied spiritualistic beliefs in Scandinavia, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and elsewhere, together with faith-healing, water-finding, and other mysteries. The seven "psychic stories" related in the book were picked up by the author in Saxony, and he vouches for their truth. Even names, where they are given, are correct, and in most cases the stories have been checked by the actors therein. (Redway. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE DEIL'S GRANNIE.

By J. PARRINGTON-POOLE.

"The male portion of the fishing populace of Lynne baptized each other anew, and young and old abode by the names thus bestowed upon them." Hence the characters in this story go by such names as "The Moon," "The Walrus," "The Bullphunt," and "The Deil." The story is melodramatic, and ends with stiletto work: "John Erskine was lying dead on the fire-rug. Blood oozed from a wound in the heart." The dedication is to Mr. Hall Caine. (Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.)

WILD HUMPHREY KYNASTON.

By HENRY HUDSON.

A romance of the "Robin Hood of Shropshire in the Reign of Henry the Seventh." The author explains that the story is founded on stories of Wild Humphrey imparted to him by his mother, whose ancestor he was. Mr. Hudson has built up his story with great care from information discovered in the Record Office and the British Museum; but such an origin is not very inspiring to the reader, who may also fight shy of nearly forty pages of Appendix, containing a will in Latin and passages from the Transactions of the Shropshire Archaeological and Natural History Society. The illustrations are photographs. (Kegan Paul. 6s. net.)

SHUEYPINGSIN.

By AN ENGLISHMAN.

This is a boiling down of the Chinese romance *Haoukewchuen*—once translated by Bishop Percy, and also by Sir John Davis under the title of *The Fortunate Union*. The present translation is an attempt to convey some idea of a Chinese novel in the form of an English short story. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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“The Stress of the Uns.”

THIS expression of Mr. Swinburne's came back to me with a significance unintended by its author as I was reading Mrs. Meynell's last volume of essays, *The Spirit of Place*. Line after line, paragraph after paragraph, the inconsiderable prefix “un”—“untransferable gravity,” “unfaded life,” “unclothed earth”—sent its low hammer of emphasis along the pages, and lighted them with the glamour of its inevitable contrast—the very shine and shadow of reality.

“Un”—Has the place of this primitive-looking particle ever fully been determined in literature? It is evident at the outset that in word-combinations where affirmative is placed in close juxtaposition with negative the mere antipathy in meaning must lend force of suggestion. The affirmative stands up in rich colour as a foil to the negative; the negative sweeps its night over the vivid picture of day. Even unskilful artificers may produce their shock of the unexpected by instinctive feeling for the prefix “un”; its effects are almost unsurpassable in the hands of a master. Take this curious parallel in idea, afforded by a verse from “In Memoriam,” and one from the “Elegy.” Tennyson recognises the value of his negative by giving it importance of stress and place:

Unlov'd, the sunflower shining fair
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.

In the better-known lines of Gray, the negative is hidden away in corners, with proportionate loss of emphasis:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Then, how the solemn shadow of the negative burdens with tragedy those lines of the poor Ghost in “Hamlet”:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled . . .

And not only does the “un” achieve intensity by the mechanical combination of affirmative and negative; it fuses these sometimes into a chemical combination wherein each loses its original qualities in the unity of a new product. Such, for instance, is “uneffectual” in these lines:

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire . . .

Such is “unsunned” in this couplet from “The Prince's Quest”:

Hoarding the cool and leafy silentness
In many an unsunned hollow and hid recess.

Such is the splendid negative in “Adonais,” not to be equalled by any single epithet:

And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

Truly, to paraphrase Touchstone, “much virtue in an un.”

The beauty and force of “un” combinations finds ample illustration in Mrs. Meynell's volume, *The Spirit of Place*. It is from the root of the “uns” that this whole passage springs and flowers: “Of all unfamiliar bells, those which seem to hold the memory most surely after but one hearing are bells of an unseen cathedral of France, when one has

arrived by night. . . . They mingle with the sound of feet in unknown streets, they are the voices of an unknown tower.” Again, note the crescendo of emphasis that swells in the following sentence from simple to compound: “We ought to leave blank, unvexed, and unencumbered with paper patterns the ceilings and walls of a simple house.” What note-suggestions the “un” words strike. That unvexed, how pregnant! Or read of the modern foot, “undone, unspecialised, sent back to lower forms of indiscriminate life.” The negation holds within its arms all the pathos of the might-have-been. The stress of place is even more forcibly used in the following from “Solitude”: “Their share in the enormous solitude which is the common, unbounded, and virtually illimitable possession of all mankind has lapsed, unclaimed.” Note, too, in the following extract, the effect of inevitable pause on the word “unready,” as contrasted with the swiftiness of rain: “There is nothing in nature that so outstrips our unready eyes as the familiar rain.”

But beyond these rhetorical “un” effects—these arrangements of pause and position—Mrs. Meynell uses the prefix “un” in the creation of epithets that flash, many-facetted, with new significance. How one may brood over that expression, “the unfettered madman,” “the visible, flitting figure of the unfettered madman,” and yet leave unextracted the full essence of its meaning. It carries light into the very darkest places of the human soul. “The unrelapsing day.” Is not this the very keynote to “Habits and Consciousness”? Does not the “untravelling spirit of place” give us the first essay in little?

This inchoate little syllable holds within it the possibilities of exquisite music. Listen to this from “The Horizon”: “Not here or there, but with definite continuity the unseen unfolds.” Listen to this from “July”: “Not unbelov'd is this serious tree, the elm, with its leaf sitting close, unthrill'd.” How delicate and clear is the rhythm of the “un” footsteps!

Finally, here is a beautiful passage wherein the stress of the “uns” gives not only emphasis, not only flashing meaning, not only music, but all these combined:

As for the poets, there is but one among so many of their bells that seems to toll with a spiritual music so loud as to be unforgett'd when the mind goes up a little higher than the earth, to listen in thought to earth's untethered sounds. This is Milton's curfew, that sways across one of the greatest of all seashores of poetry—“the wide-watered.”

E. W.

Landor and Dickens.

It is admitted that Landor's newly published letters to his young friend “Rose” (Lady Graves-Sawle) are so chosen and so edited as to exhibit the gentler side of a nature in which wildness and gentleness were strangely mixed. After reading them, the present writer has reverted to Boythorn, that delightful portrait of Landor in *Bleak House*. There the wildness and the gentleness have each their play, and each quality puts us in love with the other. Yet the letters to Lady Graves-Sawle bring their own little confirmations of the justness of that sportive portrait. “I could not fix the hour,” Landor writes in one of these letters, “for I never disappointed a lady.” In *Bleak House* Boythorn disappoints a whole family, who wait dinner for him. Who does not remember his magnificent entry?

“We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the road to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain ever to have such a son. I would have had that fellow shot without the least remorse!”

"Did he do it on purpose?" Mr. Jarndyce inquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travellers!" returned the other. "By my soul, I thought him the worst-looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face, and didn't knock his brains out!"

Dickens had a good foundation for this late arrival and these thunders. Charles Landor used to tell how his brother once lost his road to a friend's house where a party were waiting dinner for him, and startled a country bumpkin by the peremptory demand that he should either at once show him the way or have his throat cut on the spot. At Bleak House Landor's self-reproach exhausted itself in the declaration:

"By my soul, Jarndyce, if you had been married, I would have turned back at the garden gate and gone away to the remotest summits of the Himalaya Mountains sooner than I would have presented myself at this unreasonable hour. . . . By my life and honour, yes! I wouldn't be guilty of the audacious insolence of keeping a lady of the house waiting all this time for any earthly consideration. I would infinitely rather destroy myself—infinitely rather!"

Landor outdid the noblest Roman in his familiar invocation of suicide. Dickens himself used to tell this story:

At a friendly dinner at Gore House, when it was the most delightful of houses, his dress—say, his cravat or shirt collar—had become slightly disarranged on a hot evening, and Count d'Orsay laughingly called his attention to the circumstance as we rose from table. Landor became flushed and greatly agitated. "My dear Count d'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count d'Orsay, I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the drawing-room and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would instantly have gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out."

It will be remembered that Mr. Boythorn delighted the young people at Bleak House by producing a pet canary which perched on his forehead, even while that forehead was purple with wrath, and while, with voice and fist, the fiery guest was espousing Jarndyce's cause:

"There never was such an infernal cauldron as that Chancery on the face of the earth!" said Mr. Boythorn [the canary eating out of his hand]. "Nothing but a mine below it on a busy day in term time, with all its records, rules, and precedents collected in it, and every functionary belonging to it also, high and low, upward and downward, from its son, the Accountant-General to its father, the Devil, and the whole blown to atoms with ten thousand hundredweight of gunpowder, would reform it in the least!"

Dickens may have heard of Landor's affection for the two dormice given to him by his wife's relatives, of which he wrote: "These are great blessings."

It appears from Forster's *Lives* of Landor and Dickens—for they had the same biographer—that Dickens first saw Landor at Bath in 1840. Landor was then living at 35, St. James's-square in that city. It was under Landor's roof, and in his tropical presence, that the idea of Little Nell presented itself to Dickens. Landor used to claim this honour against all comers. Forster once put the question to him—was it so?

With tremendous emphasis he confirmed the fact . . . and added that he had never in his life regretted anything so much as his having failed to carry out an intention that he had formed respecting it; for he meant to have purchased that house, 35, St. James's-square, and then and there to have burnt it to the ground, to the end that no meaner association should ever desecrate the birthplace of Nell. Then he would pause a little, become conscious of our sense of his absurdity, and break out into a thundering peal of laughter.

It is also most interesting to remember that it was after one of his evenings with Dickens that Landor wrote the quatrain which has been called the moral of his life, a quatrain which Prof. Huxley quoted with solemn conviction in one of his last writings.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The letters to Lady Graves-Sawle do but emphasise Landor's veneration for the author of *David Copperfield*, a book over which he shed many tears. "I hope you have enjoyed his *Chimes*. Wonderful man! Everything he writes is in the service of humanity. His genius was sent from Heaven to scatter good and wisdom upon the earth."

Stepping-tones.

TOM FOOL (according to the old diversion), agreeing to have his horse shod with twenty-four nails at the rate of a farthing for the first nail, a halfpenny for the second, a penny for the third, twopenny for the next, and so on, must pay in the result £17,476 5s. 3½d. for the shoeing of his horse. This was severe enough; but, if he had bargained that each of the twenty-four nails should be of a pattern different from its neighbours, and that he would provide horses sufficient in number to accommodate all the changes possible to the disposition of the twenty-four nails, to what sphere but the moon (which is, maybe, a sphere exhausted of all its own changes, and driven in despite to influence ours) would Tom Fool have sought to convey himself, away from an absurdly impossible task?

Now, there are not twenty-four, but twenty-six (no inconsiderable joint to the tail) letters in the English alphabet, and the changes rung upon these—or combinations from these—are called words; and there are, say, 70,000 or so words in the English vocabulary—a list that by no means exhausts the possible changes upon the letters. Indeed, any fool—even Tom himself—may coin a dozen new changes during any given minute; but, when it comes to the changes possible to be rung upon the 70,000 words! *Cela ne se fait pas du jour au lendemain*. It exceedeth the understanding; as likewise does it (man being a fanciful creature after all) that any fragmentary formal dispositions (*alias* phrases) of such among these words as are colloquial should ever have become so prescriptive as that to deviate from them could be pronounced a discomforting schism. Yet it is so; it is so, and it is a fact that a writer who endeavours to put an old thing in a new way (the intellect of man not being in a condition of steady relapse) shall seldom escape the accusation that he is obscure, or that he is artificial, or that he straineth after effect; most commonly, that he "deriveth" crankily from another.

Now it would appear that, out of all this limitless mass of possible combinations, a very wee proportion is appropriated to our colloquialisms, and that, according to the manner in which any one of us elects to present these colloquialisms, so is he credited or not with "style." In short, a good style, we must believe, is that arrangement of prescriptive words in prescriptive sentences that most satisfies the conservatism of the prescriptive understanding. It is an arbitrary restriction, sometimes rebelled against by those who are moved to the exploratory spirit—by those who quicken with the periodic consciousness that the conservative and the classical are not necessarily adequate to the expression of intricate modern moods.

Language, these may insist, is an imperfect vehicle for thought. It expresses the half, but not the demi-semi-tones. It is the piano out of which we strive to play our emotions; and the piano, as we know, is an incomplete instrument. How, then, to express, not the steps, but the *shuffles* of

transition—all that soul that lies between, say, C sharp and D flat? It is not to be gathered from the text-books of harmony; neither are classical phrases meet for an expression of the inmost stepping-tones of the soul. To convey some shadowy sense of the inexpressible, we can only essay the use of what the laws of harmony pronounce to be discords—marriages, or combinations, of sounds hitherto kept apart, the significance of which we *feel*, though we cannot analyse our motives in applying them.

Great men—popular writers—have been moved to the schism before now, though it was not the schism that made them popular. Take a single illustration—from Tennyson:

. . . with a common will
Here, in this *roaring moon of daffodil*
And *crocus*, to put forth and brave the blast.

The italicised words are, in their context, neological—impressionistic. They subscribe to no law of plain-speaking. Submitted to the analysis of common (which is vulgar) sense, they acknowledge themselves ridiculous. What moon was ever built up of daffodil and crocus? What moon ever roared? Yet the daring phrase (who shall have the daring to deny it?) makes real in two words what descriptive classicism could not have compassed in fifty. A storm-blown spring! and yet that is not all. We see the scudding films of cloud, the wastes swept by warm drifts of eclipse, the dim yellow flowers bowing and shrugging. We see the brilliant globe anchored up there in the flood—stemming it—rocking on it; and through all the wide rush of the wind we marvel only at the motionlessness of the black shadows on the moor beneath. An *impression* has been given expression, in fact, by means of a discord.

Some day, no doubt, the schismatics who *feel* for, instead of subscribing to, modes of expression, will be allotted their high standing among the creeds.

BERNARD CAPES.

Things Seen.

Contrast.

SPRING had come. The air blew warm on the cheek, like a caress, and a tender green glistened on the trees. To be abroad on that new morning, to be alive—that was enough. Such loveliness, such magic, was there in the new birth of spring, that the Iron Duke's iron horse in the great space that ranges about Hyde-park Corner seemed a live thing sniffing the herald scents of the world's recurring miracle. As I swung out of the park gates and crossed the roadway, my eye fell upon one who concentrated in himself the very spirit of that joyous hour. He was young; his figure was tall and straight, his complexion clear—oh, he was good to look upon: spring-time made flesh. He stood upon the curb in front of St. George's Hospital, smiling, tapping his stick upon the stone smiling at his own irresolute happiness. He neither wanted to go forward nor to go back. It was enough to be, and, as he stood there smiling, and tapping his stick upon the stone, the thought, surely, in this happy, healthy creature's mind was: "The spring has come again, again, and I am young." I smiled too, to think there should be such joy in the world.

Then a closed vehicle with drawn blinds drew up in front of the hospital; and as it obstructed his view, he stepped from the curb and sauntered across the road, smiling still. The driver descended. The hall-porter ran down the steps of the hospital. He opened the door of the vehicle. Together they lifted out a long board, very tenderly—which, as far as I could see, carried no other burden than a rug or two tossed disorderly upon the board. Then was I glad, for I had feared that chance had brought some awful reality into the procession of that happy morning. I turned to go, but in the act of turning I saw a livid hand protruding from beneath the rug.

The Simile.

THE little square of Staple Inn is a quiet spot at any time—an instant retreat from Holborn and the world. At sunset there is the added quiet of the sparrows' vespers. The birds come to sleep on the twigs of the plane-trees in the square. The trees fill the sky-space, and the sparrows fill the trees. You look up, and each sparrow is set against the sky, plump and black. I have counted one hundred and thirty, all chirping happily and passing, by their own formal gradations, from song to sleep. When the last chirps have descended on the square the sight is solemn and curious. The gloom has deepened below, but the sky above is white or apple-green; and against it in silhouette are the long quadrangular roofs, the little belfry of the Inn, the tracery of many boughs and feathery twigs, and the sparrows—little balls of blackness and sleep. Never are the sparrows more exposed, never more safe from harms. It is a touching sight in its way, and I felt no surprise when I turned from it, one night this week, and saw an uplifted face and wide eyes, and heard devotional tones. I think the man was mentally searching the Scriptures, delving for a simile. As I passed him his sighs and hesitations ceased, and, with a joyful stare at the sparrows aloft, he muttered—"The cattle on a thousand hills!"

Memoirs of the Moment.

Nobody knows, until the doors of the Royal Academy open, whether the exhibition is to be a good or a bad one; and that, perhaps, is why there is always talk of its being up to, or below, or above "the average"—the average being, in this case, the least ascertainable standard in the world. A few things, however, may already be certainly known. To begin with, there is larger acreage of canvas to select from, a keener competition for hanging space, than ever before. The artist may not be the popular hero he once was in current fiction; studio gossip may not be as of old a staple of talk; nor is Studio-Sunday now a field-day of fashion; but, all the same, the number of intending exhibitors' labels applied for at Burlington House this month is far in excess of that ever recorded before.

THERE will be no canvas to represent Mr. J. M. Swan in this year's Academy exhibition. That conspicuous absence is all the more to be deplored because it is caused by the illness of Mr. Swan—an abscess in the face—which has left him in the mood of a man who feels that he has lost a year.

MR. SARGENT, whose eight canvases last year almost reconciled the outsider to the space privileges of the Royal Academician, will not be so numerously represented in the coming exhibition. Happily this is not because Mr. Sargent has achieved less than usual in his studio, or rather his two studios, during the past twelve months. A good deal of time lately spent by him at his large work-room in the Avenue, Fulham-road, has been dedicated to his decorations for the Boston Public Library; while some of the portrait work done in Tite-street is not eligible for exhibition here and now. The truth is, that there is a one-man exhibition of Mr. Sargent's works now open in New York, and thither has gone, among other and older canvases, the portrait of Mrs. Hunter, recently completed. The statement generally made that the portrait of the Lord Chief Justice—for which Mr. Sargent has had a longish series of Sunday sittings—will be on view this year, is not correct. The portrait, which shows Lord Russell of Killowen standing in his robes and wearing his wig, is complete; but a second portrait, this time without a wig, is about to be painted by Mr. Sargent, who in this

case, as in that of his portraits of Mr. Coventry Patmore, with their varying yet characteristic aspects, prefers that the two portraits shall be seen together. They remain, therefore, as a reserve fund to be drawn upon by Mr. Sargent for the show of 1900.

THE latest reports from Mr. Stanhope Forbes in the Pyrenees are the best he has sent home; but, what with illness and the Fire of London cartoon, he will be hardly at all represented this year in Piccadilly; neither will Mrs. Stanhope Forbes. Most cosmopolitan of men, in name a Scot, born in Dublin, French in maternity, and of the English Academy—painting the Salvation Army in Cornwall with the methods of Paris—Mr. Stanhope Forbes is now adding to his experiences in a new country (the country of Cobalt may remind him of the appeal often made to him to brighten his schemes of colour), and as he has pitched his tent, and taken to his brushes, we may hope to have some lasting records of his impressions. Meanwhile, it may be mentioned as a consolation for the temporary partial absence of Mr. Stanhope Forbes that Mr. Frank Bramley has somewhat abandoned the experimental manner of last year, and is a Newlyn once more in a delightful picture—"Gossip"—of three old women and a girl seated in a cottage in the mingling lights of the day and the fire; also that, in their several ways, three other artists of the old Cornish group, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Gotch, and Mr. Chevallier Tayler, are in their best form this year.

PRESENTMENTS of men of letters are not very abundant this year; but Mr. Glazebrook has made a success with his portrait of Mr. Anthony Hope.

ONLY a languid interest was taken, along Piccadilly or at the approaches to the Park for Church Parade, last Sunday morning, in the posters announcing the sale of the *Sunday Telegraph*. All the same, most people thought that it came from Fleet-street, not all the way from Sheffield. The competition between the metropolis and the provinces seems to be a little unfortunate, especially if it enforces on Fleet-street the use of such a title as the "*Sunday Daily Telegraph*." The founder of that paper, and of the Lawson family, had one favourite formula constantly dinning into the ears of its early contributors: "We can't have tautology in the *Daily Telegraph*." What, then, would he say to the title of the paper's new offspring? The simple title, the *Daily Telegraph* Sunday edition, would surely have served all purposes; indeed, it would have made the *Daily* a really truthful adjective for the first time in the paper's career—a completeness which might have fired, one would think, any proprietor of a so-called daily paper hitherto appearing on only six days of the week. One noticeable thing about the growth of the Sunday Press is the absence of any protest from Sunday Observance Societies, such, for instance, as that which William Wilberforce made just a century ago in the House of Commons, to the annoyance of William Pitt. Three quarters of a century ago there were sixteen Sunday papers in London; and that is a number which is scarce reached now, even with the addition of these latest comers.

Is history really so absorbing in itself that one has to falsify it in order to make it dull? That is Sir George Trevelyan's latest aphorism, anyway—a variation, at best, on the for ever popular axiom that truth is stranger than fiction. Yet it must be owned that the historians who are most entertaining are not always the most accurate, as the nephew of Macaulay, and the admirer of Mr. Froude, hardly need to be told. Moreover, if the aphorism were really profound, as somebody has hastened to call this one, the occupation of the writer of novels would be gone. As a matter of fact, does Sir George Trevelyan really believe that history, as historians tell it, or biographies, as biographers write them, are really true? The longer and

the more intimate a man's experience of his fellow-creatures is, the less does he accept the presentments made of them to the public. Of a man's deeds the records may be made public; but only the novelist can deal with motive, and that is why, if Sir George Trevelyan were candid, and could forget he had an uncle, he would be the first to admit that fiction is really truer than truth.

THE death of Birket Foster at seventy-four surprises us with the fact that he was no older. He must have been a very young man when he illustrated, in fine, fine work for wood-engraving, with the utmost of delicate pictorial detail, fully half the gift-books, the *éditions de luxe* (as they were understood at that time, with their smooth, deeply cream-coloured paper, modern type, and gilded cloth covers), the collections and selections, and the poets who had country and cottage for their theme. His was very beautiful work of its kind; and, granting that wood-engraving should aim at this outlineless kind of picture-making, Birket Foster's work in black and white was perfect. His beginnings reach back almost to the beginning of wood-engraving; but in his own career he hurried that art through all its stages into what we cannot but consider a decadence—a decadence of theory, that is; for in execution the engraving for which he drew was wonderful. To say, as we have already said, that it was pictorial in intention is to say all that is to be said against it. His water-colours also were pictorial. One likes them less than his black and white. They helped on the change of water-colour theory—did much to lead water-colour away from the theory of drawing to the theory of painting, from wash to stipple, and assuredly from its own limitations, and therefore its own life, to trespass across boundaries and to make a show of a borrowed vitality. But if the thing done was essentially wrong, it was done as a good-faith experiment. It had to be done, given the English character, which is not inclined to respect technical divisions; and by him it was done with all refinement and honesty. He was exceedingly popular, needless to say; he was admired for his errors, no doubt, but he was admired also greatly for his sweet and delicate rendering of what English people happily love—the edges of the little garden-forests, the glades, the streams and wild flowers, the cottages and the cottage girls in speckled pinafores. He never tired of these, nor shall any of us tire of them.

BUT what a strange love of speckles he had! Dark things were speckled with white (body-colour, of course; he was essentially a body-colour man), and white things were speckled with colour. It was almost an obsession.

Correspondence.

A Practical Demonstration.

SIR,—Allow me first to thank you for your notice of my son's pamphlet, *On the Use of Classical Metres in English*, in the last number of the ACADEMY, and also to enclose a specimen of elegiacs done almost entirely after his rules. There are two or three false quantities; but though he detects them, I hope they may pass muster, if you think it worth while to follow up your article by a practical demonstration that the metre, though difficult, is not, in my opinion, wholly unmanageable.—I am, &c.

March 14, 1899.

E. D. STONE.

Ho! jolly old parsons, who smoked long pipes of an evening—

Smoked long churchwardens, sipped at a beady rummer;
Jack - booted, stout - cobbled, at a meet seen oft on a Monday.

Or gaitered for a tramp through stubble after a bird;

Just, and known to be just, yet prone to be merciful
also,
Sifting a grain of wheat out of a bushel o' chaff;
Friendly to all, sharing port wine with needy retainers,
Welcome in all cottages, welcome alike to the Hall.
Of neighbours shrewd, kindly critics, shrewd judges of
horseflesh;
Worldly, perhaps, but not guiltily slaves to the world.
(He made it very good, 'tis an ingrate's trick to abuse
it:
Using aright His gift, worthily praise the Giver.)
What's to be said? Their place is a blank; is none to
regret them?
Were they merely rubbish, fit to be carted away?
Twice in a week preaching set sermons, decked in a black
gown;
Droning an old, old tale, sleepily accredited.
Say, is it all to the good that a priest stalks, trimly
biretted,
Down the village main street frocked in a seedy
cassock?
Choir boys, vested aright, now chant where once was a
chorus
Of loud-lunged voices led by a wheezy fiddle.
No difference of sex — young men with fresh, pretty
maidens;
Old men with children, rustical antiphones.
'Tis better, O, doubtless, this Church of a new genera-
tion,
Red-tiled, smartly bannered, made to a tidy pattern;
Yet there is one who loves old pews and homely be-
longings—
Not restored, redolent of many ages ago—
Who sometimes, as a voice, high-pitched, intones, for a
moment
Longs for an old parson, peacefully droning above,
Three-deckers in a line with Nelson's *Victory* ranges,
Wonders men reckon it seemly to wear petticoats.

Mrs. Hemans and George Borrow.

SIR,—Having read your excellent review of Dr. Knapp's *Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow*, and numbering myself among the warmest of Borrow's admirers, it has occurred to me that the following description of Borrow, which I copied some time ago from Chorley's *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Felicia Hemans*, the poetess, might prove acceptable to your readers, particularly as you point out that there are so few reminiscences of Borrow available, and also give one by the late Rev. J. R. P. Berkeley. Though Mrs. Hemans does not give Borrow's name, his readers will have no difficulty in discovering to whom she alludes. Unfortunately I omitted to copy the date of Mrs. Hemans's letter, which was written sixty years ago, and have not the book at hand for reference. The letter is as follows:

Since I last wrote to you I have received a visit from a remarkable person with whom I should like to make you acquainted. His mind is full even to overflowing of intelligence and original thought. It is the distinguished linguist of whom I shall speak. Besides his calling upon me I also passed an evening in his society and he talked to me the whole time. I do not know when I have heard such a varying flow of conversation — odd, brilliant, animating—any and everyone of these epithets might be applied to it. It is like having a flood of mind poured out upon you, and that, too, evidently from the strong necessity of setting the current free, not from any design to shine or overpower. I think I was most interested in his descriptions of Spain, a country where he has lived much and to which he is strongly attached. He spoke of the songs which seemed to fill the airs of the South from the constant improvisation of the people at their work. He described as a remarkable feature of the scenery the little rills and watercourses which were led through the fields and gardens, and even over every low wall, by the Moors of Andalusia, and which yet remain, making the whole country vocal with pleasant sounds of waters. He told

me also several striking anecdotes of a bandit chief in Murcia, a sort of Spanish Rob Roy, who has carried on his predatory warfare there for many years, and is so adored by the peasantry, for whose sake he plunders the rich, that it is impossible for the Governments ever to seize upon him. Some expression of the old Biscayan language—the Basque, he called it, which he translated for me—I thought beautifully poetical. The sun is called in that language "that which pours the day," and the moon "the light of the dead." Well, from Spain he travelled, or, rather, *shot off* like Robin Goodfellow, who could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, away to Iceland, and told me of having seen there a MS. recording the visit of an Icelandic prince to the Court of our old Saxon King Athelstan; then he hurried off to Paris, Brussels, Warsaw, with a sort of open sesame for the panorama of each Court and kingdom. All I had to complain of was that being used to a sort of steamboat rapidity, both in bodily and mental movements—while gallantly handing me from one room to another, rushed into a sort of gallopade which nearly took my breath away. On mentioning this afterwards to a gentleman who had been of the party, he said: "What could you expect from a man who has been handing *armed Croats*, instead of ladies, from one tent to another? for I believe it is not very long since my ubiquitous friend visited Hungary."

—I am, &c.,

NICHOLAS CHADWICK.

Rochdale: March 27, 1899.

B. V.'s Poems.

SIR,—In a paragraph of your issue of March 18 it is stated that the volume of selections from James Thomson's poems which I have just issued is not the first of its kind, inasmuch as a previous selection was issued in 1888. This is not quite accurate. The volume which was issued in 1888 was not a selection from Thomson's poems, but a second edition of his first published volume of verse. No selection from Thomson's whole poetical works has hitherto been published, unless the volume issued by Mr. Mosher, the enterprising American publisher of Portland, Maine, U.S.A., can be so considered. That volume, however, contained only three of Thomson's poems—viz., "The City of Dreadful Night," "To Our Ladies of Death," and "Insomnia," a selection which represents very well one side of "B. V.'s" genius, but only one side. I may fairly claim that the volume which I have just issued is the first selection which gives anything like an adequate idea of the versatility and extent of Thomson's poetical powers.—I am, &c.,

B. DOBELL.

London: March 20, 1899.

Sydney Smith and the Tortoise.

SIR,—Will your "Bookworm" kindly afford explanation of the second paragraph of his interesting article of March 25? The fact that the present Sir Frederick Pollock, who succeeded to the title in 1888, was not born till 1845 has little apparent connexion with a statement made at the "Breakfast Club" in 1879 by the Sir Frederick Pollock of that time, who was born in 1815. The latter mentioned that he first put about the story under the name of his father, the Lord Chief Baron and first baronet, not under that of his son, afterwards third baronet.

But the authorship of the saying about the tortoise or turtle rests between Sydney Smith and Sir Frederick Pollock, second baronet—the former on the authority of Lady Holland's personal memoir, the latter on that of Sir Frederick's statement as recorded by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff.—I am, &c.,
M.

"The Vampire."

SIR,—It may have escaped your notice that in the New York *Bookman* a new version of Mr. Kipling's poem "The Vampire" is printed, written from a woman's point of view. The parody, or retort, is tardy but good. Perhaps your readers would like to compare the parody and the original, in which case you may see your way to print them side by side.

THE VAMPIRE.

*Oh, the years we waste and the
tears we waste
And the work of our head and
hand.
Belong to the woman who did
not know
(And now we know she never
could know)
And did not understand!*

*A fool there was and his goods
he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith and a sure
intent
(And it wasn't the least what
the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his
natural bent
(Even as you and I!)*

*Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil
we lost
And the excellent things we
planned
Belong to the woman who didn't
know why
(And now we know that she
never knew why)
And did not understand!*

*The fool was stripped to his
foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen
when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the
lady tried)
So some of him lived but the
most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)*

*And it isn't the shame and it
isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot
brand—
It's coming to know that she
never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never
know why)
And never could understand!*

*A fool there was and he made
his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a
hank of hair
(We called her the woman
who did not care)
But the fool he called her his
lady fair—
(Even as you and I!)*

Rudyard Kipling.

—I am, &c.,
March 27.

THE VAMPIRE.

(From a woman's point of
view. With apologies to
Rudyard Kipling.)

*A woman there was who heard
a prayer,
(Even as you and I!)
From flesh and bones and a
lock of hair
(He called her the woman
beyond compare),
But he only used her to
lighten his care,
(Even as you and I!)*

*Oh, the walks we had and the
talks we had,
And the best of our heart and
hand,
Were sought by the man who
pretended to care,
He didn't—but why he pre-
tended to care,
We cannot understand.*

*A woman received the flowers
he sent,
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith she thought
his intent,
(But God only knows what
the gentleman meant),
Yet a man must follow his
natural bent,
(Even as you and I!)*

*Oh, the vows we spoke and
the vows we broke,
And the various things we
planned,
Belong to the man who said
he was true,
(But now we know that he
never was true)
And we cannot understand.*

*One favour she asked—but it
was denied,
(Even as you and I!)
In some way or other he
might have replied,
(But it isn't on record the
gentleman tried),
Her faith in him faltered and
finally died,
(Even as you and I!)*

*And it isn't the shame and it
isn't the blame,
That stings like a white hot
brand,
It's coming to know he would
never say why,
Seeing at last she could never
know why,
And never could understand.*

Mary C. Low.

J. S. K.

The William Black Memorial.

Our Prize Competitions.

RESULT OF No. 25.

WITH the idea of perhaps being useful to the Committee of the William Black Memorial Fund, we asked our readers last week to make suggestions as to the best form this memorial should take: that is to say, the form most in accordance with Mr. Black's character as reflected by his books, and most likely by its usefulness to give him pleasure, could he know of it. We reminded our readers at the same time that the sum which will be at the Committee's disposal is estimated to be £2,000.

Many replies have been received, the best of which seems to us that of Mr. W. Macdonald Mackay, 12, Ashbrook Terrace, Lower Bebbington, Cheshire, who writes thus:

I would suggest that no more fitting memorial to the memory of the late William Black could be desired than "A Fishermen's Shelter" at some convenient centre of the fishing industry in the Highlands—say, at Stornoway, or Wick.

Stornoway has been immortalised by a *Princess of Thule*, and might be the most convenient centre, as it is the rendezvous of the herring fishermen from all parts of the Highlands in the summer.

Such a "shelter" could be built very economically, and would serve as a meeting-place for the fishermen, where they would have refreshments served cheaply, games of various sorts could be indulged in, and newspapers seen and read, as well as a small library attached. The building to be under the management of the Burgh Commissioners and the Committee who have charge of the Memorial. Once the "shelter" was built and started, it would, we believe, be self-supporting, and would be a great boon to these hardy sons of the sea who pursue their arduous calling in all sorts of weather.

We give Mr. Mackay the prize for several reasons. A shelter for fishermen has certain advantages over a lifeboat, the proposed form of memorial. It is of permanent and continual use. A lifeboat might be destroyed in the first storm that made its services necessary, or two or three years might pass without its services being required at all. A shelter, on the other hand, would always be open and operative. When the fishing season is over it would still be a meeting-place and resort, and during the season it might be also the greatest comfort. It would be inexpensive to build and inexpensive to keep up, and it would be a landmark.

Turning to the other replies, we find the following:

The suggestions which have emanated from various sources for a memorial to the late William Black are all of them excellent in their way; yet the ideal one, or the one which will prove most attractive to sympathisers, has yet to be suggested. Like the ACADEMY, I consider that Black was an open-air idealist, a nature-lover, and a recorder of men and their ideas, altogether apart from their toil and labour; and on that account I would suggest as a fitting memorial, and one which will best keep his memory green, a home for literary workers—a rest-place, a shelter if you will—somewhere in the West Highlands, in one of the "Edens" that he loved so well to picture. With £2,000 this could be easily managed, and the home or holiday house might easily be made self-supporting. Literary men and women—and journalists are, of course, included in the term—will appreciate my suggestion. I do not say that literary folk are in the condition of needing assistance when on a holiday; but I do say that the average literary person would be glad to go to the shores of Loch Etive, or the sands of Iona, or the rock-bound coast of Mull, and spend a fortnight amid the perfect harmony of Nature, and in a house built in memorial of one who loved Nature with all his heart and soul.

[H. P. B., Glasgow.]

Other competitors—E. M. H., Hampstead; I. H., Cheltenham; G. E. M., London; S. R., Moffat; and C. L. H., Harrogate—make a similar suggestion; but it is not, we think, very practicable. A Home of Rest would be expensive to build or acquire, and very difficult to manage so that it became as beneficial in effect as its controllers would desire. A variant of the same idea is a "Holiday Home in the Highlands for men and women of gentle birth who are engaged in the mechanical work of our great printing firms." This is suggested by M. E. T., London. Still another variant is this:

For the William Black Memorial I would suggest the founding of a Home in the Highlands for waifs and strays of Scottish cities.

I recognise the fact that it would be impossible to maintain as well as found a Home for the sum of £2,000; but for maintenance, the practical interest of corporate governing bodies in the boroughs affected, and of philanthropic societies, could doubtless be enlisted in such a scheme.

The purpose of the Home might well be the reclaiming, to something more nearly approaching human nature, of the off-

spring of life's misfortunes as obtruded so painfully upon society in overgrown towns.

Should the available funds prove insufficient to maintain an appreciable number of youthful inmates for a lengthened period, then the object of the Home might be restricted to providing a glimpse of God's earth, pure country air, and healthy surroundings for a part of the year only—say, April to November. It would open up a new world, a "heaven," to many a pallid prisoner of the streets. [E. M. T., Crook.]

And here we have still another:

Apply the Fund to giving holiday to town-bound Highlanders. If not enough to take an occasional exile to the Hebrides, then a day or two among Berkshire or Surrey heather. The definite form of memorial a tablet to his memory, with explanation of the wider application suggested above of the funds subscribed by his admirers and friends. [C. A. K., Glasgow.]

The objections to these schemes do not need pointing out. The same idea is given a turn more characteristic of the author of *White Wings* in the following letter:

Purchase a small yacht (if possible the schooner *Oriana*, upon which he wrote *White Wings*) with a small crew of three or four men (Scotchmen certainly, his own crew if to be found). Let the yacht be used among other things as a means for carrying newspapers and books to the men in all the British lighthouses and lightships. The yacht could also be used—as she is, I believe, very roomy—for giving invalid and needy pressmen or printers—in fact, anyone connected with the profession—a healthy sea-voyage. She could also convey letters, papers, and books to the numerous fishing fleets who are unable to return to their ports when on the fishing grounds. [F. P. E., London.]

We have also a proposal to endow village libraries all over the Western Highlands and Islands. Thus:

The management of the scheme to be entrusted to some library in Edinburgh or Glasgow. No buildings should be erected; the books should be sent to the village schoolmaster or minister, and should be changed, say, once a year.

£1,500 to be invested, and the income derived (say £60) to be spent annually in buying new books, repairs, and salary of manager and other expenses. The central library would have very little to do for the greater part of the year, therefore the assistant who did the work would be paid by a fee, say, of £20 or £30.

£500 to be spent now in starting the scheme and buying books.

In this way the memory of William Black would be kept green for ever in that country that he loved so well, and in a most acceptable way to the people whom he loved to depict.

[J. B. N., York.]

The following is a more practicable scheme, and perhaps the Committee will consider it:

I would suggest—if the funds collected are enough—that one or more almshouses should be erected in his native village, or town, so that one or more deserving country men, or women, shall be cared for, and go down to their last home blessing and keeping green the memory of William Black.

[E. J., Ipswich.]

And this has the merit of being in all probability such a charity as Mr. Black himself might have contemplated. But it lacks some of the essentials of a public memorial:

Invest £2,000 at 4 per cent. Result £80 per annum. Grant four annuities of £20 each to old and meritorious gillies who are past work, have not saved money, and are not insured. Election to rest with properly constituted authorities—say equivalent of local Board of Guardians or the like.

[F. S., London.]

A few competitors are in favour of public parks or gardens. G. R., Aberdeen, suggests Oban as the site, and would have a natural history museum in the midst. But £2,000 will not buy public parks and museums, nor are open spaces a Highland want. S. B., Great Malvern, and A. C., Edinburgh, make similar suggestions; while J. S. L., Newcastle, advocates a natural history museum in the Trossachs and a fund to assist "research, literary, historical, or otherwise, relating to the Highlands and the Highland people." Among other plans of more or less feasibility, we mention the erection of a hospital or the supply of medical attendance on an island of the Hebrides (T. C., Buxted); the maintenance of the Ben Nevis Observatory (J. P., Glasgow); the acquisition of salmon and trout fishing for literary men (A. W., Edinburgh); and the planting of an avenue of Scotch firs on the road from Brighton, where Mr. Black lived, to Rottingdean, where he is buried (W. P., St. Albans).

Finally, let us quote this, which is good, but open to destructive criticism: "I would suggest as a fitting memorial of the late Mr. Black and his work the purchase of a tract of wild land in the Highlands, to be reserved for ever as a sanctuary for the fauna and flora of the district" (T. B. D., Bridgwater).

Competition No. 26.

To the author of the best verse translation of the following poem by Paul Verlaine a prize of a guinea will be given:—

Paul Verlaine's Chanson.

Le ciel par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre par-dessus le toit
Berce sa palme.
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille,
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà,
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait que voilà
De ta jeunesse?

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 4. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 392, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, March 30.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Harnack (Dr. A.), *History of Dogma*, Translated from the Third German Edition by William H. M. Gilchrist (Williams & Norgate) 10/6
Griffith-Jones (E.), *The Ascent Through Christ* (Bowden) 7/6
The Church's Message to Men. Sermons by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Others (Skeffington) 2/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Davidson (J. M.), *The Annals of Toll* (Reeves) 6/0
Shakespeare's Handwriting (Smith, Elder & Co.) 0/8

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Deverell (F. H.), *My Tour in Palestine and Syria* (Eyre & Spottiswoode)
Meldrum (D. S.), *Holland and the Hollanders* (Blackwood) 6/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Bailey (J. C.), *Studies in Famous Letters* (Burleigh)
Wells (A.), *Poems* (Hodge & Co.) 5/0
Greville (M. E.), *From Field and "Street"* (Juta & Co., Cape Town) 1/0
Istorum (J.), *Herod Antipas* (Kegan Paul)

NEW EDITIONS.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (Macmillan) net 2/8
Dickens (C.), *Oliver Twist*. 3 vols. (Dent) each 1/8
Frazer (A. C.), *Philosophy of Theism* (Blackwood) net 6/8
Sheldon (C. M.), *The Twentieth Door; Robert Hardy's Seven Days* (Ward, Lock) each 6d.
Parkman (F.), *The Old Régime in Canada. Part Fourth: France and England in North America. Part Fifth: Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* (Macmillan) each, net 8/8
Grey (H.), *A Key to the Waverley Novels* (Sonnenschein) 2/8
Hatton (J.), *Three Recruits* (Sampson Low) 0/6
Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir. By His Son. (Macmillan) 10/8

EDUCATIONAL.

Keene (C. H.), *The First Oration of Cicero Against Cataline* (Blackie & Son) 1/8
Hollis (A. P.), *The Contribution of the Oswego Normal School* (Isbister) 2/8
Bray (J. W.), *A History of English Critical Terms* (Isbister) 5/0
Downie (J.), *Macaulay's Essay on Milton* (Blackie) 2/0
Cotterill (H. B.), *Macaulay's Essay on Milton* (Macmillan) 2/8
Crawshaw (W. H.), *Dryden's Palamon and Arcite* (Isbister) 1/0
Wauchope (G. A.), *Confession of an English Opium-Eater* (Isbister) 1/8

MISCELLANEOUS.

Address Delivered by James Stuart, M.P., as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's (Macmillan) net 1/0
Eversley (T. F.), *The Trinidad Reviewer, 1899* (Robinson Printing Co.)
Ahalo (F. G.), *The Cost of Sport* (Murray) 6/0
Theobald (F. V.), *A Text-Book of Agricultural Zoology* (Blackwood) 8/8
Harper (J. W.), *The Foundations of Society* (Ward, Lock) 6/0
Dell (H. E.), *The Catholic Church and the Social Question* (Catholic Press Co.) net 0/8
Lubbock (Sir J.), *On Buds and Stipules* (Kegan Paul) 5/0
The Art Portfolio. Part I. (Simpkin) 1/0
The New Penny Magazine (Cassell)

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Polo," 1875; "Sporting Anecdotes," 1828; "Miser's Laughter,"
3 vols.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright Street,
Birmingham.

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May 2, 9.

Professor WILLIAM J. SOLLAS, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.,
Professor of Geology and Palaeontology, University of Oxford.—
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Professor DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.I., Fullerton
Professor of Chemistry, R.I.—THREE LECTURES on "THE
ATMOSPHERE." On THURSDAYS, April 13, 20, 27.

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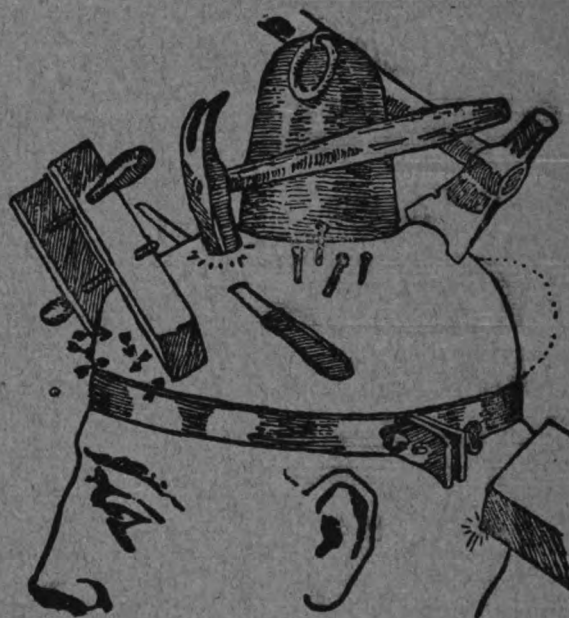
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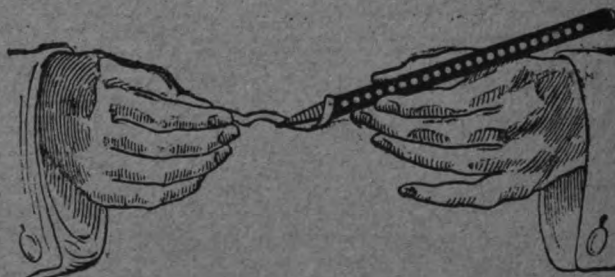
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The Literary Week.

WE are glad to observe the sound and eloquent letter which Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, has addressed to Mr. John Hay, the American Secretary of State, on the subject of international copyright. Whether it will bear fruit remains to be seen, but such temperate and courteous pleas for the necessity of a better understanding are the best form of attack.

MR. J. F. NISBET, who died the other day, after a long and wasting illness, at the age of forty-nine, was a man the little world of letters could ill afford to lose. A hard-headed, shrewd, kindly Scotsman, of powerful physique and brilliant parts, he was yet the most modest of men. He had few enthusiasms, his life was devoted to work, the work of daily and weekly journalism (he was a valued member of the ACADEMY staff), and it left him scant leisure for authorship. No book stands to his name the matter of which had not first served journalistic purposes. His fame rests on *The Insanity of Genius*. But he wielded a power, personal and direct, which is not given to many journalists: we refer to the philosophical and sociological article that he wrote each week in the *Referee* called "Our Handbook." Appealing to a wide public, whose occupations and pleasures do not leave them much time for reading, these lay sermons by a man who had lived and thought, and remained, by choice, in the crowd, had an influence in moulding thought and encouraging a right and sane view of the problems of the day that entitled him to be indeed well proud of his life's work. He wrote that article for many years. Strange as it may sound, his weekly sermon seemed to fall naturally into its place in the columns of a Sunday sporting paper, even such a sentence as this: "Death is but the transition from material existence to the first grade of spirit life," which occurred in a "Handbook" article some years ago, and formed the present writer's introduction to J. F. N. He lived till lately high up in Staple Inn. That small green place is lonelier without him.

MR. NISBET left a work in manuscript which Mr. Grant Richards will shortly publish under the title of *The Human Machine: an Inquiry into the Divinity of Human Faculty in its Bearings upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics*.

MR. SWINBURNE is not, and probably never will be, a poet of the people, however Republican his sentiments may once have been. During the present week, however, which has seen the celebration of his sixty-second birthday, Mr. Swinburne's description of the Casket Rocks has been

quoted in many papers in connexion with the unhappy foundering of the *Stella*. The *Telegraph's* paragraph *apropos* his birthday cannot be considered particularly happy. "Some of his smart epigrammatic utterances on famous contemporaries have delighted London with their biting wit," says our contemporary. We doubt if delight is quite the emotion that has been aroused, or if smart is quite a suitable epithet.

THE *Sunday Daily Telegraph*, which begins on April 9, promises reading not only for the million, but also for the connoisseur, for among the contributors of regular series will be Mr. H. D. Traill, under the heading, "Visitors from the Shades." The news is good. Any return to the manner of *The New Lucian* will be welcome. Mr. W. L. Courtney is down for an antithetical series, "Dialogues of the Day."

THE article on "Stepping-Tones" which we printed last week has excited comment near and far, the author's confusion of the words moon and month having been corrected by a score and more of critics. We cannot, however, regret having let it stand, for it has produced an excellent article on schismatic words and Tennyson's genius, by "A .M.," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

WE had some doubts last week, in setting the prize competition, whether it was wise to expect our readers to give up any time at Easter to translating a French song into English. But our fears were quite groundless. It was evidently no hardship whatever, for no fewer than seventy-seven replies have reached us. Professional literary men and women form a strong numerical body; but the amateurs run them very hard, not only in numbers, but in quality.

THE Prize Winner this week, it will be observed, is Miss Nora Hopper. Miss Hopper may be said to belong rather to the ranks of the professional than the amateur poets. Her sweet and simple lyrics are well known, especially by those readers of modern poetry who also love the open air. Miss Hopper is just now contributing a charming series of poems on the months to the *Westminster Gazette*, and her hand is often to be detected in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

ON the 14th will be published the first number of *The London Letter*, a sixpenny weekly paper devoted to British interests at home and abroad. Thus Greater Britain is to have its organ. Mr. Algernon Locker, the late editor of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Stafford Ransome will be associated in the production of the paper, to which we look forward with great interest.

TUESDAY was the anniversary of the death of Oliver Goldsmith. Someone with kindly and touching thoughtfulness visited the grave in the precincts of the Temple Church and laid upon it a bunch of white flowers and laurel leaves, attached to which was the following inscription: "To the immortal memory of one of Ireland's most gifted sons, Oliver Goldsmith, 'who wrote like an angel.' From an old admirer of 'She Stoops to Conquer' and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Temple, April 4, 1899."

THE attitude of the devotee who performed this graceful act is a pleasant antidote to the view of *The Vicar of Wakefield* taken by a recent contributor to the ACADEMY, who, it may be remembered, was eloquent in the classic's dispraise. He was not, however, the first to make the attack. Mark Twain, whose literary tastes are sometimes bewildering, once exposed Goldsmith's idyll to a withering fire from his iron batteries. The end of his indictment was this sentence: "There is not a sincere line in it—not a character that invites respect." Such declarations of independence are interesting and in some cases salutary, for they may cause others to examine the genuineness of their own literary tastes; but Goldsmith can withstand them.

M. ZOLA's friends and the friends of justice and courage have behaved admirably over his expulsion from the French Cycling Tourists' Club. Owing to the loss by resignation of influential members who declined to be associated in any way with the champion of Dreyfus, the authorities of the Club struck M. Zola's name from the roll. At first nothing happened, and it seemed as if their end were gained. And then came a great shoal of resignations, which is being augmented every day, from other members who wish to protest against this treatment of a courageous man. It looks now as if the Club might cease to be.

M. ZOLA's new novel, *Fécondité*—or *Fruitfulness*, as it will be called in England—is now finished. May 10 is the date fixed for its opening in the Paris *Aurore*, and October 1 for its appearance in volume form simultaneously in French, English, German, Danish, Norwegian, Italian, and Spanish. The novel is the first of a new series, which will continue with "Work," "Truth," and "Justice. M. Zola's aim in *Fécondité* is to bring before French parents, who need the lesson, the benefit of larger families.

IF, when Mr. Kipling resumes active work again (for we do not count the revision of his travel letters, on which he is now engaged, active work), he takes half the hints as to his development that have been thrown out, he will have no time for anything but writing for many years. He is to write for the stage; he is to set about his great novel; he is to study this phase of life and that. The latest suggestion is contained in a letter to the *Times* on British industry and foreign competition. Says the writer (Mr. Pilditch): "The last generation of middle-class Englishmen who read and thought were brought up on the creed of Carlyle and Kingsley, and many of them saw dignity in the hard work and strict performance of duties taught by those writers, to whose

influence some of our commercial prosperity was due. To-day Mr. Kipling is teaching us the lesson of strenuousness. His illustrations, however, are drawn from the career of the soldier and sailor and the administrator of subject races, and hardly bear a direct message to the man of manufactures and commerce. Perhaps, when he has recovered from his present illness, he will discover for us that the administrators of our manufacturing and commercial firms and the commercial traveller are not necessarily condemned to a barren materialism, but that there is a fertile world of ideas in which they may live their lives not without advantage to themselves, and with decided advantage to the race of which they form so large a part."

MR. G. S. LAYARD, who is authorised by the family of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton to write her biography, will deem it a great favour if owners of letters, newspaper cuttings, portraits, and any other documents or illustrations germane to the subject, will forward them to him at Lorraine Cottage, Malvern. Every care will be taken of them, and they will be returned as soon as they are done with. It need hardly be added that he will also welcome any personal reminiscences that may suggest themselves to our readers.

IF it is cause for pride in an author to figure as a model of style in a work on grammar, then Mr. J. H. A. Günther is the means of making many English writers proud. In the *Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students*, which he has just produced (Groningen: Z. B. Walters, 1899), he cites examples from the writings of many contemporary authors who are in their own country read as a rule more for their matter than their manner. Yet just as M. Jourdain achieved prose without knowing it, so may the most rapid deviser of sentences achieve sufficient accuracy whereby to teach the aspiring youth of Holland. Dr. Conan Doyle is Mr. Günther's favourite English author; and next comes, perhaps, R. L. Stevenson. Here, for example, is proof sufficient that several verbs may be used in a reflexive sense without having the reflexive pronoun expressed:

He *surrendered himself* in a blind sort of fashion.

Black.

Thurstan *surrendered* and went into banishment.

Freeman.

I *moved* from hiding-place to hiding-place.—*Stevenson.*

Her eyes *filled* with tears.—*G. Moore.*

Augusta sprang up and *turned* to hide her tears.

R. Haggard.

After the defeat of Culloden Lord Pitsligo *hid* among the mountains.—*A. Lang.*

By the time you have *washed* and *dressed* breakfast will be ready.—*Sweet.*

His compliment so delighted her that she *dressed* and *prepared* to descend to breakfast with a light heart.

Mrs. Ward.

I hope his mother will never have reason to be ashamed of him.—*Norris.*

The curious reader may try his hand at locating the passages. We trust that the prospect of being of so much use in Holland will not dash the spirits of any of our novelists.

"POETS," says Mr. Lang in *Longman's*, "keep sending me poetry, and asking me whether they have 'wasted their time' in composition. How can I tell the value of their time? It is not wasted if they have amused themselves; but if they wrote in hope of fame and gold, of course they have wasted their time. Let me repeat that I decline to act as literary adviser to the British and Colonial public. I have already pointed out the propriety of sending MSS. to A.B.C.D., care of Messrs. Blackwood. He knows that I am a fallen literary dictator (as I have already remarked), and I am most anxious that he should enjoy the MSS. of the public, which have been my only reward, as a dictator. I utterly refuse to read either prose or verse, for total strangers, whatever A.B.C.D. may do."

MR. LANG also refers again to the quatrain on Poe, which we printed some time ago. It was first credited to Mr. Dobson by the American magazine which gave it publicity, and then to Mr. Lang. Mr. Lang had forgotten everything about it, but he now remembers having been asked to write levities on the fly-leaves of some books to be sold at a bazaar in New York. The Poe quatrain was one of them. Mr. Lang refers to it as nonsense; but it was really rather good criticism. Poe is better than Boker, Bryant, Longfellow, and Father Tabb.

AN amusing and very natural "howler," gathered at a *viva voce* examination, has been made public by the *Chronicle*. The examinee was reciting a passage from "King Lear," where Lear banishes Kent:

Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death.

The examiner here interrupted: "You see the meaning of 'banished trunk'?" Student: "Oh, yes, sir, his luggage—six days for himself, and four days extra for the luggage."

IN the current *Blackwood* the serial *Autobiography of a Child* is brought to an end, and it will be published before long in book form. The author, as we have already stated, is Miss Hannah Lynch. Mr. Conrad's three-part story, "The Heart of Darkness," is also concluded in this number, and a "trivial romance," by Mr. G. S. Street, begins. Elsewhere Dr. Knapp's treatment of Borrow is severely criticised.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS are now reissuing serially their excellent *English Dictionary* and *Biographical Dictionary*: the *English Dictionary*, edited by Mr. Thomas Davidson, to be completed in twenty-two parts, and the *Biographical Dictionary*, edited by Dr. Patrick and Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, to be completed in eighteen parts. The first number of the *Biographical Dictionary* covers the ground between Ali Pasha and Henry Balnaves. This, probably, is the first time their names were ever mentioned together.

WE find in the Boston *Literary World* the following dexterous definition of a quatrain:

A quatrain is from one rare flower of thought,
The booty brought by Fancy like a bee,
And in her secret cell most deftly wrought
To one clear drop of purest poesy.

APROPPOS the review of the *Letters of Samuel Rutherford*, in last week's ACADEMY, a correspondent cites an interesting pronouncement of the late C. H. Spurgeon's concerning the *Letters* of the minister of Anwoth. Reviewing a new edition of Rutherford in the "book-notices" of his magazine, a few months before his death, Mr. Spurgeon wrote: "When we are dead and gone let the world know that Spurgeon held *Rutherford's Letters* to be the nearest thing to inspiration which can be found in all the writings of mere men."

St. Martin's-le-Grand, the magazine of the General Post Office, regrets to hear that Mr. W. W. Jacobs, of the Savings Bank Department, the author of *Many Cargoes*, has been compelled to retire from the service on the grounds of ill-health. Mr. Jacobs has been a martyr to insomnia, and has, doubtless, found out that the attempt to combine a literary career with a clerkship in so hard-worked a department as the Savings Bank is a physical impossibility. We hope that a complete recovery will result. For Mr. Jacobs more than most men must an equable life be wished. Humorists can ill be spared.

DR. FURNIVALL has given the following account of the original detachment of the chapter of "The Nature of Gothic" from *The Stones of Venice*, since reprinted by the Kelmscott Press, and now again issued separately by Messrs. Longmans. Writing to the *Daily News*, Dr. Furnivall says:

The first reprint of this grand chapter of *The Stones of Venice*, and its sub-title "And Herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art," were due, not to the "Master" himself, but to his humble disciple and friend—myself. Through my sending him a prospectus of our Working Men's College, Ruskin kindly offered to help us, and take the art classes. We were to hold our opening meeting in Hullah's Hall, in Long Acre, at the corner of Eudell-street, where the big coach factory now is. I felt that we wanted some printed thing to introduce us to the working-men of London, as we knew only the few we had come across in our co-operative movement, and all our associations had failed. F. D. Maurice had written nothing good enough for this purpose; but Ruskin had. So I got leave from him and his publisher, Mr. George Smith, to reprint this grand chapter "On the Nature of Gothic"; and I had to add to it the sub-title, "And Herein of the True Functions of the Workman in Art," to show working-men how it touches them. I had "Price Fourpence" put on the title; but we gave a copy to everybody who came to our first meeting—over 400—and the tract well served its purpose. Afterwards an orange wrapper and a folding woodcut from the *Stones* were added to the reprint, and it was sold at 6d., for the benefit of the college. Copies have since fetched 7s. 6d. and 10s.

THE dealer in engraved portraits is no respecter of persons. Here is an extract from a catalogue :

CLERGYMEN.—A fine collection of two hundred Clergymen, consisting of Protestant Ministers, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Methodists, Unitarians, and Presbyterians, nice clean lot—five shillings.

And in a library catalogue discovered by the *Library Journal* is this entry :

705. Tatler (The); or, Lubrications of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

GREAT is Fiction, and it shall prevail. The annual report of the librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute gives the following table, to illustrate one day's reading in the free library of that building :

	Readers.
Philosophy and Religion	15
Sociology	14
Languages	11
Natural Science	25
Fine Arts	14
Useful Arts	19
History and Travel	51
Biography	36
Poetry and Drama	24
Miscellaneous Literature	31
Fiction	543

Next to Fiction, but nearly five hundred after it, come History and Travel—a significant second when we remember old sarcasms on those two subjects and their authors.

Bibliographical.

THE writer of the ACADEMY's review, last week, of the late F. T. Palgrave's *Memoir* made allusion to the fact that Palgrave had at one time entertained the idea of making an anthology of English love-poetry. This naturally suggested a reference to Mr. William Watson's collection of love-verse, to which was given the happy title (taken, of course, from Browning) of *Lyric Love*. It may, however, be recorded that a similar collection, with a very similar title, had been made and published nearly two decades before Mr. Watson's. It was, I think, in the autumn or winter of 1873 that Messrs. H. S. King & Co. published a pretty little book of English love-poetry, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, entitled *Lyrics of Love*. This anthology (dedicated, by permission, to Tennyson) was especially rich in examples of that poet's work, and in examples also of the work of many of his contemporaries, such as Mr. Swinburne, William Morris, the Brownings, the Rossettis, and Matthew Arnold.

Moreover, Mr. Watson's volume had yet another predecessor, his *Lyric Love* being preceded, I fancy—though only by a few months—by a volume called *Love Songs of the English Poets*. This was the production of Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, brother of the novelist, and since engaged in editorial work in London. Mr. Caine's volume, however, differed both from *Lyrics of Love* (1873) and *Lyric Love* (1892), in beginning with the year 1500 and ending with the year 1800, thus ignoring love-verse of the nineteenth century. The arrangement he adopted, too, was chronological,

while in the other two instances it is according to arbitrary notions of the compilers. It is rather curious that both *Love Songs* and *Lyric Love* should have come out in the same year.

In addition to the two books on Mr. Kipling threatened by English writers, advertisement is made of one from an American hand—that of a Mr. W. M. Clemens, who will sketch Mr. Kipling's career, provide an "appreciation" of his writings, and discourse in particular on his religious views as revealed in his publications. To this somewhat elaborate performance Mr. Clemens proposes, it appears, to give the name of *A Ken of Kipling*—a not too intelligible title.

The announcement of Mr. Barton Baker's *Stories of the Streets of London* reminds me that a book on the historical and other associations of *London Streets* was published so recently as 1891. The subject is, however, at once so big and so interesting that many volumes might well be devoted to it—the more the better, so long as they are well done.

Personally I cannot "enthuse" over the fact that "Lord Tennyson has left behind him valuable material in elucidation of *In Memoriam*." A poem that requires "elucidation" is, in my humble opinion, in a parlous condition. Besides, look at the amount of "elucidation" that *In Memoriam* has already had. First came the *Analysis*, by Robertson of Brighton, in 1862. Then we had the *Key*, by Dr. Alfred Gatty, in 1881. Next came Elizabeth R. Chapman's *Companion*, in 1888; followed by T. Davidson's *Prolegomena* and *Index*, in 1889. Surely these ought to suffice? Meanwhile, it is pleasant to note that the poem is to be included in the half-crown "Golden Treasury" series.

"Who was it that wrote the story called *The Semi-Attached Couple*?" I have to thank several correspondents—notably Mr. J. F. Burgoyne, of the Tate Central Library, Brixton, and Mr. F. L. Mawdesley, of Delwood Croft, York, and Mrs. Copeland Jones, of County Wicklow—for answering my query of last week. The tale was the work of the Hon. Emily Eden, who, as my correspondents remind me, was the author also of a story called *The Semi-Detached House*. The latter came out in 1859; *The Semi-Attached Couple* belongs to 1860. Miss Eden also wrote *Letters from India* and *Up the Country*.

The death of Mme. Jules Michelet has a special interest for the English public, because the good lady once wrote a book intended for our particular delectation. That book, of course, was written in French, but it was first published in English, having been translated by a well-known English *littérateur* direct from the original MS. The title, if I remember rightly, was *Nature; or, the Poetry of Earth and Sea*, and the publishers were Messrs. Nelson, of Edinburgh, who, in the late sixties and the early seventies, were remarkable for the spirit and enterprise they displayed.

I note in a list of "latest publications" the *Epicurean* of Tom Moore. Is it possible that that seventy-year-old romance has readers nowadays? Messrs. Downey issued an edition in 1897, and seven years earlier we had one from Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Now we have yet another.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

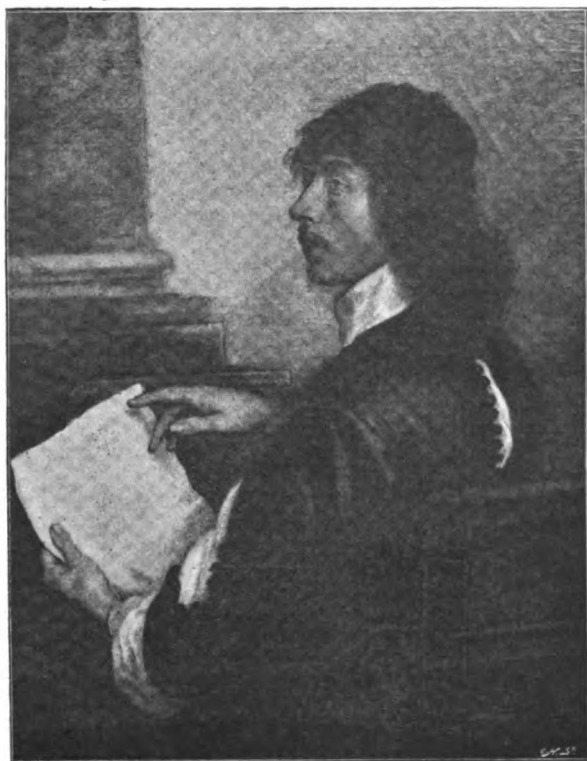
A Court Poet.

The Poems of Thomas Carew. Edited by Arthur Vincent.
Muses' Library. (Lawrence & Bullen. 5s. net.)

SAID Carew of Donne—

Here lies a king that ruled, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit.

And indeed the praise could hardly be less, were it only as recompense for the wholesale filching of idea and phrase from the great poet by the little one. Mr. Vincent puts it somewhat ingenuously when he says that "Donne, as incumbent of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, was for a time Carew's parish priest, and exercised a notable influence on his writings"; for Carew's ribald life may be taken to



THOMAS CAREW.

have dispensed with the ministrations of a parish priest, and the Donne of his inspiration was not the grave divine, but the witty and wanton writer whose career had ended while his disciple to be was yet a lad. But about the influence there is no doubt; Mr. Vincent's notes will trace it for you, if necessary, in almost every poem, and in such lines as these it is difficult not to believe that Donne himself speaks:

When thou, poor Excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy!

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart, which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul a soul more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then: for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false apostacy.

Carew is cut out of a corner of Donne, but unfortunately it is the wrong corner. He catches the love of paradox, the intoxication of conceits, the occasional flagrant indecency; but the melancholy imagination, the keen intellectual force, the bursts of contorted music, the rebellious underlying passion, that make the verse of Donne so individual and unique a matter, find no echo in the younger man. The curious thing, indeed, about Carew is the extraordinary impersonality of all that he wrote. It is all as finished and polished as a diamond ring, and as hard. From cover to cover of the volume you will hardly come upon a touch of pathos or of natural sentiment. This is doubtless the piece by which the admirers of Carew would elect to try him:

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither dost haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Such verses would be a delicate compliment to any woman from any stranger, but the most sentimental of country damsels would hardly be able to persuade herself that they are felt. And this is Carew all over. Like Waller after him, he was a most delicate and accomplished writer of *vers d'occasion*, and nothing more. However, Carew and Waller are not the only poets in the world, or even in the seventeenth century; and one may gladly be content for a while to accept the artificiality, and to read them for the art, which is real and great. You will, of course, skip him when he spoils a good copy of verses by telling you that

Through those crystals our souls flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eyebeams twine;

or when he launches upon a course of amorous geography. Then he is intolerable; and unfortunately Carew did a good deal to popularise the convention among the minor Caroline poetlings. But when he can be content to be simple, he has a neatness and a gift of working his productions into complete wholes which are gratifying and by no means invariable in his contemporaries. Like all the most artificial writers, he is perhaps at his best in the pastoral mood. This is not common with him; here, however, is an example, which opens and, indeed, gives an unfair expectation of his book:

Now that the winter's gone, the earth has lost
Her snow-white robes: and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping Minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring;
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile—only my love doth loathe:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power

To melt that marble ice which still doth hold
 Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
 Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
 Under a sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season—only she doth carry
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.

Obviously one cannot be expected to take much interest in Carew's life, or to trouble one's head as to whether the Celia, to whom he lays his rhymes, was Mrs. Cecilia Crofts or not. The name is so pretty in itself that probably any poet of Carew's stamp would have turned it into Celia. Fortunately but little is known of Carew, who is somewhat inextricably mixed up with one Thomas Carey, also a poet. That little is discreditable. His father's letters regret his debauched life. His amorous misadventures were the sport of Suckling and other jesters, and at the age of twenty-one he was kicked out of a house where he was secretary for slandering his employer's wife. He wormed his way, however, into an appointment in the privy chamber at Court, and so ended his days. The nature of his duties is suggested by the following anecdote which we owe to a Court gossip of the time:

According to this authority, Thomas Carew, gentleman of the privy chamber, was going to take King Charles into the Queen's chamber, when he saw Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, with his arm round her neck. He stumbled and put out the light. Jermyn escaped. Carew never told the King, and the King never knew it. The Queen heaped favours on Carew.

We trust that Mr. Vincent speaks in irony when he calls this "a pleasing insight into royal life at Whitehall and Carew's courtly manners." The spectacle of a poet—yes, after all, a poet—performing the office of a lacquey for a royal adulteress is to us distinctly a displeasing one.

There is no particular reason for supposing that the "Pastoral Dialogue," in which the following lines occur, is not Carew's, though they read more like Marvell, and Carew's *Poems* of 1640 is not an impeccable edition. But if they are his, once and once only he found a greater model than Donne in the author of "Romeo and Juliet" and a "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Shep. This mossy bank they pressed. *Nym.* That aged oak

Did canopy the happy pair
 All night from the damp air.

Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
 Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear,
 And now she hangs her pearly store
 Robbed from the eastern shore,
 I' th' cowslip bell and roses rare;
 Sweet, I must stay no longer here!

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
 But show my sun must set; no morn
 Shall shine till thou return;
 The yellow planets and the grey
 Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

There is, we suppose, no doubt as to the reading "roses rare" in the 1640 text. In any case, it obviously requires emending into "roses' ear." The rhyme and the parallelism with Puck's "I'll hang a pear in every cowslip's ear" sufficiently prove this.

In the way of editing, Mr. Vincent has done all that can be done, by notes and introduction, for Carew. Nevertheless, we could have done for some time longer with the edition, not so good but not bad, published only a very few years ago by Mr. Ebsworth, if that would have induced Mr. Vincent to prepare a Drayton or a Ben Jonson or a Crashaw, or something that is really wanted, in the dainty format of the "Muses' Library."

An Historian at Need.

History of British India. By Sir W. W. Hunter, Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. I. (Longmans & Co. 18s.)

NEXT to England itself, the greatest fact in British history is England's Indian empire; and it might have been supposed that ambitious historians would eagerly invade this great and magnificent region awaiting their conquest, where virgin laurels were to be won, where the richest, the most enthralling material was accumulated for the exercise of the historian's art. Yet so it has not been. Seemingly the very magnitude of the opportunity, the very novelty of the region, daunted those who galled each other's heels in their eagerness to exploit the mapped-out fields of English history. Mill has been suffered to remain the standard historian of British India. Yet the very poor standard of Mill is generally recognised. He could not hold his own for a moment in any field where competitors were found. Setting aside all other inadequacy, he is tedious, he is dull, he is lumbering as a compiler of Blue-Books—the worst kind of Blue-Book. For there are Blue-Books positively fascinating compared to Mill. His style, his method, are respectable—most tolerable and not to be endured. Bourgeois history is only less insufferable than bourgeois poetry. Modern India is full of able men steeped to their fingers in knowledge of the country and its history under British rule. At last one of them has taken heart of grace, and determined to face the full labours of an historian, as history is understood nowadays. Sir William Hunter has, he tells us, during a great portion of his life been accumulating materials for this history. He has investigated the State archives of India itself, and of other countries which have been concerned with the making of Indian history; and the result of these researches, this preparation, has come to be the work of which this is the first volume.

We welcome it with that gratitude which is said to be the anticipation of favours to come. For we have good hopes that at last our national reproach is to be taken away in this matter; that at last we are to have a history of British India to which we can point as sound and adequate work, which will respect the demands made upon the historian by modern ideals of history. Sir William Hunter's style is perspicuous and succinct, with none of the Dogberry historian's disposition to bestow all his tediousness upon us, were it more than it is. He has gripped his subject, and the result is that he marshals his facts with orderliness—with a comprehensive view and a sense of perspective. He has gone to the original sources for a large proportion of his materials; he enables us to follow his authorities, to check his statements and inferences, as is the duty of the modern historian. And he exhibits that clear judiciousness of mind, that impartial temper, which is the honourable distinction of the British official in India, but is rarely carried into historical statement.

His admirable preface insists upon the fact that historians of India have neglected the slow processes, the arduous inconspicuous years of struggle, which laid the foundations of empire there. Taking a spaciouly logical view, he regards the English conquest as the last act in the drama of struggle between East and West in Eastern waters which was begun by the Portuguese conquest of the ocean roadways in the East. He reviews the splendidly gallant history of that conquest, when little Portugal, seizing strategical positions on the vast coast-line from Ormuz to Malacca, made herself sole mistress of the Eastern seas. It is a tale full of ruined names belonging to antique maps, which have become parcel of old romance—

Mombasa and Quiloa and Melind—

names which must be sought in the quaint atlas of Mercator, and enrich the verse of Milton. In "the

spacious times of great Elizabeth" Dutch and English burst upon those long-sealed waters, and the Portuguese ocean empire is a breaking cloud before the Northern cannon. Then Dutch and English are set by the ears over the rich prize of the Spice Islands, from which they have scared the Portuguese. The Dutch triumphed in a few swift years, and the beaten English fell back upon the shores of India. The Dutch keep the Spice Islands to this day; but the English defeat thrust England upon her mighty Indian destiny. With that defeat Sir William Hunter's present volume ends. The climax of it is the tragedy of Amboyna, skilfully told from the records of the time. Here you may read it in all its horribly picturesque details. You may shudder as the "poor, condemned English" are led one by one to the Dutch torture chamber, and emerge weeping very piteously, "all wet" and "grievously burned in divers places," having been anguished with "that extremity of torture by fire and water that flesh and blood was not able to bear it." And, finally, they pass to their most touching and unjust doom. Such were the possible haps of national enmity then. Sir William Hunter reads one memorable lesson in his preface. In the struggle for the Indies that people has always conquered which made the Eastern supremacy a national matter. Not whether the nation was great or small, strong or weak, but whether its national heart was in the struggle—that has been the decisive thing. Portugal won the Indies when her government threw all its energy into the enterprise; lost them when her Spanish rulers became half-hearted in the thing. The Dutch beat the English because King James gave no full support to the East India Company. The English drove the French from India because Dupleix was not supported by the French at home. Let us take the lesson to heart now, when there is again a European nation menacing us in India, "lest we forget."

The Two Mr. Smiths of the City.

James and Horace Smith. By Arthur H. Beavan. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

In one of her letters, Jane Austen, who confessed to a few tender literary passions—the most considerable of which was, of course, for the Reverend Mr. Crabbe—mentions that she is in love with the two Mr. Smiths of the City. The two Mr. Smiths of the City were James and Horace, astute business men and accomplished satirical rhymers, who had just set the town laughing by their little volume of parodies called *Rejected Addresses*. James was a lawyer, the assistant solicitor to the Board of Ordnance; Horace was a stockbroker, and they both lived in Austin Friars. It is the story of their lives which Mr. Arthur H. Beavan narrates in the volume before us.

There is not much to tell; for, with the exception of their one famous book, neither brother did anything of first-class merit; nor were they men of any particular influence. Very many persons whose lives offer far more of interest escape the biographer. Indeed, to our mind the real figure of this book is not James and not Horace, but Robert Smith, their intelligent and indefatigable father. Robert Smith was born in 1747, and he lived until 1832—that is to say, he was thirteen when George II. died; he survived both George III. and George IV., and survived to see the passing of the Reform Bill; and all the time he kept a full and admirably clear diary, from which Mr. Beavan has been wise enough to make copious extracts. Among the notable scenes of which Robert Smith was an eye-witness were the Gordon Riots, and he has left a vivid description of the lawlessness then prevailing. He also wrote good verses, and was a man of wide reading and cultivated mind. The early pages of Mr. Beavan's volume are distinguished by this worthy

gentleman's presence. James, the eldest son, was born in 1775, and Horace in 1779. Horace began to write novels when only just out of his teens, and was more or less a literary man all his life; James preferred a wise passiveness, writing only when much stimulated. The idea of *Rejected Addresses* was suggested to them by C. W. Ward, the general secretary of Drury-lane Theatre. That was in August, 1812, just six weeks before the reopening of the new theatre. To have any effect, the parodies had to be in the hands of the public before that night. In such tasks high-pressure is no disadvantage; the brothers worked with spirit; the book was done, a publisher found—a difficult task—and printing and binding were completed in the time. The book was thus not only a poetical *tour de force*, but also very creditable journalism. Its



THE MOTHER OF JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.



JAMES SMITH.



HORACE SMITH.

success was instantaneous and remarkable. Both brothers seem to have belonged to the order of authors who do much better work when they adopt a dramatic standpoint and write as another, than when they set down their own opinions in their own person. Horace's novels are forgotten, James's essays are dead; but the little sheaf of parodies is still alive, and will remain so for many years yet. While he was about it Mr. Beavan might very well have added the *Rejected Addresses*, by way of appendix, to this volume. They would occupy not many pages, and we should then have between two covers the lives of the brothers and their best work complete.

Of the two, James was the better wit. It was he who wrote the parodies of Cobbett and Crabbe, the drollest of the whole series; and it was he who did not write certain of

Horace's books. "The Theatre, by the Rev. G. C.," is a delight, taken apart from the scheme of the book altogether, and not the least admirable part of it is the preface of apologies. "The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him [Jennings] to recover his loss is purposely so crossed in texture and materials as to mislead the reader in respect of the real owner of any one of them. For, in the satirical view of life and manners which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it would be by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked." That is perfect. And Crabbe's sententiousness was as deftly and genially perverted:

Say, why those Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "silence" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

In the Hampshire Farmer's oration we have the master hand again. "When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say: 'Ladies and gentlemen, your servant.' If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and brute beast enough to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are not ladies and gentlemen, but, I hope, something better—that is to say, honest men and women; and, in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, nor ever will be, your humble servant." Thus it begins, in true Cobbett style, and just a little like our own Mr. Ruskin. "Apropos, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats," is another true touch. For these things we have to thank James Smith. Horace had more ingenuity and glitter, but less humour. Some of his parodies were, in truth, imitations, and are not in themselves funny at all. To which hand "The Baby's Debut" is due Mr. Beavan does not say; but, although it has merits of its own as a parody of Wordsworth, it is poor. Miss Fanshawe's fragmentary effort in the manner of "Peter Bell" has a hundred times more of the mock Wordsworth spirit. Take them altogether, however, the *Rejected Addresses* make one of the best *jeux d'esprit* in the language, and they rise occasionally to the highest level of travesty.

Subsequently James cultivated the gout and passed ponderously from club to club, saying good things. He died in 1839. Horace was more active. He married twice, and a daughter still survives him. The friend of many literary men, he seems to have been of real service to Shelley. All unite in speaking well of him; except, perhaps, Lord Houghton, who found conversation at his table unendurably artificial. Lord Houghton was then, however, very young. Horace Smith in later life took to historical novels, the best of which is *Brambletye House*; but that is not good. He died at Brighton, where his home had been for several years, in 1849.

Jowett the Preacher.

Sermons Biographical and Miscellaneous. By the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, M.A., Dean of Ripon. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are many to whom these sermons will be welcome for the sake of the man who preached them—before whose mental vision they will bring the silvery hair, and the sharp, restless sparkle of the eyes so strangely joined with the most benevolent of smiles. But even apart from any personal relations, they are excellent reading. They are lucid; their style is simple and free from all suggestion of pulpit bombast; free from pious sensationalism and from hackneyed imagery; free also from the bitterness, evil-

speaking, and clamour which often disfigure the rhetoric of theological polemics.

With wide eyes calm upon the whole of things, the pure and simple soul knows by an unfailing instinct how to refuse the evil and to choose the good, by tests that are surer than the touchstones of decrees and definitions—to select it with a cordiality of respectful greeting, and a readiness, as it were, to bask in the radiance of natural nobility. So that there is no need to draw a moral, save by the way and half in jest. Thus Jowett pauses in the midst of a glowing appreciation of Wesley to lament that he suffered his hair to grow long, and to warn his audience—he was preaching in Balliol chapel—that

eccentricity is a great mistake—in most cases, a fatal and incurable mistake—which sets the world against a man (and the world is too many for most of us) and creates within him a fixed idea or mode of thinking, pervading his whole life. Beware [he concludes] of eccentricity. It has been the ruin of many, and is the more dangerous for this very reason, that no moral guilt attaches to it.

So, again, in the panegyric of Arthur Stanley—if so formal a word may fairly be applied to the homely sketch of his life—he interrupts himself upon the mention of Stanley's shyness, conquered in his mature years, to explain:

I think his example worth mentioning, because, probably, there are many here present who are similarly afflicted, and they may learn from him that this ridiculous malady is far from being incurable, but passes away in most persons when they come to be engaged in the real business of life.

This same panegyric contains an apology for the liberalising school of the national establishment, which is, of course, no less applicable to the preacher than to him of whom he was speaking. But for the quieting of his own conscience Jowett needed none of the casuistry that he held at the disposal of his friends. The National Church is to him just the National Church; and he mourns, as "the greatest misfortune that has ever befallen this country," the Act of Uniformity of 1662, by which half the nation was excluded from its preserves. The controversies which agitated the Oxford of his day seem to him of ludicrous insignificance. He quotes the author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*:

While we wrangle here in the dark we are dying and passing to the world which will decide all our controversies, and the safest passage is by a peaceable holiness.

That is in the sermon on Baxter, the appropriate scene of which was Westminster Abbey. Bunyan ("one of the greatest Englishmen, not only of his own age, but of any time") and Spinoza (of whom "it is impossible to resist the conviction that he was one of the best men that ever lived") together form the subject of a sermon preached at Edinburgh, in a Presbyterian church: and it is with a kind of rapturous appreciation of the irony that pervades the dispensations of Providence that this "minister of another denomination" points out how that, of the pair whom, for the nonce, it has pleased him fantastically to link, "one would have devoted the other to eternal flames, and that other would have regarded him as an ignorant fellow and a madman." There is salt in the text which introduces this discourse: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge." Wycliffe, Ignatius Loyola, Pascal, Gambetta, Archbishop Tait, Prof. Henry Smith, Canon Hugh Pearson, and T. H. Green are the subjects of the remaining biographical studies.

At the head of the section "Miscellaneous" is printed the remarkable sermon on "Statistics and Faith," preached before the University, in which the preacher seems, by a rare self-indulgence, to have yielded to the impulse to explore his own fundamental conception of the relations of man as a moral being to the supreme Moral Force. It

merely states the problem, but states it in a characteristically daring form:

Faith tells us that in a thousand ways God's watchful care is about our bed and about our path, that our life itself is a miracle of so many years' standing, that He hears our prayers and provides for our wants. Experience presents us with the other side of the truth, which, whether we will or no, takes us by force and compels us to admit that never in any case have the laws of Nature been interfered with for our sake, or the slightest appearance been discernible of any variation of the order of the world.

Among the last three sermons is one of those which, on the first Sunday of each vacation, Jowett was accustomed to preach to the college scouts and their wives. Dean Fremantle, in a note to his Introduction, tells how that Browning, who had long desired to hear Jowett preach, was staying with him at one such time. Jowett, with his usual reticence, said nothing about the service, but slipped out for an hour or so after breakfast. When Browning knew that he had missed the occasion he had desired, "I am perfectly indignant with him," he said, half in jest, half in earnest; "he does not treat me as a Christian. He will walk with me, talk with me, eat with me, and drink with me; but he won't pray with me."

It is proposed shortly to produce a volume of Doctrinal Sermons, in which Jowett's singular attitude towards received beliefs will be exemplified. In the meanwhile the present collection, like its predecessor, the volume of College Sermons, throws a fascinating light upon the character and mental attitude of a man who in his generation was a great educative influence, and makes powerfully for that tender tolerance and gentle forbearance towards the infirmity of human speculation of which the Greek, his Master, was the prime apostle.

The Modern Mariner.

Idylls of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. BULLEN's preface to his new volume is too modest. He has tried, he says, to reproduce "with 'prentice hand" some of the things the sea has told him. "If I were to stop and consider what other men, freeholders upon the upper slopes of the literary Olympus, have done in the same direction, I should not dare to put forth this little book." It will not do. With a first effort such exercises in humility and self-depreciation are permissible, but the author of *The Cruise of the "Cachalot"* should exert more self-restraint. A man who can write as well as that might well spare us apologies for his 'prentice hand. Moreover, the fact that he can refer to stopping to consider the work of other authors is proof enough that he has considered it; hence the sentence means nothing, particularly as the principal value of such a book lies, not in fine writing, but in accuracy of description. No amount of meditation upon the work of the freeholders of the upper slopes of the literary Olympus should prevent a man with new facts of his own from setting them down. We wish to assure Mr. Bullen of this, in case his modesty should some day make good its threats and really get the better of him; for he writes too well and too interestingly to be spared.

This book is truly fascinating reading, for the sea, after all, is the place. Nothing can interfere with its wonderfulness and mystery. With all his sophistications and machinery man to-day has no more power over the sea than ever he had. He may descend into it in an air-tight costume, he may race over it at the rate of thirty knots an hour, he may build breakwaters, he may kill whales; but the sea still holds its own, is still supreme, romantic, and untameable. This is an age of law and order, of the protection of the citizen's rights, and the safeguarding of life, yet once a ship leaves port anything is possible upon

it. At this moment—in 1899—there are vessels at sea on which the barbarities of the middle ages are being practised. No emperor of Rome at its worst was more tyrannically autocratic than a nineteenth century captain can be, once away from land. The sea's sanctions are unlimited. More and more, we fancy, as the conditions of ordinary existence become tamer, will romancists resort to the sea.

Mr. Bullen, however, is not concerned with the relations of man to man on shipboard—he leaves that to other writers, of whom, in the present fashion for strange stories of violence and adventure, there are already many—his eyes are for the beauty and wonder of the deep. He describes a tropical sunrise from the mast-head, a lunar terror, a submarine earthquake, the habits of sharks and whales, the death of an old sailor and its apparent link with the elements, great birds, curious fishes, and a score of other phenomena of the ocean, particularly in tropical regions. And to everything he brings enthusiasm, a passion for accuracy, and the good writing that comes of knowledge and sincerity. Our quotation is from a fine paper on "Running the Easting Down," a piece of rich and enkindling prose:

By four bells the summits of the climbing cumuli forming the immeasurable arch in the west were right overhead, while the sky within its radius was now overspread with a filmy veil that hid the stars from view. Suddenly a chill breath touched his ear, sensitive as a hound's, and immediately his fretful lassitude was gone. He stood erect, alert, every nerve tense, ready for action. "Stand by, the watch!" he roared, and in response a few dark figures slouched into sight from the shadowy corners where they had been dozing away the leaden-footed hours. Then a cool stream of air came steadily flowing from the mysterious centre of the gloom abaft. "Square the main-yard!" shouted the mate again; and with eerie, wailing cries the great steel tubes were trimmed to the coming breeze. The order was hardly executed before, with a rush and a scream, out leapt the west wind from its lair, while with many a sharp report and grinding of gear being drawn into its grooves the huge fabric obeyed the compelling impulse and began her three thousand league stretch to the eastward. . . . "Fine breeze, sir," chuckled the mate, rubbing his hands with delight. "Only hope it'll hold," replied the skipper, peering keenly aft into the eye of the wind. There, to a landsman, the sight was ominous, almost appalling. Dense masses of distorted nimbus came hurtling out of the deep gloom, which seemed to grow blacker and more menacing every hour. So through the howling day the big ship fled onward like a frightened thing, steady and straight as an ice-yacht over Lake Michigan, although at times an incipient sea smote her broadside, and, baffled, cast its crest aloft, where the shrieking blast caught it and whirled it in needle-like particles as high as the upper topsails. . . . Running upon the arc of a great circle, she gradually worsened the weather as she reached higher latitudes. Stinging snow squalls came yelling after her, hiding everything behind a bitter veil. Past gigantic table-topped icebergs, floating mountains against whose gaunt sides the awful billows broke with deafening clangour, flinging their hissing fragments hundreds of feet into the gloomy sky. At last so fierce grew the following storm that the task of reducing sail became absolutely necessary. All hands were called and sped aloft to the unequal conflict. Scourged by the merciless blast, battered by the threshing sails, they strove for dear life through two terrible hours of that stern night. A feeble cry was heard—a faint splash. Only a man dropped from the main top-gallant yard—through one hundred and twenty feet of darkness into the yeasty smother beneath, and ere the news reached the deck, calm and peaceful below the tumult, more than a mile astern, swallowed by the ever-unsatisfied maw of the ravaging sea. And onward like a meteor sped the flying ship, "running her Easting down."

Mr. Bullen's essays are not all of the same merit. But he is always in earnest and always informing. Mr. St. Loe Strachey contributes a discriminating and appreciative introduction to the volume.

A Whist Encyclopædia.

The Whist Reference Book. By William Mill Butler.
(Philadelphia: John C. Yarrston Publishing Co.)

THIS is whist written out in full. It is the whole game, its essence, its accidents, its history, its biography, its poetry, its anecdote, in encyclopædic form. You pass (in the alphabetical arrangement of the articles) from nightmare problems to the lightest *ana* and curiosities. You are awed and regaled by quick turns, and in the end you have but one word for Mr. Butler's work: tremendous!

Fortunately, whist is not the antique game that chess is. Its history can be told without references to Troy and the Ptolemies, and without quoting the elder Pliny. Whist is English, and modern. Shakespeare lived too early to play it. "Whisk," an early form of the word and game, is first mentioned in our literature by John Taylor, the Water Poet, in verses published four years after Shakespeare's death. Therefore the card-playing terms in the plays have no real connexion with whist. "Nine trumps, two aces—'tis a good hand," "force a play," and "we must speak by the card," were terms probably taken from the game of Triumph, a word of which trump is the corruption. Other expressions quoted by Mr. Butler are merely wrested to the uses of whist, as "In God's name, lead"; "Thou meagre lead which rather threat'nest than dost promise ought"; "Do you call, sir?" and "He echoes me." The production of such a sentence as "All the men and women merely players" only shows the poverty of Shakespeare's card lore. "Whisk" first becomes "whist" in *Hudibras*; and the first description of the game under its present name occurs in the 1680 edition of Charles Cotton's *Compleat Gamester*. Cotton says the game is similar to "ruff and honours," "only they put out the deuces and take in no stock, and it is called *whist* from the silence to be observed in the play." Dr. Johnson, Nares, and Mr. Skeat all accept this simple etymology of "whist." With grief Mr. Butler complains that some later authorities are beginning to falter, and inquire whether the earlier form "whisk" does not point to some other origin: "lexicographers who perhaps have never played a game of whist in their lives," he scornfully designates these seekers after supererogatory truth.

Whist, then, is an English eighteenth century game in its origin. Its earliest headquarters were in Bedford-row. Here Hoyle and Lord Folkestone played at the Crown Coffee-House, while the Court continued to play ombre, quadrille, and basset. Indeed, whist was of tavern birth, and its *accoucheurs* were gamblers and sharpers. Edmond Hoyle perceived the seeds of greatness in the disreputable bantling, and nursed and chastened it into a royal game. In 1741 he was living in Queen-square, teaching whist at a guinea a lesson. Next year appeared his *Short Treatise*, his "Hoyle." This book set whist on its legs once for all. Its baptism of satire was severe. The *World* said in 1753 that while the science of whist had been "rendered systematic by the philosophic pen of Mr. Hoyle, the art still requires treatment, and a gentleman now in the Old Bailey prison, at his leisure hours, has nearly completed a work which will make the art clear to the meanest capacity." Following quickly on Hoyle's book came the skit "*The Humours of Whist, a Dramatic Satire*, as noted every day at White's and other Coffee-Houses and Assemblies." The chief characters were Professor Whiston, representing Hoyle, and Sir Calculation Puzzle. The popularity of Hoyle's work is made clear even in this satire. Says Sir Calculation Puzzle: "I pronounce it the gospel of whist players"; and Lord Slim remarks: "I have joined twelve companies in the Mall, and eleven of them were talking about it. It's the subject of all conversation, and has had the honour to be introduced into the Cabinet. Why, thou'lt be laughed intolerably unless you can tell how many hundred and odd it is for or against one that your partner has or has not such a card or such

a card." The book and the game (the Hoyle game, as it is now called) flourished together, and Byron wrote with truth: "Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle." Already whist had been "received at Court," and in 1791 it had assumed such a national character as to inspire an epic in twelve cantos. The author, Alexander Thomson, is unknown to fame outside of learned whist circles; but the spirit of his poem may be judged by the following lines. The suggestion they contain might be added to the agenda paper of the forthcoming conference on disarmament:

Nor do I yet despair to see the day
When hostile armies, rang'd in neat array,
Instead of fighting, shall engage in play.
When peaceful whist the quarrel shall decide,
And Christian blood be spilt on neither side,
Then pleas no more shall wait the tardy laws,
But one odd trick at once conclude the cause . . .
Then Britain still, to all the world's surprise,
In this great science shall progressive rise,
Till ages hence, when all of each degree
Shall play a game as well as Hoyle or me!

The new, scientific period in the history of whist dawned about 1850, when the "Little Whist School"—a coterie of Cambridge men—took up the game as an intellectual study. To this school belonged Henry Jones ("Cavendish"), James Clay, and Dr. William Pole. The technical writings of these men have had an extraordinary vogue in America, where whist now enjoys an importance not assigned to it in any other country—a fact of which this book is the proof and monument. It is not possible to indicate the variety of matters dealt with by Mr. Butler. Here are a few at random: American leads, celebrated people who played whist, character by whist, cheating, conventional signals, Cavendish, chances at whist, duplicate whist, fads, Graham's Coffee-House, humours of whist, ignorant players, illustrative hands, jumping a suit, Low's signal, "Mort," "Mixers," the odd trick, "Post-mortem," "Reverse Discard," self-playing cards, semi-honours, "Singleton," whist as an educator, "whist in novels," &c., &c. Many of the terms used in whist or by whist players are highly curious. There is one which will go to the consciences of many—"bumblepuppy." Bumblepuppy is bad whist play; a bad whist player is a bumblepuppist; while old and hardened sinners are, of course, bumbledogs. The wide range and workmanlike execution of this reference book are its conspicuous merits; its science we leave to experts, to bumblepuppists its teaching.

An Idealist.

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By P. Kropotkin.
(Hutchinson & Co. 12s.)

PRINCE KROPOTKIN is a stimulating apostle of the *petite culture* and the petty trade. Uncompromising in his condemnation of division of labour as practised in modern industry, he holds up the ideal of an associated, integrated, harmonised labour. "Each nation her own agriculturist and manufacturer; each individual working in the field and in some industrial art; each individual combining scientific knowledge with the knowledge of a handicraft—such is, we affirm, the present tendency of civilised nations"—they are his words. But the idealist with the eye of faith reaches conclusions very different from those which inference from experience seems to justify.

With regard to territorial division of labour it is shown with considerable force that the specialisation of nations in manufactures or in agriculture tends to disappear as the more backward nations enter one after another upon the stage of the "great industry." Hence England's pre-eminence in manufactures may pass away, and, having nothing wherewith to buy food, she may be forced to raise

more agricultural produce from her own soil. But this decentralisation of industries, we are told, will be a blessing, for our long-neglected soil may then be thoroughly cultivated, with results as yet hardly dreamed of.

In demonstrating the possibilities of agriculture as revealed in experimental farms and in the market-gardens of Jersey, Flanders, and the environs of Paris, the author is handling a congenial topic. In his praise of intensive culture he rises to the height of a prose Georgic. But in singing tilth and vineyard he fails to consider the practical question what outlay of capital is necessary to produce the enormous crops he describes. Moreover, it is important to note that the heavy outlay which must needs be required in the cases he details can only be recouped because London or Paris offers a convenient market for the sale of early produce to wealthy consumers. It may pay to create a rich artificial soil for such produce, but we look in vain for evidence that equally prolific crops of cereals or vegetables can be profitably raised in large quantities and sold at low prices. Until the alleged capabilities of the horticultural treatment of corn and other crops have been more fully proved, we must rest content with the relatively modest results of the Rothamsted experiments. Perhaps, however, it is not expected that our country will become such a literal paradise until it has got rid of "the obstacles in our institutions, in our inheritances and survivals from the past—in the ghosts which oppress us." But, alas! this time is not yet.

In turning to the chapters on small industries and industrial villages, we felt keen expectancy, for the subject of the extent and distribution of the petty trades in Western Europe has never been adequately worked out. But Prince Kropotkin, though he has a broad outlook over modern industry, makes no important addition to our stock of knowledge. He is too eager to trace an increasing tendency for small industries to combine with agriculture. Yet he has to admit that many of the petty trades are in a precarious condition, and he cannot escape the fact that many of the most flourishing are inseparably bound up with the centralised industry which his anarchist soul abhors.

Whether the combination of industrial pursuits with intensive agriculture, and of brain work with manual work, is a probable or even a desirable synthesis, we are inclined to doubt, but the contemplation of this ideal arouses in the author a genuine enthusiasm which colours and vivifies his style and wins the attention of the most sceptical.

Ostrovsky's "The Storm."

The Storm. By Ostrovsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. "Modern Plays" Series. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE series of "Modern Plays," edited by R. Brimley Johnson and R. Erichsen, opened inauspiciously with Mr. Arthur Symonds's translation of "Les Aubes," by Emile Verhaeren. The success of the venture depended to a great extent upon the second volume, and it is with real satisfaction that we can write of "The Storm" as a most interesting and satisfactory piece of work. Mrs. Garnett has given us an admirable translation of a remarkable play. Her translations, as all know who have read her edition of Turgenev, are accurate and faithful renderings of the original, written in strong and graceful English. In reading them one almost forgets that they are translations, for in her hands a book loses only the absolutely inevitable in the dangerous process of transplantation. No higher praise could be offered to any translator.

And "The Storm" was worth translating. It is a fine piece of dramatic workmanship, strong in human interest

and picturesque; but the story is not its chief attraction. It is a striking picture of a life about which we are strangely ignorant. It is a perfect revelation of old-fashioned Muscovite temperament and character. It is written from the inside, written by one who was only unconsciously a psychological analyst. In this respect it is almost unique. Turgenev and Tolstoi, Gontcharov and Gogol, write as cosmopolitans. They have probed deeply into the Russian character, but for the most part they write from the outside, from the point of view of the enlightened Russian whose eyes have been opened by Western education. "The Storm" is evidently a political tract, a liberal or progressive manifesto. To the Russian it may probably have been nothing more. To us it comes, as Mr. Garnett says in his excellent preface, as a revelation and a striking criticism of national life.

"The Storm" is a counterblast to Tolstoi's doctrine of non-resistance. It preaches revolt against the tyranny of the Russian patriarchal system. To appreciate the crushing strength of that tyranny is to understand much that is otherwise inexplicable in the Russian character. It is the secret of Russian fatalism, of nihilism. From birth neither man nor woman is free. Personal rights are unrecognised; oppression, despotism, and the horrors of anarchy are fostered by it. Such women as Mme. Kabanova, the tyrannical mother; such creations as Dikoy, the bully; or Kabanov, the man who submits, are national types. Such women as Katerina, who revolts, are quite exceptional.

We have said enough to indicate wherein lies the supreme interest of the play, and there is no need to discuss the plot, which, apart from the fact that it is concerned with Russian character, would be considered hopelessly out of date. Mr. Edward Garnett's preface makes clear the general meaning and the significance of the piece, and is invaluable. But we should have been even more in his debt if he had supplied some biographical details of Ostrovsky, whose history and work are to all intents and purposes unknown in this country.

Other New Books.

THE COST OF SPORT.

EDITED BY F. G. AFLALO.

This should prove a very useful reference book for sportsmen and intending sportsmen. No such collection of facts has hitherto existed, and Mr. Aflalo tells us that "the extraordinary difficulty which has, in the preparation of this little book, been experienced in obtaining and reconciling trustworthy information at first hand from correspondents of undoubted experience, may go far to explain the cause of this omission in sporting books." Well, this is an heroic attempt to supply the need. Mr. Aflalo makes no claim to have covered the whole range of sport; but he has compiled a book which may be consulted by all who wish to form some idea of the cost of various kinds of shooting and fishing in the British Islands, in Scandinavia, India, Morocco, and elsewhere; the cost of dogs, keepers and horses, and ferrets, and kennels, and clothes, and licences; the cost of hunting, racing, trotting, boating, yachting; the cost of games like curling, golf, and polo; the cost of archery, coursing, and falconry. The general effect of the book is chastening, and this despite the fact that the authors who deal with the various departments address themselves to the average man. For when the cost of sport is stated at its lowest it is usually "stiff," and one cannot but receive from these pages a new impression of the wealth of that country in which men are found willing to spend fortunes on special methods of enjoying sunshine. It would not be useful to quote any

figures; it is enough to state that the various kinds of sporting finance are dealt with by such experts as the Earl of Coventry, Major Ricardo, Mr. Edward Whymper, Mr. Walter Winans, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, and others. (Murray. 6s.)

SOUTH COUNTRY TROUT STREAMS. BY G. A. B. DEWAR.

This is a good addition to the "Anglers' Library." Mr. Dewar holds a brief for the trout streams of the south as against the much advertised streams of the north, and a very pretty and effective case he makes for them. He takes us along the banks of the Kent and Hampshire and Berkshire streams, adventuring as far as Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Dorset; and he has this for the Londoner:

I do not hesitate to assert that a good deal of the finest trout fishing in the United Kingdom is actually in or hard by the counties or shires of the southern seaboard. Some of it is within three hours of the heart of London—by which I mean that a man, if he has the right to fish and the time and desire, may leave his home within a mile or two of one of the great London railway stations, after a moderately early breakfast, and, before midday, be angling in the purest and sweetest of genuine trout streams. He can accomplish the feat in two hours inclusive in a certain number of cases, and, in a very few, perhaps well within that space of time.

In his succeeding chapters Mr. Dewar expatiates with all the knowledge of an angler, and all the rapture of a lover of nature, on southern streams which yield trout in plenty. Of these the Test in Hampshire is the queen. "It flows, a limpid stream, abounding with splendid trout, and, in some cases, with grayling of great size, through a land, indeed, of milk and honey in the literal sense." The names of the southern trout streams are quaint and musical, as: the Cray, the Darent, the Mole, the Tillingbourne, the Rib, the Ver, the Kennet, the Shreen, the Ebbles, the Nadder, the Bovey, the Dart. Decidedly, Mr. Dewar has written a book attractive to many besides anglers. The photographic illustrations are delightful, likewise the frontispiece from a drawing by Mr. Percy Buckman. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

STUDIES IN SOME FAMOUS LETTERS. BY J. C. BAILEY.

Mr. Bailey's idea was good: "to piece together, as far as may be, the scattered fragments of self-portraiture" which are to be found in the letters of Cowper, Gray, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Swift, Johnson, Gibbon, Lamb, and FitzGerald. We only wish that Mr. Bailey had stuck to his plan more closely: there is sometimes in his book an intolerable deal of cement to a few bricks. We mean that he does not quote enough. Of the forty pages devoted to Edward FitzGerald thirteen only contain extended quotations from his letters; in the thirty-seven pages given to Swift, quotations of any length appear in only ten. These proportions are not liberal enough; the piecing-together method is hardly fulfilled. For the rest Mr. Bailey is in love with his subject, is often discriminating, and is on the whole a good and competent guide to the pleasant land of the letter-writers. On p. 57 we find this curious account of the opening of the British Museum in one of Gray's letters to Wharton. Gray describes the company assembled in the reading-room:

We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; secondly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; thirdly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; fourthly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have only sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend £1,300, and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Interesting as this passage is, its citation by Mr. Bailey is defective, for it cries for annotation and receives none. The "British Museum" (then Montagu House), the "reading-room," the authors named and their peculiar literary occupations, the finances of the new institution—all these points require brief footnotes, the more so if Mr. Bailey be correct (but surely he is not) in supposing that Gray's is "the only contemporary account of the opening of the British Museum." (Burleigh.)

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF HOME ARTS.

This book should be a "real boon" to the ingenious family. It has come at the wrong time: the beginning of winter, not the beginning of spring, is the psychological moment for the publication of a manual on employments for long evenings and Saturday afternoons; but that is of no consequence. The fact remains that there now exists between two covers a complete guide to most, if not all, of what are called the home arts. The editor of this compendious volume is Mr. Montague Marks, who, with the aid of many diagrams, presents his case with perfect clearness. Among the home arts we find one somewhat repellently styled "Boiled Leather Work." (Pearson. 7s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY OF DOGMA.

BY DR. ADOLPH HARNACK.

This sixth volume of the English version of Dr. Harnack's great work, translated by Mr. McGilchrist, comprises chapters vii. and viii. of Part II., Book II., in the original German edition. It starts from the end of the tenth century. It includes, that is to say, that revival of piety of which the monastery of Cluny was the centre; the final vindication by the Roman See of its independence of all temporal authority; and the growth of scholasticism—that is, the reconciliation of dogma with Aristotle. The second chapter brings the narrative down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and sees the sacramental system and the mystery of transubstantiation finally lifted out of the controversies of the schools on to the plane of dogmas which must be accepted *fide divina*. The period is an extremely interesting one. Those were the days in which events imparted the last quiver to the kaleidoscope, and when the pieces fell together into the pattern after which the Council of Trent was to combine the enduring mosaic of its Decrees. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

THE ASCENT THROUGH CHRIST. BY E. GRIFFITH-JONES.

The development of the human species by an extremely gradual progression from lower forms of life may, perhaps, be taken as established. Mr. Griffith-Jones's purpose is to find for the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation a place in the orderly history of man. He enters upon his work handicapped, indeed, by a position that presupposes orthodoxy, but with the attitude, at least, of a free inquirer; and he arrives at conclusions that promise helpful suggestion to upholders of the Catholic faith. His notions of the Hypostatic Union are loose, with the looseness characteristic of the *Lux Mundi* school; but nevertheless his book may be welcomed as a serious contribution to the task of restating the dogmas of the Christian religion in the new form demanded by an age that is rather excited by its discoveries in the field of natural science. The book is readable. (James Bowden. 7s. 6d.)

HOW TO GET ON THE STAGE. BY LEOPOLD WAGNER.

Aspirants for the stage are so many, and their chances of fame and fortune are so few (to say nothing of pitfalls), that we are doubtful whether we do not need a manual entitled "How to Succeed Off the Stage." But it would be unfair to expect Mr. Leopold Wagner to write it. He is all for helping the dramatic aspirant and the talented amateur. His advice is sound and various and entertaining. He includes the Bogus Manager in his scorn, and the Theatre Cat in his approval. (Chatto & Windus. 2s. 6d.)

Fiction.

A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By A. Conan Doyle.
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

To say that this book is a surprise is to speak mildly: it is a complete mystification. One might call it a literary phenomenon of the highest curiosity. Dr. Conan Doyle holds a reputation for sound work, and he has fairly earned it by conscientious and ingenious labour in various fields. He has done well the mere novel of incident. Among historical fiction, his *Micah Clarke* is remembered with pleasure. And in still another vein, his *Sherlock Holmes* has been enjoyed by more people than are willing to confess the fact. And now, in *A Duet*, he casts off all his former selves, and appears as—as what? At this point we hesitate. The obvious thing would be to say that he appears as an amiable but feeble humorist, his theme being the most domestic domesticity. But from certain indications we surmise that Dr. Doyle has aspired to be a realist; that he has said to himself: "There is 'serious' work to be done; after all this unfettered romance of mine, I will confine myself within the strict bounds of truth to modern life." We are the more convinced that Dr. Doyle has sought after "realism" in that the book contains one chapter (warningly entitled "A Thunder-cloud") which would not be out of place in the *feuilleton* of the *Echo de Paris*, and which will certainly come as a sad shock to the majority of the Doctor's readers.

A Duet is the story of the early married life of Frank and Maude Crosse. Frank was an insurance clerk, and lived at Woking. The events recorded are: a visit to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament ("the most stately of ancient English buildings was contrasted with the most beautiful of modern ones"), the wedding, a fortunate speculation, a difficulty about a fidelity guarantee, an attempt to study Browning, the "thunder-cloud" incident, a visit to Carlyle's house, and the birth of a child.

Here is a fair specimen of the philosophy and the style:

The little two-oared craft who put out upon that voyage have to lay their own course, each for itself; and all round them, as they go, they see the floating timbers and broken keels of other little boats, which had once started out full of hope and confidence. There are currents and eddies, low sand-banks and sunken reefs, and happy the crews who see them ahead, and trim their course to avoid them.

And here is another from the last chapter:

Our young married couples may feel that two is company and three is none, but there comes a little noisy intruder to break into their sweet intimacy. The coming of the third is the beginning of a new life for them as well as for it—a life which is more useful and more permanent, but never so concentrated as before. That little pink thing with the blinking eyes will divert some of the love and some of the attention, and the very trouble which its coming has caused will set its mother's heart yearning over it.

Several of the chapters, especially the first one, and "The Browning Society," would serve, exactly as they stand, as light sketches for evening journalism; but no part of the book possesses higher merit than this. Needless to say, Dr. Doyle has not been realistic, for realism is not his *métier*. The book bears no resemblance to life, of which it is a very conventional idealisation. It is sometimes wrong in elementary facts. Further, it has no sort of conviction. The charitable will regard it as an experiment. Dr. Doyle is perfectly justified in making experiments, for only by experiments can the artist be assured that no portion of his talent is lying idle. Not all experiments are successful; and this—let us say it clearly—is a failure.

Pharos the Egyptian. By Guy Boothby.
(Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.)

THIS is a cosmopolitan tale of mystery and horror, the scenes of which pass in London, Prague, Hamburg, Port Said, Cairo, the Great Pyramid, and the ruins of the temple of Ammon-Ra. Mr. Boothby is one of the most skilled traffickers in sensation known to the magazines, and we should be inclined to say that *Pharos the Egyptian* is second only to the best of his efforts. There is not a chapter without its lurid incident, not a page which does not titillate the jaded curiosity. And the means employed are so simple, so childlike:

"You know it is not that," she answered quickly and with a little stamp of her foot. "It is for your own sake I am imploring you to go. If you knew as much of this house as I do, you would not remain in it another minute."

"My dear madam," I said, "if you would only be more explicit I should be the better able to understand you."

"I cannot be more explicit," she answered; "such a thing is out of my power. But remember, if anything happens, I have warned you, and your fate will be upon your own head."

"But——" I cried, half rising from my seat.

"Hush!" she answered. "There is not time for more. He is coming."

A moment later *Pharos* entered the room.

Surely we have here a trick of narrative as old and as crude as the earliest and least artful newspaper serial (whatever that was). Yet Mr. Boothby employs it and similar dodges with a result which is truly surprising. He has indeed acquired and profited by the knowledge that in the manufacture of sensation one cannot use the obvious too freely. It is always the obvious which succeeds.

The central idea of the story—namely, that the old gods of Egypt revenge themselves by means of a great plague for the sacrilege which European nations, under the plea of "exploration," have committed upon their sacred haunts—is a good one for Mr. Boothby's purposes. In the hands of Victor Hugo, even of Maurus Jókai, such a theme might have been made sublime; Mr. Boothby does better than that—he makes it effective. His chief characters are *Pharos*, a gentleman some three thousand years old; a beautiful Hungarian violinist, ward of *Pharos*; and an English artist named Cyril Forrester, whose father had been an "explorer." The link between England of to-day and Egypt of the Pharaohs is, of course, a mummy. Given these data and an acquaintance with Mr. Boothby's methods, you should be able to imagine the rest. The book is clever, the work of one skilled at his own trade, carefully concocted (though the end seems a trifle rosier than is warranted by the introduction), and possessing a quite sufficiently plausible air of realism. One need scarcely say that its connexion with literature is a little slender.

The Kingdom of Hate. By Tom Gallon.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

It appears that Mr. Tom Gallon has forsaken the romance of sentiment in order to follow in the wake of Mr. Anthony Hope—that particular Mr. Anthony Hope who wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda*. We have here the three ingredients necessary to the kind of novel which Mr. Hope invented: (a) an adventurous Englishman, (b) an obscure foreign throne, (c) an unscrupulous pretender to that throne.

"When I make up my mind to a thing, I like to see it carried through; and in the way of the successful carrying out of my ambitions stood a woman. You may, perhaps, guess who that woman was?"

"The Princess Viviana?"

"Preciely. She is, or was, in the direct line of succession to this kingdom. I am her guardian; her father

died, leaving her practically in my charge; he had great faith in me—simple old man! You understand the situation? I—I—a man of full powers and great ambitions; a man who cannot brook interference in the smallest details of his life—I was to play second fiddle to this slip of a girl—to dance as it pleased her to pipe. Was it likely? was it the sort of thing I should do?"

There, in the words of the wicked Count Chailavia, is the basis of the matter. Let us admit at once that Mr. Gallon has contrived a very agreeable system of excitations, thus proving that he can do more than one thing well. The book has indeed several good qualities; but these good qualities serve the sinister purpose of accentuating its defect; and the defect lies in its construction. The author of a story of stirring intrigue is entitled by established custom to the use of a certain amount of coincidence; he should, however, be careful not to exceed his allowance. Unfortunately Mr. Gallon has in this respect sinned, and he has suffered the penalty of his sin: the first part of the tale carries no conviction. In a hundred pages are three amazing coincidences, any one of which should have sufficed for the entire novel. If the reader is invited to believe that a young gentleman, who for a drunken wager knocks haphazard at the door of a London mansion, is at once taken in and married to a lady awaiting a husband at a private altar (*cf.* Stevenson), the reader will probably exert his credulity: it is a duty which he owes to the author; but, when the young man having been torn from his bride seeks distraction in Paris, and there meets by pure accident the prime mover in the original mystery of the marriage, then the reader will revolt, and cry out upon the author for trespassing on his good-nature. Mr. Gallon seems to have forgotten that readers are, after all, but human, with sharp limitations. It is a pity, for *The Kingdom of Hate* is all enveloped in the proper atmosphere of romance.

Swallow. By H. Rider Haggard.
(Longmans. 6s.)

In this book Mr. Haggard's foot is on his native heath. He has returned to South Africa and the Kaffirs, with whom he has always been at his best. The hero is an English lad adopted by a Boer family, and the subordinate title is "A Tale of the Great Trek"; but, in truth, the novelty is not so great as it looks. The Great Trek merely furnishes a setting for the *dénoûment*, and the main theme of the book is a succession of bush fights and adventure after Mr. Haggard's familiar manner.

We quote the account of the death of the villain:

Round and round the rock chair they swung, Van Vooren still holding fast to the arm of the dead woman, who was lashed to it. Yes, even from where I stood, five hundred feet below, I could see the flash of spear and knife as they struck and struck again. At length a blow went home; the Zulu assegai sank deep into Van Vooren's chest and he hung backwards over the edge of the abyss, supported only by his grip of the dead arm—from below it looked as if he were drawing the corpse to him against its will. . . . Ralph looked at him and laughed, and crying "That curse of God you mocked at falls at last," with a sudden stroke he drew the sharp edge of the spear across the lashing that held the body to the seat. The rimp parted, and with a swift and awful rush, like that of a swooping bird, the dead woman and the living man plunged headlong into space.

On the whole, this is the best romance Mr. Haggard has written for some years, if we cannot rank it with *King Solomon's Mines*.

"I saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee;
I was whatever thou hast been,
I am what thou shalt be."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

WELL, AFTER ALL —. BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Mr. Moore gives us another racy novel, opening with a spirited account of a run on the bank of Westwood, Westwood, Barwell, & Westwood. Mr. Westwood controls the panic with great skill, and observes that women behave much more crudely on such occasions than men. "Isn't it wonderful," he remarks, "that a woman—a lady—can change her natural expression of calm—the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere—to that of a Harpy in a moment? It makes one thoughtful, doesn't it? Which is the real woman, Cyril—the one who smiles pleasantly on you and insists on your taking another hot buttered muffin as you loll in one of her easy chairs in front of her drawing-room fire, or the one who rushes trembling into your office and stretches out a lean, talon-like, gloveless hand, glaring at you all the time, with a cry—some shrill, others hoarse—of 'My money! Give me my money!'—which is the real woman?" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER. BY PERCY WHITE.

How Margaret Blythe, the pretty and clever daughter of a millionaire, is wooed by various men, and won by her father's private secretary, is the simple plot of this engaging story. Margaret has a pretty humour. Throwing bread to the sea-gulls from her father's yacht, she says: "In gull-land they don't like bread, but it's a point of honour to catch it." (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

GREY WEATHER. BY JOHN BUCHAN.

Fifteen short stories, or sketches, of Scottish moorland life, preceded by a "Ballad for Grey Weather." This ballad is referred to in one of the stories as "a song so old that Adam heard it in the Garden before Eve came to comfort him, so young that from it still flows the whole joy and sorrow of earth." The dangers, humours, and superstitions of moorland life are set forth in the stories. (John Lane. 6s.)

SAMUEL BOYD. BY B. L. FARJEON.

The full title is *Samuel Boyd of Catchpole-square: a Mystery*. Samuel is a money-lender of exaggerated cruelty, and has a clerk named Abel Death. There is a murder, of course. "At no great distance from the Square stood Saint Michael's Church, its clock proclaiming the hour. Ten! Eleven! Twelve! How long these hours took to strike! . . . A shot rings out! Another! . . . Silence reigns." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE GUARDIANS OF PANZY. BY DOLF WYLLARDE.

"A story of a Man, a Woman, and a Child." The child plays in the man's garden, while he and the woman talk over the palings. The fortunes of the three are developed rather crudely, and the talk of the child hardly shows observation:

"'Mr. Seymour,' Panzy remarked solemnly, 'is a very clever percentage.'
'Personage, Panzy.'
'Isn't it all the same, Mummy?'"

We imagine that the number of children who *say* percentage, or *mean* to say personage, is zero. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEVEN KINGS. BY L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE.

A story of the machinations of a secret society of which the ruling spirit is Mme. Kalouchy, a woman of charm and diabolical intentions. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Case of Henry Lawson.

THE most representative and, to our mind, the best writer that Australia has yet produced is Mr. Henry Lawson. In prose he is often very good indeed, as in our review of *While the Billy Boils*, his volume of stories and sketches, a year or so ago, we tried to prove; and his verse, although technically it has been surpassed by other Australian writers, has yet a character of its own, and a note of sincerity peculiar to itself. In this country Mr. Lawson's volume of poems, *In the Days when the World was Wide*, has many readers: in Australia seven thousand copies have been sold in the three or four years since the book was published, and *While the Billy Boils* is in its eighth thousand.

Yet in spite of this seeming prosperity, with Mr. Lawson himself all is not well, and he has recently told the story of his struggles in the pages of the *Sydney Bulletin* for the benefit of young men who, like himself, may be proposing to try to live by writing in a land where writing comes far down on the list of necessities. The autobiography is a very interesting document. Mr. Lawson began life on a selection in New South Wales. As a boy he had no schooling, but helped his father, who was a carpenter, and did every kind of job that was needed. In the teens he moved into the city, and taught himself house painting and listened to Socialist orators. Not till 1887, however, did he begin to write, although he had been wishing to do so for years. That was the time of the Republican Riots, when disloyalty came to a head in Sydney, and crowds cheered for the Republic of Australia. Mr. Lawson did more than cheer: he wrote a "Song of the Republic" and sent it to the *Bulletin*, and they told him to try again. He also helped to edit, print, and produce a "fly blister," called the *Republican*. One night, in the autumn of 1887, he carried a little bundle of verses to the *Bulletin* office and left them in the hands of a charwoman. They were all printed. Says Mr. Lawson:

In Dec. '87, I was coach-painting at Windsor, [Melb., for 6s. a day, when I got my first Xmas *Bulletin*. I tore it open, tremblingly; glanced through it, to make sure I was there; and hid it in a hearse I was "rubbing down"—for the boss was a fierce Wesleyan. I rubbed hard with the pumice-stone till my heart didn't thump so much, and I felt calmer. I stole glances, behind the hearse, at "Golden Gully" and "The Wreck of the Derry Castle," and the kindly editorial note to the effect that I was a mere lad (age 19), earning a living, under difficulties, at house-painting, and that my education was as yet unfinished (N.B.—I couldn't spell), and that my talent spoke for itself in the following poem. I was in print, and in the Xmas number of a journal I had worshipped, and devoured every inch of, for years. I felt strong and proud enough to clean pigstyes, if need be, for a living for the rest of my natural life—provided the *Bulletin* went on publishing the poetry. Varnish on old hearses is hard as flint; but I made a good job of that one, and a quick job—for I "rubbed down" on air if I didn't walk on it. It was the shortest eight hours' graft I ever did.

This was the real beginning. But Australia is a hard country for a poet, and a Republican poet at that. It is true that vigorous verse is read there with avidity,

but the rates of payment for it are wretchedly low. Mr. Lawson, who became an irregular contributor, chiefly of verse, to several papers, was paid very poorly or not at all. He therefore returned to house painting "up country," but being offered two pounds a week as general utility man on the Brisbane *Boomerang*, accepted it. The *Boomerang* lacked the sinews of war, and died, and Mr. Lawson's ballad of "The Cambaroorra Star" tells its story. He returned to Sydney by sea, steerage, and took to painting again. In 1892 he went to Bourke and "swagged" it for six months, "picking up" in a shearing shed and so forth, finally returning to Sydney in charge of five trucks of cattle. All these experiences have since had their literary uses, although they cannot be called profitable. Most of the matter in *While the Billy Boils*, for example, which is the result of these wanderings, was paid for at the rate of twelve shillings and sixpence a column. In 1893 Mr. Lawson crossed to New Zealand, where he "did a three months' unemployed perish," tried tree felling, and was not paid, house painting again, then joined a telegraph line gang for six months, and would have stayed longer but for the offer of a place on the staff of the *Sydney Daily Worker*. He arrived in Sydney three days after the paper had ceased, and was given instead a place on the *Weekly Worker* for awhile. Then, on being asked to leave, he tried West Australia and house painting again, married and taught school. He is "now in Sydney once more," and the family has been augmented by a baby.

Such is Mr. Lawson's history. In his twelve years of writing he has made £700, £200 of which are the profits on his two books, of which he has sold the entire rights. He ends thus:

A last word for myself. I don't know about the merit or value of my work; all I know is, that I started a shy, ignorant lad from the Bush, under every disadvantage arising from poverty and lack of education, and with the extra disadvantage of partial deafness thrown in. I started with implicit faith in human nature, and a heart full of love for Australia, and hatred for wrong and injustice. I taught myself a trade—the first years in Sydney I rose at five o'clock in the morning to go to work with a rough crowd in the factory of a hard taskmaster; and learnt the little I did at a night-school; and I worked even then, before I could write, for a cause I believed in. I sought out my characters and studied them; I wrote of nothing that I had not myself seen or experienced; I wrote and re-wrote painfully, and believed that every line was true and for the right. I kept steady and worked hard for seven years, and that work met with appreciation in Australia and a warm welcome in London. When desperately hard up and with a wife to provide for, I at last was forced to apply to the Govt. for temporary work. I was kept hanging about the office for weeks; and when, as a last resource, I applied for a railway-pass for a month to enable me to find work in the country and gather new material for literary work, I did not receive a reply. I was obliged to seek the means of earning bread and butter from the Govt. of a province (M.L.) in whose people's interests I had never written a line.

My advice to any young Australian writer whose talents have been recognised would be to go steerage, stow away, swim, and seek London, Yankeeland, or Timbuctoo, rather than stay in Australia till his genius turned to gall or beer. Or, failing this—and still in the interests of human nature and literature—to study elementary anatomy, especially as applies to the cranium, and then shoot himself carefully with the aid of a looking-glass.

No new moral is to be drawn. Mr. Lawson is yet another example of the unlucky man of unfortunate temperament. It is clear enough from his story that he has not played his cards too well. He is a good writer, a shrewd and humorous observer, and his sympathies are all with the weak and the noble; but he has failed altogether to measure his fellow man and act accordingly. So much the worse for Mr. Lawson and so much the less to the honour of his fellow man.

How Tolstoy Works.

"How does Count Tolstoy work?" is the question which Mr. Charles Johnston asks and answers in the *Arena*. His article is the third in a very interesting series on "Workers at Work," and the information it contains is derived from an account of Tolstoy's literary methods printed in the *Russian Review*. From Mr. Johnston's translation we learn that there is nothing of rapidity or slickness about the writing habits of the great novelist and controversialist. Nor is Tolstoy one of those writers who take up the pen merely to express thoughts already found and determined; rather, he uses the pen in order to discover his own mind. "Gold is found by persistent washing," is his favourite motto; and it is clear that the endless processes of revision and correction to which Tolstoy subjects his writings are undertaken in the interests of the subject rather than of the style.

The Count's general habits of work are outlined as follows:

In his technical method, says the Russian writer whose words I translate, Count Tolstoy is like one of the great painters of old. After forming the plan of his work, and gathering a great number of studies, he begins with a charcoal sketch, so to speak, and writes rapidly, not thinking of details. What he writes in this way he gives to Countess Sophia Andreievna to copy out, or to one of his daughters, or to one of his intimate friends, to whom this task may give pleasure. Lyof Nicolaievitch, Count Tolstoy, generally writes on quarto paper, of rather poor quality, in a big, rope-like handwriting, writing about twenty pages a day, amounting to some four or five thousand words. He has no special habits with regard to pens and paper. And when a firm in Moscow conceived the idea of giving to the world a "Tolstoyan pen" it was discovered that on the subject of pens "Count Tolstoy had no opinion." He works mostly in the morning, and considers this the best time of the day for work.

When the clean copy of his manuscript makes its appearance on the writing-table, Count Tolstoy begins at once to work it all over again. But it still remains very much of a charcoal sketch. The manuscript is quickly dotted over with corrections, alterations, interlinear additions: at both sides, above and below, appear new thoughts and phrases, with inversions and transferences of sentences from one page to another. The whole is copied out again, and once more subjected to exactly the same process. A third time exactly the same thing happens. Some chapters Count Tolstoy has written more than ten times. At the same time, he pays almost no attention to details of wording, and even feels something like repugnance to everything closely clipped in art.

"All that often dries up the thought, and blunts the impression," he says.

Like most writers, Tolstoy sometimes comes to a dead stop; then he plays a game of solitaire until his brain clears. When persistent "gold-washing" has yielded a certain brightness, Tolstoy adopts the tactics of Molière and other writers: he reads his production to his friends or sometimes to a few peasants. Thus, after finishing *The Powers of Darkness*, he read this play to the peasants, not, however, with very useful results, for "at the most affecting places in the drama, which Lyof Nicolaievitch himself cannot read without tears, some of his peasant listeners began to laugh, and chilled the writer completely." The severest critic with whom Tolstoy has to deal is his wife, who "expresses her opinion without the slightest softening or circumlocution." He is sometimes influenced by her, sometimes not. Meanwhile specialists among his friends are allowed to supervise some portion of the new work. And all this brings the matter only to the printer's door. There remain all the opportunities of correction and alteration, of excision and addition, which are afforded by proofs. And the very sight of proofs brings an eager light into Tolstoy's eyes. New ideas now crowd in upon him; more gold-washing seems imperative and is joyously begun; the result is that the first proofs are sent back

covered to blackness with the innumerable tracks of the Count's afterthoughts. "Exactly the same thing happens with the second proof, and it may be said without the slightest exaggeration that if ninety and nine proofs of one of his works were submitted to him, the same thing would happen nine and ninety times. In this he seemed to labour under the same difficulty that made Balzac the despair of his printers, for he runs up bills for charges on proofs that often entirely consume his share of the profits."

Tolstoy's repugnance to "everything closely clipped in art" must not be misunderstood. His attitude was more fully explained by himself in a discussion as to strenuous work in artistic productions. He said:

It will not do to neglect the slightest detail in art; because sometimes some half-torn off button may light up a whole side of the character of a given person; and that button must be faithfully represented. But all efforts, including the half-torn-off button, must be directed exclusively to the inner reality, and must by no means draw away attention from what is of first importance to details and secondary facts.

Which, being interpreted, means more gold-washing.

Things Seen.

An Impromptu.

FOUR nigger minstrels were making music one afternoon in an unfrequented street off the Strand. Their performance left the world fairly tranquil. A few people leant against area railings listening; a wholesome, ugly boy watched the tambourine minstrel with open mouth; a costermonger, conscious of a new market, wheeled his barrow alongside the boy. The tune they played was a minuet popular many years ago, and the air, as airs will, recalled old days. Suddenly my attention was arrested by the sight of an elderly gentleman, an important in the City, well nourished, well groomed, holding his head high, the shiniest of silk hats on his head, and a florid, chairman-of-the-board face beaming beneath it. The day had been successful, no doubt, like all the other days of his life. And now he was on his way to the Temple Station, to an orderly home, and a leisurely dinner. When he observed the ridiculous minstrels, and the delaying crowd, he frowned—and then the odd thing, some would say the impossible thing, happened. The music caught him, conquered him, and, as it were, stripped him of the garment that his tailor, his valet, the obsequiousness of generations of clerks, and the habit of success had given to him. His white-gaitered feet began to dance to the music—yes, to dance. The first movements were almost imperceptible, little more than a rhythmic addition to his steps; but the inclination grew, and by the time he reached the costermonger's barrow he was dancing—gravely, pompously—but dancing, quite unconscious of the indecorum of such a procedure. There he stood, this admirable type of all that is respectable and orthodox, dancing in a quiet street off the Strand, in the pink of a spring afternoon, to the gay music of a troupe of nigger minstrels. We stood staring, but the tambourine player—oh, how I envied his swift intuition!—seized the opportunity. He did not smile, his round black face showed not a flicker of surprise as he advanced and made a courteous obeisance. Then he arched his right hand over his head, the old gentleman grasped the inviting fingers, the other minstrels played their gayest, and the two with infinite gravity went through the small steps of the minuet. The crowd increased; they jeered; the wholesome, ugly boy bent himself double in spasms of hilarity; but the old gentleman, unconscious of everything, continued to dance till the music stopped. Then he started, dropped his umbrella, gazed wildly around as a fox might stare at encompassing

hounds, threw up his hands, and ran—ran down the street and doubled round the corner.

Did the music awake some dormant memory, some dominant experience that the crust of years had thick o'erlaid, but not stilled—some dormant memory that needed only the touch at the right moment and in the right way to be revived? I leave the problem to those who are learned in such matters. I report merely that he danced.

The Optimist.

ON Good Friday, near the Thames Embankment, I came across a little tattered man preaching the gospel of hope. He was standing beneath Charing Cross railway bridge, in the middle of the inner roadway. Nobody paid any attention to him. The policeman at the corner had turned his back. The little knot of cabmen treated him with the indifference cabmen regard hailing umbrellas when they already have a fare. Yet the little man was worth attention. He was not an ordinary rhetorician, he had peeped a little into books, and could snatch a passage to illumine his own rhetoric. "Now what did Mr. R. H. 'Utton say on this point?" he cried, as I strolled past. "What did Mr. 'Utton say in his essay on 'The Modern Poetry of Doubt'? why this: 'Either we are on the eve of a long and uncertain era of spiritual suspense—scepticism qualified by a yearning 'ope—or the way is preparing for a day of clearer and more solid trust than the world has yet known.'"

The little man paused, fixed me with a shining eye. "I'm an optimist," he shouted. "Mark me, my friend, the way is preparing for a day of clearer and more solid trust. We're improving inch by inch. No! mile by mile, sir. And, as we improve, we forgive each other oftener, we bear with each other more, we try to understand the awful thirst and loneliness of the dumb animals. I'd forgive the Jews. Yes, even on Good Friday, my friend. What did Mr. Browning say in his poem called 'Holy-Cross Day'?"

'The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set.'

Yes, my friend, I'm an optimist. Holes in my boots, an empty stomach, and a wife who carries on, but I'm an optimist. I'm on Mr. Browning's side. *Why* am I an optimist? Because the world's growing better. I can see it growing better. Look at the *Times* newspaper with its columns of letters from Churchmen, and, and—"He swept his eye round the landscape in search of another illustration. It fell upon the placards outside the Avenue Theatre. Triumph lit his face. "Be honest, my friend, and tell me," he said, in a whisper, "would *that* have been possible ten—five—years ago?" I followed the direction of his eye, and read: "There will be no performance of *The Cuckoo* during Holy Week."

To master Destiny by force of will,—

This is the steadfast purpose of my life:—

To wrest success from failure, good from ill,
Gladness from desolation, peace from strife;

To pierce like spring through winter's shroud of white

To harden hope with stern despair's alloy;

To see God's lamps resplendent in the night;

To build up happiness from ruined joy:—

This is my purpose. In so dire a fray

He cannot lose whose loss is tenfold gain.

Summoned by love, to love I'll win my way,

Through failure, disappointment, sorrow, pain.

For Fate, whose fetters bind the Gods above,

Bows to the lordship of the star of love.

From "*The Silence of Love*," by Edmond Holmes.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. ROBERT DE SOUZA has published an essay on popular poetry, which is always a fascinating theme. He writes of the poetical renaissance in France as the Celts in London write of their renaissance. This is a puerility. In every art, in all times, renaissance and decadence are the continual swing in motion. The impulsion which sends the swing up we call renaissance, as if it were a revolution instead of a normal movement, and, when the swing descends, the pessimists prophesy the end of things, instead of reflecting that a fresh impulsion will very soon send it up again. Since the world goes round, there is no reason why art should stand still, and it is nonsense to decorate with fine words each indefinite phase temperament and taste compel it to undergo. M. de Souza is more sensible when he attacks the habit of certain carping critics who, exasperated by the dead level of talent, continually cry: "When will the poet appear? Where, then, is the masterpiece?" He justly contends that at no time has the poet existed, and that poetry has never found its wide and complex expression in a single genius. "Never has a single poet been able to fill the humblest soul there breathed," he protests. The value of poetry consists of the very diversity of the poets. One completes the other, and by their union exists the kingdom of poetry. And he aptly remarks, the dominating masterpiece of a century is the discovery of posterity. Contemporary taste is not permanent judgment. If these works that mark the centuries removed from us are rare, it is no proof of a past scarcity, and Solomon assures us that even in his days books were as abundant as in ours.

The list of geniuses engaged upon the vast work of recreating the poetry of France is a long one. Few of the names are known in England, or indeed outside the *cénacles* where the work of recreation goes on. The enigmatic and singular Paul Verlaine is, of course, the arresting figure of the group. M. de Souza traces the direct influence of Arthur Rimbaud, poet turned tramp and bagman and colonial tradesman, and the remoter influence of Mme. Desbordes Valmore, in the mingling of childlike simplicity of expression and rare poignancy which the best of Verlaine's work reveals. He quotes in full a charming, sad little poem of Mme. Desbordes Valmore which might have been written by Verlaine. I open Rimbaud and light upon a quatrain which strikingly suggests Verlaine:

Oisive jeunesse,
A tout asservie,
Par délicatesse,
J'ai perdu ma vie.

But Rimbaud had a robuster humour than Verlaine. While sinning as vigorously, he was less preoccupied with the need of repentance, and was far less sentimental. He hymns with popular lucidity and humour their drinking bouts when he and Verlaine undertook to shock their fellows on a foreign tour:

L'âme au septième ciel ravie
Le corps, plus humble, sous les tables.

Nous dinions du blâme public,
Et soupions du même fricot.

He could never have written such a lovely, soft little sigh of a child's soul as those celebrated verses of Verlaine's which I have very imperfectly transposed into English. If any reader will offer a better translation, I shall be delighted, [The translation of the verses has been attempted by many readers in our prize competition. See p. 414.] May I suggest as a pendant an equally delicate and mournful song by Maeterlinck, which M. de

Souza adds to his collection of popular French songs and sentimental lyrics :

The sky up there above the roof
So blue and calm !
A tree up there above the roof,
Rocks its palm.
The bell that shows against the skies
Softly rings,
A bird round yonder tree that flies
Sadly sings.
My God ! how sweet a thing is life !
Clear as a gleam.
From yonder town a hum of strife
Comes as a dream.
And thou, in tears, what hast thou done
Done, without ruth.
Say what thou, in tears, hast done
With thy youth ?

This companion little poem by Maurice Maeterlinck is more complete and poignant :

Et s'il revenait un jour
Que faut-il lui dire ?
Dites-lui qu'on s'attendit
Jusqu'à s'en mourir . . .
Et s'il m'interroge encore
Sans me reconnaître ?
Parlez-lui comme une sœur,
Il souffre peut-être . . .
Et s'il demande où vous êtes,
Que faut-il répondre ?
Donnez-lui mon anneau d'or
Sans rien lui répondre . . .
Et s'il veut savoir pourquoi
La salle est déserte ?
Montrez-lui la lampe éteinte
Et la porte ouverte . . .
Et s'il m'interroge alors
Sur la dernière heure ?
Dites-lui que j'ai souri
De peur qu'il ne pleure . . .

Here is the bald English meaning, which I should like to see in a pretty robe of singing English verse, if some ACADEMY reader likes to devote leisure to it :

And if he returned one day
What should I tell him ?—
Tell him he was waited for
Till I died of the waiting.
And if he questions me further
Without recognising me ?—
Speak to him like a sister.
He suffers perhaps.
And if he asks where you are
What must I reply ?—
Give him my golden ring
Without making any reply.
And if he wants to know why
The hall is deserted ?—
Show him the quenched lamp
And the open door.
And if he questions me then
About the last hour ?—
Tell him I smiled
Lest he should weep.

M. de Souza claims for Verlaine the gift of condensation in a degree possessed by no other French poet. What more finished than these four lines ?—

Un grand sommeil noir
Tombe sur ma vie :
Dormez tout espoir,
Dormez toute envie.

These are lines one would like to hear accompanied by a sombre and sobbing music, music as complete a triumph of despair and the silence of death as Verlaine's quiet, fainting verses, as dark as night, as chill as the grave.

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE, by her will, has left her fortune almost wholly to the children of her daughter, Ella von Rosen—a name endeared to readers of *Prince Otto*. To these grand-children will, no doubt, descend the pictures and statues of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, which Mrs. Bloomfield Moore bought from him—works of art with nothing paltry about them, but perhaps primarily interesting as mementos of the devotion of a friend. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, whose first home was in Philadelphia, made her ultimate dwelling in Great Stanhope-street, Mayfair; but London became a very different place for her when Mr. Browning was no longer there. When she died last January, at the age of seventy-four, she had not read the love-letters that preceded the eternal union between Miss Barrett and the poet-friend she knew only in long days of his widowerhood.

THE silence of Dean Gregory ! There is really nothing like it in fiction. St. Paul's, from a purely strategic point of view, is held by military authority to be the strongest and most important post in London in case of a rising ; and there, behind its ramparts, Dean Gregory sits entrenched while the people who are in mutiny against Sir William Richmond's scheme of decoration keep up their fusillade of letters to the newspaper press, or wander within the very precincts of the Cathedral, discontent brooding on their brows. The silence of Dean Gregory, unbroken before the pressing thrusts of the foe, has even held fast against the defence of friends. There is the artist who writes—anonously—to say that the decoration is bad, but that really, in the name of good comradeship, there must be a rally round Sir William Richmond ; and there is the gentleman, who does sign his name, and a very respectable name too, and who protests that, bad as the decoration may be, it ought to be completed before anyone dares to criticise it—even these voices provoke no disclaiming cry from the venerable Dean. Day by day the work proceeds : the oil saturates the stone ; and when the end comes, and we really are allowed, by the pleader for delay, to say our say, we shall be told that only chisels can cut off the surface that seems so unworthy of Wren's dome. True, the correspondent who counsels patience in ill-doing does not love that dome—he will have you know that he cannot defend St. Paul's. Had the Dean's English been fluent and strong in pleading for defence from his friends, no one would have been disedified ; but, under this provocation even, there is silence from the Dean ; and so it seems likely to be till the end of the Chapter.

THE Dean was eighty years of age a few weeks ago, and Sir William Richmond painted his portrait. Nobody should ignore the delicacies of the Dean's position—that of a sinner to Sir William, and a sinner of fourscore years. And, then, these difficulties have been perhaps aggravated by a *fin-de-siècle* sort of flattery. To compare an Anglican Dean with a Pope of Rome would, once upon a time, have been a doubtful compliment. But now it is quite otherwise ; and Canon Holland, as senior member of the Chapter, in offering the Dean their congratulations on his birthday, told Dean Gregory that he was their Pope Julius II., who had fought battles, but had succeeded in associating a great artist with him in the decoration of St. Paul's. It is language like this that adds to the difficulty of the Dean's climb-down from the dome of St. Paul's ; and we can promise the Dean an entirely sympathetic public in view of the difficult descent.

At Mr. Sargent's private view in his Tite-street studio on Sunday afternoon a note of the picturesque was given to the crowd by the presence of red-capped Cardinal Vaughan and violet-capped Bishop Brindle, both wearing

their chains of office. With them was a young American cleric, who, on facing the portrait of Mrs. Hunter, said to the painter: "I saw that ten days ago in Boston." Mr. Sargent smiled, for so it was. He had recalled his portrait of Mrs. Hunter for exhibition in the Academy, and the canvas had arrived the night before. Everybody else smiled too, because—the Lord Russell of Killowen canvas being withheld till 1900—this particular portrait is without doubt Mr. Sargent's picture of the year.

SOME needless stir has been made about the entirely private finances of Lord and Lady Warwick. It is not really so very unusual a thing for people of large expenditure to find their means somewhat too small; and the raising of money by loans secured on life-interests in property and on heavy life insurance policies is an everyday device. Equally ordinary is the difficulty of meeting high yearly premiums, the consequent surrender of the policies to the highest bidder, or some similar arrangement varying in form as circumstances vary. All this is routine. But one man is generally the capitalist who comes to the rescue; and nobody cares. In the case of the manipulation of the Warwick estates and policies, a syndicate or company has taken the control; and all the world wonders. There is virtue in numbers, says the proverb; but it is one that Lord and Lady Warwick for the moment may be disposed to doubt.

MAJOR HAMILTON, newly appointed to the command of the 14th King's Hussars, began his military career as a Life Guardsman with five years' experience in the ranks. Then he was a corporal, and then he got his commission in the King's: after which he went to India with a staff appointment, and later he had a hand in the Boer War, where he served as *aide-de-camp* to his brother-in-law, General Colley, and would, in the ordinary course of things, have shared that general's fate. But young Hamilton, as it happened, was obliged by illness to lie down in his tent, and he was asleep on the Saturday night that saw Colley's march to the summit of the Majuba mountain. "Take care there is no noise round young Hamilton's tent," Colley whispered to the chaplain. "I don't mean to take him to-night. If anything were to happen to him it would kill his sister." That sister was Colley's wife, who, a few hours later, was to lose a husband but, by that husband's solicitude, to retain a brother.

Correspondence.

Tennyson's "Roaring Moon."

SIR,—Is Mr. Bernard Capes poking fun at us, or is it not true that "moon" is simply the poetical way of spelling "month"? If Tennyson really meant the satellite, I for one would not hesitate to say he wrote nonsense.—I am, &c.,

Riviera Palace, Cimiez.

F. B. MONEY COUTTS.

An Easter Critic.

SIR,—I expect London will be very full of naturalists next week, and to save you from annoyance I would advise you to put up a notice giving the latitude and longitude of Staple Inn. The sparrows and scripturally minded people seem to be unique there. Perhaps you would warn the author of "The Simile" (in last issue of ACADEMY) so that he might not happen to be about. Poor little sparrows! (I mean of Staple Inn); "little balls of blackness and sleep" on the twigs of the plane-trees! If there is a clever, man-of-the-world little bird who knows what is what, and how to make himself comfortable, it is a sparrow; and if one wants to find the senior *wrangler*, one should come to London to look for him. "Seen in

silhouette against an apple-green sky"! No; nor pea-green or any other coloured sky. That he would come in to have a talk before he went to bed—just as you and I might go into the smoking-room of the club—is right enough; but to sleep on a twig in the open is not in his line at all, any more than the homeless wanderers would be to sleep in the middle of the street. I fancy what the "uplifted-eyes" man really said was, "The chatter of a thousand bills."

However, those two "Things Seen" are treasures to be added to my collection. I like the young man tapping his stick against the stonework in indecision because the weather was warmer, and the author swinging out of the Park and failing to see the dog and the string of the blind man!

I am sorry to think Mr. Bernard Capes is very ill. He has seen "a yellow globe anchored up there [up where?] in the flood—stemming it [at anchor]—rocking on it," and all because Tennyson wrote "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus," instead of "blustery month of daffodil and crocus." If Mr. Capes had ever seen Tennyson hieing after his dirty old felt hat in Yarmouth (I.W.) he might have gathered that the poet did not use demi-semi-tones. Also it might be observed that a great portion of the said moon, or month, is pitch dark at night.

I am glad that the "cab-horse" chestnut (not chestnut cab-horse) has got out to the Malay Peninsula.—I am, &c.,
Bromesberrow, Ledbury.

EYRE HUSSEY.

[Mr. Eyre Hussey is diligent and merry, but he is wrong about the sparrows. They remain on the plane-trees in Staple Inn-square the night through. I saw them there, asleep against the sky, at 10.15 p.m. last night, when, by the way, a drizzle was falling. I could have covered a cluster of twenty sparrows with my overcoat. Scores more were distributed in twos and threes on the bare, swaying twigs. On this occasion, I grant, the sparrows did not appear as "little balls of blackness and sleep." For blackness read greyness—the sky being dark, and the light thrown up from the gaslamps. The caretaker of the Inn likes the sparrows; and he tells me that in wild weather they are sometimes blown from their exposed perches, and fall, lame and bewildered, to the ground. In such cases he has often caught the unfortunates and shut them in the Inn hall for safety against cats, releasing them in the morning. While, therefore, I repel Mr. Hussey's assault on my accuracy, I thank him for the occasion he has given me to make an inquiry interesting, I trust, to Londoners and naturalists.—THE WRITER OF "THE SIMILE."]

Snacks.

SIR,—Prof. Skeat's Danish *snakke*, "to chatter," may do very well for "nasty snacks," but it scarcely disposes of "snacks of fish"?—I am, &c.,
GOURMET.

The "Golden Treasury" Omar.

SIR,—With respect to your remarks on the format of this edition (p. 372) I have nothing to add. But I am surprised to see that the name of FitzGerald is conspicuous by its absence, both on the title-page and after the prefatory biography of the Astronomer Poet of Persia. Place this edition in the hands of a young bibliographer, and ask him to catalogue it and write a brief bibliographical note on its author, &c., and presuming he knew nothing of FitzGerald, what account would he give of it?

I should note that the only place where the name of FitzGerald appears is in the note by the editor [is he W. A. W., p. 18?] on p. 111.

It seems to me a pity that the opportunity in this edition of giving a brief biography of FitzGerald, a brief bibliography of other editions of the Omar, and the name of the editor of this edition, has been missed.—I am, &c.,

April 3, 1899.

J. C. H.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 26.

We asked last week for a translation of Paul Verlaine's chanson :

La ciel par-dessus le toit,
Si blue, si calme !
Un arbre par-dessus le toit
Berce sa palme.
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille,
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà,
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait que voilà
De ta jeunesse?

In response, we have received seventy-seven versions, the best of which is written by Miss Nora Hopper, 36, Royal-crescent, W., to whom a cheque for a guinea has been sent. This is her rendering :

Above the roof a quiet sky
Leans, softly blue.
A tree leans lower, cradling nigh
Its leaves and dew.
A bell keeps up eternally
Soft monotone :
A bird that's perched upon the tree
Makes tender moan.
Ah God, to think that life can be
So simply sweet :
No noise to hear, no stir to see,
Save from the street.
Lift up thine eyes, thou weeping one
And tell me sooth.
Answer and say what thou hast done
With thy fair youth.

W. G. F. (Fowey), who contributes the following version, would have won the prize but for the weakness of his last stanza.

The cloudless heavens overhead
Brood quiet and deep ;
A tree its branches overhead
Rocks into sleep.
The bell within the blue half hid
Drowsily swings ;
A bird upon the bough half hid
Its love-plaint sings.
Dear God, how full and tranquil there
Life glides and steals ;
How peaceful falls the murmur there
Of distant wheels.
What hast thou done, that makest there
Such bitter moan ?
What, that the youth thou mournest there
Was—and is gone ?

The majority of the remaining translations are very close. The last stanza, however, has been a good deal distorted, and for the word "berce" only a very small proportion of translators have found its true equivalent. The greater number resort to "sway" or "swing."

So blue, so calm above the roof
The sky outspread !
A tree sways high above the roof
Its palm-like head.
The bell in yonder sky aloof
Low-tolling swings,
A bird in yonder tree aloof
Lamenting sings.
My God ! my God ! what sounds one hears
Of tranquil life !
The town's faint murmur that one hears
Tells not of strife.
What hast thou done O thou whose tears
Fall there so fast ?
What hast thou done, bowed there in tears,
With youth gone past ?

[W. W. T., Newcastle.]

The sky above the roof
So blue and so serene !
A tree above the roof
Waving its leafy screen :
A bell of sound so sweet
From heaven it seems to float :
A bird which singeth sweet
Its tender, artless note.
O gracious God, life here
Doth simply, calmly flow ;
The city's tumult here
Is but a murmur low.
Wherefore shouldst thou behold
This scene with streaming eyes ?
Say, with it dost behold
Thy happy youth arise ?

[R. D., London.]

Translations received also from : F. W. W., Isleworth ; E. R., London ; K. E. B., Edgbaston ; W. E. T., Clifton ; A. B. M., Eastbourne ; C. E. H., Richmond ; S. M., Croydon ; M. M. B., St. Andrews ; R. M., Shoreham ; A. R. B., Malvern ; J. D. H., Ealing ; J. S. L., Lismore ; J. B., Dundee ; M. L. M., Edinburgh ; A. H. B., London ; A. H. C., Lee ; L. M. L., St. Helier's ; E. M. A., Oxford ; K. J., Leeds ; F. M., London ; T. B., Leicester ; D. B. T., Dublin ; A. L., Liverpool ; A. J. A., Edinburgh ; Miss B., Scarborough ; C. S.-M., Inverness ; K. G. B., Cosham ; H. L. R., Leatherhead ; G. S. T., Torcross ; W. G., Birkenhead ; C. S. O., Brighton ; B. B., Stourbridge ; F. B., Milton-next-Gravesend ; J. A. B., Edgbaston ; C. A. B., Cardiff ; R. J. M., Fulham ; A. M., Fulham ; A. F. W., Brockley ; H. E., Budleigh Salterton ; A. L., Moffat ; A. H., New Wandsworth ; E. G. H., London ; M. P. F., Birmingham ; S. C., Nottingham ; H. S. D. S., Clevedon ; A. S., Manchester ; "Ignotus," Ealing ; M. L., Barrowmore ; M. S., London ; H. H., Weybridge ; L. M. L., Stafford ; B. G. H., Inverness ; A. V. W., Fulham ; G. E. M., London ; S. G. N., Clifton ; Mrs. C. G., Bray ; T. B. D., Bridgwater ; "Jeanne," Clifton ; "St. Maur," Glasgow ; M. D. T., Dublin ; C. R. S., Salisbury ; E. B., London ; A. B. C., Upper Norwood ; J. S. L., Newcastle ; M. T., London ; F. F., Leicester ; H. B. L., Liverpool ; W. B. T., London ; T. C., Buxted ; M. S., Brighton ; C. J. H., Bournemouth ; D. G. W., Richmond ; and J. L., Broughty Ferry.

Competition No. 27.

This week we ask for Haikais. A Haikai is a Japanese form of verse consisting of three unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables respectively, or seventeen syllables in all. Hitherto they have not, we believe, been written in English ; the translated specimens which are given in Mr. W. G. Aston's work on Japanese Literature being loose in construction, and not conforming to the rules just laid down as to syllables. We reproduce, however, a passage from our review of this book a week or so ago to illustrate the nature of the Haikai more clearly.—The greatest master of this very real art was one Matsura Basho. Of him the following story is told. Travelling in the country, he came to a spot where a party of rustics were drinking saké, and composing the fashionable Haikais. They had chosen the full moon for their subject ; and taking Basho for a begging Buddhist priest, they urged him, for fun, to contribute. Basho, with feigned reluctance, began :

"Twas the new moon —

'The new moon ! What a fool this priest is !' cried one. 'The poem should be about the full moon.' 'Let him go on,' said another ; 'it will be all the more sport.' Basho, undisturbed by the mockery, went on :

"Twas the new moon !
Since then I waited—
And, lo ! to-night !

The rustics were amazed ; and when Basho revealed his identity, apologised for their rudeness to an eminent man, 'whose fragrant name was known to the whole world.' Here are two more of Basho's Haikais :

I come aweary,
In search of an inn—
Ah ! these wistaria flowers.

'Tis the first snow—
Just enough to bend
The gladiolus leaves ! "

And here is a Haikai by an earlier practitioner :

Thought I, the fallen flowers
Are returning to their branch ;
But, lo ! they were butterflies.

To the author of the best Haikai, strictly conforming to the rules as to syllables, and reproducing as much Japanese lightness and grace as is possible, a prize of a guinea will be given.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 42, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 11. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 416, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, April 6.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Rail (R. S.), Scottish History from Contemporary Writers: Mary Queen of Scots, 1542-1587(North) 2/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Whyte-Melville (J. G.), Black but Comely(Ward, Lock) 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vincent (C.), Scoring for an Orchestra(Vincent) 1/8
Page (A.), On Organ Playing(Vincent) 2/0
Transactions of the Glasgow Archeological Society. New Series, Vol. III. Part II.(Maclehose)
Murray (Dr. J. A. H.), A New English Dictionary. Vol. IV., Germano-Glass-Cloth; Vol. V., Rod-Horizontal(Butterworth)
Underhill (A.), The Law of Partnership: Six Lectures Delivered at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn(Butterworth)
Dewar (G. A. B.), The South Country Trout Streams... (Lawrence & Bullen)

* * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Announcements.

MESSRS. BELL will publish during the present season the first volume of the new Shakespeare which Mr. Byam Shaw is illustrating. Each volume will contain a single play, and will be illustrated by six full-page drawings, as well as head and tail pieces. The title-page and end-papers have been designed by Mr. Gerald Moira, and Mr. John Dennis has supplied a short introduction and glossary to each play.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have in the press an illustrated work in two volumes by the late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin, entitled *Nelson's Friendships*.

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY has decided upon the title of *A Semi-Detached Marriage* for her next novel, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly.

MR. BURLEIGH will publish immediately a novel, entitled *John Thaddeus Mackay*, by Mr. Charles Williams, the war correspondent. The book contains an unpublished letter of 1874 from Cardinal Newman on private judgment and its limits.

The price of the *Letters of Samuel Rutherford*, reviewed in our last issue, is one shilling, not two shillings, as stated.

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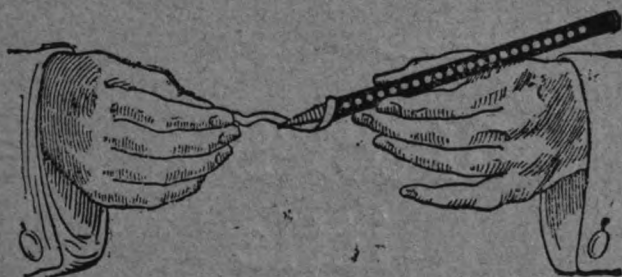
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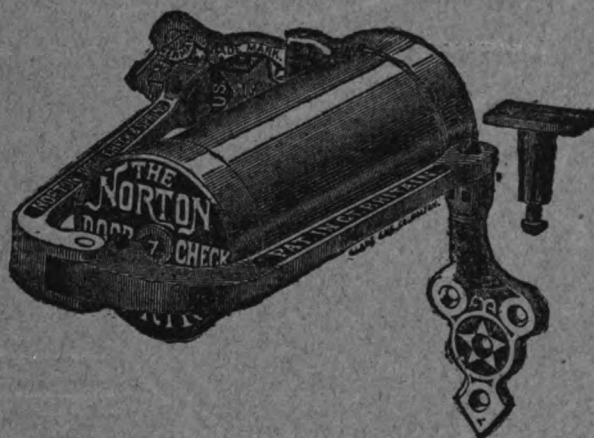
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The Literary Week.

LAST week we commented on the readiness of our readers to translate poetry from the French. Their eagerness to acclimatise the Haikai, a Japanese form of verse, as will be seen from our Competition page, is still more striking. Possibly Haikai-writing may become generally popular, and supply the now neglected ballades, rondeaux and triplets, with a successor. But we fancy not.

THE following were the seven most popular books in America during March :

1. *David Harum*. By E. N. Westcott.
2. *The Day's Work*. By Rudyard Kipling.
3. *The Battle of the Strong*. By Gilbert Parker.
4. *Aylwin*. By Theodore Watts-Dunton.
5. { *When Knighthood was in Flower*. By E. Caskoden.
 Red Rock. By T. N. Page.
6. *Mr. Dooley*. By F. P. Dunne.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's next book will be not prose but poetry—a successor to his *Black Riders*. The title is *War is Kind*. Meanwhile Mr. Crane is hard at work on a new long novel.

OUR paragraph last week about Mr. Günther's *Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students*, wherein he illustrates the use of words by brief extracts from popular novelists, has had an effect we neither expected nor wished. It has made Mr. Günther cross. He has favoured us with a letter of tremendous sarcasm, to which there seems to be no reply. And all the while we really admire the patience and instructive skill displayed in his *Manual*, and were essaying merely to be humorous. But in matters of humour the fault of the Dutch is taking too little and asking too much.

ONE disadvantage of the publication of the "Golden Treasury" edition of *Omar Khayyam*, which is having almost as large a sale as *In His Steps*, is the destruction of the tidy little business done for many years past by an old scribe living in Leicester, who made with his own hands laborious copies of the Rubaiyat, and sold them at a shilling a piece to budding Radicals.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM is just finishing a novel which he is thinking of calling *Zuleika Hobson*. The manner is more or less that of *The Happy Hypocrite*, and its length will be less than half that of *The Christian*. There are probably two reasons for keeping it short: one is that Mr.

Beerbohm is in favour of brevity; the other, that his new book *More* will precede it, and people might be tempted to label *Zuleika* "Too Much."

IN his new novel, Mr. James Lane Allen, the author of *The Choir Invisible*, will again depict life in Kentucky. He has entitled it *The Mettle of the Pasture*, taking the phrase from "Henry V.":

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Mr. Allen thinks his new story his best.

WHATEVER our wishes may be we cannot feel any hope that the project for erecting a statue of Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich will be carried to completion. The English people are too slow to subscribe for such a purpose even when the subject is a popular writer with a household name, so that we cannot believe the learned and cloistral author of *Religio Medici* to have a chance with them. But possibly Sir Peter Eade and his fellow-committeemen feel this, and hope that by asking for much they may get a little, a little being better than nothing. As a local memorial of the great writer, a window in St. Peter's would answer the purpose, and would cost only a tithe of a statue. We should like to know that Norwich had a statue of its great citizen; but we fear that private enterprise alone will supply it.

IN commenting upon the scheme, the *Times* suggests that a new *Religio Medici*, a true product of our time, would be interesting. It would indeed. Few books mentioned by our contributors, in reply to a recent request for the names of needed works, were so much to the point.

THE reported loss of a chapter of the *History of Scotland*, on which Mr. Lang is now engaged, impelled a contributor of the *Westminster Gazette* to rhyme. The verses, in their turn, have impelled Mr. Lang to explain the situation. He writes: "To allay public anxiety, so touchingly expressed by your poet, I may say that only a fragment of a chapter of my History—a chapter which cried aloud to be rewritten—was missing. It dealt with the virtues of that sorely misjudged hero of Scottish independence, the revered Cardinal Beaton. Friends at a distance will kindly accept this intimation."

At Sotheby's, on April 27, will be sold by auction a number of articles of the greatest possible interest to collectors of Stevensoniana—namely, fifty-six lots, consisting of gifts of the early writings of R. L. S. to his mother, and fourteen copies of *The Pentland Rising*, the extremely rare pamphlet with which Stevenson began his serious career. Many of the little books given to his mother have quaint inscriptions. Here is one entry in the catalogue:

Stevenson (R. L.) "The Surprise, vol. I., Saturday, June. San Francisco, Alameda County, no. 3. The Surprise is edited and published semi-monthly by S. L. Osbourne and Co." 4 pp., rudely printed with small cuts, EXTREMELY RARE. sm. 8vo. (after 1875)

* * A very interesting Stevenson leaflet. It contains an advertisement of the works of Stevenson, which includes "The Amateur Emigrant," of which only a few copies were printed and then rigorously suppressed. (See *Athenæum*, Oct. 24, 1880.) There is also an advertisement headed "Helth (sic) to the Sickly!!! Professor Stevenson, with the aid of God's Sun and Mankind's refined Olive Oil will PLUCK the Sufferer from the JAWS of DEATH."

On the first day of the sale, April 24, will be sold a number of Stevenson first editions.

STEVENSONIANS will learn with interest that Swanston, that "least considerable of hamlets" on the slope of the Pentland Hills, is yearly attracting an increasing company of pilgrims. Adam Ritchie, one of the villagers who knew Stevenson well when the "lang-haired, idle-set laddie," as he was wont to term R. L. S., was a visitor in the old manse, and who had many reminiscences of the boy who accompanied him when ploughing the fields, has just passed away. It was here, doubtless, that "Louis" received the impressions which he articulated long years after in some of his songs of exile. Old Adam delighted to tell how "mony a time Stevenson would gang up the rig when I was ploughin', but he wadna gang very far without takin' oot his notebook and bit pencil, and there he would be writin' doon—Guidness kens what! He was never," the old ploughman continued, "what ye could call communicative, but he was a deevil to think, and he wasna sweir to speir what he didna ken."

A new poem by Sir Walter Scott has been published by the *Daily News*. The subject is Killiecrankie, and the verses, which have spirit, are a free translation of the Latin poem beginning *Gramius notabilis collegerat montanos*:

The glorious Graham, of deathless fame,
Brought down his mountain band.

Scott made the verses in 1805 for Mr. Hunter, of the firm of Constable, and the reason of their lying dormant so long may be sought in the difference which subsequently occurred between the two men. Here are three of the best stanzas:

Maclean, the bold, fought as of old,
Amid his martial clan;
From foemen such the tardy Dutch
With speed unwonted ran.
The stout Lockiel with dirk of steel,
And many a Cameron there,
The Southron fell, dispatched to hell,
And bore their spoils to Blair.

Glenmorristen from wood and glen,
A huntsman warrior came;
His carbine true, to earth he threw,
And drew his sword of flame.
He left the doe and bounding roe,
He left the stag at bay,
The whiggish race, like deer to chase,
And course the false Mackay.
While Tummel's wave, by rock and cave,
From Blair to Tay shall run,
Claymore and targe, in Highland charge,
Shall rout the pike and gun.
And you, ye true, your blades who drew,
For Scotland's laws and King,
In storied lays, your deathless praise,
Immortal bards shall sing.

Mr. Hunter's original purpose was to print the poem as an accompaniment to an engraving of the portrait of Lord Dundee, belonging to the Duke of Montrose, as a gift to his Grace.

MR. ZANGWILL when in America gave sittings to a Boston sculptor, Mr. Leo Mielziner, whose bust of the author we reproduce. Apropos of Mr. Zangwill's visit, the New York *Bookman* tells this characteristic story: "At a luncheon given him by some people who were strangers to him, he was treated as the Great Man, and his most indifferent or flippant remark was received with grave interest and tossed about the table to the death of any general conversation. After the luncheon his hostess asked him to write something in her little boy's diary so that the Little Man might always remember the day when he saw the great writer. Mr. Zangwill turned over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there under their respective dates: 'Got a reward of merit,' 'Had a birthday party,' 'Tonsilitis,' and so forth, and then he wrote: 'December—, Zangwillitis.'"



MR. I. ZANGWILL.
From a Bronze by Leo Mielziner,
Boston.

over the leaves of the diary, reading here and there under their respective dates: 'Got a reward of merit,' 'Had a birthday party,' 'Tonsilitis,' and so forth, and then he wrote: 'December—, Zangwillitis.'"

THE series of signed articles promised by the editor of the *Morning Post* some time ago is now in progress. One day this week Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who is known rather as novelist and humorist, contributed a very pretty piece of natural history called "Green Flowers," wherein he described a spring walk, presumably in Devonshire. Mr. Phillpotts has been called Mr. Blackmore's successor, and in this essay another proof of his kinship was offered in the deep reverence for nature which permeated it. But Mr. Phillpotts is a little too fond of fine writing: he has not the simple Saxon eloquence of the author of *Lorna Doone*.

THE acting rights of John Oliver Hobbes' play, "A Repentance," for France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, and

Russia, have been arranged for, and the little drama will be produced in those countries during the next six months.

THE new play by Dr. Conan Doyle, founded on the late James Payn's novel, *Halves*, and called by the same name, which was produced at Aberdeen this week, is another proof of his versatility. Dr. Doyle's career as a dramatist is really only just beginning. His first venture—the comic opera "Jane Annie," in which he collaborated with Mr. Barrie—was a mere trifle; and "The Story of Waterloo," though excellent, was practically a monologue. With "Halves," which is domestic drama, and the Sherlock Holmes play, and another about to be produced, Dr. Conan Doyle enters the ranks of serious writers for the stage. If, as is stated, he intends also to contest a seat in Parliament, novel-readers may, indeed, feel apprehensive.

FOUR of the numbers in Dr. Conan Doyle's *Songs of Action* have been set to music by Prof. Stanford for use in schools. They will be issued immediately by Messrs. Curwen.

A TRANSLATION of the little song by Maurice Maeterlinck, the text of which was printed in our "Paris Letter" last week, has been attempted by several readers. The best version is, we think, that by Mr. W. G. Fulford, which we print below, together with one other:

And if he should yet return, What then shall I say? Tell him that I watched for him, Dying day by day. . . .	Ah, if he come back one day! Should I find the word to say? Tell him of the waiting drear, Till Death clutch'd me in his fear. . . .
And if he, not knowing me, Question me of you? Speak him soft, it may be he Has known sorrow too. . . .	What if he be wholly blind, To the face he used to find Often nigh? . . . Speak low, smile yet, In his heart may burn regret. . . .
And if he should seek for you, What shall I reply? Give him then my golden ring, Making no reply. . . .	Say the answer I must make, If he ask once for thy sake, In his hand my golden ring, Speak not any other thing. . . .
If he ask why never a step Wakes the silent floor? Show him the extinguished lamp And the open door. . . .	If the reason he would know The dim lone house, how can I show? Point but to the lamp once bright, The door flung wide unto the night. . . .
And if he should question still Of the closing sleep? Tell him, tell him, that I smiled— Smiled—lest he should weep. . . .	Can I tell him of the last Late swift hour, ere yet thou pass'd? Only say my smiles so gay Flashed to keep his tears away. . . .

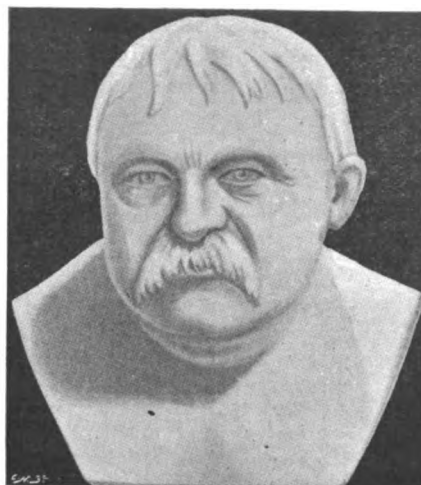
W. G. FULFORD.

E. C. M. DART.

Replies received also from B. D., London; J. S. L., Newcastle; M. T., London; E. M. A., Oxford; H. L. R., London; E. S. W., Sheffield; and M. S., Weybridge.

THERE is a certain fascination in any bird's-eye view of other people's business. We feel it as we turn the pages of *The Legitimist Kalendar for the Year of Our Lord 1899*, just issued, in its third year, by Messrs. Innes. It is curious to think that these expert and well-packed pages have a real meaning for people whom one may pass in the street. And yet, on the whole, we wonder that there are not more Legitimists. The man who finds life prosaic and narrow and material may splash his life with colour by believing that the rightful monarch of these islands is Princess Louis of Bavaria, *née* Mary Theresa Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena. Believing that, yet retaining his respect for Queen Victoria, a man ought never to have a dull moment. He can go and see a brother Legitimist and "put in" a couple of hours' treason. He can shed tears for the murder of Charles the First, and what an exclusive luxury such tears must be! At the worst, he can pore over these intricate pages, and, unlike ourselves, take them seriously. Happy Legitimist!

THE bust of Mr. Howells, the novelist, critic, and un-



MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

From the "Bookman's" Literary Sculpture Gallery.

crowned king of American authors, which we reproduce, is not, like Mr. Zangwill's, from life, but from a caricature in the *New York Bookman*. Mr. Howells's criticisms are too well known in this country and his novels too little. A new story from his very busy pen—*The Ragged Lady*—has just been

issued in America.

A CORRESPONDENT describes in picturesque terms the effect of a sudden darkening of the British Museum reading-room last Saturday by a passing snow storm: "The darkness fell suddenly and intensely like a blanket, and all work was stopped. Then the hundreds of incandescent lamps attached to the reading desks and the surrounding shelves bloomed forth. The effect was a fairyland of rosy and mysterious lights. For about three minutes the great lamps in the dome remained dark. The opportunity thus given to watch a scene of singular beauty was apparently taken by very few readers. A few minutes later the large lamps destroyed the less, and then the prosaic grey daylight extinguished both."

SAYS Mr. W. P. James, in the *St. James's Gazette*, writing of the numerous editions and versions of Omar Khayyam and the Omar cult generally: "The contrast

between this stress of fashion and Old Fitz's secret and fastidious seclusion makes a kind of comic converse to the situation in the famous stanza:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamskyd gloried and drank deep.

Though perhaps FitzGerald might think the final lines suited the situation well enough:

the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep."

This is neat and timely, but oh, so old! The jest was first uttered, and with best effect of all, on the occasion when a number of the faithful met at FitzGerald's grave to plant thereon a rose from Nishaipur. "The wild ass," murmured one of the company, suddenly awakened to the significance of the proceeding, "stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep."

Bibliographical.

WE are told, on the excellent authority of "C. K. S.," to look out for a monograph on Leigh Hunt which shall show that pleasant writer in a new light. It is to be proved, I gather, that Hunt was not the careless handler of money depicted by certain of the commentators. Well, it is always nice to see character rehabilitated, and doubtless something still needs to be done before the reading public can be persuaded that the Harold Skimpole of Dickens was not a true picture of poor Hunt. Meanwhile, Hunt's *Autobiography* has been extant for nearly half a century; his *Correspondence* has been before the world since 1862; his *Life* has been written very sympathetically by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse (1893); and there are numerous glimpses of him in the letters or memoirs of Carlyle, the Cowden Clarkes, S. C. Hall, Hawthorne, Miss Mitford, Tom Moore, P. G. Patmore, Barry Cornwall, and others. Out of all this material, I think, it is possible to construct a tolerably trustworthy figure of the man as well as the writer—though anything absolutely new which his latest biographer may have to tell us will, of course, be welcome.

"C. K. S." further promises us an account by Sir Arthur Sullivan of his *Musical Life*. Well, that will be acceptable too. Sir Arthur has already written his autobiography, in brief, in the columns of *M. A. P.*; he has also submitted to the pressure of the interviewer more frequently than his less complaisant fellow-worker, Mr. Gilbert. Still, he must have very much more to tell. Meanwhile, those interested in the subject may be reminded that a very informing and readable narrative of Sir Arthur's public life is to be found in Mr. Charles Willeby's *Masters of Contemporary English Music*, published half a dozen years ago.

We have had a series of *Masters of Medicine* as well as of *Masters of Music*, and now, it seems, we are to receive from the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson a couple of volumes entitled *Disciples of Æsculapius*, and consisting of studies of famous physicians and surgeons. This ought to be a very useful and, no doubt, readable work, being the product of an expert. I remember reading some years ago—about the middle of the "eighties"—an anonymou

work, also in two volumes, called *The Healing Art*, and dealing in a very instructive though, of course, "popular" way with the history of medicine in all times and places. This work, probably, covered considerably more ground than Sir B. W. Richardson has taken up in the book we are now looking for.

Very interesting is the statement that the Elizabethan Stage Society will shortly give a performance of Omar FitzGerald's adaptation from Calderon, *Life's a Dream*. As a matter of fact, FitzGerald's work, which came out just twenty-two years ago, was entitled by him *Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of*. A translation of Calderon's drama, made by D. F. McCarthy, and called *Life is a Dream*, appeared in 1873; a version of a part of it, called *Life's a Dream*, had been published in 1856. It is not generally known, I find, that FitzGerald "freely translated" as many as eight plays of Calderon.

Talking of plays, I read in a contemporary that "a Polish lady, Marie Zapolska, has tried the experiment of writing a drama without a single male character in it." This, I should fancy, would be a little monotonous. Even the late Mr. Savile Clarke did not attempt so much as this when he wrote his "Adamless Eden" (included in his volume called *A Little Flutter*), for he permitted the Eden to be invaded by three men in the disguise of pilgrims, and by a "special correspondent" in command of an army. The nearest approach in England to the Polish lady's achievement will be, I should say, the little piece by Mr. Farren Souttar which is to be performed in London at Miss Lydia Thompson's forthcoming benefit. In that all the *personæ* will be female except one.

Mr. Layard's appeal for letters from the pen of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton ought to have the effect of bringing him an abundance of material. So far as my knowledge goes, Mrs. Linton was a very fertile correspondent, finding time to write long epistles even to comparative strangers. The form taken by her handwriting suggests that she was a very rapid penwoman—a character in which Mrs. Oliphant was probably one of her rivals. Mrs. Linton's various publishers probably have a fairly large collection of communications from her—or, if they have not, they ought to have. Publishers should preserve the letters of authors; they usually have literary interest—except when they are discoursing about money!

New editions galore! Dr. William Robertson's *History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V., with a View of the Progress of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century*—that, which came out originally a hundred and thirty years ago, must needs want editing, and will get it. Then, Cary's translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*—that dates from 1814, and oh! how oft hath it been re-printed! Scarcely two years have passed since it was re-issued by Messrs. Warne in their handy "Albion" series. Nevertheless, I should imagine that its popularity has of late years been impaired somewhat by the vogue of Longfellow's translation, which is not so readable, but nevertheless has been issued in half-a-dozen or more guises during the past decade. Is it not one of the Best Books of St. Lubbock?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Well-Head of Song.

The High History of the Holy Graal. Translated from the French by Sebastian Evans. "Temple Classics." 2 vols. (Dent. 1s. 6d. each.)

THERE are many points of view possible and desirable in the consideration of a national epic: for example, one may approach it as a student of folk-lore, as a grammarian, as a comparative critic; but the inevitable and final attitude is that of the plain hearer of a story. Homer is seldom best known by the profound Grecian; when he is, the human heart and not the humane learning of the scholar takes hold of the heroic song. The dismal army of commentators rises like a fog-bank to attest the truth of our dictum. But the Arthurian cycle of legends comes down to us quick with auroral joy and brave with the flash of brands; instinct with high endeavour, and ringing with the "glory of generosity"; crying with a far strong voice out of the springs of English time to us in the main current of our national days. It is impossible for one early conversant with that strenuous and august tongue to coolly parse its sentences, or root for its derivations, or expound its meanings under ranged heads. We refuse to dissect our Lancelot or to number the stones of Tintagel. And as we listen to the latest story that has reached us from those dim years we become again as little children, open-eared and open-eyed, drinking in a marvellous tale in the twilight. The Holy Graal unfolds the high history of its mysterious emprise only to senses exalted into a rapt simplicity of apprehension.

But although we do not propose to discourse of matters that are of interest to none save the pedant in his colder moods, it is fit that the reader should know on the word of its translator from the old French that the "High History" can justly claim an antiquity coeval with our greyest cathedrals, and that it is very probably "the original story of Sir Perceval and the Holy Graal, whole and incorrupt as it left the hands of its first author." Who this happy man may have been is more than doubtful. Dr. Evans makes out an ingenious and closely argued case for assigning the beginning of the thirteenth century as the date of his work. But in spite of the probability of its French origin, we cannot help casting a glance in the direction of Walter Map, and secretly trusting that the Frenchman drew his inspiration from that great man, whom we may call our own, and who, dying about 1216, left the story of Arthur ennobled and spiritualised. We stoutly claim the King and his Knights through all their alien transformations, as of our soil, and we would fain believe that their histories, too, are essentially of this "royame of England." What though the Norman touched them to brighter issues? "Saxon, and Dane, and Norman are we."

But passing over the origin of this century of sacred wonders, let us sit down and turn its pages. As we look over them in the delicious first tasting of a book that every reader loves so well, our blood prickles to the authentic thrill of Faery and Chivalry, and the eye again and again alights upon passages of piercing sweetness or of the trumpet's "high disdain." The recital begins with solitary flutings as of the notes of an organ: "Hear ye the history of the most holy vessel that is called Graal, wherein the precious blood of the Saviour was received on the day that He was put on rood." And here, and there, and everywhere such sentences as these lure us to the Quest. "In the midst was an ancient tower that was compassed round of great waters and broad meadowlands." "And he entereth into a great forest adventurous." "They hurtle against each other so grimly that their eyes sparkle as it were of stars in their heads." When we settle to the orderly reading of the book we find ourselves, although on

ground to which we are not strangers, in an atmosphere more rarified than that of the *Mort d'Arthur*. There is less of mystery in it and more of awe: objects stand out clean and sharp; but what we lose in vague wonder and shadowy splendour we gain in a frank and pregnant solemnity as of a spring-dawn, austere and cloudless. The conduct of the story, too, is poles apart from Malory's method. In his book all is inconclusive and visionary: the web of events is dissolved like gossamer at a touch of capricious destiny. Knights and damsels come and go like motes in the sun, or waver into forgetfulness like snow-flakes in the wind. But in the *High History of the Graal* causes march forward to an ordained effect. When a knight crosses the reader's path, let him cunningly note the knightly blazon, for he will meet the shield and its bearer again.

But, notwithstanding this comparative clearness and precision, he who should set forth the argument of the romance through all its "branches" and "master-branches" would undertake a tangled and a barren task. It is neither plot nor individual character that here charms our attention, though both in an archaic sense are sufficiently defined. It is that the fortunate reader, while following the lives of men and women, follows them only upon the heroic plane, and upon an heroic plane so far removed, and yet so familiar to his own feet, that he stands like a man who, tramping the autumn stubble in his native fields, should see by intimate miracle his own boy face among the unyellowed wheat, dabbled with fragrant showers, and transfigured with the glory of the rainbow. As we read, our single sight returns, and for the nonce truth and honour, valour and chastity, worship and reverence, and wonder and delight, are matters that import us greatly. The dross and impediments of our soiled spirits fall away, and we walk upon morning mountains.

It is to be gratefully acknowledged that not a little of the magic of this magical book flows from the pen of the translator. Upon almost every occasion he is master of his English, the English of Sir Thomas Malory, with a not discreditable difference. Justice cannot be done to its qualities in scanty extracts, yet it would be unjust not to quote. We must premise that we have chosen these passages almost at random, and that there are many as good:

Thereupon, Lancelot departeth from the hermitage and rideth on until he cometh forth of the forest, and findeth a waste land, a country broad and long wherein wonned neither beast nor bird, for the land was so poor and parched that no victual was to be found therein. Lancelot looketh before him, and seeth a city appear far away. Thither rideth he full speed and seeth that the city is so great that it seemeth him to encompass a whole country. He seeth the walls that are falling all around, and the gates ruined with age. He entereth within, and findeth the city all void of folk, and seeth the great palaces fallen down and waste, and the great graveyards full of sepulchres, and the tall churches all lying waste, and the markets and exchanges all empty.

The King seeth the chapel of St. Augustine and the right fair hermitage. Thitherward goeth he and alighteth, and it seemeth him that the hermit is appalled to sing the mass. He reineth up his horse to the bough of a tree by the side of the chapel and thinketh to enter therein, but had it been to conquer all the kingdoms of the world, therein might he not enter, albeit there was none made him denial thereof, for the door was open and none saw he that might forbid him. Sore ashamed is the King thereof. Howbeit, he beholdeth an image of our Lord that was there within and crieth Him of Mercy right sweetly and looketh toward the altar. And he looketh at the Holy Hermit that was robed to sing mass and said his *Confiteor*, and seeth at his right hand the fairest Child that ever he had seen, and He was clad in an alb, and had a golden crown on his head, loaded with precious stones that gave out a full great brightness of light. On the left-

hand side was a Lady so fair that all the beauties of the World might not compare them with her beauty. When the holy hermit had said his *Confiteor* and went to the altar, the Lady also took her Son, and went to sit upon the right-hand side towards the altar upon a right rich chair and set her Son upon her knees and began to kiss Him full sweetly and saith: "Sir," saith she, "you are my Father, and my Son, and my Lord, and guardian of me and of all the world." King Arthur heareth the words and seeth the beauty of the Lady and of the Child, and marvelleth much of this that She should call Him her Father and her Son. He looketh at a window behind the altar and seeth a flame come through at the very instant that mass was begun, clearer than any ray of sun nor moon nor star, and evermore it threw forth a brightness of light such that and all the lights in the world had been together it would not have been the like. And it is come down upon the altar. King Arthur seeth it, who marvelleth him much thereof. But sore it irketh him of this that he may not enter therewithin, and he heareth, there where the holy hermit was singing the mass, right fair responses, and they seem him to be the responses of angels.

But we must take leave of old Romance and descend to earth again. And having touched it, may we raise a solitary voice, as of one crying in the wilderness, against what many readers may cherish as a fit embellishment of the book? We acknowledge the literary value and the artistic curiosity of the work of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, but we would protest, amid the chorus of praise, against his realisation of the actors in the Arthurian legend. His Knights are *not* the Knights of the Table Round, and scarce one of them could "back a steed" or "shake a spear." When the King mounts his charger, "he planteth himself so stiffly in the stirrups that he maketh the saddle-bows creak again, and the destrier stagger under him that was right stout and swift." And Sir Perceval, "the chaste knight of most holy lineage, hath a head of gold, the look of a lion, a heart of steel, and the body of an elephant." These are the true heroes of chivalric story; and to get at the essence of the chivalry he illustrated we must forget a great deal of Sir E. Burne-Jones, unless, indeed, we prefer him to the truth, which in this, as in so many cases, is the sheer poetry of the matter.

The Quaker Poet.

The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. Edited by W. Garrett Horder. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the first complete edition of John Greenleaf Whittier's poetical works issued in this country. It is a reprint of the "Cambridge" edition issued in America in 1894. That edition comprised the large "Riverside" collection of the poet's works, and also the poems gathered in the small posthumous volume *At Sundown*, and certain poems printed by Mr. S. T. Pickard (not "Packard," as printed in Mr. Horder's preface). We have, therefore, in a handy volume, the whole body of Whittier's verse. Mr. Horder has appended a number of useful, unobtrusive notes, all of which are necessary to English readers. The result is a volume for which many will feel profoundly grateful.

The poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier is not great poetry, but it has the merit of being personal in every line. Whittier wrote as he lived: his poetry is himself. You see his Quaker ancestors shaping his thoughts: they had suffered in the wicked persecutions of Endicott, and each wrong which he saw done under the sun reminded him of his fathers' days of bitterness. A Quaker and a lover of peace, he was yet a fighter at heart. The energy of his Anti-Slavery verse is that of a man who was hardly withheld by conscience from taking up the sword. He confessed, indeed, that "something of the grim Berserker spirit" was in him. Note how, in one of his national songs, "Massachusetts to Virginia," the Quaker

poet disclaims war and states a cause for war in one hot breath:

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your
scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels, you've hunted for our
lives;
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles
and gyves!

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of
sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have
given
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!

But this was only one—the most positive—side of Whittier's character. He was also a home-loving man, and was rooted in the soil of New England. Growing up in an old farmhouse in the valley of the Merrimac, his imagination was awakened by his father's stories, and was fed by the visits of humpbacks and gypsies, and by the traditions and village terrors which in after years he loved to stir up and play with. Moreover, the piety of his parents and the knowledge that he came of a clean, God-fearing race sank into his heart and made him a good man. In his beautiful poem, "Snow-bound," Whittier has enshrined these influences. We call this poem beautiful, not because it is technically so, or, indeed, poetically remarkable, but because it renders the sanctities of home life and the impressions of childhood with a force and felicity which we may seek in vain among similar attempts. Take these lines out of many:

We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore
"The Chief of Gambia's Golden Shore."

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.

Whittier's choice would have been to live quietly and write verse. But there could be no peace for him when once his sympathies had been enlisted for the negro slaves. He went into the fight, and for many years lent his pen, not primarily to the Muse, but to Liberty. It was of himself that he wrote:

And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muse's haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill.

Having turned his crank, and won a laurel crown which will not wither just yet, Whittier returned to the plan that had pleased his boyish thought. He gave himself to Nature and to Poetry. The bright Merrimac, the salt sea meadows of Hampton, the wet levels encircling Salisbury, the hills of Newbury rising out of farm lands, and the nestling hamlets of New England, called him and were answered. Here is one of his realised landscapes :

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away.

Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow ;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung ;
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;
And glimpses of chimneys, and gabled eaves,
Through green elm arches and maple leaves—
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man.

Whittier's latter years were idyllic. He had fame and friends. He was an honoured figure in that fair New England band of writers which included Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes. Few poems of Whittier's are better known than his address "To Oliver Wendell Holmes," in which not a little of the poet's life is gathered up. We quote a few verses :

Thy hand, old friend ! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless or vain.
Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.
The hour draws near, howe'er delayed or late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll ;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

No man grew old more gracefully than Whittier, but that is a poor way of describing the long, calm sun-down of the poet's life. Of his poetry as a whole it may be said that its charm is never insufficient. It is for ever reinforced by the man behind it—"an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." In such cases criticism lays aside its pen. For the warm, firm pressure of a good man's hand is felt in Whittier's verse, and when he speaks of his faith, and discloses his inmost thoughts, we are silent and grateful. Thus in his "Eternal Goodness" Whittier speaks to all world-weary men and women as few poets have done—for he speaks as poet and saint. We conclude by quoting a few of those unforgettable lines :

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.
And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore,

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee !

A Translator-General.

Suetonius' History of the Twelve Cæsars. Translated into English by Philemon Holland. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 2 vols. "Tudor Translations." (Nutt. 24s.)

MR. WHIBLEY is eminently a fighting man ; but we imagine that we are by no means the only readers who prefer him in his less combative moods. And to our thinking he is quite at his best in such interpretative essays as he is called upon to contribute to the present number of the "Tudor Translations." The great writers of "insolent Greece and haughty Rome" have long ago laid their spell upon his admiration, and of all modernity the brocaded homespun of the Elizabethan translators seems to be nearest to his heart. His present study, which summarises the essential to be said both upon Philemon Holland and Suetonius, is quite felicitous. Mr. Whibley wears his erudition lightly, and he is a past-master in the art of presenting the kernel of a biography and the soul of a criticism in a dozen fascinating pages. It is our only complaint that in dealing with Philemon Holland excess of sympathy has led him into a pitfall of sentimentalism where we should have thought he, of all men, would have found himself supremely uncomfortable. "Was he not," says he of Philemon at Coventry, "the kindly physician, who healed not for money, but for healing's sake? So he tended the sick in charity and grew poor. Wherever the pestilence raged, or fever burned, there went Holland, bringing with him the comfort of medicine and good counsel." Now read Holland himself in the preface to Suetonius, written, of course, in 1606, before he exchanged the occupation of a physician for that of a schoolmaster :

Madame, the late pestilence in Coventrie, which occasioned my translation, &c, of this Historie, moved me also, in part, to addresse the same unto your Honour.

For being altogether restrained then, from free practise of my profession abroad, and no lesse impatient of idleness at home, I could not readily think of a better course to spend that vacation than in an Argument having a reference to mine old Grammaticall Muses, and according, in some sort, with my later studies in Physick. What houres, therefore, either the doubtful or diseased estate of my neighbours, together with the meditations of mine own mortalitie, would afford, I employed gladly in the said subject.

The last sentence is somewhat ambiguous ; but it is clearly an odd sort of "kindly physician" that finds a time of pestilence a "vacation" ; and "meditations of mine own mortalitie" are dangerous companions in such a crisis.

Nevertheless, both Philemon Holland and Suetonius are well worthy of Mr. Whibley's art. Fuller proclaimed Holland "the Translator-Generall in his age" ; and though posterity may, perhaps, elect to prefer the racy subject-matter of Florio, or the unparalleled splendour of the style of North, still, the thorough excellence of Holland's workmanship, and the row of noble folios—Livy, Plutarch, Pliny, Suetonius, Camden's *Britannia*, Ammianus Marcellinus, the *Cyropædia*—which testify to

his untiring industry, entitle him to every respect from a less tough-brained modern. Mr. Whibley paints the old usher for us from his engraved portrait:

White hair and beard frame an oval face, and a large ruff encircles the scholar's neck. Small eyes, a fat nose, a lofty brow, an air of gravity—these are the outward characteristics of Philemon Holland. A quill-pen, held in his right hand, is a proper symbol of his devotion to letters. And as his portrait shows him, so we know him to have ambled through life. . . . His godson, after the gossiping fashion of the time, confided to Anthony à Wood a sketch of manifest truth. "His intellectuals and his senses," wrote Philemon Angel, "remained perfect until the eighty-fourth year of his age; and more especially his sight so good, that he never used spectacles in all his life; he was always of a spare and temperate diet, and seldom drank between meals. And was always of a peaceable and quiet spirit; and his life so innocent that he was never in all his days either plaintiff or defendant in any suit at law in any court (though he suffered sometimes by it). As a scholar he was a most reserved man, most indefatigable in his study, saying often that there was no greater burden than idleness." He drank not between meals, and never wore spectacles—these are the details, so well understood in the heyday of biography, which mark off a man from all his fellows.

Mr. Whibley dedicates his volumes to Mr. Rhodes, who, by the way, once informed an interviewer that he has already a complete collection of specially executed type-written translations of the classics in the library of his palace at the Cape. And the propriety of the dedication becomes manifest when you reflect on the character of Suetonius' work. For a Suetonius, with his remorseless exposure of the follies and weaknesses of the great, is the avenging angel who awaits those that make for empire. He has not, as Mr. Whibley points out, the supreme tragic sense of Tacitus; but his biographies vignette the seamy side of the Roman court in a fashion far more convincing than that of Juvenal, simply because they are dictated not by *severa indignatio*, but by a very human and very commonplace love of prying into corners and raking to light that which had better remain hidden. For the real greatness of the Roman Empire, for its slow dissemination of peace and justice within wide frontiers, he has no eye. He writes history as a valet—from the vantage-ground of the ante-chamber. It is a prurient and grovelling realism. And therefore, for all his extraordinary power of portraiture, it is but a grudging gratitude, in the end, that he extorts from us. Nevertheless, he has the power. He, too, like Philemon Angel, knew what are the details which mark off a man from his fellows. He never omits the wart. Of Augustus he tells us that "in his old age he saw not very well with his left eye. His teeth grew thin in his head and the same were small and ragged." And again: "Hee delighted most in Rhetian wine; and seldome dranke hee in the day time. In steede of drinke hee tooke a sop of bread soaked in colde water; or a peece of coucumber, or a young leetuce head, or else some new gathered apple, sharpe and tart, standing much upon a winish liquour within it."

The Suetonius type of mind is anything but extinct, and Mr. Rhodes must beware lest some budding Dutch realist may not have an unsparing eye upon his down-sitting and uprising for a similar purpose.

Scots "Makaris."

Scottish Vernacular Literature. By T. F. Henderson. (Nutt. 6s.)

Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland. By Robert Ford. (Gardner. 5s. net.)

MR. HENDERSON, as the coadjutor of Mr. Henley in the *Centenary Burns*, has shared the rancour of the "common Burnsites," and has commended himself, by patient industry

and critical accuracy, to the attention of scholars. The "succinct history" of Scottish vernacular literature, which he has now given us, is another excellent piece of work. To it he has brought a learning without pedantry, an appreciation which avoids the pitfall of sentimentalism, and a morality which never forgets to be humane. We do not know where to look for a fuller, a more well-informed, or a more racy account of the "makaris," or for a juster estimate of their qualities and defects, and of the place which, historically and critically, they hold in literature. We have girded somewhat of late at the multiplication of literary summaries and handbooks. But this particular volume is no superfluous one. So far as we are aware, it is without serious rivals on its own ground, and the material which it embraces admits of adequate treatment within its limits, without undue compression. Moreover, within the last few years, at least three vexed questions concerning Scottish vernacular literature have arisen, each of which has given rise to a considerable controversy, which naturally falls to be summed up in Mr. Henderson's pages. We propose briefly to follow him through each of these. The first is the doubt raised by Mr. J. T. T. Brown as to the authenticity of the *Kingis Quair*, traditionally ascribed to King James the First. Here, like almost every scholar who has approached the question, other than Mr. Brown, Mr. Henderson gives his allegiance to the conservative view; and where so much depends on a nice sense of opposing probabilities, it must be admitted that numbers tell. Prof. Skeat, M. Jusserand, Prof. Saintsbury, Mr. Rait—whose admirable pamphlet on the subject Mr. Henderson might have referred to—and now Mr. Henderson himself: that makes a redoubtable array for even so well-equipped a controversialist as Mr. Brown to contend against. Mr. Henderson, however, seems to us to weaken his case by attributing also to James the First *At Bellayne* and *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, ascriptions in which we fancy he stands, amongst competent critics, alone.

The second point of interest is in the diverging theories as to the origin of that considerable mass of ballad literature which fills so large a space in Prof. Child's magnificent *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and is to many minds, after Burns, the most characteristic expression of the Scottish Muse. The view of Motherwell that some, at least, of the ballads are of immemorial antiquity, and in some cases almost contemporary with the historical events which they profess to relate, may perhaps be neglected. And the majority of scholars would probably agree with the theory of Prof. Courthope, that the ballads, as we have them, are derived from antecedent romances; are, in fact, the *detritus* of romance, composed and hawked about the country by wandering singers in the decay of minstrelsy. Mr. Henderson himself accepts this theory with certain modifications, and runs a tilt at the opposing theory of Mr. Andrew Lang and one or two others, who hold that the ballads are folk-literature rather than minstrel-literature; that they "spring from the very heart of the people, and dit from age to age, from life to life, of shepherds, peasants, nurses, of all the class that continues nearest to the natural state of man"; that they "make music with the flash of the fisherman's oar, with the hum of the spinning-wheel, and keep time with step of the ploughman as he drives his team." Mr. Lang puts his case as prettily as possible, but we own to agreeing with Prof. Courthope and Mr. Henderson that it is not really a well-founded one. It seems to rest on an imperfect appreciation of the difference between primitive and merely degraded types of poetry, and of the low vitality of all folk-song in the presence of a minstrel class. Everywhere, we suppose, the folk in the morning of its days, has composed the words and melodies of its own festal carols and rude heroic lays; but everywhere, surely, it has practically ceased to do so, as soon as it had someone else—a professional minstrel, in fact—to do the thing for it,

Thirdly, we look with natural interest for Mr. Henderson's last word on the clangorous subject of Burns. Without going deeply into controversial issues, he maintains the chief positions already occupied by his colleague in the famous essay. He scoffs at the "blind encomium" of the village enthusiast and dwells on an "exuberant vitality" as the determining force in Burns's career for good and for bad.

But this noble faculty, this exuberant physical and mental vitality, was to spend itself very largely in beating against the walls of its prison-house. At the outset it was to be all but fatally injured by the iron drudgery of Mount Oliphant—a drudgery which, as he said, combined the "cheerless gloom of a hermit with the ceaseless toil of a galley slave"; and which left behind debilities and tendencies that were bound to evince themselves in some form, and do much to explain his restless craving for excitement, and for those "violent delights" which

"have violent ends,
And in their triumph die."

Nor, apart from its undue straining in his earlier years, was he ever in circumstances where it did not suffer, more or less, from the tedium and harm of repression; and thus it acted too much as a mere fever in the blood, and never became the fully beneficent influence either to himself or the world that it might have been amid more congenial surroundings, and with free scope for its employment and full expansion.

On the question, again, of Burns's relations to his predecessors, Mr. Henderson has little to do but to reiterate conclusions already formed and formulated. That Burns modelled himself on the old "makaris," and on such modern reproducers of their spirit as Sempill, Ramsay, and Ferguson; that much of his success in the vernacular was due to the inheritance of traditional peasant lyric into which by industrious research and affinity of spirit he had entered: these things the *Centenary Burns* has taught us, in spite of the Burnsites, and it is largely owing to Mr. Henderson's pains that we take them now for gospel.

There are other points in Mr. Henderson's pages over which we would gladly dwell: his full and sympathetic treatment, for instance, of such masters as Dunbar, Henderson, and Alexander Scott, or his general picture of that glorious fifteenth century in which, while England was stifled and throttled in the toils of civil war, it was left for the Scottish disciples of Chaucer to carry on most faithfully, and yet with most originality, the traditions of the master. With James the Sixth and First, the exodus to England, and the fully established authority of the Kirk, the great period of Scottish vernacular literature, the age of the "makaris," comes to an end. Of the derivative eighteenth century reaction, which Ramsay began and Burns illustrated, Mr. Henderson, with a true sense of the proportion of things, treats but briefly.

Those who find the matter worth pursuing may supplement his chapters with the collection of popular ballads and songs made by Mr. Robert Ford. These are such as "have been the familiar entertainment of the country people of Scotland during three-quarters of the nineteenth century." Some of these are already to be found in standard collections of songs, but the larger number now appear in book form for the first time. Mr. Ford has gathered them with patient research from obscure publications, the kindness of correspondents, and the lips of the peasantry themselves. To each he has added such historical and bibliographical data as he could get together, and in some cases he has been able to print the melodies which traditionally accompany the words. There is picking in the collection, both of humour and sentiment; but, on the whole, it confirms us in the opinion that the best of this kind has been gathered together long ago. Nor can many of the songs boast any great antiquity. Where Mr. Ford is able to give the date of composition, it generally falls within the last hundred years.

Thin.

The Green Window. By Vincent O'Sullivan. (Leonard Smithers. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book has an air about it. It is slim and tall, and its title and appearance are oracular. But why the *green window*? The window we can understand, because Mr. O'Sullivan surveys life, and speaks his mind on it. Greenness suggests youth, and we hope that this book is a youthful effort; other fitness there seems to be none. The table of contents next excites our wonder. It presents a long, perpendicular ribbon of monosyllables, as "Sob," "Same," "White," "Vah," "Crave," "Have," "Glide": such being the titles of some of the essays (twenty-five in all) of which the book is composed. However, these are small matters; a sage may be allowed his cabalistic signs and dried alligators. The book's the thing.

The book is a hurtling fragment of pessimism. Its keynote is struck in these lines from the opening essay:

In this struggle things are not noble or base; they are merely expedient. Every man, however fair-spoken, has in mind some secret advantage: he is for himself, and therefore against you. You must cross I's with him. Your part is to have your I out of the scabbard before he can get his well in hand. Sweet words and actions are but brilliant parries; affection is a snare; and you will be wise to regard all protests of sincerity with suspicion, since humanity tends to the vile.

Well, well! many an optimist and cheery liver has said as much; for life will stand a vast amount of battering and abuse and still seem worth living. In one of his most beautiful poems Matthew Arnold sees life as a darkling plain "where ignorant armies clash by night"; wherefore "Let us cling together, love." Alas! our new mentor tells us:

The moment you love you become a slave. . . . Whatever it may be that you love, it becomes the black care that rides behind your saddle. So if you would be free, it were well to come early to the late conclusion of the soured King worn with pleasure, that every affection is vanity.

It will be seen that, to use a vulgarism, Mr. O'Sullivan has it pretty bad. But that remark about the soured king exposes the weakness of his oracles. He does not see that the knowledge of the vanity of all things is an individual matter. Solomon had to go through a life of opportunity and experiment to learn it, and then he discovered it only for himself, and by no means for the young satrap at his side. It is not possible to come early to a conclusion which is the accompaniment of physical decay and is then commonly transmuted into a comfort. Still less is it possible for Mr. O'Sullivan to impart it to healthy minds.

Books like this are idle things. To tell a youth not to trust men or love women is merely to tell him not to go on living. For to live is to do both. The depth of Mr. O'Sullivan's philosophy may be judged by the following passage:

If you have ambitions or a plan, you may do any task however dulling and still respect yourself, since it will not last for always; but to sweat at some mean work, to be the scourge of a master, merely for trivial comforts, such as maintaining a suburban cottage, or a seat in church, or a broadcloth coat, is the most servile of degradations. Better be the pariah-dog who wanders where he listeth, or the gypsy to whom none can say, "I order you." I have often looked at old third or fourth clerks in the counting-houses of the city merchants, and wondered how, when they were young and their blood was still hot, they had been content to help somebody else to grow rich and powerful, while they saw nothing for themselves beyond the place of third or fourth clerk, and death. Now they are silly and obsequious, or weakly arrogant; their faces are the white flags of their unwholesome surrender.

A third or fourth clerk who in the beginning of his career had seen nothing but that goal would not be even a

third or fourth clerk. But life is not so lived or weighted down. And the suburban cottage and broadcloth coat are, after all, the necessary things, and far better than that feckless liberty of ferocious pessimism which Mr. O'Sullivan would apparently have preferred that the budding clerk should embrace.

In conclusion, Mr. O'Sullivan gives his readers these alternatives: "Either you hate me because I have shown you the bodkin truth so nakedly that the blood has tingled in your cheek, or you applaud me for not throwing over the figure of truth the gaudy veil of hypocrisy." We neither hate Mr. O'Sullivan nor applaud him. We smile.

The Drama in Three Volumes.

A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne. By Adolphus William Ward, Litt. D., Hon. LL.D. New Edition. 3 vols. (Macmillan. 36s.)

DR. WARD'S treatise first appeared almost a quarter of a century ago, and it at once took rank as a standard authority. Since then a generation of vigorous studies in England, America, and the Continent upon the English drama had left it somewhat in the rearguard of research, and Dr. Ward's announcement of his intention to bring it thoroughly up to date was a welcome one. The revision has been a very searching one; the quantity of new matter to be added was considerable; and, though Dr. Ward has left "the plan of the whole unaltered," and has abstained "from recasting either general or particular conclusions, except when they have been modified by maturer consideration," yet the opening up of fresh sources of information has necessarily resulted in the rewriting of whole chapters or large portions of chapters. The total outcome is a work precisely half as large again in bulk—three volumes for two—as its predecessor, and the disappearance of the more theoretical summary of the whole subject, with which Dr. Ward formerly prefaced his chronicle.

Taken for all in all, then, the substantial qualities of the new book are those of the old book when it first appeared: *mutatis mutandis*, its merits and demerits in relation to the study of the English drama as a whole are materially unaltered. Those qualities and merits are of solidity rather than brilliance. Dr. Ward is a patient and conscientious scholar; he grinds through and digests all the literature that comes in his way; his facts are accurate and clearly stated; his analyses are laborious and complete; his theories and criticisms not fantastic. He gives you an excellent common-sense history, an invaluable work of reference; but it is not a great book. It would not, we think, be possible to read it through from beginning to end, for it lacks the saving grace of style; and it would hardly be desirable, for the wealth of detailed narrative and comment is imperfectly subordinate to that expression of dominant, of master ideas, which, apart from style, alone renders a book of the kind imperishable.

So far as practical value goes, the most useful part of the history is probably that which deals with Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and the seventeenth century dramatists, down to Shirley, and then again with the Restoration dramatists down to Queen Anne; for here Dr. Ward is covering ground which is adequately covered by no other writer known to us. But the biography of Shakespeare is good, even beside Mr. Lee's, and in the detailed studies of the individual Shakespeare plays, their sources and their literature, Dr. Ward gives something which falls outside Mr. Lee's scope. The chapters on the earlier Elizabethan dramatists are good too, though, except for a little later information, they do not quite come up to John Addington Symonds' *Shakespeare's Predecessors*. On the other hand, in dealing with the *origines*, with the possible

secular drama of minstrelsy, with the germ of religious drama in the liturgy play, and its development into the full-blown miracle-play, Dr. Ward is at his worst. We should conjecture that questions of *origines* do not much interest him, and that he has not taken the trouble to master the very considerable literature—mostly, of course, French or German—which the last decade or so has produced on the subject. This section of his book is very distinctly inferior, even as a discussion of the distinctively English *data* is markedly inferior to Creizenach's volume on the mediæval and early Renaissance drama, a work which, though it was published as long ago as 1893, Dr. Ward does not appear to have used. For the matter of that he seems to have made no use of Petit de Julleville's several important works, or of Lange's collection of Easter plays, or of Wirth's work on the same subject, or of Cloetta's interesting study on the history of the notion's "Comedy" and "Tragedy" in the Middle Ages. The nature of a trope and its importance as the starting-point of the religious drama has dawned upon him, late and imperfectly, in an appendix, while of the Benedictine Winchester office of the Sepulchre or of the Dublin Resurrection play he knows nothing. And he innocently reproduces some good old crusted errors, of which we vainly hoped to have seen the last. We have not space to go into these in detail: let it stand for an example that he is beguiled by the authority of an ignorant antiquary into translating *sacrae paginae professor* not "professor of holy scripture," which of course is its real significance, but "professor of holy pageantry." However, the most learned scholar cannot be omniscient, and we excuse Dr. Ward's weakness on the mediæval part of his subject for the sake of the really sound work which he has put into the bulk of his book.

Ten Years of History.

England in the Age of Wycliffe. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Longmans. 15s.)

APPARENTLY it takes two of his sons to sustain Sir George Trevelyan's double achievement in politics and history, for almost simultaneously Mr. C. P. Trevelyan is elected to Parliament and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan—who has indeed fulfilled another of his father's ideals by becoming a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge—presents his first treatise. *England in the Age of Wycliffe* is true to the traditions of the house, alike in its sustained and excellent literary quality and in the spirit of Protestant Whiggism which informs it. We do not mean that Mr. Trevelyan, dealing with one of the great transition periods, is unfair or prejudiced against mediævalism, for, indeed, mediævalism was on its last legs when Wycliffe came, and perhaps it would not be easy to speak too hardly of it. What we mean is that Mr. Trevelyan's instinct is to look forward, and not back. His eye is on the new spirit which was abroad at the end of the fourteenth century, and which, though the strong hand of Henry V. kept it in abeyance for a while, was ultimately to blossom forth in Reformation and Revolution. Upon the glories of the great system crumbling to decay he hardly pauses to throw a sympathetic glance of retrospect. The book deals with the statics of history rather than its progress. The actual period covered by the narrative is very short, about ten years—from the beginning of the Good Parliament to the final disappearance of John of Gaunt. The chief events dealt with are the career of that unscrupulous and self-seeking statesman, the Peasants' Rising, and the appearance of one of the great personalities of English history in John Wycliffe. Around these three points of interest Mr. Trevelyan builds up a quite admirable picture of the whole civilisation of the day in its threefold aspects—political, social, and religious. He has thoroughly succeeded in indicating the volcanic nature of the forces at work in the endless task of unmaking and

remaking society and the somewhat complex cross-currents of their interaction. The account of the Peasants' Rising is particularly interesting. Mr. Trevelyan has had the advantage of using the detailed studies of the matter by M. André Réville and Mr. Edgar Powell, and has also been able, with Mr. Powell's help, to unearth a good deal of hitherto unutilised material in the Record Office. His narrative is at once the fullest and the most intelligible with which we are acquainted, and is moreover written with singular vigour and picturesqueness. The treatment of Wycliffe is also very full and discriminating, and his unique position as at once mediæval schoolman and precursor of the Reformation is well brought out. In studying the effects of Wycliffe's teaching Mr. Trevelyan does not confine himself to the strict limits of his period, but traces the growth and influence of Lollardry down to the sixteenth century itself. The book is one which seems to us equally meritorious from the point of view of the professed student and that of the general reader.

Other New Books.

CROMWELL TO WELLINGTON. ED. BY SPENSER WILKINSON.

This is a big book of big interest: a kind of solemn roll-call of our greatest soldiers. And there is more unity in the work than appears at first sight. These twelve lives of soldiers, written by as many different hands, are edited under the leading idea that they shall present "a picture of the British army at work during the century and a half in which the Army helped the Navy to make Great and Greater Britain what they have been since men now living can remember." The lives chosen are those of Cromwell, Marlborough, Peterborough, Wolfe, Clive, Coote, Heathfield, Abercromby, Lake, Baird, Moore, Wellington. A portrait of each soldier is given, and there are many plans of battles and sieges, military sketches, &c., to assist the reader. A notable feature of the book is the Introduction by Lord Roberts. It is interesting, for instance, to find Lord Roberts assigning to Marlborough "the foremost place in the roll of British commanders." He says of the victor of Blenheim:

His splendid military genius was united with an almost unparalleled evenness of temper, and a regard for, and sympathy with, his troops, which earned for him a devotion scarcely less than that which the Tenth Legion felt for Cæsar, or the Old Guard for Napoleon. From a moralist's point of view, Marlborough's character was not faultless, but as a General he had few equals and no superior. He never fought a battle which he did not win, never besieged a city which he did not take, and, in spite of obstructive allies and jealous Continental rivals, he curbed the aggression of France, and restored the balance of power in Europe.

The lives lend themselves with varying fitness to the short treatment they receive (say forty pages each) in this volume. Where the interest of a man's career centres in a single incident or campaign, as in the cases of Wolfe, Lord Heathfield, and Sir John Moore, the literary result is finer than where a long and complicated career has to be surveyed. But the book admirably fulfils its purpose, and there is hardly a biography in it which does not bring into relief the importance of sea-power, and the vital bond which makes our Army and Navy not only sister services in name, but the indispensable complements of each other. Certainly in no book with which we are acquainted is so much military genius discussed with so much military knowledge. (Lawrence & Bullen. 10s. 6d.)

THE PARSON'S HANDBOOK. BY THE REV. PERCY DEARMER.

This book is clearly born of the times. Its express object, indeed, is "to help, in however humble a way, towards remedying the lamentable confusion, lawlessness, and vulgarity which are conspicuous in the Church at this

time." Mr. Dearmer does not use the words confusion, lawlessness, and vulgarity without meaning them. He proceeds to account for the presence of these evils *seriatim*, and to argue that the cure for them is to be found in a more loyal obedience to the Prayer Book. With great force and earnestness Mr. Dearmer sets himself to show that the Ornaments Rubric, which orders that the ornaments which were in use in 1548 are to be retained, is to be taken to mean exactly what it says, and to be obeyed accordingly. Its application is another matter; and here Mr. Dearmer sees great merit in the recommendation of the present Archbishop of York, that questions of ceremonial should be settled by a committee of experts to which all loyal Churchmen could look for guidance. We can but refer those whom it concerns to this very sound little book. And those who are repelled by the intricacy of the subject may do well to consider the following neat anticipation of their mood:

Ceremonial directions often appear, at first sight, to be over-minute. But all the manners of our everyday life are governed by rules quite as elaborate; only, being instructed in them from our earliest childhood, we do not notice them. Let anyone write out a paper of directions for the conduct of a South Sea Islander at a London dinner-party, and he will find that the most meticulous ceremonies ever held in a church are far outdistanced. And yet a person who simplifies the ceremonial of the dinner-table over-much becomes obviously disgusting in his behaviour.

Having discussed the subject of ritual in relation to present disputes and conditions, Mr. Dearmer proceeds to expound the proper character of the Choir, the Nave, the Altar, Vestments, Ornaments, the various services, and the administration of Holy Communion. Mr. Dearmer has probably rendered a real service to the Church by this cogent and temperate little work. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

TUSCAN ARTISTS.

BY HOPE REA.

These notes, by a very competent student of Italian art, are addressed to the traveller who desires to appreciate intelligently the masterpieces among which, for a few brief holiday weeks, his lot is cast. They are not exhaustive, but take up and elucidate by careful comparison and sympathetic criticism some half-dozen of the innumerable points to which attention might profitably be directed. Thus in one chapter Miss Rea traces the influence first of architecture, then of the goldsmith's work, in determining the character of Tuscan painting, and especially of Botticelli; in the next, Fra Angelico, as an idealist, is compared with Luca Signorelli, as a realist, and the significance of either in the realm of art considered. Then follows an account of the manner in which the two tendencies ultimately became fused—on the one hand, in Raphael; on the other, in the great Venetians. A study of the mediæval artist as a story-teller is illustrated from the narrative frescoes of Giotto, Duccio, Carpaccio, and Raphael. Some examples are given of the gradual development, along traditional lines, of such traditional subjects as the Creation of Man, the Crucifixion, the Cenacolo. And, finally, a closing chapter contains a careful study of the great tabernacle which Orcagna made for Daddi's Madonna in Or San Michele. On the whole, an unassuming but thoughtful and suggestive little book, which should be particularly useful to those who desire to approach Italian art from the side of idea, as well as that of technique. (Redway. 5s. net.)

SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD II. ED. BY A. W. VERITY.

This is one of the best of Mr. Verity's excellent little editions of plays of Shakespeare. The Introduction is full and pleasantly written, and should help the student to arrive at a genuine critical sense of the value and beauty of the play, as well as of its position in literary history. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Verity's critical

exposition is that perhaps more stress might have been laid upon the shifting of the spectator's sympathy in the course of the play, until in the end it becomes as markedly for Richard as it was originally against him. In one or two points of fact he seems to us a little unsound. Surely there cannot be any serious doubt that Shakespeare's play was the one which figured in Essex's abortive revolution of 1601. And has Mr. Verity quite grasped the nature of the argument to be derived from Daniel's *Civil Wars* in favour of 1595 as the date at which the play was produced? It is that of two editions of the *Civil Wars*, both published in that year, the later has passages bearing close resemblances to passages in "Richard II." which are not found in the former. The glossary and brief notes are all that could be desired; and the plan of putting the relative extracts from Holinshed in an appendix is good. The more that in such editions can be eliminated from the main *indigesta moles* of notes the better. We wish that Mr. Verity could have seen his way to put his metrical comment into another appendix. For a brief statement of the chief laws of Shakespearean rhythm is really a boon to the young student. (Pitt Press)

THE TALE OF ARCHAIS.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

This is not a very pretty story. The passions and adventures of Charicles and Archaïs are in a sickly, sensuous vein which does not strike us as particularly Hellenic; or if Hellenic, it is Hellenic of the decadence. And when Zeus and Aphrodite intervene, it is in a fashion characteristic enough of their disreputable duties, but barely edifying. However, the "Gentleman of Cambridge," though he has not good taste, has a certain command of facile rhythm. This is a fair sample:

ARCHAÏS.

Cold is the kiss of the stars to the sea,
The kiss of the earth to the orient grey
That heralds the day;
Warmer the kiss of a love that is free
As the wind of the sea,
Quick and resurgent and splendid.

CHARICLES.

Night her bright bow-string has bended:
Fast flies her arrow unsparing
Through the beech-leaves,
Æther it cleaves
Rapid and daring.
Ah! how it strikes as with silver! how the
suns laughter is ended!

But the best thing in the book is the last quatrain of its epilogue:

Now a stream to ford and a stile to clamber;
Last the inn, a book, and a quiet corner . . .
Fresh as Spring, there kisses me on the forehead
Sleep, like a sister.

(Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

SOME PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

BY PAUL BOURGET.

These "human silhouettes" are typical of Paul Bourget at his best, unhampered by the exigencies of plot or by the stress of a romance of great passions. They are the work of a specialist in feminine psychology, an accepted authority on the mind and manners of the aristocrat. Though cast in the mould of fiction, they are veritable *études de psychologie contemporaine*.

It is a common complaint among French critics that Paul Bourget's characters are not typically French. The author of *Cosmopolis* is, indeed, a cosmopolitan. The most lifelike of these portraits of women were sketched in America and Ireland. Never has an American written a more poignant study of the tragedy of the American man of business than is contained in "Two Married Couples";

never has an Irishman given us a better picture of Irish peasantry than is to be found in "Neptune Vale." In reading these brief sketches, one feels that wherever Paul Bourget finds himself he is enabled immediately to watch life from the inside, and, watching, to understand.

Mr. William Marchant's translation is marred by several very ungainly renderings; and it was hardly fair to leave unaltered Paul Bourget's imitations of the Irish accent: "Good marning, sair." (Downey & Co.)

NEGLECTED FACTORS.

BY REV. JAMES ORR, D.D.

The thesis maintained in these lectures, entitled *Neglected Factors in the Early History of the Church*, is that the study of the early development of the Church has gone unduly to the tracing of the profound influence which its pagan environment had upon Christianity, and that the reaction of Christianity upon paganism itself has consequently been somewhat neglected. Prof. Orr endeavours to show, firstly, that the mere numbers of the Christians in the Roman Empire were greater than has usually been supposed; secondly, that though, on the whole, it remains true that "not many rich, not many mighty," were called, yet the extension of Christianity in the wealthier and more educated classes of Roman society was not inconsiderable; and, thirdly, that the actual influence of Christian teaching and example upon professedly pagan thought and practice has been underestimated. These points he treats with a lucidity of manner and a learning which, if not profound, is at least respectable. In his two first lectures he makes large use of the evidence afforded by the recent excavations of Prof. Lanciani and others in the catacombs of Rome, and he calculates that, instead of the number of Christians in Rome about the middle of the third century being, as Gibbon thought, about a twentieth part of the whole population, it was really, "unless the testimony of the Catacombs has been totally misread, anything between one-third and one-half." In the same way, he dwells on the evidence which several of the crypts yield as to their connexion with members of famous Roman families—with Urania, daughter of Herodes Atticus, for instance, or the illustrious Pomponia Graecina, of whom Tacitus records that she was accused before the Senate on a charge of "foreign superstition." The most interesting, however, of the three lectures is the third, in which Prof. Orr discusses the slow permeation of pagan ethics and literature by Christian influences, and in particular the curious parallelisms between Mithraism, with its Taurobolium, or baptism of blood, and the victorious creed which was destined to outstrip it in the race for the regeneration of humanity. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, 1542-1587. BY R. S. RAIT.

This is the second volume in the interesting series devoted to "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers." In treating of Mary, Queen of Scots, Mr. Rait has wisely restricted his view to the six dramatic years between Mary's arrival in Scotland in 1561 and her execution. He has also aimed chiefly to place before the reader the evidence for the very divergent views of Mary's character. The book is pleasingly illustrated with views of Linlithgow Palace, Holyrood, Loch Leven Castle, &c. (Nutt. 2s.)

Spring.

THE dead are raised, blind things behold the sun,
The sick are healed, joy wakes the slumbering wing,
Waters of life thro' dreaming valleys run,
Dumb woods of winter sing.

The spirit of the infinite doth sweep
Round the wide world of souls—a mighty sea—
Wave whispers wave, deep calleth unto deep
Of immortality.

Joseph Truman.

Fiction.

The Victim. Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Georgina Harding.
(Heinemann.)

WE have before stated our objection to the work of Gabriele d'Annunzio considered as a whole: it is morbidly erotic. Let it be understood that we do not use the term "morbid" lightly—after the manner of those who by temperament oppose all progress in art—as a mere epithet of unreasoned vituperation. We naturally admit that just as physical love and sentimental love form part of life, so they are fit material for literary art; also, that serious and sincere fiction must, in a certain superficial sense and to a certain limited extent, be unpleasant. Many, if not most, of the great novels, even the great English novels, are "unpleasant"; but we cannot find any good reason why d'Annunzio should confine himself—as he does, for example, in the series of novels styled for some weird reason "The Romances of the Rose"—to the narrow and noisome field of sexual-sentimental phenomena.

To assume that his artistic faculty is thus limited would be absurd; his purview is contracted not because he cannot see, but because he will not look. He is a genius, the genius perhaps of a whole continent; his insight is unerring, his vision absolute, and his technical skill unsurpassed. He might write a second *Comédie Humaine*—one which would have style, and a technique of which Balzac never dreamed; instead, he writes thousands of pages about fornication.

The hero of *The Victim* is an adulterer and a cuckold. Even the heroine (exquisite and noble creature though she is) has fallen. The "victim" is the offspring of adultery. And the book is a masterpiece: there can be no blinking of that fact. The reader may writhe, but he is gripped. Given the subject, the treatment is flawless and superb.

D'Annunzio is a young man—we believe considerably under thirty. It is possible, in spite of the apparent maturity of his powers, that his development is yet far from complete; if so, we may hope, not for better, but for different things.

Miss Harding's translation is brilliant.

A Double Thread. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

IN reading this book one is impelled to ask the question whether the author intends it as a serious presentment of modern manners, or whether the story is merely used as a peg upon which to hang festoons of epigrammatic dialogue.

Here is the story: Jack Le Mesurier is poor, but a rich uncle will bequeath to him vast wealth on the condition that he marries a rich wife. Jack is acquainted with Elfrida Harland, young, beautiful, clever, and worth £15,000 a year. He likes her. But Elfrida's history is a strange one. The granddaughter of a lord, she had a humble father, who died leaving twins, Elfrida and Ethel. The lord consented to adopt one of the twins, provided that her father's family relinquished absolutely all claim upon and connexion with her. This was done. So it happened that the sisters had never seen each other since infancy, and that while Elfrida lived in luxury, Ethel was a poor governess. Now Jack also came to know Ethel, and he preferred Ethel to her sister, and, scorning his uncle's wealth, proposed to the penniless girl and was accepted. The curious thing is that there was no such person as Ethel. The other twin had died at an early age, and Elfrida had impersonated an imaginary poor sister, and lived a double life, in order to make sure that she was

not being wooed for her wealth. Hence Jack, noble fellow, got his uncle's riches after all.

It will be discerned that the plot has elements of the improbable, even of the incredible. Miss Fowler makes no attempt whatever to cope with its difficulties, and the result is that the story carries no conviction. Not even an exceptionally good-natured and lenient reader could believe it.

Leaving out the characterisation, which is of a rather crude "sheep and goats" description, there remains the epigrammatic dialogue—that dialogue which has made Miss Fowler's reputation. There is an immense quantity of it in *A Double Thread*, considerably more than in *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. Some of it is good, much of it is mediocre, almost none of it is relevant; the characters talk for the sake of talking, and their gossip, though it is sometimes entertaining, is a matter entirely apart from the story; moreover, it is scrappy, the topics not being developed. Here is a fair sample:

"Affection is a recreation, not a profession."

"Of course it is. But how many people seem to think that disliking them is on a par with receiving stolen goods or breaking the Sabbath! Now Evelyn never asks anything of her friends except that they shall laugh at her jokes. She says she doesn't even mind if they don't listen, provided that they laugh in the right places."

"She is certainly the least exacting woman I ever met."

"Exacting women are a terrible nuisance," remarked Elfrida; "they expect the impossible, and are in consequence disappointed every time that the inevitable occurs; and the inevitable has a habit of occurring pretty often."

"It would be terrible to marry an exacting woman, don't you think?—one of those exhausting creatures who expect a man to forego his very dinner for the sake of talking to them," said Lord Stonebridge. . . .

"Then don't you believe in the old-fashioned sort of love that one reads about in story-books?"

A Double Thread is, of course, a different thing from the average novel. We do not, however, consider it worthy of Miss Fowler's talent. Wit, if only it is good enough, will excuse a thousand shortcomings; but it must be good enough.

Lone Pine. By R. B. Townshend.
(Methuen. 6s.)

WE own a weakness for invincible heroes when they eschew autobiography and inspire the love of not more than one beautiful woman. In the American of this story of New Mexico we have a hero of just the right stuff. He hungers chronically for silver, yet he deals nobly by the "pard" who ruins him. He is a dead shot, but he kills his eleventh Indian in a hand-to-hand grapple. He talks the jargon of conscious bathos by which his countrymen vainly protect themselves from soft emotions, but his innate reverence, the poetry which is in him, remains unimpaired. During the best years of his youth he has thought not at all of women, yet is he capable of chivalry's finest frenzies. There is a "lone pine" in the story, hard by a silver mine of proportions more Klondikely than likely, if the phrase be permitted us. But he who, after braving splendid peril with amazing luck, becomes the inheritor of this treasure is the true lone pine; he it is who "dreams of a lonely palm-tree." Manuelita is her name, and when the treacherous Navajoes abduct her, one is very glad that she has the terror of Whailahay's reputation to preserve her from harm—Whailahay the wonderful old woman, watchful of the treatment of her human sisters, and without whose help no Navajo can cross the dark river. Mr. Townshend evidently knows his Indians, of whom he gives us more pleasant specimens than the Navajoes. The cacique, or head-man, of the Indian pueblo of Santiago enforces the fifth commandment with

the stick in the case of an intractable daughter; but he possesses, despite his impiety towards Whailahay, distinct charm. Describing to the American, who is descanting on the beauty of a certain valley, how his party killed six Navajoes one by one as they emerged from a sweating bath, he observes: "Crack, crack, crack . . . they could not escape. And we took their scalps . . . and brought them home. It was a great triumph. Yes, I do love this valley." And he adds: "We always scored against the Navajoes whenever we had fair play." As we said at the beginning, the hero is of just the right stuff. We like him none the worse because at first it seems as if he were a mere *deus ex machina* to oblige another hero.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. Crockett's new story is a long, thorough-going romance opening in the year 1439, "in the fairest and heartsofdest spot in all the Scottish southland." That "Mesopotamian" trick of language is very much in evidence throughout the story. Costume and armoury and local colour are here, and the telling words of old. It is a stirring story of fighting and loving and vengeance. When Sholto comes to raise Lanark in aid of the Douglasses he finds the watchman sleepy: "Open, varlet of a watchman, or by Saint Bride I will have you swinging in half an hour from the bars of your own portcullis. I who speak am Sholto MacKim, captain of the Earl's guard. Every liegeman in the town must arm, mount, and ride this instant to Edinburgh. I give you fair warning. You hear my words; I will not enter your rascal town. And if so much as one be wanting at the muster, I swear in the name of my master that his house shall be burned with fire and razed to the ground, and his wife be a widow or ever the cock crow on another Sabbath morn!" That will serve, and we ken brawly there's mair o' the like complexion. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MADAME IZAN.

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Mrs. Praed calls her latest novel a "tourist story." We meet the tourists in a big hotel at Hong Kong, and our curiosity to know more about Madame Izan is at once aroused. Her marital history is peculiar, and a situation is evolved in which the hero, John Windcatt, says to Shirazaka Izan, a Japanese gentleman: "If you don't mind, I think I would prefer not to shake hands. You see, I mean to take your wife from you, if by her own will and any legal possibility I can get hold of her. Though we are rough-and-ready out West, we do things on the square." A bright, bizarre novel, suffused by Eastern colour. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE GARDEN OF SWORDS.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

A romantic and well-written story of the Franco-German War, by an author whose skill in devising exciting incidents is well known. It is a mixture of straightforward fighting, and the complex nature of beautiful Beatrix Lefort, who contrives to love two men at once. One is her husband, a French officer, the other an Englishman and a Hessian dragoon. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE SCARLET CITY.

By "POT" AND "SWEARS."

"Pot" and "Swears" are London journalists, whose popularity has won them these endearing sobriquets. "Pot" is Mr. Pottinger Stephens, "Swears" is Mr. Ernest

Wells. Herein, combining their sportive fancies, they offer a slapdash but not unamusing story of gay London life—the life of gilded youth and stage doors, of race meetings and midnight excitements, of sharps and flats. The book takes the form of the autobiography of John Franklyn, and details, to quote the title, his adventures with Anthony Fuller "in and out and round about the Wicked World in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century." It is, in fact, *Tom and Jerry* to date. (Sands. 6s.)

THE MATERNITY OF HARRIOTT WICKEN.

By MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

This story, by the author of *A Man with a Maid*, is a study in heredity. Opening with a scene of death and drunkenness, it is gloomy and unpleasant throughout, yet it grips the reader, and he is fascinated by the character of the tortured Harriott Wicken. The action is laid almost entirely in London, and the author has drawn Brixton society in no flattering way. (Heinemann. 6s.)

GOD'S GREETING.

By JOHN GARRETT LEIGH.

An earnestly written story of life in a Northern mining and iron-working district. The author's wish is to indicate how the conditions of certain classes of toilers may be raised, and to point out how Nature and human welfare are strangled "with the gold nets of our own weaving." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE GREEN FIELD.

By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

A story, to some extent in dialect, of a Midland parish. In matter melodramatic, but written with terseness and force. In the first chapters the village church is burned out, and the chained Bible rescued by a tramp. Subsequently the tramp becomes the vicar's under gardener, and of the upper gardener makes an enemy for life. Later comes murder. An interesting, if somewhat conventional, tale. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

SUNNINGHAM AND THE CURATE.

By EDITH A. BARNETT.

A quiet and well-observed story of English provincial life. Sunningham is a typical village, and the author (who is known by her *Champion in the Seventies*) has subjected the conversation and characters of the little set of persons who form its society to close examination. To some extent the novel is a revival of the Jane Austen method. It should please leisurely readers in the country. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

MORALS AND MISTAKES.

By C. GORDON WINTER.

The mistakes are rather more evident than the morals. The preface, which is a sort of theorem, tells us that "Man is a puppet in the hands of Fate; by Fate is often meant woman. . . . Woman never does anything without an object; that object is to further her own ends. She occasionally obeys the voice of conscience," &c., &c. The story appears to have emanated originally from the Roxburghe Press, the title-page being a substitution. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.)

MY INVISIBLE PARTNER.

By T. S. DENISON.

An earnest, purposeful story, with a strong leaning to the supernatural. The scene is New Mexico, and there is no end of adventure and mining camp passions. The invisible partner plays an important part in the clearing up of a murder. The reader must be prepared for incidental pages of fairly stiff reading about mind, and will, and telepathy. (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

MAUREEN MOORE.

By RUPERT ALEXANDER.

Another romance of '98. "Ma bould boy!" (Burleigh. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Real Robespierre.

A POOR sea-green atrabilia formula of a man—without head, without heart, or any grace, or gift, or even vice, beyond the common, if it were not diseased rigour as of a cramp—meant by nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort to doom men who departed from the written confession, to chop fruitless shrill logic, to contend and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle.

This is Carlyle's last word on the incorruptible revolutionary, and although, with similar passages, it has been attacked, all historical evidence—making the customary allowance



ROBESPIERRE.

for Carlyle's exaggerated expression—bears it out. We are told that M. Sardou has taken quite a different line in the play about to be produced at the Lyceum, and that in Sir Henry Irving's Robespierre we shall see a handsome, spiritual-looking young advocate, inspired by patriotic dreams, a man who was forced to associate with assassins because assassination at that time was a necessary element in statesmanship, but a man who suffered horrible remorse for the crimes committed in the name of Liberty—we are promised, in fact, a whitewashed Robespierre, clear of all monstrous offences, even of that complexion on which Carlyle insisted with such irritating monotony. M. Sardou's experiment would seem to show that the disease of the new historian—a passion for fining down and smoothing away the excrescences of villainy—is infectious and is spreading to the playwrights.

It has been well said that the Revolution was too great to produce great men. When a ship is caught in a tornado, and whirled round and round like a toy boat, the helmsman has little chance of making a mark. And of all the men at the wheel of the ship of state in the France of 1789-95 only one was a statesman, Gabriel Honore Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. Robespierre fought his way to the rudder with admirable persistency; he had those small gifts which can double and twist in a crowd of rivals. When he had finished the dirty work and attained power

he could not use it. He could only take offence at slights which hurt his vanity, make long speeches at the Jacobin Club, and strut and swell for the edification of the populace in honour of a Supreme Being.

Born in 1758, Robespierre was thirty-three when he first began to make his mark in the Constituent Assembly. Before the Revolution he had achieved a great reputation at the provincial bar, he had also written pamphlets of tame philosophy and stanzas of cold and affected poetry. While Mirabeau lived he could not gain the ear of the Assembly. He once had the hardihood to mount the tribune immediately after Mirabeau had electrified friends and enemies alike with his magnificent speech on the right of declaring war. He tried to stammer out a few frigid platitudes, but he was derisively howled down. This incident is worth noting as characteristic of the blind political vanity of the man. With the death of Mirabeau he quickly came to the front, and avenged in the Convention the days when the Assembly would not hear him by many long speeches which, so far as one can judge from reading them, have every quality of oratory except poetic beauty. It would take too long to enumerate the chief acts of his political career. They are well given in Lewes's monograph, in Mr. Morley's essay, and of course at length in Hamel's exhaustive biography. It is enough to say that he first made himself popular in Paris by defending the right of the people to petition, and by moving that all citizens should be allowed to enter the National Guard. His ascendancy in the Jacobin Club gave him, through its affiliations in the provinces, influence all over France. In the Legislative Assembly his oratory was put in the shade by that of the Girondins; Vergniaud in particular could always hold the turbulent house spellbound with his eloquence, and Robespierre's speech on the war in January, 1792, fell quite flat, although it was one of his best efforts. But the ineffectualness of the Girondins, who had laid the mine under the throne and were now beginning to whimper over the consequences of firing it, soon brought Robespierre and his colleagues forward again. After the 10th of August and the massacres of September his name is associated for the first time with bloodshed, but he took no practical part in this rehearsal of the Terror, although he said the day after the murder of the prisoners: "Yesterday no innocent man perished."

Enthusiastically supported by Couthon, Le Bas, his brother Augustin and St. Just, Robespierre did a great deal during the first session of the Convention to discredit the Gironde. He was also kept busy in defending himself against the attacks of Vergniaud, Guadet and others, but he made no speech of importance until the debate on the king's trial (December, 1792). Then he struck the keynote which carried the wavering Plain into acquiescence by declaring that Louis's death was a political necessity, not an act of justice. The "Mountain" (so called from the height of the seats on which the Jacobin deputies sat) from which Robespierre came down to deliver this speech was at that time a solid body. In a few weeks it had split into the three parties of Robespierre, Hébert and Danton. In a yet shorter time Robespierre had triumphed over both his rivals and fallen headlong himself. He did not fall like Lucifer through "aspiring pride and insolence," he did not fall because he had countenanced a multitude of murders. He fell, and it was just that he should fall, because he was little of soul, the head of a sect rather than a statesman, who talked a great deal about devotion to "la patrie," but knew nothing of patriotism; who worked, not for his country's good, but for the triumph of his theories—worked, let it be acknowledged, with indomitable perseverance, but without any genius or greatness of vision.

The visible decline of Robespierre dates from June, 1794, when he forced the Convention to decree that "le peuple Français reconnaît l'existence de l'Etre Suprême et

l'immortalité de l'âme." The famous fête which followed on the 8th was arranged by David, and gave as much pleasure to the populace as the fête in honour of Reason had a few months earlier. Robespierre acted the part of high priest and delivered two long harangues, during one of which a figure emblematic of atheism was burnt. His fellow-deputies laughed at his farcical mysticism, his pontifical airs and graces; they resented the moral superiority with which he tried to overwhelm them. "*Avec votre Être Suprême,*" said Billaud-Varennes, "*vous commencez à m'embêter.*" Robespierre could not endure these taunts; he demanded the punishment of his revilers, but all the answer he got was the prosecution of crazy old Cathérine Théot, who had hailed him as a Messiah. At that moment Robespierre's practical power was at its greatest. The iniquitous law of the 22 Prairial had enabled him to extend the province of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and through it to take revenge on his enemies. But the affair of Cathérine Théot mortified him to such an extent that he retired from public life altogether for forty days. When he returned, the Convention was in open revolt against him. On the 26th of July he made a long speech complaining of the slights which had been put on him. It was received in gloomy silence, and after such a sitting a greater man would have felt the necessity of striking some decisive blow. Not so Robespierre. He only went to the Jacobin Club and made more speeches.

Then came the Ninth Thermidor. Billaud-Varennes got up in the Convention and denounced Robespierre, who was not allowed to answer; though he cried out "*C'est faux!*" and "*Président d'assassins, je te demande la parole,*" in a voice so choked and inarticulate that the cry was raised, "*Le sang de Danton l'étouffe!*" As everyone knows, his arrest was decreed; the Commune rose and rescued him, but owing to indecision, or to desire to avoid further effusion of blood, or to blind confidence in his influence triumphing without the aid of force, he refused to take advantage of the movement. It is not known whether he shot himself at the Hôtel de Ville when Barras's force approached, or whether it was done by one of the soldiers who broke into the hall, but the first version is more generally accepted. He was taken back to the Convention with a shattered jaw, then before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and guillotined the next day (July 28, 1794).

A priest named Lefetz first called Robespierre the Incorruptible, and he never did anything in his public life to make the title a mockery. Still it must be remembered that he had no temptations to corruption in the common sense of the word. It was applause he coveted; it was the realisation of his dream of a chimerical democracy rather than personal aggrandisement which filled his mind. That he was sincere and single-minded may be freely conceded; he was excellently fitted to be the despot of a town council or board of guardians, and it was one of destiny's most freakish practical jokes to make him an active agent in a world-shaking revolution. As for his being a monster of moral turpitude, such an idea could never be entertained for a moment by a close student of the history of the Revolution. At worst he can only be blamed for egregious vanity, which blinded his eyes to the horror of bloodshed. The deeper we read into the documents of his age the stronger is our feeling of horrified surprise that so much evil could be effected by so insignificant a man.

LET me be dumb,
 As long as I may feel thy hand—
 This, this is all—do ye not understand
 How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?
 O breeze! O swaying buds!
 O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

From T. E. Brown's "Poems."

Things Seen.

The Black Flag.

How the wind played on us, and how the little blue clouds sailed! Right ahead I could see the corner of Newgate. No crowd yet; no sign; just the old vista, the flying specks of pigeons, the early vans, the 'buses preceding and meeting us, a shoe-black's red jacket. It was twenty minutes to nine by St. Sepulchre's clock.

The 'bus flew on, but was conscious of the event. The driver turned and nodded; there was Old Bailey lore in the jerk of his hat-brim, the wand-like motion of his whip. With something like a blush I rose on the flying, rocking 'bus, and disembarked at Newgate-street. A hundred men and boys lined the pavement on the west side of the Old Bailey, but they were half hidden by carriers' carts. The carriers' horses were breakfasting—exploring their nose-bags with their backs to the gaol. The pigeons flew and blew about above. On the whole there was nothing to see.

At ten minutes to nine the prison bell began to toll in single strokes at short intervals. The sounds were uneven. I stood with my back to the shaft of a Rickmansworth farmer's cart, and thought nervously of a long summer's day I spent there twelve years ago, and the unsweetened cider that I drank. The bell did not impress me: it only teased. Then the police arrived. I looked up at the flagstaff. Innocent flagstaff! The cord quivered idly down its length, the pigeons flew close to it, and the little clouds were bisected by it as they passed. Far away, above someone's hat, I saw two youths on a high roof peering and craning, and then I settled my gaze on the flagstaff. The bell tolled interminably, and seemed a weary preamble. I could hear the low rumble of 'buses going to the Bank. Close by, a horse shook its harness, and some people started in fright. My eyes ached in the light behind the flagstaff. Then the cord shook—not with the wind. It was drawn out at an angle, and remained so I know not how long. The suggestion was that the warder was watching—flag in hand. Then we saw a peaked cap and a hand above the parapet—no more, and slowly the sun was blotted out. There was a dull, official cheer from the crowd. I cannot describe the unearthly effect. The eye saw, but the shadow of the black flag fell on the soul.

Bedford Row.

THE carriage had the amplitude of the century's youth. There was no rumble, but had there been one it would have seemed no excrescence. A coronet was on the panel, and the coachman was aged and comfortable and serene. The footman by the door had also the air of security that comes of service in a quiet and ancient family.

Suddenly from the sombre Georgian house emerged a swift young clerk with a sign to the waiting servants. The coachman's back lost its curve, the venerable horses lifted their ears, the footman stood erect and vigilant, as a little, lively, be-ribboned lady and her portly and dignified man of law appeared in the passage and slowly descended the steps. The little lady's hand was on his arm; she was feeble and very old, and his handsome white head was bent towards her to catch her final remarks. They crossed the pavement with tiny steps, and with old-world gravity and courtesy he relinquished her to the footman and bowed his farewells. She nodded to him as the carriage rolled steadily away, and I had a full glimpse of her face, hitherto hidden by her bonnet. It wore an expression kindly and relieved, and I felt assured that her mission had been rather to add an unexpected and benevolent codicil than to disinherit.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Bishop of Wakefield's protest against Mr. Pinero's new play has produced a chorus of protests against the Bishop of Wakefield. The reason is obvious. The Bishop is strictly on his own ground when he praises or censures the morals of a play; but surely it is not too much to ask that a critic—even a bishop critic—should see the play first.

ANOTHER prelate, and not in a speech merely, but as a deliberate piece of writing, made not very long ago an assault upon another and a more famous play. It was thus that Cardinal Manning wrote (anonymously) of Dumas and *La Dame aux Camélias*, when Mme. Bernhardt played it in London:

The author belongs to a world that would despise us as much as we abhor it; and in this reciprocal and inextinguishable variance we leave the author and all his works. But of the actress we must say that it is a perilous gift to be able so to play a false and evil part as to draw to falsehood and evil the sympathy and admiration of those who are good and true. What defence is to be made for *La Dame aux Camélias*, "la virginité de l'âme," and "la rédemption par l'amour," with its angelic sweetness, its transfigurations, and its halos of saints? We do not desire that our conceptions of angels should be transferred to courtesans. Vice does not here lose half its evil by losing all its grossness—it becomes doubly evil because of its intoxicating fascinations. There was a time when the matronly gravity and the maiden dignity of English women would have resented such a comedy as an insult.

Cardinal Manning did not sit in the stalls, any more than the Bishop of Wakefield did, before recording his criticism. As a matter of fact, the Cardinal had never once seen a play, a life-record in which not even the Bishop of Wakefield is likely to prove his match. The Cardinal's first and last essay in dramatic criticism was printed in the *Weekly Register*, a paper begun fifty years ago by his brother-in-law, Henry Wilberforce, which he himself afterwards owned, transferring it before his death to a layman whom he trusted, and who, after making it a tidy property, parted with it only last week.

MRS. WILLIAM VANDERBILT, jun., became perhaps the mistress of more millions than any other woman alive when her own great fortune was united with the greater one of her husband the other week. But she has been put to straits—sore straits that would make a text for the author of *No. 5, John Street*—during her brief honeymoon. Without going from the West to the East in self-imposed renunciation, she has wanted clothes. The "most handsome villa in Long Island" is now a cinder; and its name, "Idle Hour," was a strange satire on the scene that took place the other night, when flight from the flames became literally a business of life. The mistress of a *trousseau* that has taken columns of the American press to describe "had no time to dress before making her escape from the house, but she obtained a supply of clothing from the lodge." There were many new sensations, no doubt, during the fire; but the newest of all probably was that experienced by the bride in getting, for the first time in her life, some clothes she really wanted. No wonder she came out to the lawn, took a seat, and watched the progress of the fire with equanimity.

THE Bedgebury estate in Kent, just sold by Mr. Philip Beresford-Hope, is a place of many memories. The house was built with red brick three hundred years ago, and the wings were added later. But the late Mr. Beresford-Hope spent a little fortune in re-building and re-decorating it after his own heart, till—if the truth be told—it partook somewhat of that "Batavian grace"

which Lord Beaconsfield attributed to Bedgebury's possessor. In that house Mr. Beresford-Hope passed many happy years, deciding the "line" of the *Saturday*, and discussing the politics of Church and State with his brother-in-law, Lord Salisbury—a discussion salted, you may be sure, with allusions to Lord Beaconsfield of a not very complimentary kind. There, too, did he receive his nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour, little suspecting what a position he was to hold in the hereafter, when—as Mr. Balfour has told us, not without a hint of the old family feud—"Lord Beaconsfield is dead." There are other words of Mr. Balfour's perhaps not wholly unconnected with the traditions of Bedgebury. Some people express surprise at the sympathetic attitude which Mr. Balfour, with his own well-known mental history, employs towards the High Church party. The sale of Bedgebury may serve to remind them that Mr. Balfour is the nephew, not of Lord Salisbury only, but also of the late Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope.

THE plans for the new War Office in Whitehall by Mr. Young, for the new Local Government Board Office in Parliament-street by Mr. Brydon, for the new College of Science at South Kensington by Mr. Aston Webb, have all been deposited in the House of Commons, and you may know that Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope is no more by the mere fact that there has been no extended debate about them. He was all for Gothic, and was, besides, ever keen for a tilt in the battle of the styles. The architecture of London is a subject on which men who feel at all feel keenly. They differ, and do not agree to differ. Pugin denied that a man could pray devoutly in any but a Gothic church, and the extravagance is characteristic of the various schools of combatants. The subject is one that should not, on any grounds, be confined to experts. Where is the man in the street in his right place if not in such a discussion? It is the man in the street who has comradeship with the buildings in the street, and he has a right to be heard in the choice of his friends.

How far the plans for these great new offices will meet with public approval has yet to be seen. Of those for Parliament-street and Whitehall, one may express a reluctant doubt. Immense are the difficulties of the designers. They cannot, like the church builders, fall back on their fathers—they cannot merely revive. The conditions of time and place are binding. Gigantic blocks of buildings to be lighted in a land of darkness present problems which Michael Angelo might have refused to face.

OUR architects, having been restorers and reproducers for so long, are little equal to the strain made upon them as originators. For years past one of their own number, one whose personality permits him to be a chartered libertine of the tongue, and to tell home-truths without offence—Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A.—has been saying this thing: the principle of iteration is fatal to architecture. Soldiers, he says, if they were like architects, would still go out to fight in armour and with bows and arrows. In his optimistic moods he presses for the formation of a style of architecture in England that will express the modern movements and aspirations—the greater consideration and benevolence of the days that now are. But the building that is thus expressive is not to be built in a day. Mr. Aitchison himself admits that the evolution must be slow. It must also be tentative; and you cannot play the experimentalist with enormous public works. They can be neither wholly reproductions, therefore, nor yet even largely creations. They are mongrels among the world's buildings, a bit borrowed here and a bit there. That is not very satisfactory; but it is, perhaps, the inevitable expression of a time of great mental and spiritual transition.

No. 1,053.

I HAD entered a little new shop near Holborn to buy an *Evening Standard*. A brisk, sweet voice forestalled me: "A *Family Herald Supplement*, please!" I stood aside and looked at the girl. She was about twenty-two. Her neat green cloth cape, the quiet set of her hat, her well-kept gloves, and her generally happy air proclaimed her to be the daughter of a well-going suburban home. Placing the *Supplement* in her small leather bag, she flicked out of the door and ran to overtake a King's Cross 'bus. I decided that she lived in Barnsbury.

"I suppose the *Supplement* is as popular as ever?" I said, vaguely interested in the purchase.

"Oh, yes; the *Supplement* never changes. It's an old standard, and the better sort of people stick to it."

"What do you mean by the better sort of people?"

"Oh, quiet, better sort of people—you know. Like that young lady. Do you think she'd buy one of these?"—and the news vendor waved his hand down a long line of penny novelettes, in coloured covers, adorned with pictures of willowy heroines and impossible drawing-room tragedies. "Oh, no; the *Supplement* is class, and the people who buy it wouldn't be seen reading some of these things with pictures in them. What they like is a quiet love-story—you know—refined."

"Do they read the *Supplement* every week?"

"Yes. That young lady never misses it. You see, it's a nice story to have lying about the home; anyone can read it. It's respectable, you know."

I bought a *Family Herald Supplement*. The story it contained bears the number 1,053, indicating that the *Supplement* is in its twenty-first year of publication. A small wood-block showing Britannia seated on a lion, holding a trident, with a ship sailing by, emphasises the fact that the price of the *Supplement* is one penny. And below the title appears evermore the following proposition:

IF A TENTH PART OF THE FELICITIES THAT ARE ENJOYED IN
THE REGION OF IMAGINATION COULD BE IMPORTED
INTO REGIONS TERRESTRIAL, WHAT A DELIGHTFUL
THING IT WOULD BE TO
AWAKE EACH MORNING TO
SEE SUCH A WORLD
ONCE MORE!

I believe I am correct in saying that this legend has always dominated the first page of the *Family Herald Supplement*. It is a clever legend. It is too long to tire: it might appear for ever and ever as a triangular adornment in type. But when, in a mood, it is read, how perfectly it must please! It is the sublimated essence of the mild suburban revolt against the dulness of life. It is Barnsbury's sigh translated.

Did I read the story? Every word of it. The hero, Charles Dysart, picks up a letter written by Bertha Vintrolles, a much-talked-of beauty, to whom he is shortly to be introduced. Therein he learns that Miss Vintrolles has made up her mind to marry him and his fortune; and, reading it, he soliloquises:

What does she mean? That she intends to marry him because he is "gilded" to the tune of twelve thousand a year? That she intends to find a refuge in his arms from her mother and her dressmaker because she will meet him next month and is a beauty? Well, he has a prophetic feeling that Miss Vintrolles will find then that she has scarcely waited long enough to count her chickens!

And so we are deliciously behind the scenes when Dysart and Miss Vintrolles meet in "a large, richly-furnished drawing room in which is a crowd of people." Dysart's surprise and feeling of chagrin when Bertha, after all, makes no immediate assault on his heart; her provocative attentions to the detrimental young Chudleigh, and his to the worldly Effie Clitheroe; Mrs. Vintrolles's dismay as she watches

these mis-sorted couples—such is the woof of the story. "Daughters are the bane of a mother's existence!" says Mrs. Vintrolles—a most effective speech when read aloud in Barnsbury. But, as Bertha says, "Never mind, mamma; I promised I'd marry him, and I will! Don't be frightened. Only I don't feel in a hurry about it. Let me go my own way, and you'll see it will be the better in the end." Note the absolutely unheightened, unsophisticated, Monday-in-the-suburbs quality of the dialogue. That is of the essence of the *Family Herald Supplement* style. The talk echoes the Barnsbury tea-table, and never soars higher than the persiflage of a dance in the Holborn Town Hall. The author's business is to moderately heighten the setting of life, and distribute wealth, beauty, leisure, and melodious surnames—but there the embellishment must end. The mirror must enhance Barnsbury, but Barnsbury must see itself in the mirror. A little flattery, even in speech, of course! Barnsbury knows French—"Oh, yes, a little, you know, only I'm forgetting it all—*au contraire*?" Oh, yes, that's *on the contrary*—don't you see?"

She snubs Tom, too, in his surprise, at the first going off; not that this has never happened before—for, *au contraire*, it is of frequent occurrence.

As to allusion. It must be very simple. When Miss Vintrolles speaks of a heavy brass kettle which she has just hawked round a bazaar on her arm as an "Old Man of the Sea" she is understood.

As to conduct. The chaperone must win in the end, but meanwhile she may be put to a certain amount of confusion.

Mr. Pinero as a Serious Dramatist.

It is clear from "The Gay Lord Quex" that Mr. Pinero has not advanced since "The Benefit of the Doubt." In the latter play there were indications, as in "Trelawny of the Wells," and (ever so slight) in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," of a seriousness which sharply differentiated him from the playwrights of the hour. He, at any rate, had recognised that the art of drama was a branch of the art of literature, governed by the same canons, and subject to the same tests, as poetry or fiction; and that a play should be something more than a series of "situations" made "telling" at no matter what cost of truth and artistic decency. It is fit, therefore, that his work, whether or not it fall short, should be judged by the standards which we apply to all other forms of literature, but from which, by a tacit understanding, our contemporary drama is generally exempt.

Now, with regard to "The Gay Lord Quex," the most important law of drama is that the action must spring from, and move by means of, character. Novalis said: "Character is fate." But Mr. Pinero, in this play, would seem to say: "Accident is fate." The second act could not have occurred but for the accident of a society dame being pressed for time at a manicurist's. The whole of the third act would have been impossible if a lady's-maid's father had not fallen ill at a particular moment, and if a conversation in a garden had not, by the merest chance, been overheard. The final solution of the problem is due to the pure accident of a young man being caught in the act of osculation. What would be said of a novelist if he employed such stale devices for the furtherance of his story?

Again, look at the general "laying-out" of "Lord Quex." Two acts are employed in simple preparation. It is elaborate and clever preparation, but it is preparation. Not till the third scene of the third act does the essential drama start; and then the whole play is begun and ended

in a single brilliant and effective scene. All that happens outside the one scene between Lord Quex and the manicurist is either preparation or redundancy. With the third act the proper play finishes. Mr. Pinero has tied his knot and unravelled it. But in the fourth act he somewhat leisurely proceeds to tie it again, and in the last breathless, scampering fifteen minutes of the piece he unravels it again, and, incredible though the thing may seem, yet once more ties and unravels. For all its three hours and twenty-five minutes of duration the play is hurried.

The fact is, Mr. Pinero has spent his powers upon one scene and one character, to the neglect of all else. The scene is that in the third act before referred to. And it is a good scene—up to a point. It is genuinely dramatic within itself, and the characters are handled with fine courage. There you see them in all their spiritual nakedness—the vulgar, impulsive, cattish, warm-hearted manicurist, and the lordly reformed rake fighting like a dastard for the happiness which, like a fool, he has lost. And then—what happens? Mr. Pinero suddenly grows afraid of his own truth. Casting aside the apple of Ibsen into which he has bitten so deep, he makes a dart for the saccharine of his old Robertsonian days; and brings down the curtain, amid a hurricane of applause, with as rank a bit of sentimentality as you will find in “Sweet Lavender” itself. The character is Sophy, the manicurist, a faithful and sincere portrait, earnestly studied, and drawn with a certainty and a dexterity which almost, but not quite, defy criticism. By the side of Sophy the other characters are shadows, or, at best, conventional types of stageland. The delicate fresh realism which has gone to the making of her shows up only too painfully the obscure unreality of her surroundings. For, after all, “Lord Quex,” with the exception of Sophy, is realistic chiefly in its superficialities—in the outward apparatus of luxurious verisimilitude upon which Mr. Pinero, in his capacity of stage-manager, so strenuously insists. In proof of this you have only to examine the two root-stems, as it were, of the play: the affection of foster-sisters, one base-born, the other aristocratic; and the reformation of a *roué* through the unconscious agency of a pure young girl—have not these affairs been a mainstay of melodrama for fifty years?

Remains the dialogue. It is, on the whole, good, but too “smart.” Sophy is made to say: “The Duchess looks for all the world as if she were an angel spending a Saturday to Monday here below.” Rather clever, no doubt; but Mr. Pinero well knows that Sophy never said such a thing.

Correspondence.

The Invaluable Capital.

SIR,—I note a misprint on p. 29 of the new *Omar*, the strangely anonymous *Omar*:

That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

And in the equivalent line on p. 71:

That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine.

Such elementary faults are to be pardoned in the case of genius; in the case of printer's man *qué* printer's man there is no excuse for them. If it is that the lover of FitzGerald will have his misplaced apostrophes and all—why, let us have *literature* spelt with two *l*'s in our Stevenson, with all the rest of R. L. S.'s little weaknesses. Speaking of FitzGerald, have many of his Readers considered to what a Degree the Success of his Version delightful though it be, is Due to his Employment of Capital Letters? Literature now, to its great Hurt, it may be, appeals now little to the Ear, but chiefly to the Eye; and whether this be because Reading Aloud is a *Lost Art*, as our Elders would have; or that our Taste is so

far bittered that it will not suffer this Art in patience; which yet so far subsists as to make a natural Delivery the Rarest of Things: however this be, it is often seen that Poetry is most admired which in Sound is indeed Unmusical, and Prose which has no natural *Nuance*; for the reason that they charm the Understanding by instantly Impressing the Visual Sense, in such Manner that the Mind has no Need to go searching about to apprehend the *Meaning*. This I believe to be the Explanation of the Continued Admiration of Many for the Poems of such Writers as Pope and Addison, which many others count as poor Stuff: but by the Fact that all the Nouns are pointed out with such Clearness to the *Eye*, such work will impress the *Sluggish Mind* far more keenly and vividly than Work which does not so Solicit the Eye; and thus there are Persons of feeble Wits who reckon the Literature of the Last Century *far superior* to that of this: as a Woman will consider another Woman's *Letter* to be far the superior of a *Man's*, as it is so *Emphasized*, by Italics and *Extravagant Words*, as to penetrate the mind *Instantly*: And with Literature it is far other than with Jewels, for the Generality rate most Highly that which is Comprehended with Least Pain.

This Printing of Words by means of Capital Letters will also give a Passage a Balance and Rhythm which do not by Right belong to it; each Capital giving the Mind a little Pause: So that I have seen Passages highly Applauded by famous Critics, which stripped of their Nobility of Capitals had fallen into the most vulgar Journalese; no more, compared with their former State, than is a member of society compared with a member of Society.

As a Case in Point, consider the following Quatrain, done almost faithfully into English from *Omar*:

I.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with wine,
This amber face make like a ruby shine,
And when I die with wine my body wash,
My coffin wattle of the roots of vine.

II.

Stay me with Flagons! Comfort me with Wine!
This Amber Face make like a Ruby shine!
And when I die with Wine my Body wash,
My Coffin wattle of the Roots of Vine!

—I am, &c.,

A. BERNARD MIALL.

The Roaring Moon.

SIR,—I am delighted. I have brought down, with quite a little shout, an avalanche, and I am not crushed—not even though Mr. Eyre Hussey has apparently never seen a tossing boat, moored in a current, with the water washing its prow. Tennyson might have said month, but he didn't. He said “moon,” and “moon” has a double significance, like a tree and its shadow. No doubt, to the many, a tree shadow suggests nothing but a measurable form. They can't conceive it extending beyond the reach of anything but the imagination (*anglice*, lunacy). I have tried to follow up the extended shadow whithersoever it led, like “the stretched metre of an antique song.” That's all, upon my word. I am quite elated over the result—the hands up: “Me, sir, me!” to construe the obvious. But, believe me, I never supposed that Tennyson meant to imply that the moon sat up like a colicky baby and roared. On the other hand, I do say (it is just an opinion, but hard of refutation) that he would not have used the word in its secondary, only to imply its primary, meaning, save deliberately, and with the intention to justify his reader in the imaginative quest. Whither that goes, or how it is conducted, is a matter of temperament. Evidently, here is one discredited, but unrepentant, explorer, in the author of “Stepping-stones.”—I am, &c.,

Winchester.

BERNARD CAPES.

Haikais in English.

Our Prize Competitions.

RESULT OF NO. 27.

LAST week we asked for Haikais, first explaining that a Haikai is a Japanese form of verse consisting of three unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables respectively, or seventeen syllables in all. We then quoted a few specimens to show the nature of a Haikai, which is light and fresh, a swift fugitive impression more often than not ending with a surprise. As a result nearly two hundred original examples lie before us (for many competitors have sent in several attempts), the best of which is this, by Mr. R. M. Hansard, 6, Compton-terrace, Eastbourne, to whom a cheque for a guinea has been sent :

The west wind whispered,
And touched the eyelids of spring :
Her eyes, Primroses.

Spring is the favourite subject with our experimentalists, but one or two are humorous. V. A. F. (Kensington), for example, adapts Voiture on the rondeau, and writes thus :

[First] five syllables ;
Then seven ; then five again ;
Behold a Haikai.

While from E. S. (Ely) comes this pleasant trifle :

Through Haikais many
You seek for a poetess—
Lo, here's my coupon.

There is also some elaborate satire from E. H. (Ledbury), which we would quote but for the fact that its force depends upon spelling Haikai "Haiwai."

Here is a selection of examples :

A star fell nigh me,
I saw it in the woodland—
Lo, 'twas a primrose !

[J. H., Oxford.]

Her eyes are the dove's,
Her black locks are the raven's,
But her heart is mine.

[T. C., Buxted.]

A light rustling stir
In the full-foliaged tree—
Aha, the squirrel !

[I. S., Brighton.]

I listen at dusk,
To the wind in the poplars ;
And dream of the sea.

[L. M. L., Stafford.]

At last ! a footstep.
A cry, eyes dim and laughing !
At last, my sweetest !

[W. G. F., Fowey.]

A cloud of whiteness
Against the sky deeply blue,
Stands the wild cherry.

[M. J. S., Bournemouth.]

Answers received also from : A. C., Lee ; E. G. B., Lissadell ; A. T., Scarborough ; H. P. B., Glasgow ; A. F., Sutton ; L. L., Ryde ; S. E. A., Sheffield ; W. L., London ; D. B. H., Uxbridge ; B. B., Handsworth ; E. M. C., London ; K. J., London ; T. B. D., Bridgewater ; S. E. G., Bridlington Quay ; C. L., London ; G. E. M., London ; G. K., Clevedon ; W. ff. S., Ash ; T. E. J., Ipswich ; C. C., Southsea ; A. M. C., Bristol ; S. B., Chertsey ; A. S., Cambridge ; A. H. W., London ; G. B., London ; R. W. M., London ; N. H., London ; J. E. G., Bath ; L. B., Forest Gate ; C. B. F., Bagshot ; F. S. C., Bristol ; C. L., Twickenham ; W. A. B., London ; J. S. L., Newcastle-on-Tyne ; C. J. T., Tiverton ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ; T. V. N., South Woodford ; E. M. C., London ; A. H. K., Manchester ; S. H., Warwick ; A. B., Croydon ; F. S., London ; B. G., Barnsley ; H. B. L., Liverpool ; R. G., Belfast ; J. D. A., Ealing ; B. P. N., London ; A. H., Enfield ; A. V. M. M., Merrow ; A. G., Reigate ; E. G. F., London ; M. L. M., London ; M. A. C., Cambridge ; L. B., Scarborough ; A. E. C., Brighton ; J. B. C., Northampton ; W. M. A., London ; W. W. B., Birmingham ; R. Q., London ; R. H., Aston Manor ; M. T. P., Chester ; E. M. C., London ; W. H. S., Walsall ; G. D., Balham ; C. H. F., London ; E. G. H., London ; A. C. A., London ; A. S., Hull ; E. M. J., Saint Tors ; S. R. M., Glendevon ; A. M., London ; T. L. H., Dolgelley ; G. R., London ; W. S. R., Moffat ; T. H., Tavistock ; E. S. W., Sheffield ; M. A. R., Woodstock ; I. B., London ; M. P. F., Birmingham ; A. L., Streatham ; A. V. W., Fulham ; J., London ; F. R. C., London ; J. A. B., Edgbaston ; R. J. F., Woodhouse Lane ; J. W. G., Belfast ; J. B. N.,

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Received also, but too late to qualify : A. B. M., Eastbourne ; F. A., Leeds ; G., Oxford.

Competition No. 28.

The stock of worldly wisdom, as expressed pithily and humorously in proverbs, is too small. We ask our contributors to try to add to it, and we give them as models the following translated saws from Don Quixote, most, if not all of them, proceeding from Sancho Panza :

He whose father is judge goes safe to trial.
There is no friend for a friend.
You cannot catch trout with dry breeches.
There are only two families in the world—the Haves and the Have-nots.

Whether the pitcher strike the stone or the stone the pitcher, the pitcher suffers.

Under my cloak I kill (or command) the king.

All sorrows are bearable if there is bread.

There is no book so bad but that it contains something good.

Everyone is as God made him, and very often worse.

We do not ask for our competitors' wisdom to be expressed exactly in Sancho Panza's formulae : but it must have a kindred homeliness of manner. Most thinking persons have one or two pet pieces of counsel which experience has taught them ; it is these which we desire to extract and put on record ; but so long as the phrasing is original we do not mind if the thought is not. To the author of the best proverb sent us a prize of a guinea will be given.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 18. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the third column of p. 417, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, April 13.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Saunders (T. B.), *The Quest of Faith* (Black) 7/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Wilkinson (S.), *From Cromwell to Wellington* (Lawrence & Bullen) 10/6
Botsford (S. W.), *A History of Greece for Schools and Academies*

(Macmillan) net 6/6

Kirby (T. F.), *Wykeham's Register. Vol. II.* (Simpkin)
Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgeois (1812-1813) (Heinemann)

Carter (A. T.), *Outlines of English Legal History* (Butterworth)
Foulke (W. D.), *Slav or Saxon : a Study of the Growth and Tendencies of*

Russian Civilisation (Putnam's Sons)

Lynch (H.), *The Autobiography of a Child* (Blackwood)

Publications of the Navy Records Society : Letters and Papers Relating

to the First Dutch War (Navy Records Society)

Footprints : a Memoir of the late Alexander Hay. By His Widow (Stock)

NEW EDITIONS.

Muir (Sir W.), *The Caliphate : Its Rise, Decline, and Fall.* 3rd Edition

(Smith, Elder)

Houghton (Rev. S.), *A Manual of Optics* (Cassell)

Ruskin (J.), *The Nature of the Gothic : A Chapter from the Stones of*

Venice (Allen) net 1/6

The Works of Shakespeare ("Eversley" edition) (Macmillan) 5/6

Boldrewood (R.), *My Run Home ; and Old Melbourne Memories*

(Macmillan) each 3/6

The Little Flowers of Saint Francis (Kegan Paul, net 6/6)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Dickinson (H. R.), *Sentimental and Absurd Rhymes* (Denny)

Maitland (E. F.), *The Ethingham Letters* (Smith, Elder) 6/6

Frothingham (E.), *Poems of Teresa* (Putnam's Sons)

Drummond (W. H.), *Phil-o-rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres*

(Putnam's Sons)

Bottomley (G.), *Poems at White Nights* (Unicorn Press) net 2/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Youngusband (Major C. J.), *The Philippines and Round About*

(Macmillan) net 8/6

("Israfel") *Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks* (Unicorn Press) net 5/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Cotterill (H. B.), *Iphigenie auf Tauris* (Macmillan) 3/6

Macdonald (R. F.), *A School Arithmetic* (Macmillan) 2/6

Gregory (R. A.), *Elementary Physics and Chemistry* (Macmillan) 1/6

Ache (H. H.), *Introduction to the Carbon Compounds* (Clive) 2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dearmer (P.), *The Parson's Handbook* (Richards) 3/6
 British Museum: *A Guide to the Manuscripts, Autographs, &c., and a Guide to the Exhibition Galleries* (By Order of the Trustees) each 0/6
 Allbutt (T. C.), *A System of Medicine* (Macmillan) net 25/0
 Veblen (T.), *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (Macmillan) net 7/0
 Memorial Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition (Hodge & Co.) 42/0
 Levy (J. H.), *The Necessity for Criminal Appeal as Illustrated by the Maybrick Case* (King & Son) net 10/6

**** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.**

Announcements.

WE attributed last week the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's chapter on "The Nature of Gothic," from *Stones of Venice*, to Messrs. Longmans. This was an error. The publisher is Mr. George Allen. The pamphlet, which has Mr. Morris's introduction, written for the Kelmscott Edition, prefixed, is a very interesting one.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days *Rose à Char-lotte*, by Marshall Saunders, a romantic story of Acadie.

MR. HENRY FROWDE announces that the first volumes of the *British Anthologies*, edited by Prof. Edward Arber, will be ready early next month. These are the volumes including the poems of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Milton, and their contemporaries. This is claimed by the editor to be the first adequate attempt that has ever been made towards an historical national anthology at popular prices, and the series will contain about 2,500 entire poems and songs, by some 300 poets.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce for publication, on April 15, a new novel entitled *The Prodigal's Brother*, by Mr. John Mackie.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately the popular edition of Mr. Bodley's *France*. It will be accompanied by a new preface reviewing the course of events in France since the first appearance of the work last year. The new preface will also be published separately in a form to permit of it being bound with the editions of 1898.

SIR WEMYSS REID's *Life of Mr. Gladstone*, with contributions by F. W. Hirst, Canon MacColl, Rev. W. Tuckwell, G. W. E. Russell, Henry W. Lucy, Arthur J. Butler, and Alfred F. Robbins, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on April 18.

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No. 54. APRIL, 1899. Royal 8vo. Price 5s.

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2.—Notes and Documents. 3.—Reviews of Books. 4.—Notices of Periodicals. 5.—List of Recent Historical Publications.

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[On Monday next.]

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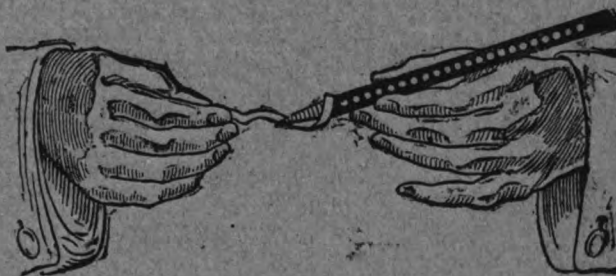
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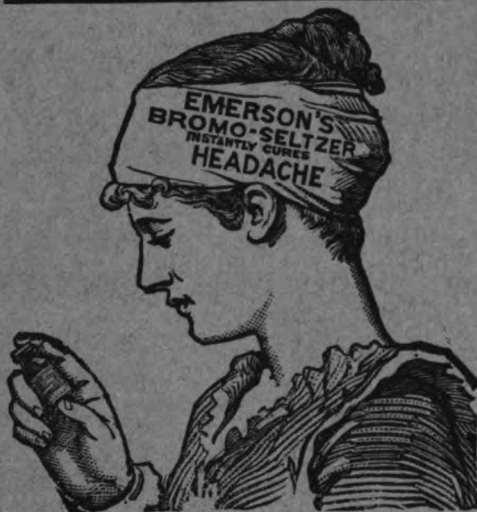
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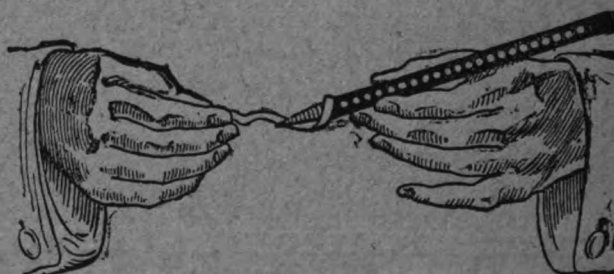
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The Literary Week.

THE felicitations of all who admire brave thinking and fine writing are with Dr. Martineau, who to-day enters his ninety-fifth year. Dr. Martineau, as has been frequently remarked of late, was a schoolfellow of George Borrow.

THE list of books among the wedding presents to the Earl and Countess of Crewe is interesting :

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
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| Miss Braddon . . . | Her own works. |

THE Prince of Wales's gift to the Earl of Crewe was an edition of Joachim du Bellay. English readers do not know this charming poet as they ought—for his old French is a little difficult—but Mr. Lang has translated some of his work with sympathy and the most dexterous skill, notably "Vanneurs." How does it go?

Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud encloses
Wind-flowers too.
Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

It was said of Du Bellay that he was born in 1525 as a compensation from Nature to France for the loss of Pavia—one of the prettiest compliments that exists.

THE *facsimile* edition of the Greek and Latin MS. of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles—the *Codex Bezae*

Cantabrigiensis—is now obtainable in two noble volumes. Students who have hitherto had to journey to Cambridge to consult this priceless possession will be able to examine it under more favourable conditions; while the preservation of the text by *facsimile* makes it possible to view the decay of the original with more equanimity. The *facsimile* was made by M. Dujardin, of Paris, by the process known as heliogravure, and it has been completely successful. Mr. Scrivener, in 1864, wrote of Beza's gift to the University; that although it might seem less ancient than three or four other extant copies of the New Testament, it is in respect to modifications of the inspired text which it exhibits more interesting and remarkable than any other document of its class.

THE most cosmopolitan hymn-book yet projected is *The Sacred Songs of the World* which Mr. Henry C. Leonard is editing and which Mr. Elliot Stock will publish. The collection will represent many languages and religions; it will give examples from the best sacred poets of forty-eight European peoples, forty-nine Asiatic, twelve African, thirteen American, and eight Oceanic.

APROPPOS of anthologies, a correspondent has asked us to suggest a list of such works which would comprise the best and largest body of English verse. His idea is to bind them uniformly, and he hints at a wedding present. How would these do?—

The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.
Mr. William Watson's *Lyric Love*.
Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp*.
Mr. Beeching's *A Paradise of English Poetry*.
Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics*.
Mr. Locker-Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*.
Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind*.
Palgrave's *Treasury of Sacred Song*.
Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*.

WITH reference to our paragraph in last week's issue concerning "Zangwillitis," a correspondent writes: "Mr. Zangwill has touched hearts and won renown. I would like to tell how I recently stood at a dying bed, and heard the passing soul quote, spasmodically, from that poignant sketch 'The Sabbath-breaker.' I heard this one (my dearest of all), who was looking Death in the eyes, say: 'I am coming, my lamb. The little mother is on the way. And again, and yet again: 'The little mother is on the way, the little mother is on the way.' Surely no writer can ask more than the power to wing his words so that they are remembered, and bring comfort, on the threshold of death."

FULL particulars have now been published of the *Daily Telegraph's* scheme for supplying its readers with fiction. The "Hundred Best Novels" by the "World's Greatest Writers of Fiction" is an imposing style; but on examining the list we find that the *Telegraph* is merely still incorrigible in its diction: the authors are not really the Greatest Writers at all, nor the novels the Best. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Traill, and Mr. W. L. Courtney have, we are told, assisted the editor with their advice. To which of these gentlemen, we wonder, belongs the credit of considering *The Wide, Wide World* one of the hundred best novels, and Elizabeth Wetherell one of the world's greatest writers of fiction? Again, *Gabriel Conroy* is almost the least satisfactory of Bret Harte's works; *Amelie Rives* is hardly a classic yet; and *Valentine Vox* might well be spared.

"We take joy, too," says the *Telegraph*, "in knowing that so large and rich a selection can be made of acknowledged masterpieces, from English literature mainly, and none of them be anything except pure, honest, and of good report." From which we gather that the edition of *Tristram Shandy* will be expurgated.

MEANWHILE the *Daily News* has also its little publishing scheme. True to its old-fashioned traditions, the *Daily News* pins its faith to the middle of the century and offers its readers only the works of Dickens. The set consists of nineteen volumes, completed by Forster's *Life* and the *Dickens' Dictionary*, a key to the works which is by no means so exhaustive as the *Daily News* seems to think. It is peculiarly fitting that the series should come from the *Daily News* office, for Dickens was its first editor and Forster its second. The edition is illustrated.

ANOTHER proof of the theory expressed by a contributor elsewhere in this number, that to become a Dickens commentator is to woo inaccuracy, is found in the *Daily News* article on *Pickwick*, in which its new edition was introduced to the public. From one of the quotations therein given the reader is led to suppose that the catch phrase, "Let 'em all come," which is now only too evident in the London streets, originated with Mrs. Bardell. Thus:

"Oh! you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado she rose from her chair and flung her arms round Mr Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

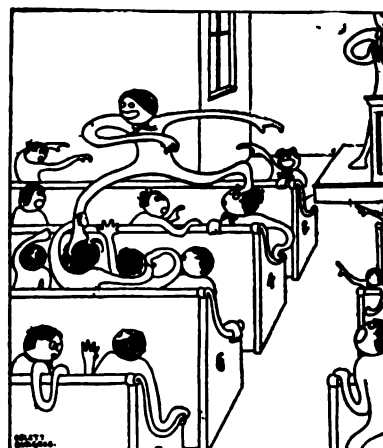
"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider—Mrs. Bardell—don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let 'em all come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul"; and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

This is very pretty and curious. But what Mrs. Bardell really said was, "Oh, let them come!"

THE Purple Cow is not yet dead. Indeed, it seems probable that it never will be. Mr. Doxey, of San Francisco, the publisher of the *Lark*, has now compiled two

little pamphlets from that periodical, *The Lark Almanack* for 1899 and *The Purple Cow*, which may be obtained in England from Messrs. Cazenove, of Henrietta-street; and



I love to go to Lectures
And make the Audience stare:
By walking round upon their heads,
And spoiling People's hair!

therein we find the old rhymes once more, and the old pictures. Two of these pictures we reproduce; and here are other tastes of Mr. Gelett Burgess's comic inventive powers:

The Window has Four Little Panes;
But one have I;
The Window-Panes are in its Sash,—
I wonder why!

and

The Sun is Low, to say the Least,
Although it is well-Red;
Yet, since it rises in the Yeast,
It should be better Bred.

and

My House is made of Graham Bread,
Except the ceiling's made of white;
Of Angel Cake I make my Bed;
I eat my Pillow every night.



Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow"—
I'm Sorry, now, I wrote it;
But I can tell you Anyhow
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!

To readers whose peace of mind is injured by these freaks of fancy we would point out that Mr. Gelett Burgess, their author, is now living in London.

A FIVEPENNY drop has suddenly occurred, and the new price for cheap fiction is a penny. There it is likely to stay: we can hardly expect it to go lower. Penny fiction is not new, of course, for works by the lady known as Annie S. Swan have been circulating in hundreds of thousands at that figure for some time, and Horner's Penny Stories are printed in millions, while Mr. Stead has been issuing penny abridgments of great novels for months past; but the authors offered by Messrs. Pearson are now approaching the penny public for the first time. These are: "Ouida," "John Oliver Hobbes," "Rita," Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Olive Schreiner, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. John Habberton, Mr. Fergus Hume, Mr. Clark Russell, and others. Meanwhile it may be remarked that we have received this week no fewer than twenty-six new novels, nineteen of which are published at six shillings.

MR. FISHER UNWIN'S "Overseas Library" makes a beginning this week with Mr. Cunningham Graham's *Ipané*. We quote this passage from the preface:

Now, to my thinking, misapprehension still is rife as to the motives which cause men to write. Books have been written for many purposes—moral, religious, lewd, improving, ethical, and to make people stare; but many think, even to-day, when education, which, as we all know, intensifies artistic comprehension, spreading it even amongst the educated, is so diffused, that men write books to please a mysterious entity known as the public; that they regard this Mumbo-Jumbo as politicians do, or as the county councillor, who is uncertain even if he be a cuckold till he has duly put the matter to the democratic vote.

Nothing more false. For the most part all books are written from vanity, for hope of gain, either pecuniary or of some other nature, and now and then to please the writer, for it is known that some have gone to sea for pleasure, and sailors say that those who do so would go to hell for fun.

And so of books. Few men know why they write, and most men are ashamed of all they do when once it stares them in the face in moulded type.

FROM the preface to the late J. F. Nisbet's *Human Machines* (Grant Richards):

As for materialism, it is a theory which seems to me to fit in better with the known facts than any other, and to leave the majesty of God just where it was before. To the belittling of the Creator, indeed, I do not see that anything is more conducive than the current theology—Roman or Anglican. Matthew Arnold's conception of the Trinity as three big Lord Shaftesburys sitting up somewhere in the sky is approximately that of every little boy and girl brought up on orthodox principles. Sometimes this image is replaced by that of the Israelitish Jehovah—a tutelary divinity in the form of a man, and swayed by such human passions as love, anger, pride, hate, jealousy. In either case the proportions of the Creator are reduced to those of an Exeter Hall philanthropist. How much vaster and nobler is the materialistic conception of the Deity as an all-pervading force, impersonal in the human sense, but necessarily all-knowing because it is everywhere and in everything! How much higher than that of the anthropomorphic God! You may climb up to the top of

Primrose-hill; you may shake your fist at the sky; you may take a Name in vain—and there is no response. Not the smallest—not even a flash of lightning! Because the unseen Power, whatever it may be, is not a "jealous God," animated by a paltry human resentment.

A WRITER in the new *Paris Magazine* discusses the translation of *The Jungle Book*—*Le Livre de la Jungle*—which has recently been published in France: "Although MM. Fabulet and d'Humières have accomplished their task admirably, they could not expect, nor could they be expected, to achieve the impossible. 'Je viens de manquer ma proie' is really inadequate as a rendering of the old wolf Akela's lament, 'Now I have missed my kill.' Mowgli, 'the man-cub,' is perforce transformed into 'le petit d'homme,' for there are no cubs in French, and the substantive 'petit' has to represent the young of the human and every other species. 'The camel doubled up camel-fashion, like a two-foot rule,' is rendered, 'le chameau se replia à la façon des chameaux, en équerre,' which entirely misses the Kipling imagery. The pack becomes 'le clan,' and when Shere Khan, the tiger, asks, 'Am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues?' he is made to say, in French, 'Dois-je attendre le nez dans votre repaire de chiens, lorsqu'il s'agit de mon dû le plus strict?' This is a little more polite, perhaps, but it is not the Kipling manner. Indeed, Kipling à la Française not infrequently reminds one of the French customs notice, 'Messieurs les voyageurs sont priés d'assister à l'examen de leurs bagages,' as an equivalent for 'Passengers must look after their luggage.'

A CORRESPONDENT, "B. M.," writes: "Excuse my pointing out that the reviewer of D'Annunzio's *Victim*, in the current issue of the ACADEMY, is wrong when he alludes to D'Annunzio as 'a young man considerably under thirty.' He was born in 1863, so is 'considerably over thirty,' and I think you will agree that he looks it from the enclosed."



Gabriele d'Annunzio

Mr. Henley, the editor of the series.

In a review of Holland's *Sustoni*, "Tudor Translations" series, in the ACADEMY last week, the dedication of the work to Mr. Cecil Rhodes was attributed to the editor of the work, Mr. Charles Whibley. This was wrong. The dedication was written by

OTHER renderings of Maurice Maeterlinck's poem have been received from J. A. B., Edgbaston; C. S. O., Brighton; and R. H. S., Glasgow.

MR. W. B. YEATS is also among the dreamers. To the poem, "The Cap and Bells," in his new book, *The Wind Among the Reeds* (Mathews), he puts the following note:

I dreamed this story exactly as I have written it, and dreamed another long dream after it, trying to make out its meaning, and whether I was to write it in prose or verse. The first dream was more a vision than a dream, for it was beautiful and coherent, and gave me the sense of illumination and exaltation that one gets from visions, while the second dream was confused and meaningless. The poem has always meant a great deal to me, though, as is the way with symbolic poems, it has not always meant quite the same thing. Blake would have said "the authors are in eternity," and I am quite sure they can only be questioned in dreams.

THE first number of the *Paidologist* lies before us. The *Paidologist*, we ought perhaps to explain, is the organ of the British Child Study Association, which is an offshoot of a similar association in America. Prof. Stanley Hall, who is the leading inquirer among the Americans, contributes introductory words to bring the value of the pastime before English readers, and practical instructions are given by Prof. Earl Barnes. The game should, therefore, soon be well started. In the main the intentions are lacking nothing of seriousness, but in the "Editor's Bag" we find this: "A little boy, when being spoken to about God's care and love for us, said: 'Yes, God loves us: He will not give us the cane'; to which another child quickly replied: 'No; He can't reach us.'"

ANOTHER new periodical reaches us in *Pensions and Progress*, the organ of the Old Age Pension scheme. The little paper, which has for its motto "Humanity, Justice, Patriotism, and Progress," will be issued quarterly at a penny. The editor is Mr. C. H. Cook. We hope that it may produce the good at which it aims.

A GEOGRAPHICAL handbook in which each of the more important civilised countries is described by one of the leading geographers of that country, and other parts of the world are treated by experienced travellers who have an intimate knowledge of the regions with which they deal, should prove a distinct acquisition to geographical literature. Such a work, edited by Dr. H. R. Mill, will shortly be published by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, under the title of *The International Geography*. No fewer than seventy distinguished geographers and explorers have contributed to the work, among them being Dr. Nansen, Sir W. Martin Conway, and Sir John Murray, who deal with the Polar regions; Sir G. S. Robertson, with Afghanistan; Sir William Macgregor, with British New Guinea; Sir H. H. Johnston, with British Central Africa; the Right Hon. J. Bryce, with Natal, the Orange Free State, and the South African Republic; and Mr. F. C. Selous, with Rhodesia.

SCOTTISH critics prefer Scottish writers. The readers of a certain Scotch weekly, on being asked to name the six most popular works of fiction by living authors, named

Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, Mr. J. M. Barrie's *The Little Minister* and *A Window in Thrums*, Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*, Annie S. Swan's *The Gates of Eden*, and Mr. S. R. Crockett's *The Lilac Sun Bonnet*. Mr. Hall Caine must acquire a kilt to be at home in this company.

As some assistance to a better appreciation of the intellectual condition of the Samoans, we reproduce the first few lines of a letter written by the Samoan chief Tiu, Stevenson's friend, to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, after the

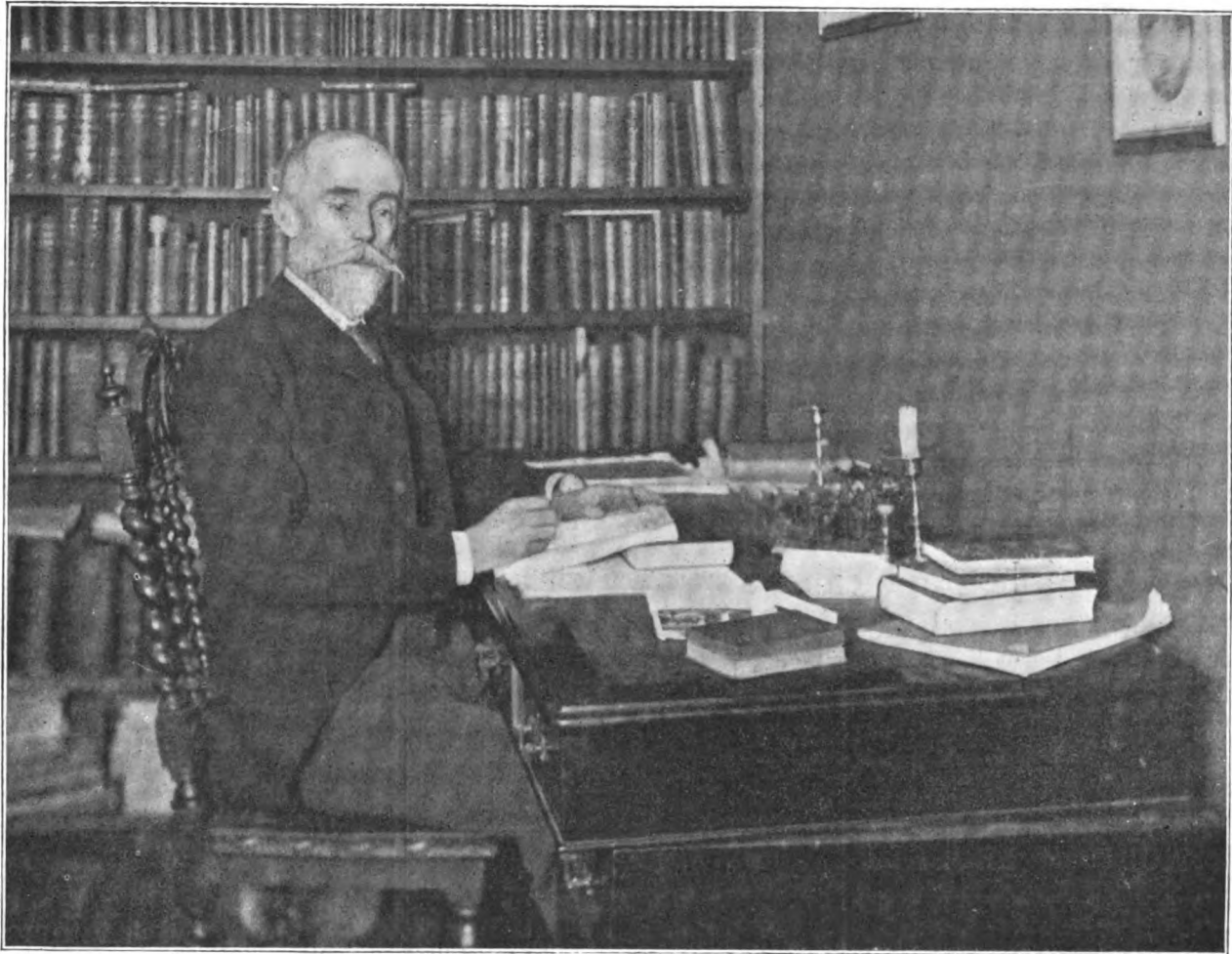


44
Talelutai 28/4 1895
I lann afioqa Soia
Kaivale
Afioqa e Si ou alofa
atu i lann afioqa m
a Tamaitai Aolele

novelist's death. Tiu, it will be seen, although his usual costume is only a loin-cloth, can yet use the note-paper of the English housemaid, and assume our own forms of address. At one time Tiu was a Christian, but a difference with the missionaries prompted him to return to the faith of his fathers. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for the letter asks if any of our readers can translate Samoan. "They say," he adds, "you can get everything in London. Can you get this?" Perhaps some reader will reply. We hold the remainder of the letter.

A PLEASANT ambiguity is contained in the prospectus of a new novel which reaches us from one of the literary agencies. "The story," says this document, "concludes with the righting of a cruel wrong, the just destruction of its author, and the happiness of those who have temporarily suffered through the machinations of the wicked." We have not read the tale, and, therefore, cannot form any opinion; but the destruction of the author certainly seems an extreme measure.

THE following intimation reaches us from Toynbee Hall: "The students' gratitude to Dr. S. R. Gardiner has been given form in a silver bowl, which it is proposed to present to him on Saturday, April 22. The Bishop of London has promised to speak. Dr. Gardiner's pleasure will be to meet as many as possible of his old students. Will you, therefore, add to his pleasure, and make a point of coming at eight o'clock?" We have not the pleasure of being among Dr. Gardiner's students, nor is it possible for us to attend. But we hope the bowl is a nice one.



MR. SIDNEY COLVIN.

From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

WE give this week a portrait of Mr. Sidney Colvin, whose services in arranging the present exhibition of Rembrandt's work in the White building of the British Museum can hardly be over-estimated by the art student. Mr. Colvin, who has been Keeper of the Prints since 1884, was born in 1845. He has two claims upon the recognition of readers: his writings on art and his friendship with R. L. Stevenson, on the authoritative life of whom he is now engaged. It is intended to bring out this work in two parts, one to consist entirely of letters, and the other of biography.

ONCE upon a time Mr. Anthony Hope began a series of articles called "The Fly on the Wheel" in a magazine. They came, however, to an untimely end, and he has since left journalism alone. But in one of the papers of the series the question (by a woman)—"Oh, Mr. Fly, how *do* you think of those *lovely* stories?" or (by a man) "I say, Fly, old chap, how the deuce do you turn out all that stuff of yours?" was answered thus in a page from the Fly's Journal:

Let us suppose that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working-den at 9.45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10.0.—Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10.3.—Light pipe, and sit down in large armchair by fire.

10.15.—Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament).

10.45.—I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11.15.—I wish the — these — people hadn't asked me to write for their — paper!

11.45.—Hullo! Will that do?

12.0.—Hang it, that's no use!

12.30.—I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12.40.—Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where the —? All right, here it is! Now then! (*Scribble.*)

1.0.—Lunch! Good; I believe it's going!

1.30.—Now I'll just knock it off. (*Scribble.*)

2.15.—Well, I don't quite see my way to — Oh, yes I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3.0.—One, two, three—three hundred words a page. Well, I've put that in in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3.15.—I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3.40.—Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3.50.—I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4.0.—She can't take more than a page accepting the foo, though; it's absurd, you know.

- 4.15.—Oh, confound it!
- 4.45.—Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good! I'm in the straight now!
- 5.0.—Thank Heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout, they've bought it.
- 5.3.—It's not so bad, though, after all.
- 5.11.—I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.
- 5.15.—H'm! I've read worse stories than this.
- 5.20.—No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.
- 5.25.—Pretty smart ending!
- 5.30.—Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that, I should like to see 'em, that's all!
- 5.35.—Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again to-day.

Bibliographical.

A MAMMOTH anthology of English verse: that, it would seem, is the latest benefaction Mr. Arber proposes to bestow upon the students of literature. Those students owe already a very considerable debt to the man who began, thirty years ago, that invaluable series of *English Reprints* on which so many intellects have been nourished; whose *Facsimile Texts*, *English Garner*, and *English Scholars' Library* are scarcely less valuable in their way; and who, only a year or two ago, gave us a useful collection of documents on *The Pilgrim Fathers*. We may be pretty sure that the text of the announced anthology will be impeccable, for Mr. Arber obviously has unlimited patience. But the production of an acceptable selection from the entire English *corpus poetarum* (down, I suppose, to the era of existing copyrights) presupposes not only editorial accuracy but critical capacity, and Mr. Arber's project seems to be so ambitious that he will, of course, not be surprised if his collection is closely and carefully scrutinised.

Rather late in the day will come Mr. Arthur Milman's promised biography of his father, the Dean. Dr. Milman died a little over thirty years ago. It is not often that a modern celebrity has to wait so long for a Life. Yet few deserve such a memorial more obviously than the author of *Fazio* and *The Martyr of Antioch*, the historian of the Jews and of Christianity. *Fazio* is not in the current repertory of the stage, but it was performed in London within the last decade or so. The *History of the Jews* was reprinted so recently as 1894, and there were new editions of the *Early Christianity* and the *Later Christianity* in 1883. The Dean's correspondence should be eminently interesting.

Mr. Arthur Humphreys must believe that Emerson still has a vogue in England, or he would not entertain the idea of bringing out yet another edition of the sage's essays. Of such editions there are several extant. In 1891 the essays were issued with the imprimatur of St. Lubbock. They had been published in two volumes in the previous year; Henry Morley had edited them in 1886, which year also saw the reproduction of *The Conduct of Life, and other Essays*. There were editions in 1866, 1853, and 1848

leading back to that which Carlyle prefaced in 1841. I take no account of the fact that the essays have necessarily been included in all complete editions of Emerson's prose from 1883 downwards. However, the more the merrier. The essays cannot be too widely known, too sumptuously presented. As someone truly said, Emerson was not exactly a thinker, but he had detached thoughts which many have found quickening and fruitful. He does not supply a philosophy of life, but he helps us to construct one.

Nothing is more certain than that there are many things which, done for one generation, have to be done over again for the next. About half a century ago William Howitt published in two volumes his *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets*; but that is no reason why a literary lady of to-day should not produce (as, it seems, she proposes to produce) another book on the "homes and haunts" of celebrated people, to which she intends to give the name of *Literary Hearthstones*. How a hearthstone can be literary I know not; but we must not cavil.

Lays of the True North, and other Canadian Poems—that, I note, is the name given to a forthcoming volume of verses. I think we may take for granted that the authoress has gone for the first half of the title to the lines by Tennyson in the epilogue to the *Idylls of the King*:

And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us: "Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly."

The announcement of a new volume of verse from the pen of Mr. Washington Moon will surprise those who think of him (when they think of him) as only the intrepid exponent of *The King's English* and the no less vigorous critic of *Revisers' English*. Yet it is a fact that a volume of verse by Mr. Moon, called *Elijah the Prophet, and Other Sacred Poems*, has run into a fifth edition, which will be issued shortly; and, moreover, is not Mr. Moon the author of a work of prose-fiction called (somewhat lengthily) *With All My Worldly Goods I Thee Endow*?

The title of the latest novel issued by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett—*The Faith that Kills*—makes one think, of course, of W. G. Wills's story, *The Love that Kills*, as well as of the play so named (an adaptation of "L'Arlésienne") which was produced in London some years ago. Obviously, the phrase is one on which an endless series of variations could be played; why not *The Fear that Kills*, *The Joy that Kills*, *The Sorrow that Kills*, and so forth? Meanwhile, *The Faith that Kills* is, as a title, not bad, for it embodies a cynical paradox which should attract.

Talking of story-titles, I see it stated that Mr. Leonard Merrick will christen his next work of fiction either *An Enemy of Society* or *Weapons of the World*. I would suggest the adoption of the latter. The former has been used by Ibsen for a play; and to come into apparent competition with the Norwegian dramatist would be, perhaps, a pity.

The publisher of No. 5, *John Street* has been advertising "The New Novel—The New Writer." I wonder how Mr. Whiteing, if he has seen the advertisement, felt when he found himself described as "new"? The truth is, the best of us are "new" to the new generation.

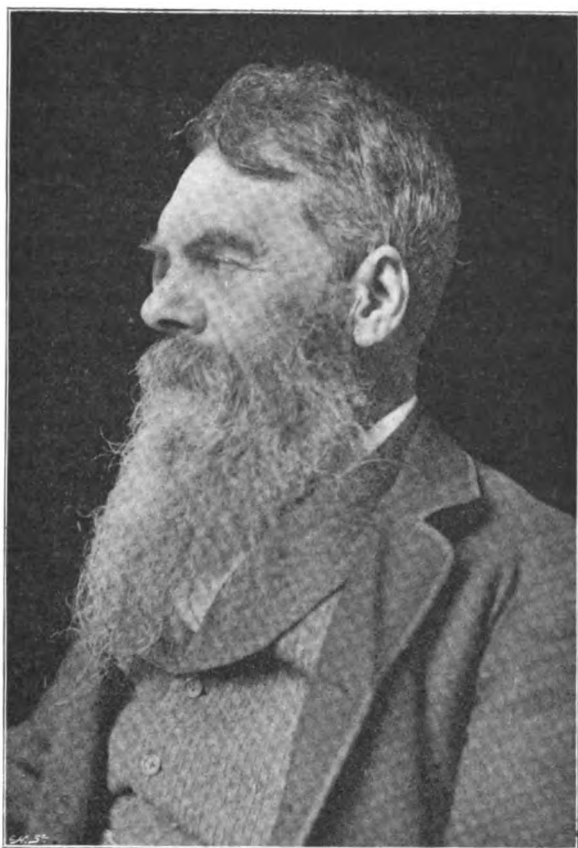
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Intellectual Intrepidity.

Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought. By R. H. Hutton. (Macmillan. 5s.)

As this volume is edited by Miss Roscoe, Mr. Hutton's niece, we may suppose that the fifty-four essays it contains represent the flower of that sincere, inquiring mind on certain contemporaneous religious and scientific questions. It is a monument of intellectual intrepidity. The essays all fall within the compass of half-a-dozen pages: they deal with every ethico-religious and scientific question that stirred the intellects of Hutton's day, and their full assurance of omniscience is that of a schoolmaster adjudicating upon the examination papers of his form. No man could attempt such a task, and continue it for a lifetime, with never a shade of doubt in his own infallibility, were it not



RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.
From a Photograph by F. Hallyer.

for the strong support of unquestioning followers. That support, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. Hutton had. He was proprietor and editor of the *Spectator*, one of the few papers whose policy has been unswerving and unalterable. Mr. Hutton was the *Spectator*, it expressed his views; the reins never fell from his hands till death called him; he gathered about him men who thought as he thought, felt as he felt, wrote as he wrote; and, as the years passed, a large body of readers, faithfulest of flocks, grew up around his personality, who accepted the views of the *Spectator* as they accepted the routine of the festivals of the Church, and who would have missed the one as much as the other. The flock were gentle souls, fond of flowers and birds; more particular about the appointments of their dinner tables than the food the dishes contained; devoted to the clergy; admirers of Mr. Leader, R.A.; middle-aged, and declining gracefully to

a future existence for which they were fully prepared. They looked askance, yet with an awful interest, at a Huxley travelling rough-shod over their dearest orthodoxies; they read of the intellectual subtleties of a Matthew Arnold with tremors and pangs of sorrow (was he not the poet of "Geist's Grave"?) but to stand up in the arena of their own drawing-rooms and fight these giants with their own little bows and arrows, oh, that was impossible! But there was no occasion for it. The Invisible David of the *Spectator* would overthrow the mighty, would make it all clear for them at the week-end in that article in smaller type that followed at the end of the leaders. He would let fly his arrows at the joints in the giant's armour; he would come forth from the fight bearing his sheaves with him. Their little tremors of doubt would cease, their pinions would drop comfortably to the side again.

A writer must have a rare moral and intellectual sincerity to inspire such confidence. That was Mr. Hutton's indubitable gift. We may agree with him or not; but of the beauty and nobility of his nature there cannot be two opinions: he was the least material of men. If, like Browning, he did not "greet the Unseen with a cheer," he lived in the secret knowledge that the things which are not seen are eternal. He sat at his desk doing good, in accord with his own definition of good. The rage of parties, the rush of movements, the clash of creeds, never embroiled him. He surveyed such things temperately, defined (as he thought) their tendency, explained their true meaning, and, whenever he thought it worth while, exclaimed: "Observe this Giant, although he knows it not, he is with us, and where he is not with us he is wrong!"

Mr. Hutton's favourite method, excellent for his purpose, was to quote from the writings of the personality under review a passage that could be termed "A Confession," and then to proceed to interpret and mould the confession into harmony—indeed, often into identity—with his own philosophy of belief. It is not our business here to mould or to incline any man's thought into divergent channels; but it may be as well to quote Mr. Hutton's own confession in order to understand the standpoint from which he criticised the intellectual ethics of his day. The passage occurs in the article called "Matthew Arnold's New Christian Catechism":

If the Bible is not a revelation of the character of God, it is nothing in the world but a book the whole source of whose inspiration is illusion. And if it be, as I hold, the true revelation of the character of God, then the supernatural is real . . . Christ revealed God; and without God, his teaching would be baseless. Physical science reveals only law; and if there be anything beyond law, its teaching is inadequate.

There is something Titanesque in the way Mr. Hutton set himself each week to appreciate, to explain, to flout, or to annex to his own service the ripe thought of his day. None escaped him. Maurice, Clifford, Kingsley, Newman, Huxley, Tyndall, Jowett, Browning, Tennyson, Dr. Martineau, Mill, Matthew Arnold—he docketed them all. And having thus surveyed modern thought, having catalogued and classified the intellectual endeavour of his contemporaries, did this spiritual adjuster find himself at the end of his resources? Oh, no! Almost the last of Mr. Hutton's essays, that dated 1897, bears the title "The Limits of Divine Power."

The essayist had his favourites. Mr. John Morley receives the most punctilious salute as the foeman worthiest of his steel. The article is *apropos* a new chapter of the essay on "Compromise."

I am not ashamed [says Mr. Hutton] to feel far more sympathy with the nobler aspects of unbelief, than with the ignobler and shiftier aspects of so-called faith. A diplomatic Churchman, who has borrowed hardly anything from the Christian spirit except St. Paul's boast that he had been all things to all men, is a phenomenon which

seems to me far more threatening to the Christian faith of our own day than the sturdy and, so far at least as this essay goes, the charitable "I believe not" of such men as Mr. John Morley.

Mr. Hutton does not attempt to gather Mr. Morley into his net as he gathers Huxley; Mr. Morley is reprimanded and passed by with a sigh. His humanitarian religion will not do. It is an intellectual juggle, not a philosophical reconciliation; "indeed, I hardly expected such mere wistfulness of sentiment, such impracticable though kindly endeavour, from so robust a thinker." From Mrs. Besant, we gather, Mr. Hutton expected nothing. He ignores her, dismissing her as a writer

who must evidently be allowed to exhaust herself in a series of spasmodic feats of intellectual acrobaticism before she has any chance of gaining a position of calm and peaceful trust.

Let us glance briefly at three of the essays in this volume—those on Huxley, Mill, and Browning—which exemplify Mr. Hutton's method of showing that the views of other people, although they knew it not, were fundamentally in harmony with the views held by himself and his readers. The article on Huxley is called "The Great Agnostic," and was written in the week following the cessation of that "eager and opulent life." After a just and sympathetic panegyric, Mr. Hutton proceeds to quote the famous passage wherein Huxley likens human life to a game of chess between men and a hidden player:

We know that his [the hidden player's] play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. . . . My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game.

Most people, we imagine, whether they are with Huxley in his agnosticism or against him, would allow that this fine passage is quite in accordance with the agnostic position. Huxley's own experience, his knowledge of life, surely entitled him to say that the hidden antagonist is "always fair, just, and patient." Neither is it inconsistent with Huxley's agnosticism to depict the unseen antagonist as "a calm, strong angel playing for love," seeing that the imagery is adapted from Retzsch's picture, and Huxley expressly states that with the substitution of the angel for the fiend he would accept it as an image of human life. But Mr. Hutton does not see it in that light. The "great agnostic" must be caught and gently branded. Says Mr. Hutton:

Nothing seems to me clearer than that Prof. Huxley borrowed, from a religion which he thought wholly unproved, his description of the unseen player in this great game of life. . . . In my belief he had a half-unconscious craving, to which he thought it wrong to give way, for that passionate faith which he said that he desired to undermine in all cases in which there was, in his opinion, no possibility of what he termed unification.

Huxley's reply to this would have been pungent reading.

Browning, to most of us, is just Browning, observer and fighter, student of men and women, explorer of the human heart, profoundly interested in the tortuous workings of the human mind, and the myriad ways in which it tries to express its conviction of the moral law, and its realisation of God. Browning might have said: "Such is life as I see it; or, rather, as these men and women whom I have imagined see it." To create a theological Browning from his works is a task his readers could have well spared. It is almost naughty. A theological Browning! The morning star in a cope and mitre! Need we say Mr. Hutton

attempted it? "He was not an Athanasian," says Mr. Hutton. No, neither was he an Alsatian. "Perhaps," continues Mr. Hutton,

he did not hold theologically *the whole* [the italics are ours] of the Nicene Creed. But he held to the Incarnation in a sense much more eager and much more progressive and much more constant than he held to any of the doubts and hesitations which the opponents of that doctrine had suggested to him. He believed, from his heart, that Christ revealed God, and was personally the divine Son of God, in a sense a great deal deeper and a great deal more vivid and personal than most orthodox Christians.

Why, as well might one argue that Browning was a Theosophist from the lines in "Evelyn Hope":

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you.

In the essay on John Stuart Mill we find the same partiality of interpretation; sympathetic and temperate, but none the less partial for that. This, according to Mr. Hutton, is the kind of influence that Mill must exercise on the development of English thought:

He will have convinced many materialists that, though there can be no omnipotent God of perfect holiness, there may be a very powerful, invisible Being who is helping us to struggle against impossible conditions, not much more or not much less mighty than Himself. And he will have induced certain Rationalists who smile at revelation to believe that it becomes a sceptic to reserve the possibility, at least, that Christ actually was exactly what in the first three Gospels He declares Himself to be.

If Mr. Hutton had private doubts, he does not allow them to appear in his writings. As he blandly strove to insist that all the best thought of his day was really in harmony with the Huttonian analysis of the eternal verities, so in poetry the best was ever what he chose to call the best. In one short article on "The Modern Poetry of Doubt," he gives four pontifical expressions of opinion, the wisdom of which is, to say the least, very arguable:

There is no lyric in all his [Tennyson's] volumes quite equal to that which tells how

. . . the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.

The English language does not contain lines of despair at once so calm and so poignant as those with which he [Shelley] closed the unequal but marvellous poem of "Alastor":

It is a woe too "deep for tears" when all
Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit,
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
Those who remain behind not sobs or groans,
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
Birth and the grave, that are not what they were.

When will any chord be struck of a despair deeper than this?—

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.

There is nothing in our modern poetry more touching in its quiet sadness than this: [Then follow Arnold's lines beginning—

While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave,
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.]

These dogmatic utterances in the domain of poetry are typical of Mr. Hutton's habit of thought—a habit that

grew upon him as the years sped, to find him seated more firmly, and still more firmly, in the editorial chair, his congregation growing in numbers, and in affection and reverence for their self-appointed pastor. We doubt if he captured the younger minds—for youth is curious and implacable; but those who had grown up in the spiritual effulgence that shone from that sincere, dogged mind, that cut itself loose from tradition only to cling the more closely to it, never forsook him. His life was indeed one to be envied. He was the friend, the consoler, of a little nation of lovable and orthodox English men and women, who wanted nothing better than to be made more and more content with their folded pinions and the grassy track that led down, undulating a little here and there, to the promised end. It was a beautiful life, and the example remains; but that is all. The essays are interesting intellectual exercises, but they will not live. For such high honour the vision must be more direct, more personal, less pedagogic, less hidebound by the past. For such high honour the inspiration must come from the source, not from the mouth of the river.

Words, Words.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. IV.: Germano—Glass-Cloth. Vol. V.: Hod—Horizontal. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d. each)

THE two "parts" of Dr. Murray's dictionary which lie before us are like unto the others we have received. They amaze by their fulness, their penetration, and especially by their enormous trawl-catches of quotations. Dr. Murray's industry is best illustrated by comparing his Dictionary, section for section, with the dictionary which has hitherto borne the palm for comprehensiveness. Thus in the Germano—Glass-Cloth section the following table can be made:

	Century Dic.	New English Dic.
Words recorded: Germano—Glass-Cloth	954	2053
Words illustrated by quotations	409	1638
Illustrative Quotations	1108	8488

Similar figures might be given for the Hod—Horizontal, or any other, published section of Dr. Murray's work. But there is no need to insist on the superior size of the Great Pyramid.

We handed these two sections to a practical journalist; and we asked him to glance through the pages and jot down his impressions of the usefulness, to himself, of such words as may be uncommon, or curious, or more or less obsolete. He has done so, and this is what he writes:

"Germicidal" is the first word to attract me, for it is becoming clear that germicidal mania will soon have to be recognised as a morbid activity of these times. "Germinate" is a necessary, frequent word, but I do not propose to adopt Mr. Hall Caine's use of it. He is quoted from the *Times*: "A crowd of people gathered in the street and germinated alarming rumours." Correct, and even expressive, as this may be, it brings a smile. It seems to imply that the crowd knew what it was doing, and was set on the business. I like Jeremy Taylor in his sentence (worth quoting just now):

The Church was then a garden of the fairest flowers, it did daily germinate with blessings from Heaven, and Saints sprung up.

Here the "invaluable capital" (see Mr. Miall's excellent letter in last week's *ACADEMY*) can hardly be said to throw dust in the eyes. I should think that in these days of humanity and Old-Age Pensions the word "gerocomy," meaning the science of the treatment of the aged, stands

an imminent chance of being aired. "Gerrymander" is a word that I shall probably never use; but its origin, given by Dr. Murray, interests me:

1881 *Mem. Hist. Boston* III. 212 In 1812, while Elbridge Gerry was Governor of Massachusetts, the Democratic Legislature, in order to secure an increased representation of their party in the State Senate, districted the State in such a way that the shapes of the towns forming such a district in Essex county brought out a territory of regular outline. This was indicated on a map which Russell, the editor of the *Continent*, hung in his office. Stuart, the painter, observing it, added a head, wings, and claws, and exclaimed, 'That will do for a salamander!' 'Gerrymander!' said Russell, and the word became a proverb.

I see that a *Quarterly Reviewer* is alone in spelling the word with a j—but, then, he is a *Quarterly Reviewer*. There is an interesting account of the old word "gests," in all its meanings. It was used for "deeds, exploits" in 1876 by Messrs. Besant and Rice in the *Golden Butterfly*: "Her bosom heaved when she heard of heroic gest." Perhaps she was trying to remember what the word signified. "Gesticulant" has a shade of meaning that would recommend it above "gesticulating" now and then. For example, Mr. Blackmore, in *Springhaven*:

The figure of the ungainly foe . . . huge against the waves like Cyclops, and, like him, gesticulant.

Now, had Mr. Blackmore written "like him, gesticulating," the image would have been ludicrous.

"Gesture," as a *verb*, is a word to keep in mind. It can do immense amount of work, thus (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*): "He . . . gestured his intention of throwing the baby to the ground if anybody attempted to approach him." But I think there is something forced in this use of it by Mr. Howells: "His father made an offer to rise. 'Don't go,' said Lapham, 'gesturing him down again.'" There is too much literary gesture here. "Get" is a little word, but it breedeth twenty-one columns of definitions and quotations in the Dictionary. It is a word of all work, so that you cannot expect it to be beautiful; but its more inelegant uses ought to be discouraged. "The book is prettily *got up*" is a frequent sentence: the book may be, but the sentence is not. There are many other uses of "get" and "got" which are too colloquial for a careful pen; the subject is tedious. Let me, however, share with the reader one quotation; it shines out of the page in biographical radiance:

Mr. Justice Grantham succeeded in getting the animal under control.

That is all. It will go down the ages conveying this glad upshot. The reports will gather dust and be neglected; judges will come and go, and the law become a yet more "ungodly jumble"; but there, safe in the great Dictionary, will stand the pleasing record: "Mr. Justice Grantham succeeded in getting the animal under control." Clearly it was a struggle, but—never shall it be doubtful that the amiable judge succeeded.

"Gibbeted" is an instance of a word surviving its unlamented parent. In 1886, according to one writer, it was still possible to be "gibbeted in the *Times*." An ugly word—let it go. "Giff-gaff," meaning mutual help, give and take, is not marked as obsolete. "The giff-gaff principle of making friends" is from the *Daily News* of March 22, 1892; the word seems crisp and useful. The giff-gaff system of reviewing books has been saddled with a far less expressive name. But giff-gaff also means interchange of remarks, promiscuous talk; and I can imagine it to be useful in this sense too; Mr. Crockett has it in his *Lilac Sunbonnet*: "the shrill giff-gaff of their colloquy." That is good. "Gig" has one or two obsolete and rare meanings of interest. It is obsolete in its meaning of a flighty girl, though a writer so comparatively modern as Mme. D'Arblay wrote in her diary: "Charlotte L — called, and the little gig told all the quarrels,"

In the sense of an oddity or fool the word probably survives locally. Whyte-Melville makes someone say in *Kate Coventry*: "Such a set of 'gigs,' my dear, I never saw in my life. . . . not a good-looking man amongst them." Yet note that the word is put into quotation marks. "In high gig" meant in high spirits. "Gig" had the third meaning of fun, glee. Sir Walter Besant locates the phrase in the thirties of this century in his *Fifty Years Ago*: "A laughter-loving lass of eighteen who dearly loved a bit of gig." No connexion with "giggle" is suggested. By the way, I see that Mr. Leslie Stephen has had the temerity to write of the House of Commons "giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption." Although "gig," a flighty girl, is obsolete, "giglet," meaning the same thing, is apparently not so. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* uses it with effect in the sentence: "Why should female clerks in the postal service consist of pert giglets hardly out of their teens?" "Giglet fairs" (for hiring female farm-servants) are still held in the West of England. From "gig" we may pass to "girl," and find that "girlery" stands good as an English word. Lamb used it in a letter to Wordsworth in the sense of girls collectively; and it is to be found in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Probably Christopher North re-invented it. "Girn," to show the teeth in rage or pain, is a strong word. "The mastiff girns" is from Browning; and we must all have seen it in *The Water Babies*: "how she [the otter] did grin and girn when she saw Tom." I pass on, skipping twenty-eight columns under "Give," and end my inspection of the "G" words with "gladful." The only writer quoted as using it since Spenser is Mr. William Watson: "Then came the gladful morn."

Between Hod and Horizontal I find fewer interesting words. "Hoddynood" and "hoddypeak" and "hoddypoll," each meaning a simpleton, are obsolete, though simpletons survive. "Hodiernal" is a word above and beyond me. Someone is quoted as writing: "The commonest events of hodiernal life." Hoity-toity! By the way, you may make hoity-toity into a noun. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in the *Athenæum*: "The talk gets naturally upon 'lords' in general, gentility, nonsense, and 'hoity-toityism' as the canker at the heart of modern civilisation." A "holimonth" is a month's holiday—but it is an impossible word. "Holus-bolus," all at once, all at a gulp, was used by Mr. Morley a few years ago. To modern minds "honey-dew" is a brand of tobacco and little else, but to our forefathers it was the sweet sticky substance found on the leaves and stems of trees, and was associated in their minds with manna. Pliny thought that honey-dew was "either the sweat of the heaven, or the slaver or spittle of the stars, or the moisture of the air purging itself." From this to Kingsley in *Two Years Ago* is a transition: "I say, how do you sell honeydew?" "Honeymoon" may mean, by transference, "the first warmth of newly established friendly relations." "Spain in the honey-moon of her new servitude" is from Burke, and 'twill serve now. "The brief honeymoon of the new king and his parliament," writes Mr. Goldwin Smith. "Honorificabilitudinitas" is a grandiose extension of *honorificabilitas*—honourableness. It is marked as obsolete. So it is in a sense; but its existence is in no danger. So long as the "Bits" order of journalism survives, and so long as the *Burslem Intelligencer* or *Okehampton Star* have corners to fill, there will appear this sentence: "The longest word in the English language is honorificabilitudinitas." "Hoodpick" is obsolete; it meant a miser in the seventeenth century. "Hooky-crooky" is scarce and American, but should be useful to describe underhand methods. "Hope-lost" is also obsolete, and is surely worth reviving in its meaning of a despairing man, one who has lost hope. Wrote someone in 1648: "Like a Company of poor Hope-losts they look up to that place of Honour, where erst they sat." Many a good word does the same.

A Poet of Content.

The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges. (Bell & Sons. 1s. net.)

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES for a shilling! These are democratic times indeed. It is true that the shilling is a shilling net, and true democracy demands the remission of threepence, but the concession is not the less for it, and we thank Messrs. Bell cordially for this pocketable and distinguished little book. The choice is a good one too, for if Mr. Bridges is ever to win his way to what is called popularity it will be with his *Shorter Poems*, rather than with the longer poems or plays. For a poet's plays the general reader—that not altogether unreasonable and very honest tyrant—cares nothing; nor is he over eager to peruse any form of poetry that requires a long sitting and close attention; but lyrics he loves, especially lyrics of the open air and fair ladies.

Yet whether or not he will love Mr. Bridges's lyrics is another matter. Mr. Bridges has certain qualities not quite to the taste of the general reader: he is austere classical, precise, reticent. He refrains from fervid autobiography. He holds some things too sacred for print. His first concern as a poet is to please his own mind, and as his own mind is cloistral and super-refined, and as the general reader's mind is not, there may be difficulties. And yet, none the less, there are many moments when the poet and the non-poet are at one: in his love of river and hill, of bird and flower, of September gardens and winter sunshine, of sea and cloud, Mr. Bridges but expresses—with, of course, much of beauty added—the sentiments of most of his thinking countrymen. This little book is the discreet and exquisite expression of a rapturous love of nature and the best things of life.

None the less, we fancy that Mr. Bridges will remain always a poet's poet. His ear is too delicate, his experiments in metre are too nice. The ordinary reader is so often baulked in the pleasant occupation of keeping time to the syllables with finger or foot. It is the poets who go *tip-tippetty* that find their way to the large circulations; Mr. Bridges, we can believe, is peculiarly disappointing at times, for he chooses the *tip-tippetists'* subjects, and brings to them an austerity usually associated with the poetry rather of the soul than of nature.

But these are matters about which enough has been said. Let us, rather, refresh our memory of Mr. Bridges's beautiful art. Here, for example, is that clean and cheery cloud poem from Book I., one of the few—too few—cloud poems that exist:

Who has not walked upon the shore,
And who does not the morning know,
The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceased to blow?

The horses of the strong south-west
Are pastured round his tropic tent,
Careless how long the ocean's breast
Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frightened birds that fled inland
To house in rock and tower and tree,
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
To tempt again the sunny sea;

Whereon the timid ships steal out
And laugh to find their foe asleep,
That lately scattered them about,
And drave them to the fold like sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward chased
Break into phalanx, line, and band:
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows creep,
Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea;

And sail and sail far out of sight.
But still I watch their fleecy trains,
That piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains.

The stanzas illustrate Mr. Bridges's pictorial power. Indeed, these *Shorter Poems* are a veritable little landscape exhibition: there is a picture in every line. Look, for instance, at this nocturne:

The clouds have left the sky,
The wind hath left the sea,
The half-moon up on high
Shrinketh her face of dree.

She lightens on the comb
Of leaden waves, that roar
And thrust their hurried foam
Up on the dusky shore.

Behind the western bars
The shrouded day retreats,
And unperceived the stars
Steal to their sovran seats.

And whiter grows the foam,
The small moon lightens more;
And as I turn me home,
My shadow walks before.

Is it not clear and distinct? More timely is this lyric of the spring:

Spring goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may;
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray;

White butterflies in the air;
White daisies prank the ground;
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.

That is Mr. Bridges's simplest way. In his more luscious manner is "Nightingales," a poem in which some of the melancholy of the bird's song, some of the beauty of the May night, seems to linger:

NIGHTINGALES.

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song.
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams;
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams—
A throng of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark, nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of
May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

But for richest lusciousness, perhaps, the experiment in what has been called "honeycomb verse"—"The Garden in September"—is the best. The subject, of course, is luscious in itself; the very title is almost a poem. Mr. Bridges begins:

Now thin mists temper the slow ripening beams
Of the September sun: his golden gleams
On gaudy flowers shine, that prank the rows
Of high-grown hollyhocks, and all tall shows
That Autumn flaunteth in his bushy bowers;
Where tomtits hanging from the drooping heads
Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds;
And in the feathery aster bees on wing
Seize and set free the honied flowers,
Till thousand stars leap with their visiting:

While ever across the path mazily flit,
Unpiloted in the sun,
The dreamy butterflies
With dazzling colours powdered and soft glooms,
White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes,
Or on chance flowers sit,
With idle effort plundering one by one
The nectaries of deepest throated blooms.

Mr. Bridges is, indeed, a poet to envy. To have such a garden, to be so constantly alive to beautiful things, is truly desirable. And he caps all by this confession:

The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep,
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its fancy seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

Few voices in these degenerate, discontented days utter such satisfaction as this. Rather is complaint the fashion. We honour the poet for his content.

By these extracts we have done Mr. Bridges less than justice; but then we have quoted to serve not his but our own ends. They may, however, we trust, send many persons to the book.

The Groundwork of Science.

The Groundwork of Science: a Study in Epistemology. By St. George Mivart. (John Murray.)

MEN of science who are something more than narrow specialists seldom fail to recognise that the phenomena they study are ultimately inexplicable without recourse to fundamental assumptions of metaphysics. The more adequately they recognise this fact, the more clearly will they endeavour to draw the line between the phenomena of science which lie on its hither side and the noumenal existence which lies beyond. And it is the cardinal duty of anyone who attempts to deal with the insensible web of metaphysical causation which forms the groundwork of science to distinguish with the utmost clearness between the realities of experience and the underlying realities in terms of which experience may itself be explained. It is here that Dr. Mivart in his recent work, as in previous works, fails. We do not doubt his honesty of purpose; we do not question his ability; but we believe him to be lacking in that rare gift of discriminating insight in matters fundamental without which the most honest and able craftsman may exercise his craft in vain.

A long and unnecessarily elaborated argument leads up to the conclusion that external objects, at any rate in so far as their so-called primary qualities are concerned, have an independent existence, for which an unexplained and questionable intuition vouches. Almost pathetic is the earnestness with which Dr. Mivart pleads for a belief in the reality of matter. We say "pleads" rather than "argues," for where intuitions are concerned argument is futile for those who are not so unfortunate as to possess them. Now we know the doctrine of the independent and noumenal existence of the matter and energy with which science deals. It is termed materialism. Unquestionably, Dr. Mivart is a materialist in this sense; but for him matter and energy do not by any means exhaust the realities of noumenal existence. In the closing words of the book: "Unless we are profoundly mistaken, it is only through the conception of such an active causative principle underlying and pervading the material cosmos,

together with the recognition of the dignity of human reason, that we can understand the groundwork of science and attain to a final and satisfactory epistemology." So that we have two sorts of noumenal existence—(1) matter and energy, and (2) an underlying causative principle. These must be either co-ordinate, or the one subordinate to the other. It can hardly be doubted that Dr. Mivart would choose the latter alternative. We may, indeed, fairly assume from the general tenor of his work that matter and energy are themselves to be regarded as the product of the principle of causation. If this be so, we have one noumenon causing another, and that other causing the phenomena of sensation!

Now Dr. Mivart accepts and, in another connexion, makes skilful and effective use of Occam's maxim: "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*"; but he does not seem to have realised that its application here rules out altogether his subordinate noumenon, leaving, on the one hand, the phenomena of experience, and, on the other, the underlying principle of causation: matter and energy belonging to the former category.

We are not sure that Dr. Mivart has reached sound conceptions of causation. It is of fundamental importance to distinguish between causation as understood by science, on the one hand, and metaphysical causation, on the other. The former is expressed in terms of antecedence and sequence, and involves an indefinite retrogression to the limits of weariness. The latter is the true groundwork of science, its essential *raison d'être*. Physics deals with the sequence of phenomena in terms of matter and motion. Psychology deals with a sequence of states of consciousness in terms of cognition, emotion, and so forth. The metaphysics of physics deals with force as the cause of the motion of material systems; the metaphysics of mind deals with the force which underlies the sequence of states of consciousness. The one word *force*, thus understood, sums up the groundwork of science. For some this is merely a synonym for the unknowable; but we agree with the author that it is also the Supreme Reason, and that this is why the phenomena of science form a rational system, of which the symmetric form of the crystal, the painted wing of the butterfly, the instinct of the spider, the intelligence of the dog, and the intellect of man, are direct or indirect expressions.

A Superior Family.

The Etchingham Letters. By Ella Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

GOOD genuine letters, growing from a spontaneous desire on the part of the writer to please and interest a friend, are rare enough. How much more so are good artificial letters by literary experimentalists! In fact, the manufactured letter is almost always a failure, judged as a letter, however informing it may be. The author seems to be confronted by the insuperable difficulty of self-consciousness, proceeding from the knowledge that the destined haven of the missive is not, as it ought to be, the pocket of an intimate correspondent, but naked print. Few letters will stand print; and the better they stand it, by so much the less are they good as letters. Many of the letters which it is customary to extol (and quite rightly) for what they say and the way they say it, must have cut a very poor figure at the breakfast-table when they were originally opened. Probably the best letters of all—letters, not essays or "causeries"—pass between obscure persons who have never thought of authorship, or heard that it is wrong to underline and shameful to split an infinitive.

So much of preamble to these studies in literary epistolising called *The Etchingham Letters*, which never succeed in persuading us that the services of the Post

Office were for a moment requisitioned. Even had they been anonymous, we should still have doubted their genuineness; but with the names of the collaborators on the title-page, of course all illusion is defeated. It is not so that retired Indian officials write to their sisters. The little somethings that make for credibility are lacking: brothers and sisters, even when the brother is a baronet, do not assume these courtly attitudes, these polite distances. No, these corresponding Etchinghams fail to convince. Also, we regret to say, they fail to a large extent to entertain. Their minds are too superior, their sympathies too narrow; their caste teaches them to touch life only superficially. We can follow the love affairs of the family with but very languid attention, and we rapidly tire of Hans-place society, among whom Elizabeth Etchingham dwells. Sir Richard's environment, at Tolcarne in Wessex, is more tolerable; but there again we are much in a world of exiguous donnish intellect. Indeed, as we read on, Walt Whitman's plea came into mind:

O something pernicious and dread!
Something far away from a pious and puny life!
Something unproved! something in a trance!
Something escaped from the anchorage and driving free!

And there it remained, a continuous undertone of protest, until we had done.

None the less there are pleasant and well-thought things in the book. Sir Richard has much learning, and some of his criticisms are suggestive, although it seems to us that he underrates Maeterlinck. His praise of Colonel Tod's *Rajasthan* is excellent, and it should be the means of inducing a publisher to issue a new and accessible edition, especially at this season of joy in heroic deeds and men of might. This is a timely word on Omar Kháyyám, upon whom Sir Frederick Pollock is, of course, an authority:

Some draw the wine to drink thereof full deep.
And some i' the mosque their night-long vigil keep—
Unsteadfast all, tossed on a shoreless flood;
For ONE doth wake; fools in their folly sleep.

So says Omar Kháyyám, the real and serious Omar, I conceive, when he rends the veil of his ambiguous conventional imagery, and ceases from his antinomian flings against the formalism of both mullahs and súfis. How do I know, you may say, that this and not the other—or one of the others—is the real Omar? Well, I don't; but this and like utterances—not fitting into the common forms even of unorthodoxy—seem far less likely to have been interpolated than the six hundred and one stanzas about wine and moonlight and the lips of the beloved by the lip of the field (the boundary between tilth and wilderness in a country living on irrigation), which scores of versifiers might have written at any time over several centuries. Not that the wine and moon, and so forth, need always have their literal meaning, or only that meaning. My own belief is that the reader is often wilfully left to take his choice as he may deserve; but that is yet another story.

One thing we may point out before leaving the book: there are a great many people who very naturally dislike to see any distortion of the Scriptures, and for their sakes it might have been worth while to omit the parody of Proverbs xxx., amusing though it may be to the irreverent.

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
He who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways,
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud, majestic multitude.

From "*The Wind Among the Reeds*," by
W. B. Yeats.

Other New Books.

DONEYAL AND ANTRIM.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

This is a worthy addition to the series which was begun with Mr. Norway's *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*. Mr. Gwynn carries on the tradition well and with a genuine love of his subject, yet with discretion. He does not strain a single quality of the country, and admits that its history is only "the vague tradition of a defeated race, and a legend-lore which has never been wrought into poetry." It is a country "for the most part remote, lonely, and storm-beaten." But with all this to its discredit, scenery and people are alike delightful. "Always you will be among the same brown and purple mountains, always in sight and seldom out of hearing of the sea, always you will be crossing swift, peaty streams and rivers, every one of them the home of trout and salmon, and harbouring no coarser fish: always there will be, on the one hand, the home of snipe, grouse, and woodcock, and the haunt of cormorant and seagull on the other; in short, you will be in the ideal country for a holiday, always somewhere between the heather and the sea." Mr. Gwynn wisely advises the tourist to talk to carmen and boatmen, and absorb their humour and modified Lowland Scottish dialect. Of their quaint inversions and happy choice of words he gives many examples. Speaking of a field overgrown with rushes, an Antrim man said: "It'll be a quare tragedy gettin' them rushes out o' thon field." That is delightful. "Are there fish in the pool to-day?" "Fish is it? It's fair polluted with them." A poor woman's answer to a lady who asked her whether she was a widow, was: "'Deed, mem, A'm the worst soort o' a wudda; A'm an ould maid." A notable feature of the book is that Mr. Hugh Thomson appears in it as a landscape draughtsman. We certainly prefer his figure studies, which here, as elsewhere, are delightful. (Macmillan. 5s.)

EMERALDS CHASED IN GOLD.

BY JOHN DICKSON.

We speak of the British Islands, forgetting that they are many. Yet our Island's islands are fascinating in their remoteness, and lovely in their storm-guarded peace. "The farthest Hebrides," wrote Wordsworth, and left us wondering. On these uncatalogued islands men live with Nature and a weather-beaten parson, and do not know that they are envied. Ten such can be seen from Edinburgh, or, at least, from Blackford Hill, as Scott well knew:

Yonder the shore of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law;
And broad between them rolled,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose Islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Mr. John Dickson has written a very careful and a very charming book about these emeralds chased in gold, whose names a herald might mouth with satisfaction; they are: Inchgarvie, Inchcolm, Inchkieth, the Bass Rock, the Isle of May, Cramond, Inchmickery, Fidra, Craighleith, and the Lamb. Of these only three have found historians, and all have been insufficiently described. Mr. Dickson is thorough. His thoroughness is human enough to omit mention of Dr. Johnson's visit to the Bass Rock, though he describes Carlyle's visit to Inchkieth. The proprietorship, geology, agricultural character, and past history of each island are entered into with loving care. Of fine material there is no lack, for several of the islands were once homes of piety. On Inchcolm stands the ruins of the monastery which Alexander I. vowed to Saint Columba, after being storm-bound on the island for three weeks. A poor anchorite, a disciple of the saint, shared with him and his courtiers the milk and shell-fish which were his only food. Inchkieth is rich in the family history of Keiths, Strathmores, and Buccleughs. May had its priory, and on it

the saintly Adrian was murdered by the Danes, as Wyntoun saith:

And apon holy Thursday
Saynt Adrian thai slave in May
Wyth mony of hys Company.

On Fidra are the remains of a hermitage, which "appears to have served the purpose of a desert to the sisterhood of North Berwick, when they wished greater quietude for meditation and devotion than their regular place of residence afforded them." The Bass Rock, which became a scene of martyrdom when Charles II. decided that Presbyterianism was not "fit for a gentleman," is the best-known of the islands; but Mr. Dickson has added to our knowledge of its civil and ecclesiastical history. A very sound little book. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

POEMS AT WHITE NIGHTS.

BY GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

The Unicorn Books of Verse now number five, and all have character of their own. Mr. Bottomley, whose title is due to admiration of *Marius the Epicurean*, is a conscientious artificer with the sense of beauty ever awake. His verse is perhaps a thought too sedate for a lyricist, but it is interesting and well chiselled. We should have liked more epigrams and fewer sonnets. Landor's own grace is suggested here: On Landor's Poems Found in a Cedar-wood Desk:

Comatas, prisoned in a cedarn chest,
Was fed by bees that sought his honeyed song;
But these forgotten fragments, far more blest,
Live by their own clear sweetness, cool and strong.

There is room for a poet who will take up Landor's old office of addressing his contemporaries in wise and melodious quatrains and octaves. Mr. Bottomley might apply for the post. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d.)

IVORY, APES AND PEACOCKS.

BY "ISRAFEL."

We do not know which wearies us most—"Israfel's" fine writing, or his attempts to be funny. Here are the two in combination:

And when the poetic Southern moon, which can fire the heart of a tourist or the top of a soda-water bottle, shines on the desert, and water and distance are veiled in a silver haze of illusion, the beauty of the Suez Canal seems to me to share the psychology of Chopin's most mournful preludes and the wonderful elemental sadness of Tchaikovsky's music.

"Israfel" is musical, and whithersoever he travels he never forgets that he has been to Bayreuth. "The sea colours are as nervously and perfectly and bewilderingly interwrought with one another as the *leit-motifs* in 'Tristan.'" The Bazaar at Bombay, seen for the first time, has "the fluidity and the intense life of music; it is like the prismatic 'Preislied' in the 'Meistersinger' heard for the first time." Bombay itself has atmospheric effects "beautiful as those in the 'Rheingold.'" The oleander has a "Chopinesque perfume." At Jeypore "the plain theme of the bullock cart is wondrously orchestrated." It is a pity that "Israfel" riots thus, for he has eyes and words at his command, and could do better. (Unicorn Press.)

THE QUEST OF FAITH.

BY THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS.

These essays, of which parts have seen the light in the *Athenæum*, deal with some of the serious contributions to the doubt of our own day. Huxley's *Collected Essays* are the text of a discourse on Agnosticism. Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Faith* are taken as an example of how the sceptical spirit may apply itself to discredit the sceptic. Mr. Gladstone's *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Butler*, and the Duke of Argyll's defence of the teleological argument, suggest reflections on the relations of Butler's and Paley's influence to the thought of a later generation. All these things are done calmly, and you can always understand what Mr. Saunders means. (A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Amateur Crackman. By E. W. Hornung.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THE modern story of crime, its detection or its perpetration, wherein the leading factor is ingenuity of plot, probably deserves more critical attention than it has hitherto received. It may not be the highest development of fiction, but it is a form of literary art—or rather, to be cautious, there is no reason why it should not be a form of literary art. Three things are necessary, so G. H. Lewes has told us, to good literature—vision, sincerity, and æsthetic beauty. Now no one would deny that the Sherlock Holmes series, for example, has both vision and sincerity; Dr. Conan Doyle “realises” intensely, and his best work is obviously and thoroughly sincere. That his outlook is narrow, and his characters crudely conventionalised, is beside the point, for all art is narrow when compared to life, and all art must be more or less conventional; without convention one could not have form. Where Dr. Doyle and his imitators fall short is in the quality of æsthetic beauty, of which most of them seem to have not the slightest perception. It must be said, however, for Mr. E. W. Hornung that his book does disclose a certain feeling for beauty. His search for the precise epithet is sometimes quite successful, and all his stories have a gracefulness of contour not often to be observed in this species of work. Mr. Hornung is avowedly an imitator (or shall we say a “flatterer”?) of Dr. Doyle. Yet he has his originalities. His hero, A. J. Raffles, possesses, it is true, the Sherlock Holmes attributes; but he uses them for the commission of crimes, not for their punishment. Of course, he was not “really” a criminal—only an amateur, though an amateur who could meet and beat most professionals. He had a code of honour, and stuck to it; otherwise he would have been impossible as a hero.

“We shall have our work cut out,” was all I said.

“And do you suppose I should be keen on it if we hadn’t?” cried Raffles. “My dear fellow, I would rob St. Paul’s Cathedral if I could, but I could no more scoop a till when the shop-walker wasn’t looking than I could bag the apples out of an old woman’s basket. Even that little business last month was a sordid affair, but it was necessary, and I think its strategy redeemed it to some extent. Now there’s some credit, and more sport, in going where they boast they’re on their guard against you. The Bank of England, for example, is the ideal crib.”

And so on, till all one’s notions of right and wrong are turned topsy-turvy. A. J. Raffles is successful in all his little affairs till the last one, when a grim Scottish detective, who has shadowed him throughout, brings him up all standing. The “amateur” escapes with his life from a precarious position, and probably Mr. Hornung’s intention is that at a future date he shall renew his doubtful activities.

The book is distinctly a good one. It is perhaps inferior to its exemplar in that wealth of corroborative detail which convinces, and that ingenuity of weaving which enthral, but, on the other hand, it has a lightness and brightness which Dr. Doyle never attempted.

Life at Twenty. By Charles Russell Morse.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. MORSE must expect to be depreciated as an imitator of Mr. George Meredith. He has certainly caught the manner of that master so closely that one’s irritation at what at first seems something deliberately affected passes into astonishment that the ironies should furnish England’s only Richter with so plausible a double. In respect of style, Mr. Morse consistently remains at the level of a

telegraph wire above the ground. Opposed to the feebleness of common writing, this richness of phrase inspires our gratitude, but it does not answer the desideratum of Mr. Herbert Spencer with regard to a perfect style for imparting information. Far from reducing the “friction” to a minimum, Mr. Morse engages us in a combat with triumphantly contorted sentences, and when it is a case of imagining the position of a locality or the details of a story we could wish him to be more lucid. There is one considerable error he might have avoided if he had studied the dialogue of Mr. Henry James as well as the no longer inimitable manner of setting forth which, in the case of Mr. Meredith, creeps into the life of his puppets to the disadvantage of their separate individuality. A peculiarly intellectual tone enters into the talk of all Mr. Morse’s important male characters, with the exception of his wicked baronet. Mr. Morse is himself Jim, Holt, Crowell, and Stalker. Jim is the son of a typical farm-labourer. He has enjoyed a fair education, but this is how he talks: “Take the elderly man and the petticoated naïveté. . . . She finds his sensibilities ordered belligerent around his purse. . . . Touch his solvency and you are into the quick of his doleful existence.” Holt has a taste for the abstract. “Have you seen Weldon’s lines?” he asks, adding: “A good instance of the man with a wish to do, and the fancied faculty to apply immediate means to an end remotely conceived to approximate the consummate.” Stalker, to whom this remark is addressed, seems not insensible to its unnecessary abstruseness; yet it is he who observes that, in a state of supreme content, man is “advised of the universe’s control in the cocksure of happiness that inflates his own thorax.” His silly insult to Mozart (p. 171) should not have passed unrebuked. Crowell we suppose to be a big, awkward fellow. He is compared to a “grampus in love.” Yet on the heroine’s threatening to run if he lose his sense of propriety, he thus replies with refinement and polish: “The loss should excuse any ultimate action in me as your captor.” Mr. Morse is not overburdened with plot. His “Rose” is tempted nigh to falling, and her recovery sounds the most melodramatic note in the book. There is a true femininity about his women: a certain Tabitha has the ageless sweetness of lavender. We have quoted some ugly sentences, and *pace tua*, Mr. Morse, we object to split infinitives. But the wit of the novel is undeniable and often brilliant, the acuteness of its reflections remarkable. Mr. Morse observes both nature and human nature with calm, keen eyes. His description of the little society of naturalists called “The Tramps” is clever and thorough: only a naturalist could have done it. Great things may be hoped for from Mr. Morse. His sense of beauty will grow, and with that growth what is otiose and ugly will drop away from his work.

An Earthly Fulfilment. By John Reay Watson.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS is a study of middle-class life in a remote town of Australia. To judge from the chapter headings (“XXV.—Halts on the Verge of a Climax,” and so on), you would think it was old-fashioned in methods. But it is not so. The author has, probably, absorbed French models. He is clever and sincere, and has a due sense of the dignity of his art. He tries to be a realist, and within limits he succeeds. The greyiness of life does not daunt him. He records faithfully and neatly, if without distinction. The calamity is that his devotion to accuracy of detail interferes with his sense of the dramatic. In art accuracy is desirable, but dramatic quality is more than desirable—it is essential. An artist is an artist because he discerns the bright-hued drama which underlies even the greyest existences.

To put the matter in another and commoner way: Mr. Watson is dull. But we think that he will not always be dull, for in one or two scenes he has contrived to rid himself of the obsession of trivial observations, and the result is good. The plot of *An Earthly Fulfilment*, reduced to its simplest, is an old one: the love of two women for one man. As regards the women, Minnie Turner is a girl, Alison Hunter is a married woman, and the man, Haddie Clarke, is not her husband. Minnie has just allowed Clarke to kiss her—

"Someone is there," she said, in maidenly anger.

He turned quickly, and fell back, terror-stricken for the moment. Mrs. Hunter stood in the doorway a picture of dismay, and looking for a way to escape.

"You here?" he said quiveringly. An unshaped fear ran through his blood and left him motionless.

Minnie advanced to Mrs. Hunter, who retreated into the shop; Haddie purposely came between them.

"Don't come near me," cried Mrs. Hunter to him. "Have I not suffered enough? What is there left in me to ruin? Have you no pity, no mercy?"

Minnie stood in the doorway looking at her. The woman's manner was inexplicable to her. She felt that its inner meaning was far outside her experience. Words jingled in her brain devoid of meaning, yet she realised that the whole situation threatened a catastrophe. She caught a look from the terrified Mrs. Hunter, and she felt suddenly that she herself was degraded in her part in this scene. She saw her sex as only a barren necessity of man's existence. Life thundered emptily in her ears, and she sank back afraid.

Mrs. Hunter had left her home.

The chapter in which this passage occurs is the best in the book, and it indicates a natural power which Mr. Watson will do well not to hamper by too strict obedience to a mere theory of technique.

The Capsina. By E. F. Benson.
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. BENSON'S new book, like its predecessor, *The Vintage*, deals with the Greek war of Independence. *The Capsina* is the head of a longshore tribe. She scores off the old wise men, and holds them up to the ridicule of the parish council, and so secures her position against any Salique prejudice. She builds ships and sails them, engages Turkish vessels and sinks them by twos and threes. Then she falls in love with a person who acts as her first lieutenant: he is styled "little" Mitsos because he is so big. Mr. Benson would seem to have taken some trouble in the study of places and events, and, therefore, it is with reluctance that we confess that his story has failed to win our sympathy, or even to hold our attention. A typical passage from this narrative of action may make the reader understand why:

"Hoist the foresail," she cried [they were pursuing two of the enemy's ships].

Mitsos looked up; the ship, he knew, was carrying as much sail as she could.

"You will lose your mast," he said.

The *Capsina* turned on him furiously. "Let us lose it then," she cried.

"And you will go no faster," he said. "More sail will only stop the ship."

"That is what they say," she remarked. "They say it pulls the ship over, and makes the bows dip. What do you advise, little Mitsos?"

We do not question the accuracy of the seamanship; we think it quite likely that more sail than enough "will only stop the ship." Perhaps the same fault is committed sometimes by writers of romance, with similar "pulling over" consequences.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE GAME AND THE CANDLE. BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

Here is the work of the practised novelist. Nothing could be more clean-cut or suggestive of future drama than Miss Broughton's first chapter, in which Henry Etheredge, in his fifty-sixth year, seeks, with his dying breath, to wring from his wife, of whose past fidelity he was assured, a promise not to marry "the person of whom you took leave five years ago beside the fountain in the circular garden." He had witnessed the parting from behind a yew hedge, and this was the first time he had mentioned the matter. (Macmillan. 6s.)

ON THE EDGE OF
A PRECIPICE.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

Miss Dickens's name is a guarantee of careful work and character-drawing above the ordinary. Here we watch the attempt of a feckless but resourceful loafer to marry an heiress whose memory has been destroyed in a bicycle accident. Theatrical life, more or less shady, moves in the background. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE. BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

A shrewd and witty book by a lady who is stepping surely to the front rank of novelists. The motive is the unhappy life of a healthy English girl, wedded to a neurotic with the artistic temperament. He holds that "Love is a flame celestial, a spark Olympian, never intended for the warming apparatus of a drawing-room." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MORE METHODIST IDYLLS.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

We were able to give warm praise to Mr. Lindsay's first series of *Methodist Idylls*. They showed an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of life in Methodist circles; and in style and treatment they were not wanting. Here we have a new batch. (Bowden. 6s.)

THE MAN BETWEEN.

BY ROBERT HALIFAX.

This story, by the author of *All for a Woman*, is "the record of a rare romance, bound up with two hearts and a treasure-hunt." A tale full of mystery and action. The following snatch of a song, twice quoted, gives its keynote:

Heigh-ho! it's a beautiful world, sirs,
If only you'll study your tide;
Here grins a rock, there threats a shock;
But, devil! the ocean's wide.
Ho! stand at the helm yourselves, sirs,
And lay hard to your memore:
It's never a boat as'll keep ye afloat
But—"a fig for old Destinee!"

(Richards. 6s.)

HER PROMISE TRUE.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Miss Russell is an industrious writer of readable novels. She has written another, showing how Belle Wayland kept, or rather did not keep, the promise she gave to Hugh Gilbert on the Hove sea wall. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE MAN AND HIS KINGDOM.

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM.

A romance of a tiny South American State. The reader's curiosity is aroused at the outset, when Gregory Dene and Miss Denison, each bound for San Martino, meet on ship-board. Intrigue, fighting, and love throw their varying lights on the pages. (Ward & Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE UNCALLED.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Mr. Dunbar is the negro poet, the author of *Lyrics of Lowly Life*. His novel is of pious provincial life in Ohio. A quiet and pathetic story. (Service & Paton. 6s.)

THE PASSING OF PRINCE ROZAN. BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Mr. Bickerdyke has contrived a story in which the Old Bailey and the Arctic Sea, a City swindle and "five hundred miles in a small open boat," are blended in a narrative that, if it contains many improbabilities, is vigorous and entertaining throughout. (Burleigh. 6s.)

THE FAITH THAT KILLS. BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

The principal episode of this readable story is an evening at a club (not *the* Suicide Club) where members play cards for their lives, the holder of the ace of spades being bound to drink then and there from a bowl of subtle poison causing a painless death. The dedication is to Mr. Kipling. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

FOR BETTER OR WORSE? BY CONRAD HOWARD.

Mr. Howard dedicates his novel to the fathers and mothers of the twentieth century, his purpose being that they shall read, mark, and digest his pages, and learn thereby to instruct their children differently in religious matters. Let us teach our children about evolution first, and read about creation later: that is the author's view. (Unwin. 6s.)

ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE. BY EDGAR JEPSON AND CAPTAIN D. BEAMES.

Mr. Jepson is already known by his *Passion for Romance*. Here he has collaborated with a practical soldier in a series of stories of fighting and plotting in Northern India and on the Afghan border. (Heinemann. 6s.)

FORBIDDEN BANNS. BY ANNABEL GRAY.

A melodrama in the form of a novel. "You like women, major?" "I think they are about the best diversion going in this weary world—better than cards, races, betting, or drink, anyway." (White. 6s.)

ROSE-À-CHARLITTE. BY MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

The hero is Vesper Nimmo. Years before, an ancestor had been an active figure among the Americans who persecuted and imprisoned the Acadians. One young Acadian, dying, cursed him and his line. With the hope of making some restitution Vesper visits Nova Scotia, and becomes friendly with the French settlers there—and meets Rose-à-Charlitté. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE DEATH THAT LURKS UNSEEN. BY J. G. FLETCHER.

We do not like the system of naming a book of short stories solely by the first story it contains; it is misleading. "The Death that Lurks Unseen," which is concerned with a Nihilist plot, turns out to be only one of nine short stories covering a wide range of life. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

MORALS OF THE MIDLANDS. BY MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.

In her latest hunting story Mrs. Kennard gives us a blend of hard riding and wayward affections. Her way is to smooth the rough places at the last, and allow conjugal errors to fade in the rays of forgiveness. A good readable novel, full of average human nature. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

TALES OF THE WONDER CLUB. BY DRYASDUST.

The Wonder Club met in the old inn "Ye Headless Lady," in the Midlands, toward the close of the last century. It was an exclusive little coterie, scorning to admit commercial gentlemen, and its chief delight was to listen to stories of the marvellous class, told by the members in turn with every circumstance of dignity. The irreverent named it "The Morbid Club," and we are inclined to think not altogether without reason. "The Phantom Flea" is the first story, and other stories,

equally suggestive of the weird, are: "The Spirit Leg," "Lost in the Catacombs" and "The Haunted Stage Box." (Harrison & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

THE REBELS. BY M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

Another romance of '98. "'Look, Val! look well,' she said, as she lifted him in her arms and pointed to the fading outline of the hills. 'That is Ireland; our own Ireland. You may never see it again, but you must never forget Ireland till you die.' . . . The deep voice of her husband, who had come softly up behind them while she spoke, whispered solemnly, 'I swear it'; and the sweet, clear voice of the child echoed the words 'I swear.'" (Ward & Lock. 6s.)

ROMANCE OF THE LADY ARBELL. BY ALASTOR GRAEME.

A high-falutin novel founded on the fortunes of Arabella Stuart. The first sentence runs: "That year of Grace autumn was falling early, so that all red berries made gouts of blood about the gloom-fiery heralds of winter-storm." Which is not pretty, and we don't know what it means. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE PRODIGAL'S BROTHER. BY JOHN MACKIE.

A romance of the great North-West. The author has had experience of the life he describes, having served as an officer in the North-West Mounted Police. There is hand-to-hand fighting with Indians. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)

A RIVIERA ROMANCE. BY BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.

A lively novel of life on the Riviera. The author—whose literary work was thwarted by many illnesses, ending in her death—is a defender of the gaming tables. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

THE LADY OF THE LEOPARD. BY CHARLES L'EPINE.

A weird novel; partly resembling *Elsie Venner*. An adventuress absorbs the nature of a leopard, and equipped not only with its cunning and watchfulness, but with extraordinary hypnotic powers, she throws herself at Sir David Grevil's head and adds strange complications to a drama of inheritance and family secrets. (Greening. 6s.)

THE WEIRD OF DEADLY HOLLOW. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

Another of Mr. Mitford's numerous and sensational stories of South Africa. (White. 3s. 6d.)

AN AWKWARD MEETING. BY R. H. SAVAGE.

A collection of slap-dash sensational stories, by the author of *My Official Wife*. (White. 2s. 6d.)

THE RESURRECTION OF HIS GRACE. BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

A horse-racing story with a horrible plot. (Greening & Co. 3s. 6d.)

BELLING THE CAT. BY DOBBINGTON PRIMM.

"A delicious sense of possession thrilled through his heart. She was his—his wife for ever"—the last words. (White. 6s.)

I'm here in Clifton, grinding at the mill
My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod;
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still.
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God!

Alert I seek exactitude of rule,
I step and square my shoulders with the squad;
But there are blackberries on old Barrule,
And Langness has its heather still—thank God!

From T. E. Brown's "Poems."

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About Dickens.

I.—Mr. Gissing.

WHY is Dickens so frequently and abundantly misquoted, his incidents misrepresented? Why do writers, capable of correct quotation from, and accurate allusion to, Sappho, Martin Tupper, and M. Anatole France, come to grief when they come to Dickens? To his adorers, of whom I am humblest among the greatest, this laxity is exasperating. A few years since, some monstrous person, wishing to speak of Sam Weller's famous crumpet story turned the crumpets into muffins. Aghast at this outrage, the late Mr. Walter Wren wrote to a daily paper, protesting that, to his best recollection, muffins are not once mentioned in *Pickwick*. Absurd! Muffins are mentioned thrice, and a muffin boy once. Yet Mr. Wren, if report be true, shared with Sir Walter Besant and another the distinction of having scraped through Calverley's intricate *Pickwick Papers* examination. Not long ago, a critic, wishing to redeem the memory of Dickens from the stain of bad English left upon it by the title of *Our Mutual Friend*, observed that the phrase is put into the uneducated, if poetic, mouth of Silas Wegg, and that Dickens was therefore aware of its vulgarity. It is not put into Wegg's mouth, but into Mr. Boffin's, and in *Little Dorrit* there is proof that Dickens divides with—*horresco referens*—with Miss Austen the disgrace of having personally sanctioned the vulgarity.

But that Mr. Gissing should be an offender is very grievous. His recent monograph on Dickens is by far the finest and truest elaborate piece of criticism that has yet been written upon Dickens. Yet flies are in the amber: vexatious flies. As thus: Page 57—speaking of the abuse of "coincidence" by Dickens, Mr. Gissing writes: "When *Oliver Twist* casually makes acquaintance with an old gentleman in the streets of London, this old gentleman of course turns out to be his relative, who desired of all things to discover the boy." The point is unaffected; but Mr. Brownlow was not Oliver's relative, he was his father's dearest friend. Page 82—speaking of the principles upon which Dickens metes out his punishments, Mr. Gissing writes: "Squeers or Mr. Creakle we will by no means forgive; nay, of their hard lot, so well merited, we will make all the fun we can . . ." But we take leave of Mr. Creakle as a Middlesex magistrate, exhibiting his pet and pious criminals, Littimer and Uriah Heep, to the disgusted David and Traddles. I am not aware that a Middlesex magistracy is a very miserable position. Page 121—speaking of "the respectable man," Mr. Gissing writes: "If my memory serves me, Mr. Pecksniff did not keep a gig (possibly it is implied in his position) . . ." Mr. Pecksniff's gig is carefully described, defined, and named—in one chapter the vehicle is mentioned by the name of gig no fewer than eighteen times. Upon p. 141, I would prefer to have the great and dear name of Mrs. MacStinger spelled as Dickens spelled it. Upon the following page it is untrue to say that Mrs. Gargery provoked the fight between Joe and Orlick "by a malicious lie." She was malicious, but told no lie. Upon page 147 we meet with "Sophy Whackles." Now Dick Swiveller's flame was, until she

became Mrs. Cheggs, Miss Sophy Wackles. Page 159: Dora Spenlow's dog was Jip, not Gip. Page 164: "The booful lady" should be "the boofer lady." Page 168: The huge dish, which young Copperfield was supposed to have devoured unaided, consisted, not of cutlets, but of chops. Page 172: Mr. Gissing speaks of "Mr. Smallweed giving his friend Mr. Jobling a dinner." Prodigious! No Smallweed ever gave anyone anything—but trouble. Mr. Guppy gave the dinner; and when Chick Smallweed returned to his family circle the grandfather complimented him for living upon his friend. Page 174: Old Mr. Willet is described as sitting, after the ruin of the Maypole by the rioters, "staring at his old-time companion, the kitchen boiler." This he could not have done, for the rioters left him tied to his chair in the bar: if he was consciously staring at anything, it was at the downturn Maypole looking in through the window. Page 185—speaking of *Sketches by Boz*, Mr. Gissing writes: "Dealing for the most part with vulgarity, his first book is very free from vulgarisms. In one of the earliest letters to Forster, he speaks of 'your invite'; but no such abomination deforms the printed pages." Unhappily, this very abomination itself deforms the pages of *Boz*: Mr. Gissing will find it in "The Steam Excursion." Page 192: Mr. Gissing, quoting the description of a certain scene, says that it occurs when "Jonas, become a murderer, is lurking in his own house . . ." It occurred before, not after, Montague Tigg's murder, and the fact intensifies the suggestive grimness of the description. Page 236: "A tragedy of drink Dickens never gives us." Mr. Gissing forgets "The Drunkard's Death," last of the *Sketches by Boz*; also "The Stroller's Tale," in *Pickwick*.

Infinitesimal, these slips of memory or of the pen: reflecting no discredit upon Mr. Gissing's admirable study, which has placed all lovers of Dickens in his debt for ever. And yet they are characteristic, symptomatic, of that slight inaccuracy which besets those who write upon Dickens, or refer to him. I am convinced that were Mr. Gissing to write upon Thackeray no such slips would occur. It seems reserved for Dickens to enjoy, with the Bible and Shakespeare, that penalty of popularity and familiarity, inaccurate usage. It has never been my lot to write of Dickens, and I am glad of it: for I am certain that the epidemic of error would have promptly seized me, and that I should have found myself writing about Sam Swiveller and Dick Weller, or sending Mr. Pickwick into the wrong bedroom at Norwich.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

II.—Mr. Quiller-Couch.

MR. QUILLER COUCH, in his *Speaker* article last week, invented a most plausible and engaging theory to account for the feebleness and poverty of the French version of *Pickwick*, published in 1838. It is clear that Mme. Giboyet, the translator, says "Q," undertook the work in collaboration with a M. Alexandre D., and was driven by the author's disapproval to suppress A. D.'s share of the work. "Q" imagines that Dickens was favoured with a sight of half the translation, and at once wrote as follows:

45, Doughty-street,
September 25, 1837.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It is true that when granting the required permission to translate *Pickwick* into French, I allowed also the license you claimed for yourself and your *collaborateur*—of adapting rather than translating, and of presenting my hero under such small disguise as might commend him better to a Gallic audience. But I am bound to say that—to judge only from the first half of your version, which is all that has reached me—you have construed this permission more freely than I desired. In fact, the parent can hardly recognise his own child.

Against your share in the work, madam, I have little to urge, though the damages you represent Mrs. Bardell as claiming—300,000 francs, or £12,000 of our money—strike me as excessive. It is rather (I take as my guide the difference in the handwriting) to your *collaborateur* that I address, through you, my remonstrances.

I have no radical objection to his making Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman members of His Majesty King Louis XIII.'s corps of musketeers, if he is sincerely of opinion that French taste will applaud the departure. I even commend his alight idealisation of Snodgrass (which, by the way, is not the name of an English mountain), and the amorousness of Tupman gains something—I candidly admit—from the touch of religiosity which he gives to the character; though I do not, as he surmises, in the course of my story, promote Tupman to a bishopric. . . .

A. D.—has been well advised again in breaking up the character of Sam Weller and making him, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. Buckingham (Jingle) and Fenton (a capital rendering of the Fat Boy) both please me; and in expanding the episode of the sausage and the trouser-buttons A. D.—has shown delicacy and judgment by altering the latter into diamond studs.

Alas! madam, I wish the same could be said for his treatment of my female puppets, which not only shocks but bewilders me. In her earlier appearances Mrs. Bardell (Milady) is a fairly consistent character; and why A. D.—should hazard that consistency by identifying her with the middle-aged lady at the Great White Horse, Ipswich, passes my comprehension. . . . The whole business of the *flour-de-lys* on Mrs. Bardell's shoulder is a sheer interpolation, and should be expunged, not only on grounds of morality, but because when you reach the actual trial, "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," you will find this discovery of the defendant's impossible either to ignore or to reconcile with the jury's verdict. Against the intervention of Richelieu (Mr. Nupkins) I have nothing to urge. A. D.—opines that I shall in the end deal out poetical justice to Mrs. Bardell as Milady. He is right. I have, indeed, gone so far as to imprison her; but I own that her execution (as suggested by him) at the hands of the Queer Client, with Pickwick and his friends (or, alternatively, Mrs. Cluppins, Mr. Perker, and Bob Sawyer) as silent spectators, seems to me almost as inconsistent with the spirit of the tale as his other proposal to kidnap Mr. Justice Starsleigh in the boot of Mr. Weller's coach, and substitute for his lordship the Chancery Prisoner in an Iron Mask. I trust, madam, that these few suggestions will, without setting any appreciable constraint on your fancy, enable you to catch something more of the spirit of my poor narrative than I have been able to detect in some of the chapters submitted; and I am, with every assurance of esteem, —Your obliged servant, Boz.

To which A. D. is reported by Mr. Couch to have replied:

MADAME,—Puisque M. Boz se défie des propositions lui faites sans but quelconque que de concilier les gens d'esprit, j'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer nettement que je me retire d'une besogne aussi rude que malentendue. Il dit que j'ai conçu son *Pickwick* tout autrement que lui. Soit! Je l'écrivai, ce *Pickwick*, selon mon propre goût. Que M. Boz redoute mes *Trois Pickwickistes*!—Agreez, Madame, &c., &c.,

ALEXANDRE (*Philippi Filius*).

Hence the loss of *Les Trois Pickwickistes*.

Mr. Ruskin at Home.

AN interesting description of a visit paid to Mr. Ruskin, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday in February last, is given in the current number of *Saint George's*, the organ of the Birmingham Ruskin Society, by Mr. John Howard Whitehouse, the editor. We make a few extracts:

Mr. Ruskin's house has been frequently described, and its exterior appearance, at least, is familiar to many. It is quaint and unpretentious, though larger than would be expected by one who had seen it from the outside only. Of the treasures within the house it is difficult to speak—they are so numerous, and of such extraordinary interest. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, by whom we were most hospitably received, guided us through these, and thus deepened the interest of a visit which to us will be ever memorable. Mr. Ruskin's study is a long, comfortable, and in every way delightful room, with a superb view of the hills and lake. It is lined with books, of course—I did not see any room in which there were not some—but it also contains many other objects of beauty and rare interest, including a collection of minerals and some paintings by Burne-Jones and Rossetti. Of all his treasures Mr. Ruskin probably prizes most dearly the MSS. he possesses of several of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

Next in interest to Mr. Ruskin's study is his bedroom. It is a small room, and in one corner is a simple little wooden bedstead, entirely devoid of any trimmings or ornamentation. One side of the room is covered with books. The other three are almost entirely covered with Turners, and it is these, of course, which give the chief interest to the room. There is probably no other room in the world which could show such a collection. Although this is the master's favourite bedroom, he has not been using it recently, as, owing to the severity of the weather, and the weakness naturally arising from his advanced age, it has been thought wiser for him to remain chiefly in another room, which he temporarily uses both as a sleeping and living room.

It was in this room that we were introduced to him. He was seated in an arm-chair before a small table near the window, the sunbeams playing upon his venerable face. In his old age he presents a most impressive appearance, to which his long flowing beard adds not a little. With the exception of that beard, it appeared to me that his face had undergone no material change since the days when he was a professor at Oxford. The lines were, indeed, more pronounced, the expression sadder, but it was still the face which had been painted many years before, with such admirable skill, by Prof. Herkomer. As to Mr. Ruskin's physical condition, it would be idle to deny that he is very weak and frail, but mentally he is quite clear, and though now unable to do any work whatever, he still takes a lively interest in the progress of the world.

We learnt at Brantwood some interesting facts respecting Mr. Ruskin's habits of recent years. Until a month or two ago he was able to get out every day when the weather was fine, sometimes taking slow walks, and sometimes going in a bath-chair. Of evenings it was his custom to read aloud some portion of one of Scott's novels, his love for which is so well known. He is now, for the most part, read to. *Oliver Twist* was read to him not long ago, and, although familiar with it, the re-reading of the book gave him much delight. The last work which has been read to him is Mr. C. E. Mathews' *Annals of Mont Blanc*.

In the closing years of his life, the master is perfectly happy. He gave expression to this fact on the morning of his birthday. He felt so happy that he wished to live on. He must have been touched beyond all words by the multitude of messages which were arriving at Brantwood from all parts of the world. Miss Kate Greenaway sent

an exquisite sketch of a group of happy, joyous, dancing children, and one of the most touching greetings I saw was from an American lady, who sent eighty white flowers, bearing the inscription :

Eighty flower sprays for eighty pure and lovely years.

It was a fitting greeting to the great prophet in the twilight of his days, when, as his biographer so eloquently says, "the storm cloud has drifted away and there is light in the West, a mellow light of evening time, such as Turner painted in his pensive epilogue. There is more work to do, but not to-day. The plough stands in the furrow, and the labourer passes peacefully from his toil homewards."

Things Seen.

Confirmation.

It was a confirmation by a bishop-suffragan. That was why the bells were ringing at half-past two on Sunday afternoon, flooding Fleet-street and the Strand, and exciting the Law Courts' pigeons to silly flights.

Inside the railings a man in a silk hat was talking paternally to some boys, and elderly people were beginning to arrive and pass in. The warm sunshine flooded the little spaces in front of the church and the flagged churchyard, and found rainbow colours in the hats and frocks of a few children that hung about. The ivy near the porch was last year's, but it looked hopeful in the bright air, and the figures on the church clock were flashing. Fleet-street was very quiet, Wych-street was a long winding lane with a few people in it, and all the region of the Law Courts and Clements' Inn was tranquil. The girls and children who had foregathered to see the arrivals looked like village children in their homely frocks and finery. A few men stood about, and seemed as if they would smile if cause were given.

I entered the church and found the pews gay with daffodils. Girls in white dresses were being fitted with caps and veils of whitest gossamer in a little tiring-room, open to all eyes, and in the opposite room a bearded chorister was publicly wriggling into his surplice. As the girls received their veils they were passed up the church and planted out like lilies in the pews to the left. The boys sat on the right; they had all had their hair cut. The ubiquitous good vicar ran and reddened. Anon he was talking intensely to a canon, or a prebendary, or a dean, or someone, and pointing to every part of the church in turn, sketching arrangements in the air, frowning, smiling, leaving off and beginning again with more urgency than before, and all the time the white-veiled girls were passing up the nave one by one. Four-wheeled cabs were arriving, full of white maidens, who stepped out with a pretty stateliness, or rolled out like dumpy snowballs. And the bells rang and re-echoed. Far up Wych-street I saw stout mothers and elder daughters conveying specks of white. Little girls in white came from Clare-market, and Drury-lane, and from the stuffy courts behind the Strand; they came, it seemed, from anywhere and nowhere.

Suddenly the bells ceased with a great shock of silence, and at this precise moment an aged clerical gentleman crossed the little square carrying a portmanteau. His hat and gaiters told me he was the bishop-suffragan. He just pecked at the bill announcing the Confirmation, and passed in. No crowd remained. Nothing showed that the dull old Fleet-street church held that flushed company of boys and girls. The 'buses rolled in their long orbits, and a bicyclist, speeding west with intent eyes, yawped on his syren.

Romance.

We started from the Engadine Valley in the dim dawn, a dozen of us, in ramshackle carriages—in the dim dawn, feeling our way through the solemn passes, snow-capped mountains on either side, receding here and there to make way for large lakes, placid among the everlasting hills. Loath was I to leave the mountain airs, reluctant to feel the breeze growing warmer on my cheek; but we were making for Italy—that was the compensation. We drove down, down, down, and by-and-by—'twas late in the afternoon—we crossed the frontier. White dust lay thick on the winding road; great, gaudy insects buzzed about our heads; heavy-scented air took the place of the brisk breezes that had blown up there in the dim dawn. Soon we came to a toy village, and there I was bidden to change carriages, to join a party of five in a huge, lumbering diligence.

A man and a girl sat on the box-seat by the driver, and inside was an elderly woman with corkscrew curls, and another man, a tall, loose-limbed Scot, who insisted that I should take his seat facing the horses. As we drove along the white road the dusk began to fall, and the stars peeped out in the luminous sky. As we drove along through the scented air, with no company but the mild-eyed, curious kine watching from the roadside, the darting bats, the winged insects, and the busy flies, it was borne in to me that Romance was encompassing us, that we were carrying Romance with us into Romance-land. The man on the box was talking eagerly to the girl, but it was plain to the dullest eye that she paid small heed to his pleadings. Her figure remained firm and unyielding, her small head, embedded in coils of black hair, did not move, but it seemed to me that her back—straight and svelte above the Scot's head—spoke. And once she half turned. Then the unexpected happened. The man on the box turned suddenly, his face was pale. "Jimmy," he cried, "I want my coat from the rumble. Will you take my place?" The girl made a sign of protest, but he jumped down, and in a moment the Scot had swung himself up and was seated by her side. We drove on through the warm night. She leaned closer to the Scot's shoulder. His personality seemed to encompass her. Her head bent. The moon hung over the crest of the hill, night came up with her garniture of stars; and so we entered Italy.

"Robespierre."

THE stolidity of the English! It is real enough. I spent half an hour last night in the gallery of the Lyceum Theatre. The audience was dense and devout. A man standing at my side appeared to be hanging by his chin to a wooden partition. And yet he could not see the stage! It was the terrible prison scene that I looked down upon over hats and heads solid as a pine-wood on a hill that one has surmounted. A hushed pine-wood it was; and as the guillotine roll-call proceeded every eye was set on those terrible and gallant partings. When the soldier gave his life for his married namesake—it being doubtful which was condemned—I felt the cheer coming, and it came. When the mother of that golden-haired child was torn away, with her pitiful promise to "come back," the pine-wood did not breathe. A girl at my side wept quietly. Many were weeping. All submitted to the spell of this scene of death and sacrifice.

The astonishing thing was that when the act was over there was only a quick sigh, a momentary whisper, a wind that was and was not. Then I saw men deep in the *Evening News*. The girl who had wept said that she "met Sally in Sloane-street last Thursday night." The gallery attendant shouted "Orders, gents!" He had not the wit to say "citizens." And the counter in the bar, at the back of the gallery, was wet with beer.

Memoirs of the Moment.

STEVENSON, the man of Letters, was a man, too, of Affairs—at any rate in Samoa; and there is little doubt that were he now alive the boats belonging to Mataafa had not been destroyed, the villages of Mataafa's people had not been erased, they themselves had not been slain; nor should we have had to record the incidental losses of gallant English and American seamen. The feuds between rival chiefs are of old duration, and the jealousy between the German representatives and those of England does not date from yesterday. But Stevenson, lover of justice as he was, and true cosmopolitan because a true wanderer at heart, never descended into partisanship, whether local or national, and his influence with the natives and their chiefs was in proportion to his own disinterested sense of fair play. Of Mataafa he was the champion, in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere, in the early nineties. "Mataafa," he confessed in a letter to a stranger, "is known to be my hobby. People laugh when they see any mention of his name over my signature; I know that nothing can be more fatal to his cause than that he should be made ridiculous; and I cannot help feeling that a man who makes his bread by writing fiction labours under the disadvantage of suspicion when he touches on matters of fact."

YET one of these facts was this: that Mataafa had been imprisoned for rebellion against a document drawn up in Berlin which he had never seen. "It is to be noted," said R. L. S., "that what I will venture to call this infamous protocol—a measure equally of German vanity, English cowardice, and American *incuria*—has never yet been translated into the Samoan language. They feared light because their works were darkness." The italics were, on that rare occasion, Stevenson's own, and the final words may be taken as the measure of difference between much of the sentiment that was Stevenson's and that which is Mr. Kipling's. Well, Mataafa was liberated—a man "very piously inclined," of whom Stevenson prophesied that he would probably "enter at least the lesser Orders of the Church." How bitter Germany then was against Mataafa and his English friends those people who read Stevenson's letters in the *Times* will remember. In the end the novelist was nearly cast into jail for sedition, under an Act specially framed by the German authorities in order to muzzle him. Time's revenges are instant even in the South Seas, it seems. The Englishman who accused Stevenson of giving arms to the rebels was himself sent to prison for three months—though Stevenson did not live to know the result of his libel action; and to-day it is Germany, not England, that hesitates to hunt down the followers of Mataafa—Stevenson's "hobby"; while Stevenson's house itself has become the property of a German.

THE Duchess of Marlborough, who was once a vice-queen in Ireland, had somewhat outlived her influence. Although a great "Evangelical," she loved the precedence and orderliness of Courts; and the death of her two sons was an additional blow to her, for the very reason that it reversed the natural rule, and that they preceded her, who should have preceded them, to the tomb. Her subsequent life she always regarded as an anomaly, which the affection of a bevy of daughters—most substantially married daughters too—could never quite remove. The Duchess ruled at a time of some social revolution, in many ways to her advantage. Class barriers were disappearing; and when the Duchess received, at her Dublin Court, philanthropists and others whom secretaries had hitherto handled not without a sense of boredom that showed itself as swagger, they found her

as simple as their own women-folk, and went away as discoverers, bearing the news to their edified friends and families in the provinces.

OF keenness as a discoverer the Duchess of Marlborough had herself none. She followed conventions where insight might have saved the situation. The great talents, also the defects, of her two sons she took at the public's valuation, rather than on any initiative of her own by which that ready public verdict might have been anticipated, or reversed, or righted. It was characteristic of her that, at a time when the churches of England were undergoing a transformation and furnishing themselves with mystical emblems, she, called upon to fix a form of memorial to her husband, selected a marble pulpit, doubtless quite in keeping with the adjacent solidity of Vanbrugh's palace of Blenheim. She was a woman of "consistent life," and Lord Beaconsfield regarded her, with his wholly unimpassioned eye, as a representative and wholly admirable British matron.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË did not set up to be an art-critic, but she had her views about pictures, and held them with her own tenacity. In 1851 she went to the Royal Academy Exhibition, and her comment was: "About half-a-dozen pictures good and interesting, and the rest of little worth." The words make a useful landmark, and after fifty years one is certain that the number of pictures Miss Brontë might appreciate has increased somewhat; also that of the first six the terms of praise could be strengthened. Of the pictures in the forthcoming exhibition it is yet rash to speak, but the hanging is likely to be as bad as it was last year, the gain of the lowering of the skyline effected by Lord Leighton being again sacrificed in the contest between quality and quantity. And all the time the diarists of to-day will be making such entries as that quoted from Miss Brontë. It is not as if the selectors and hangers had not been roundly told.

ROMAN CATHOLICS all over the world are going to celebrate the year 1900 with demonstrations quite unique in their nature and their universality. A committee has been working for some time, in secret, and its deliberations have been submitted to Rome, whence will shortly issue a summons to the two hundred and fifty millions who—at least nominally—are reckoned of the fold of St. Peter. The celebration is decreed; and it is to be doubly marked—by the erection of a memorial cross in every church, and by a bonfire. On the hill-tops of Christendom, and far beyond bounds, will these new fire-worshippers assemble in presence of the symbolic flames, which denote the cleansing fire that burns the accumulated dust of years and the light that typifies the Light of the World. Treated as a mere advertisement—and that is how everything gets to be regarded—the scheme is superb.

MR. PURCELL's death found him at work on a book he had in hand—a biography of Ambrose de Lisle, of Garendon Park, Leicestershire, the prototype of Eustace de Lyle in *Coningsby*; but it is sufficiently advanced to allow of its easy completion of publication. Once a clerk in the Bank of England, and afterwards a very struggling man about Fleet-street, Mr. Purcell had his one great opportunity as the biographer of Cardinal Manning. Never a friend of the Cardinal, he had him at his mercy at last, and, by imputation and otherwise, he dealt him blow after blow from the boldly assumed pedestal of an official biographer. The little sauce of scandal made the dish palatable to the general public, with this result, that the biography passed into the hands of a far larger body of readers than it would otherwise have reached. This last thought helped the Cardinal's friends to forgive Mr. Purcell.

The Reign of Daintiness.

"Books," it was remarked the other day by a keen critic, "are in fashion." They are in fashion in the sense that the crinoline is out of fashion. Apart from all studious love of books, books are now bought because they are the thing. It follows, almost as a matter of course, that with this spirit reigning, the external appearance of books has a close bearing on their sale. And such is the fact. "Pretty," "handy," "dainty"—these are the adjectives bestowed and sought after. So well is this understood by certain firms of publishers, that no effort is spared to produce the popular kind of format; and competition in the editing of masterpieces is probably less real and keen than competition in the *daintifying* of those masterpieces when edited.

It has seemed worth our while to take the general views of booksellers on this question, and we have had no difficulty in collecting opinions.

The testimony is nearly all corroborative of the proposition that prettiness is becoming the one thing needful in book formats. But there are significant exceptions. A large Birmingham bookseller would fain stem the tide. He writes:

A book need *not* be "pretty and handy" in the sense that the "Temple Classics" are pretty and handy. For our part, we strive to instil the desire for books issued in a solid and noble format, like the "Cambridge" Shakespeare, 9 vols., Pepys, 10 vols. (Bell), and the like. Shelves filled with books "pretty and handy" look miserably mean, whereas a well-stocked library in octavo format has a dignified appearance, and is a pleasure to own. Notwithstanding, we are grateful to Mr. Dent and others for the many authors they have given us in books "pretty and handy."

That is a sound point of view; and a Leeds bookseller's report indicates that the hard-headed Yorkshire book-buyer has severe tastes:

I do not find that books with illustrations or designs on the cover command any better sale than those issued in plain cloth covers. The former are more attractive for window display, but as a rule my customers prefer a neat-looking book, and are more concerned that the printing and illustrations inside should be of a high order rather than the cover be ornamental. A gilt top and cut edges are preferred. The cloth should be of such a texture as not to rub, this being most desirable from a stock-keeping point of view.

We take the opportunity of notifying publishers of the dislike to smooth cloths which booksellers feel. A Brighton bookseller is quite angry:

It is strange that publishers, after the protests of the trade, persist in issuing books in the horrible smooth cloth which is, unfortunately, very largely used. It is not only a loss to the bookseller in keeping them in stock (as they inevitably become rubbed in a few days, and, in fact, show every finger-mark), but is prejudicial to the sale. The kinds of cloth used for the "Border Waverley," "Crown Dickens," and "Biographical Thackeray" are far preferable and not more expensive. We consider that for ordinary books (and novels especially) the art linen binding, in nice colours, now considerably used, is by far the most effective and the best for wear.

That books are purchased for their outsides is the clear opinion of an Eastbourne bookseller, who writes as follows:

The public are not panting to purchase books; but if they can be shown some pretty little editions they are tempted to buy what they had no intention of doing. Many notable examples of this could be given. Renewed life has been imparted to Mrs. Ewing's works by the issue of the pretty 2s. 6d. edition, and the increased sale of Dickens's Pocket Edition since the binding has been changed, are other examples. The neat Pocket Editions of Thackeray, Brontë, and Gaskell increased my sale of those authors one-hundredfold.

Similarly a London bookseller declares that

the new edition of *A Tale of Two Cities*, issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has sold very largely on account of its portability and pretty appearance. A good instance of the power of format to give new life to standard books is the series of "Illustrated Romances" issued by Messrs. Dent. The bindings are attractive and the coloured illustrations are much appreciated. It is very desirable that all novels should be issued with cut edges.

We echo the wish expressed in the last sentence, but we fear in vain.

Our correspondents give the following among good models in recent book production:

Messrs. Dent's series of Classics, Shakespeare, and old Dramatists; Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's Muses' Library; Messrs. Gay & Bird's dainty "Bibelot" series; and Messrs. Bell's "Cathedral" and "Endymion" series. In children's books, Mr. Lang's Fairy Books, the pretty series illustrated by C. Robinson, and the reprint (John Lane) of Walter Crane. *My Japanese Wife*, by Clive Holland (Constable), Bullen's *Idylls of the Sea* (Grant Richards), Canton's *Child's Book of Saints* (Dent), the "Endymion Series of the Poets" (George Bell), Housmann's *Field of Clover* (K. Paul).

Correspondence.

An Explanation.

SIR,—My unpretentious little story, *Autobiography of a Child*, has been referred to as history. May I protest against the misapplication of a title so solemn and serious to matter so fragile and fugitive as a tale of childhood? The story is essentially a work of imagination, an effort to interpret the vision and mind of a child and tell her story from her point of view as I imagined she would tell it. Such a task has nothing at all of the nature of history. Its concern is impressions and pictures, not facts. In the drama of existence facts are of comparative insignificance. The important thing is not what is relatively true, but what we believe to be true, since this alone reveals temperament and character. Shelley and an Oxford don would hold very different opinions of Oxford as an institution, and both would be equally sincere and worthy of attention in their expression of their diverse opinions. We should turn to the one for history, and own that we preferred the other in the realm of imagination.

I am aware that the barbarous frankness of my heroine will be repulsive to a large class of readers, but I have made a concession to their susceptibilities in depicting her as a very naughty little girl. Like another little girl, "when she was bad she was horrid"; and, like that undisciplined young lady, she more often than not deserved to be "spanked most emphatic." Now, I might have represented her as a tortured angel instead, and she herself, if consulted, would, I suspect, greatly have preferred to enter fiction as a stained-glass ideal of virtuous infancy.

I relied on her unhappiness for the reader's indulgence, for those who love children will agree with this writer that it is intolerable to think even a bad child can be unhappy. If the story of Angela should bring home this fact to a single reader whom life hitherto had not taught it to, it will not have been written in vain.—I am, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD."

Haikais.

SIR,—Will you permit me, apropos of your recent Literary Competition, to call your attention to two "Haikais" published in 1895, in the introduction of a book of poems entitled *Seen and Unseen*; or, *the Monologues of a Homeless Snail*, by Yone Noguchi, a young Japanese poet living in San Francisco, U.S.A.? I take the liberty of forwarding you a copy of the book, not so much in refutation of your

guarded expression of belief that "hitherto no Haikais had been written in English," as to bring to your notice the remarkable essays of a Japanese poet, writing in an unaccustomed tongue. My friend was at one time on the staff of a prominent Japanese monthly magazine, whose editor, S. Shiga, in a happy critique, has called him the "different-tongued Tatsuo" — Yone Noguchi being a nephew of the poet Tatsuo Kumoi. His first attempts in English were printed in the *Lark* in 1895. The Haikais (or "Ho-kus"?) in question were translated and interpreted from Basho by Noguchi, and re-phrased to fit the set form by myself. These "inspirations" of the "high-qualified" Basho are too subtle for anything like literal rendering in English, especially within the narrow limits given the original form; and, indeed, it is doubtful if any two Japanese would agree upon the precise meaning of the imagery, all interpretations, from the literal to the symbolistic, being found.

The first of the Haikais published in *Seen and Unseen* is:

Alas, lonesome road,
Deserted by wayfarers,
This autumn evening!

And the other, one of the most beautiful of Basho's, which seemed especially applicable to this young exiled poet:

Ah, lonely, lonely,
Shall this flower's neighbours be,
When to-morrow comes!

Besides these, Yone Noguchi translated many other poems of his beloved Basho, and I add a few that I phrased with considerable license, in the attempt to suggest the almost intangible allegorical meaning, or metaphor, which seems to be the essential beauty of these Japanese verses.

Upon an ancient battlefield:

These Summer grasses
Wave o'er the dead heroes' bed
Where they lie, dreaming.

Upon the Pilgrim's "garment-changing" time:

Spring changes Earth's robe;
Lay off thy dun garment, too,
Showing thy fair form!

O, lofty gum-tree,
Mark how the bold sun glances
On your fresh young leaves!

As to the Imperial, 21-syllabled "U-tas," I have never seen one written in English; but you can, no doubt, call forth a claimant for this honour also. Finally, may I ask, for my own information, whether the *Glose* written for the *Lark* by Porter Garnett has ever had a rival, and whether a Lai or a Virelai Nouveau has ever been written in English? If so, I would suggest that you offer a prize in some forthcoming competition for the best model for a new "set form" of verse — essentially original, not a variant upon the old French forms.—I am, &c.,

GELETT BURGESS.

3A, Queen's-road, Chelsea: April 8.

The "High History."

SIR,—I should like to offer some comment upon the attitude of the reviewer of the *High History of the Holy Grail* towards what the Germans would call "*litteraturgeschichtliche Forschung*," investigations into the origin and development of literary works. Such investigations are, it seems, "of interest to none but the pedant." Why? Would the reviewer style the botanist or the astronomer a pedant? Would he hold knowledge in either case a bar to enjoyment of the flower's beauty or the heavens' sublimity? It is just possible he may, but I do not think he would venture to give utterance to his opinion. Were he to do so, the least instructed of editors would tell him that such a doctrine was out of date—was,

in the bad sense of the word, childish. But with regard to literature matters are different. It is still thought not unworthy of a grown-up man to maintain that a desire to understand the laws which regulate the development of literary art argues pedantry and unfits for the appreciation of literary beauty. The very reverse is, I believe, the case. The man who knows is not only more capable of enjoyment than he who is content to remain ignorant, he actually does enjoy more. Knowledge is a more august and inspiring—she is also a more fascinating and consoling—mistress than ignorance.

The amusing thing is, that the reviewer, unknowingly, gives away his whole case. He is delighted to learn from Dr. Evans "that the *High History* can justly claim an antiquity coeval with our greyest cathedrals." Of course, my friend, Dr. Evans, makes no claim. *He* knows far too much of the history of architecture. It is his contention that the whole Grail legend is a creation of the early thirteenth century, at which date even the reviewer may know that several of our cathedrals had a respectable antiquity behind them. I, on the other hand, do hold that the Grail legend contains elements which are not only "coeval with our greyest cathedrals," but are immeasurably more antique; I maintain that the framework and many essential incidents of the legend are largely pre-Christian. This is a contention which should be welcome to the reviewer, far more welcome than Dr. Evans's. Yet it can only be demonstrated by the process which he contemptuously describes as "dissecting our Lancelot and numbering the stones of Tintagel"—by the careful and minute comparison, that is, of all the versions of the story with a view to determining which are the older and which the younger elements.

One more point. Your reviewer states "that not a little of the magic of this magical book flows from the pen of the translator." I trust he will not be offended if I ask him whether he has read the French original, and, if so, where? I yield to no one in admiration of Dr. Evans's version; I place it—there can be no higher praise—on a level with Lady Guest's *Mabinogion* or Mr. Lang's *Aucassin and Nicolette*. He has done full justice, but he would, I think, agree with me that he has done no more than justice to his original. It is all too insufficiently recognised that the French prose of the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries is one of the most delightful mediums for narrative in the whole range of literary history.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

[Our reviewer writes: Mr. Nutt's letter is an instance of what one may term a point of view; the article of which he falls foul is another. But he is entirely mistaken in supposing that I am anxious to wage scornful war upon exact knowledge in any department of learning. Such an attitude would be, as Mr. Nutt himself qualifies it, "childish in the bad sense of the word." My position with respect to this particular book was that of the "plain hearer of a story," and having asserted my position, I assumed it to be granted.

Having, then, no "case" at all to make out, I submit that I have given nothing away in my "greyest cathedrals," except a phrase for your correspondent to worry over. I feel, indeed, abashed at Mr. Nutt's implied knowledge of architecture. But, aware as I am of partial exceptions, I am humbly tenacious of my belief that our oldest cathedrals in their entirety, as we see them to-day, are not *very* much older than the beginning of the thirteenth century. And I would ask your correspondent to accept the statement for what it was intended, as at least an approximate and picturesque statement of the truth. That Mr. Nutt maintains that the "groundwork and many essential incidents of the legend are largely pre-Christian" is doubtless reasonable enough and is perfectly welcome to me, although, alas, the contention has scarcely the charm of novelty.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 28.

WE asked last week for original proverbs expressed with some of the raciness noticeable in a few specimens quoted from *Don Quixote*. The result has not been so satisfactory as we could wish, for though a great many saws have been contributed, few of them could have been uttered by Sancho Panza. We have decided to divide the prize : half a guinea to Mr. Thomas Constable, Hurstwood, Buxted, Sussex, for

"Just in time" is the brother of "Just too late" ;

and half a guinea to Mr. George Stronach, M.A., Broomicknowe, Midlothian, for

Hard work is a better relish than Worcester Sauce.

Had not the following—from "Dick, Watling street"—come too late, it would have been a prize-winner :

Too polite often gets none at all.

Among the others are :

It is always possible to do one's best.

[W. S., Greenside.]

The old umbrella seldom gets lost.

[G. R., Aberdeen.]

Fall in love with whom you please, but be very careful whom you marry.

[C. A., Glasgow.]

Men should be judged only by their temptations.

[E. M. J., London.]

He who carries a guinea in each pocket walks between two friends.

[R. H., Aston Manor.]

The man who cannot beat the donkey beats its saddle ; it is not always the real culprit who gets the blame.

[E. R. W., Farnborough.]

There are two classes of people in the world—those who ride bicycles and those who dodge them.

[A. C., Blackford.]

Sympathy is like a kiss, good for nothing till it is divided between two.

[M. M., London.]

Affirm, but deny not ; for truth is greater than thyself.

[D. S., London.]

An old lady once spoke of herself as having "just enough interest to buy a candle to see how to spend the principal."

[Cantab.]

Don't put up your umbrella before it rains.

[T. B. D., Bridgwater.]

Every herring should hang by its own tail.

[M. L. M., Ealing.]

One can never tell what style of ugliness an artist will admire.

[A. B. C., London.]

A Hindu student wrote to me once to ask for some help. He said : "My father has always been a frugal man : but, sir, you are aware that no amount of frugality can suffice to a man that has no income !" This I submit as my proverb. Every day I feel more and more convinced of the profound truth of it.

[H. L., Worcester.]

It is no consolation to get chewed up by a first-class dog.

[B. B., Handsworth.]

Who makes friends gives sympathy ; who retains friends possesses discretion.

[M. T., London.]

To poke fun is sometimes to poke a fire.

[J. F., Wrexham.]

Received also : A. V. W., London ; A. M. C., Stamford Hill ; T. H. K., Liverpool ; E. F. London ; C., Ipswich ; M. G., Dublin ; J. G., Bridlington Quay ; W. T., Glasgow ; H. W. P. S., Royston ; A. H. M., Eccles ; A. B. C., Upper Norwood ; M. E. J., Brighton ; A. R. B., Malvern ; E. R., Wood Green ; E. D. J., Runcorn ; T. E. O., Brighton ; T. V. N., South Woodford ; R. W. M., London ; C. F. P., Doncaster ; H. H., Edgbaston ; F. E. L., London ; M. W., Sligo ; P. A., London ; F. W. T., London ; N. P., London ; R. P. G., London ; T. J., Lincoln ; E. E., Scarborough ; J. S. R., London ; A. B. M., Eastbourne ; M. A. R., Wootton ; K., West Didsbury ; T. E. J., Ipswich ; H. S., London ; G. R. W., Oxford ; E. B., Liverpool ; W. T. B., Manchester ; L. B., Scarborough ; C. L. F., Bath ; C. J. T., Tiverton ; A. J., Leeds ; M. C., Stockbridge ; G. D., Balham ; A. K. B., Greenock ; E. M. H., Wimbledon ; E. C., London ; Mrs. C., London ; Mrs. M., Glasgow ; M. P., Wallingford ; E. H., Ledbury.

Competition No. 29.

On page 446 of this number will be found some nonsense rhymes from the *Lark*, a Californian magazine now deceased. We offer a prize of a guinea to the best original nonsense verse of four lines in somewhat similar spirit.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the third column of p. 468, or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, April 20.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bowden (E. F.), <i>Gems from the Early Church</i>(Art and Book Co.)	3/6
Harnack (A.), <i>Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism</i> . Translated by Thos. Bailey Saunders.....(Black) net	1/6
Halls (N. D.), <i>Foretokens of Immortality</i> (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	
Marsden (S. L.), <i>A Gem of Orthodoxy</i>(Unwin)	

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Yeats (W. B.), <i>The Wind Among the Reeds</i>(Mathews)	7/6
Stubbs (C. W.), <i>Brythnoth's Prayer</i>(Unwin)	1/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

<i>A Picturesque History of Yorkshire</i> . Part II.....(Dent) net	1/0
Colby (C. W.), <i>Selections from the Sources of English History</i> (Longmans)	6/0
Pike (G. H.), <i>Oliver Cromwell and His Times</i>(Unwin)	6/0
Dickson (J.), <i>Emeralds Chased in Gold ; or The Islands of the Forth : Their Story, Ancient and Modern</i>(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	6/0
Jacks (W.), <i>The Life of Prince Bismarck</i>(Maclehose)	
Lewes (G. H.), <i>Life of Maximilien Robespierre</i>(Chapman & Hall)	3/6
Richardson (Mrs. A.), <i>Famous Ladies of the English Court</i>(Hutchinson)	10/0
Reid (Sir W.), <i>The Life of W. E. Gladstone</i>(Cassell)	7/6
Verner (Lieut.-Col. W.), <i>A British Rifle Man</i>(Black)	10/6
Tangye (Sir R.), <i>The Two Protectors : Oliver and Richard</i>(Partridge)	10/6
Dobson (A.), <i>A Paladin of Philanthropy</i>(Chatto)	6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Gwynn (S.), <i>Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim</i>(Macmillan)	6/0
Elmslie (W. A.), <i>Among the Wild Ngani</i>(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier)	3/6
Reclus (O.), <i>Le Plus Beau Royaume Sous le Ciel</i>(Hachette)	

EDUCATIONAL.

Julien (F.), <i>Les Violettes Blanches</i> , par Emile Richebourg.....(Macmillan)	1/6
Lachman (A.), <i>The Spirit of Organic Chemistry</i>(Macmillan)	6/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Muir (Sir W.), <i>The Caliphate : Its Rise, Decline, and Fall</i> . 3rd Edition.....(Smith, Elder)	
Barrett (F.), <i>A Set of Rogues</i>(Innes)	6
Halford (F. M.), <i>Dry-Fly Fishing</i>(Vinton)	
Carey (R. N.), <i>The Old, Old Story</i>(Macmillan)	3/6
Scott (Sir W.), <i>The Talisman. The Betrothed</i>(Dent) each	1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hoenig (F.), <i>Inquiries Concerning the Tactics of the Future</i> . Translated by Captain H. M. Bower.....(Longmans) net	15/0
Clifton (W.), <i>Notes on Colour</i>(Richards)	2/0
Hepworth (W.), <i>Information for Players, Owners, Dealers, and Makers of Bow-Instruments</i>(Reeves)	2/0
Arnold (Mrs. S. G.), <i>Marie and the Golden Crown</i>(Headley) net	7/6
Rowntree (J.), <i>The Temperance Problem and Social Reform</i>(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
<i>The Edinburgh Review</i>(Longmans)	6/0
Smith (F. W.), <i>The Natural Waters of Harrogate</i>(Dawbarn & Ward) net	1/0
Odgers (W. B.), <i>Local Government</i>(Macmillan)	3/6
Brown (M. W.), <i>The Development of Thrift</i>(Macmillan) net	3/6
Hoever (S. M. C.), <i>Dene Forest Sketches : Second Series</i>(Burleigh)	6/0
Keltie (J. S.), <i>The Statesman's Year Book</i>(Macmillan)	10/6
Stebbing (W.), <i>Probable Tales</i>(Longmans)	4/6

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Announcements.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK announce that the second volume of the new *Bible Dictionary*, edited by Dr. Hastings, will be published on the 29th of this month. It extends from "Feign" to "Kinsman," and includes "God," by Prof. A. B. Davidson and Prof. Sanday ; "Jesus Christ," by Prof. Sanday ; and "Holy Spirit," by Prof. Swete.

MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD & SONS have sent a donation of one hundred guineas in answer to the special appeal by Viscount Peel on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children.

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Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, not later
than 1st July next, twenty copies of his application and a
similar number of any testimonials he may desire to submit.
One copy of the application should be signed.

M. C. TAYLOR.

Secretary Edinburgh University Court.

University of Edinburgh,
18th April, 1899.

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No. 29.

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The Literary Week.

THE late William Morris's views on the Laureateship, as made public in Mr. Mackail's biography (which we shall review next week), were peculiar and interesting. Mr. Gladstone was willing to offer Morris the succession to Tennyson; but, on being sounded, the Socialist poet, although pleased with the honour, declined unreservedly, stating that, in his opinion, the function of Poet Laureate was that of a ceremonial writer of verse, and that the Marquis of Lorne was the fittest person to fulfil it.

AN interesting posthumous work of Alphonse Daudet appears this week in Paris—*Notes sur la Vie*. The book is a collection of the novelist's memoranda of conversations, marginalia from his library, "Things Seen," and germs of stories. There is also the skeleton of a long novel on which Daudet had set his heart—"La Caravane." The volume is edited by Mme. Daudet.

THE discovery of George Borrow's correspondence with the British and Foreign Bible Society, made since the publication of Dr. Knapp's *Life of Borrow*, has drawn forth a letter from Mr. Murray defending Dr. Knapp from suggestions that he might have sought for these letters with more zeal. Mr. Murray makes it clear that Dr. Knapp did his best to gain the letters, but was frustrated by accident. Says Mr. Murray: "These letters must, of course, be of considerable interest to all lovers of Borrow's writings; but I understand that they supply scarcely any facts or data which Dr. Knapp has not, by infinite pains and research, discovered from other sources."

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER has resigned his position as editor of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*. Under his editorship the *Illustrated London News* acquired a very welcome literary flavour, an example which the other picture weeklies speedily followed. Not the least attractive feature of the *News* was the weekly letter on literary topics, signed C. K. S. Mr. Shorter also gave quite a literary interest to the *Sketch*, a paper he founded and steered to phenomenal success. The causes which led Mr. Shorter to resign these appointments are not stated, but we understand that he is about to embark in an important enterprise.

IN an interesting commentary on Miss Palgrave's *Life of her father*, the late F. T. Palgrave, Mr. Lang refers, in *Longman's*, to certain improbable circumstances connected with the Oxford Chair of Poetry and the contests for it.

"But how odious these contests are," he says. "The competitors are usually friends (as Mr. Courthope and Mr. Palgrave were; as, in fact, the competitors almost always are), and why should they be pitted against each other in a quest of votes? It is no reflection on Mr. Courthope to say that it was Mr. Palgrave's turn, and he was elected. Then the tenure of office—ten years—is too long. Men wax old before their turn comes round. Make it an affair of three years' tenure. In three years anybody can say what he has to say. . . . There can be no doubt as to who should succeed Mr. Courthope in the chair of Mr. Matthew Arnold; and, afterwards, *les jeunes* should have their opportunity."

THE cover chosen for Messrs. Methuen's series of six-penny novels, which have a general title—"The Novelist"—is glowing crimson and gold. The paper approximates to cloth in texture, and the effect is striking. Now, when publishers, especially of cheap books, resort to pictorial covers, this reliance on decoration and monotone is noticeable.

THE chorus of satisfaction elicited by the publication of the Browning love-letters has been suddenly and rather disconcertingly interrupted this week by the publication in the *Standard* of the following letter from Mr. C. J. Moulton-Barrett, the eldest surviving son of Mrs. Browning's father. Mr. Moulton-Barrett says:

In spite of earnest protests, Mr. Browning, with a want of delicacy hardly conceivable, has published the letters of his father and mother previous to their marriage. The careless indifference of Mr. Robert Browning, "There they are, do with them as you please when I am dead and gone," was no excuse for the sacrilege. His mother would have been horrified. She loved her father.

The notices of the book have generally been so cruelly unjust to my father's memory that I consider it my duty, as his eldest surviving son, to relate the facts. My father acted as his own merchant for his Jamaica estates, and on that account went daily to the City. He never met Mr. Browning. He was aware of his visits, and he regarded them, like the visits of Miss Mitford and Mr. Kenyon, as affording my sister pleasure. My sister had been an invalid for years. By the directions of Dr. Chambers her room was kept at a certain temperature, and she never left it. Under these circumstances my father lost his daughter. He had loved her from her childhood. He never recovered it. I venture to say few fathers would take the hand of a man who had so acted. And I would add, few sons, either for gain or love of notoriety, would make public the confidential letters of their mother.

Upon these remarks we comment, as far as is advisable, on another page.

WE give this week a portrait of Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist whose work has recently found so many readers in this country. In a recent article on *Gosta Berling's Saga* in *Das Litterische Echo* of Berlin, a critic divides modern Scandinavian writers very clearly. They



SELMA LAGERLÖF.

obtain, he says, little appreciation at home, but rumours of their success come from abroad — from Germany, France, and England — and “a consequent chafing under existing conditions is almost unavoidable. Scandinavian writers, therefore, have taken two directions. Oneset are the fighters, the irreconcilables, and irony and satire are the chief means they employ in writing their winged words. Ibsen is the great representative of this class, and others are Björnson, Strindberg, Skram, Christian Elster, Kjelland, the Lefflers, and Garborg. . . . There is a second and smaller class of writers in Scandinavia, but neither have these come close to the life of the people. They stand aloof from the life of the present. They live in a world of the past, in a world idealised by their fancy and imagination. Their minds are haunted with the splendour of times that are gone, with the greatness of that which once was and even yet casts its shadows on the earth.” To this second school, the chief name in which is J. P. Jacobsen, belongs Selma Lagerlöf.

WE wish that someone could take up Mr. Sidney Lee's challenge. In the interests of sport it should be arranged. Mr. Lee, speaking at the dinner in his honour at Birmingham, on Monday, remarked (we quote from the report): “The noxious Baconian bacillus was very much alive in the brains of men in all parts of the world. It was ‘a tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.’ Bacon was no poet: he tried to write verse and failed miserably. Mr. Lee undertook to prove to any impartial jury, who were pledged to abide by the spurious logic of the Baconians, that every poem usually assigned to Lord Tennyson was really the exercise of Mr. Gladstone's recreation, or that the volumes that had come forth under the present Poet Laureate's name were the ejaculations of the muse of their distinguished fellow-townsmen, Mr. Chamberlain.” Will not the Baconians demand the exhibition? But surely if any Mr. Chamberlain is the true Poet Laureate, it is Mr. Austen [*i.e.*, Austin] Chamberlain.

A DENIAL to Mr. Lee's statement that Bacon was no poet has already been educes from Shelley's works, such is the vigilance of newspaper readers to-day. Shelley wrote:

“Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy.” But this, of course, means nothing in the present connexion. Mr. Lee meant that Bacon was no technical poet; and he was not.

APPROPOS of Birmingham and Shakespeare, the following is the dedication of a little book called *The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, by Mr. Cuming Walters:

TO MY FRIENDS,
The Members of the Literary and
Dramatic Society,
The Members of the Sociological Society,
and
The Members of the Spencer Club,
(all of Birmingham),
This Little Volume is
Dedicated.

MENTION last week of Joachim du Bellay has brought us correspondence on the subject. Among the letters is one from Dean Carrington enclosing a translation of Du Bellay's epitaph on his cat, which we print elsewhere in this number. Dean Carrington, who is now eighty-five years of age, is known for many charming translations from the French, notably his little edition of Victor Hugo in English. Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, who was eighty-four last week, was styled at the time our oldest living poet; but Dean Carrington is his senior, and so, as our “Bookworm” points out, is Mr. Aubrey De Vere.

THE world, indeed, needs a reminder that Mr. Bailey is still living. His home is at Nottingham, where he dwells in great simplicity. His great age will not permit of much literary exertion, but he is still busy with the annotations to *Festus*. The first edition of the poem was published in 1839. A census of its readers to-day would probably yield the most meagre results; yet Tennyson recommended it to FitzGerald for its occasional grandeur. Its teaching is this:

No soul,
Though in sin's lowest, blackest death employed,
Lost to the world, to angels, to itself,
Is lost to God.

And preachers continually quote such lines from it (though perhaps unwitting of their source) as—

We live in deeds, not words; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And “Who never doubted, never half believed,” and
“Night brings out stars as sorrow brings out truths”—
a motto for Maeterlinck.

ANOTHER poet, whom many persons may mentally range with Mr. Bailey, is treated of by Mr. Gosse in the new *North American Review*—Richard Hengist Horne, the author of *Orion*, and the friend of the Brownings, as

readers of the recently published volumes of *Letters* will remember. Horne was born at midnight between the last day of 1802 and the first of 1803, and he lived until 1884. His *Orion*, published in 1843, was brought out at a farthing—a lesson in cheapness to our publishers to-day. Says Mr. Gosse: "Purchasers had to produce their brass farthing for each *Orion*, and no change was given. This was done 'to mark the public contempt into which epic poetry has fallen,' but it was also a very good advertisement. Everybody talked about Mr. Horne's 'farthing' poem, and, after some editions had run out, the price was cautiously raised. But when the tenth edition appeared at a cost of seven shillings, the public perceived that its leg was being pulled, and it purchased *Orion* no more."

"It was in 1874," says Mr. Gosse of Horne, "that I set eyes on him first, in circumstances which were somewhat remarkable. The occasion was the marriage of the poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, to the eldest daughter of Westland Marston, the playwright. There was a large and distinguished company present, and most of the prominent 'Pre-Raphaelites,' as they were still occasionally called. In the midst of the subsequent festivities, and when the bride was surrounded by her friends, a tiny old gentleman cleared a space around him, and, all uninvited, began to sit upon the floor and sing, in a funny little cracked voice, Spanish songs to his own accompaniment on the guitar. He was very unusual in appearance. Although he was quite bald at the top of his head, his milk-white hair was luxuriant at the sides, and hung in clusters of ringlets. His moustache was so long that it became whisker, and in that condition drooped, also in ringlets, below his chin. The elder guests were inclined to be impatient, the younger to ridicule this rather tactless interruption. Just as it seemed possible something awkward would happen, Robert Browning stepped up and said in his loud, cheerful voice: 'That was charming, Horne! It quite took us to "the warm South" again,' and, cleverly leading the old gentleman's thoughts to a different topic, he put an end to the incident."

THE death occurred at Geneva last week of Landor's son and heir, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, who was born in 1822. Another son, Mr. Charles Landor, who resides at Florence, succeeds to the family estates. Mr. Charles Landor is the father of the traveller, Mr. A. H. Savage Landor.

THE latest champion of the Split Infinitive favours us with the situation in dramatic form:

It seemed a very small thing to cause so much commotion. The critics were examining it excitedly.

"What is the matter with the poor thing?" I asked; and they cried with one voice: "Can't you see? It's split."

It was quite true—the poor thing had an adverb right in the middle of it. But it did not seem unhappy.

"I come out of the works of a good writer," it said proudly; and at that the critics protested again.

"He isn't a good writer! You prove that he isn't!" they cried; and their shouts made me nervous—I had been trying to write a little myself.

"What is the harm of it?" I asked; and at that they ceased to be either so ready or so unanimous.

"We have agreed to unanimously think—" began one, and corrected himself hastily: "We have agreed to think it unanimously wrong." Which I feel sure did not exactly express his meaning.

Another mentioned that somebody's grammar had decided that it was not to be done. But the general verdict was that to split the infinitive was wrong because it had never been done before.

My mind was relieved by the information, because I knew that I had never written any form of expression in my books which I did not find in common use around me.

"If nobody ever does it, why all this excitement?" I asked.

They became unanimous again. "Everybody is doing it," they cried.

"Then the objection to it will soon disappear," I said; "the usage of to-day is the authority for to-morrow, and, after all, a rule of grammar is only a record of what is done."

"But it is useless and unnecessary," they said; and the poor badgered little split infinitive smiled.

"Then, why does everybody use me?" he asked, and it seemed to me that his question would need some answering.

There was one critic who seemed rather tired, and him I took aside. "Does it really pain you all so very much?" I asked.

He glanced round to see that he was not overheard: "Well, it is like this," he said frankly, "suppose you have to criticise style. You may not know what style is, or you may not have time to look for it. So you just glance at the infinitives. If they are split, the man has no style; if they are not split, he has, and your work is all done without any trouble. That is what it seems to me to really amount to."

All unconsciously he had committed the terrible offence. Everybody does.

APROPPOS the mistaken ascription to Mrs. Bardell of the phrase "Let 'em all come," we have received a letter from "C. P. H.," in which he says: "No one, so far as I know, has seriously attempted to write the history of catch-phrases and street-sayings; and one wonders why it is so. Nothing more interesting is conceivable to him with a turn for the curious; yet no one seems to venture. Let us not think of these sayings as merely vulgar trivialities. Many are far more than that. They 'have a tale to tell' that is interesting reading, and are often indicative of past popular movements and Courts. It was a remark of Walter Thornbury, many years ago, that some permanent record of these fleeting phrases would prove invaluable to future students of the history of the manners and customs of London (and elsewhere) in the nineteenth century. Many will agree with him. May the opportunity produce the historian." The historian, we fancy, will need many gifts besides a good memory to make his book really valuable.

In connexion with the new edition which Emeritus-Professor Bain is about to issue of his great work, *The Emotions and the Will*, a jocular allusion made by Mr. Andrew Lang (in reviewing, some years ago, a book entitled *The Senile Heart*) to the venerable Aberdeen Professor has a certain appropriateness: "To catch his right ear in his left hand, his left foot in his right hand, and then to stoop and pick up a piece of paper from the floor with his mouth at the imminent hazard of his nose and spectacles is the ambition of him to whom Europe listens when he talks about the region of the emotions."

THE following amusing appendix to *The Open Question* appears in the *Sketch* :

SAN FRANCISCO SPREAD EAGLE, —, 18—.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—ALARMING ADVENTURE
OF A TOWNSMAN.

The fishing-boat, *Celestial City*, No. 10,007, Ezra B. Pettigrew, captain, when making for harbour last evening, observed, at the cessation of a severe gale from S.E., a small sail-boat tossed by wind and waves. On examination through a spy-glass it proved to be the *Yaffli*, China Town, and its occupants, a lady and gentleman, were discovered to be prostrated by sea-sickness. The gallant seamen of the *Celestial City* tacked towards it, boarded the boat, rescued the crew, and took the sail-boat in tow.

NEARLY DROWNED.

The lady and gentleman, to whom hot brandy and other restoratives were speedily administered, proved to be Mr. Ethan B. Gano and his charming wife, Mrs. Valeria Gano, both of this city.

SUBSTANTIAL FORM OF GRATITUDE.

It is needless to say that on safely reaching the harbour they expressed themselves as sincerely grateful to the crew of the *Celestial City* in a form substantially expressing their gratitude.

San Francisco Spread Eagle, —, 18—.

At Oakland, San Francisco, on the 15th inst., the wife of Ethan Gano of a son, Ethan John. Both doing well.

Bibliographical.

POOR Bard of Avon! He has made his appearance this week, on the boards of a suburban theatre, as a leading figure in a musical extravaganza! The force of irreverent cruelty can no farther go. A Mr. Eden Greville wrote, and produced some years ago at a West End playhouse, a play called "Shakespeare," in which the Bard also made his appearance. Therein, however, Shakespeare was treated with a certain measure of respect. To be sure, he was represented as anticipating, in his conversation, the things he was afterwards to put into his plays; but that was better than portraying him, as in this week's extravaganza, as given to quoting from his works, even to the point of reciting the whole of the "All-the-world's-a-stage" soliloquy. Shakespeare has, no doubt, a good deal to answer for, in one way or another; but after the treatment to which he is subjected in this new fanciful farce (it is called "The Merry-go-Round") all his sins should be forgiven him. I should note that the Bard figured in a musical play, called "The Seven Ages," brought out in America ten years ago; but in that work, I gather, he was not subjected to such indignities as his fellow-countryman has heaped upon him in this week's production.

Some day, I hope—though none of us now alive may be here to see it—there will be a final and authoritative collection, chronological in arrangement, of Carlyle's printed letters. To the number of these a new addition is about to be made, and one is disposed to hope that it may be the last. Few things are more irritating than the fragmentary way in which public personalities are now-

adays revealed to us. Only by a piecemeal process can we build up our notions of what famous people were like. In these elaborate times, whole literatures are allowed to grow round interesting individualities—as, for example, in the cases of Tennyson, R. L. Stevenson, D. G. Rossetti, and so forth. I venture to think there are by far too many books about the writers of books; in no other sphere of human activity is there so much biographical loquacity.

Let me add my entreaties to those of "W. J.," who begs Messrs. Smith & Elder to make a single volume of the biographical prefaces which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has been contributing to the latest edition of her father's Works. Of course, theoretically, we ought all to buy that edition; but for my own part I prefer the editions I already possess. The volumes of the "Biographical" edition are a little noticeable in the matter of avoidrupois. If Mrs. Ritchie's prefaces are ever collected as suggested, I hope they will themselves be prefaced by Mr. Leslie Stephen's condensed (and now revised) biographical sketch, which now so happily supplements Mrs. Ritchie. There would still be room for that two-volume book by Mr. Lewis Melville, which seems likely to have more features of value than I was at first inclined to hope for.

Apropos of "our oldest poet," Mr. Aubrey De Vere is two years older than Mr. "Festus" Bailey, who has just received that imposing description. I can conceive some people arguing that he is also the better poet of the two. Mr. Bailey has done his fame an injury by adding so greatly to the original bulk of "Festus." The "fifteenth-anniversary edition" of that poem runs to 794 well-filled pages! Mr. De Vere, on the other hand, is, perhaps, too austere for "the general." If any of the readers of this column have yet to make acquaintance with Mr. De Vere's work, I would advise them to start with the selection made by Mr. John Dennis, and published some years ago. That, I venture to prophesy, will give them an appetite for the Complete Works.

To read the announcement that the Rev. A. S. Walpole has written a volume called *Little Arthur's History of Greece* as a companion to *Little Arthur's History of England* is to feel quite young again. How many worthy middle-aged English people are now living who imbibed their first knowledge of the annals of their country from Lady Calcott's world-famed effort! Have any of them seen a copy of it from those days to these? Few have, I trow. There is, by the way, a *Little Arthur's History of France*, which made its appearance in the early eighties. There is no reason, of course, why the series should not be indefinitely extended.

They say that Mr. Herman Merivale, one of our few "literary" dramatists, has written, and that young Mr. Martin Harvey will produce, a play on the subject of Don Juan. I fancy that the latest serious drama on this topic was that which Mr. Richard Mansfield published seven or eight years ago, and in which, moreover, he appeared upon the American stage, himself enacting Don Juan. A copy of his work is before me, but I find I have not yet cut the pages thereof. I see, however, that our old friends Leporello, Donna Elvira, and Zerlina reappear in this piece, which has the saving merit of being written in prose.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Gay Erudition.

A Paladin of Philanthropy, and Other Papers. By Austin Dobson. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

"His essays . . . bear that unmistakable stamp which denote the writer who has not crammed his subject for the purpose of preparing an article, but who has, so to speak, let the article write itself out of the fulness of his resources." These words, from p. 167 of this book, are part of a tribute which Mr. Dobson pays to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's literary achievement. But they are so true of Mr. Dobson's own essays that we must insist on perverting them, for the moment, to the praise of their author. The fulness of Mr. Dobson's resources within his own field is his fundamental quality. He charms us because he raps out such numbers of interesting facts. His gay erudition enslaves us. You may say that erudition is nothing without art, and you may protest that there are two Mr. Dobsons—the one who knows facts, and the other who adorns them. But the most usual exposition is not always the most convenient, and it pleases us to insist that Mr. Dobson's charm as a prose-writer is resident mainly in the extraordinary fulness and availability of his knowledge of the social life of the eighteenth century. The man who, walking in the green country, said he thought he could be a poet if he only knew the names of things is credited with having made a shrewd observation. And it is the truth that names and facts, when they hive multitudinously in one man's brain, are a pretty sight in themselves. Mr. Dobson provides us with such a spectacle in almost every essay he writes. He multiplies facts; he makes facts explain facts, facts support facts, facts adorn facts; he is a Little Master of mosaic, and his effect is obtained by putting down polished pebbles of fact decisively, with the small, delicate gestures proper to such work. And the pebble is always ready, and the expertness evident. We do not care where you take Mr. Dobson up, the principle holds in degree. Here are a few sentences from the twelfth paper in this book, "The Grub Street of the Arts"—that is to say, St. Martin's-lane:

At or "behind No. 104" lived Sir James Thornhill, in a large house with a grand allegoric staircase painted by himself. One of his successors was John Van Nost, son of the Van Nost of Piccadilly, who rivalled Cheere in leaden figures, and who was credited with that egregious gilt statue of George I. which once adorned the enclosure at Leicester Fields. Another tenant of the same house was Frank Hayman, Hogarth's crony and co-decorator at Vauxhall, who filled so many eighteenth century books with noses *à la* Cyrano and spindle-shanks. (His own legs, by the way, were probably his model, if one may judge from those of Viscount Squanderfield in the "Marriage *A-la-Mode*," for whom he was the admitted sitter.)

Now count the lines in this little passage, and then count the facts and suggestions that they harbour. The proportion of *mental satisfactions*—if we may snatch the term—is surely very large. Well, that is Mr. Dobson's method. In his hands it is a good method. He has employed it in writing the fifty-nine essays which are contained in the three volumes of his *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* and in this book, which differs from the *Vignettes* in little more than its title and a red cover.

Mr. Dobson's method keeps its charm because he does not abuse it. The display, even the orderly and effective display, of facts may easily weary by iteration and offend by pedantry. But Mr. Dobson never offends. His method, being perceived, is judged by its own canons; and we think it is no more than true to say that Mr. Dobson rarely, if ever, sets down a needless fact. Writing of Henry Luttrell he says, on p. 219 of this book: "Unlike all or most other wits, Luttrell is never

obtrusive; even the choicest *bon mots* are only brought forth when perfectly applicable, and they are given in a tone of good breeding which enhances their value." Those who know Mr. Dobson's essays best will judge how fitly this tribute to Luttrell might be returned to the giver. Only, for *bon mots* one would write touches of humour. It goes without saying that Mr. Dobson's method excludes fine writing, the sustained period, and the purple patch. His short swallow-flights of statement and allusion have no association with these arts. Not that Mr. Dobson's style could be called *staccato*, still less uncoloured. In his paper on "Old Whitehall," a paper which is of peculiar interest just now, Mr. Dobson summarises the events which associate the Banqueting Hall with the Merry Monarch:

It was in the Banqueting-House that Charles begged his Honourable House of Commons to amend the ways about Whitehall, so that Catherine of Braganza might not upon her arrival find it "surrounded by water"; it was in the Banqueting-House that he gravely went through that half-solemn, half-ludicrous business of touching for the evil; it was in the Banqueting-House that, coming from the Tower of London with a splendid cavalcade, he created at one time six Earls and six Barons. Under its storied roof he magnificently entertained the French Ambassador, Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, on which occasion he presented Mr. Evelyn, from his own royal plate, with a piece of that newly-imported Barbadian luxury, the King-pine; it was here also that he received the Russian Ambassador with his present of carpets and sables and "sea-horse teeth," and the swarthy envoys from Morocco, with their scymetars and white *albagas*, and their lions and "estridges" [ostriches]. But perhaps the brightest and most vivid page in connection with this famous old building is that in which . . .

Here is colour. But Mr. Dobson adds a long quotation from Pepys, and already, in his bracketted explanation of "estridges," he has shown how far from his intention it was to indulge in anything like a rhythmic "flight." Imagine Macaulay—who delighted to assemble a multitude of facts—allowing such a passage to walk so quietly, and end as a porch to Pepys's *Diary*. But Mr. Dobson does it, and we are not disappointed. For, as we have said, Mr. Dobson has no brush to flourish, no pot of purple to exhaust; he works in mosaic with a neat dexterity.

Yet we would not suggest that he has no "passages" which can be read for their own sake. When it is needful Mr. Dobson can give us a picture broadly painted. Thus, he is describing Old Slaughter's Coffee-House in St. Martin's-lane—this hostelry stood at the southern corner of Great Newport-street, which is now absorbed in Cranbourne-street; its bow windows looked up Long Acre—he writes:

Its chief customers were the artist-folk of the Lane and its vicinity. Hither from Leicester Fields would come Hogarth, bragging of the new-old theories in the "Analysis," and scoffing at the "grand contorno" of the *virtuosi*; hither Hayman, and the gold-chaser Moser, and Isaac Ware, the chimney-sweep-turned-architect who translated "Palladio," and (from his studio over the way) Roubillac, raving in broken English of the beauties of the Chevalier Bernini. Here, again, would be seen the shrewd Swiss enameller Rouquet, taking notes of the state of the Arts in England for the benefit of Marshal Belle-Isle; and Gravelot, who held that no Englishman could draw; and "Friar" John Pine of the incised "Horace," who had a print-shop at No. 88. Luke Sullivan, the engraver of the "March to Finchley," McArdeil the mezzotinter, and Richard Wilson from Covent Garden were also well-known visitors; while in later days, when evening drew on, and the last rays of light faded from the unfinished canvas, the tall, ungainly figure of Wilkie would slip in quietly to a remote table and a hurried meal, at which modest repast he would sometimes be joined by a noisier and more demonstrative companion, the Benjamin Robert Haydon whose ambitious "Curtius leaping into the Gulf" now adorns a London restaurant. Nor was there wanting a sprinkling of authors to carry on the traditions of Pope

and Dryden, for Collins of the "Odes" is reported to have used this time-honoured hostility, and Goldsmith refers to its Orators in the "Essays" as if his knowledge were experimental. Here, too (as everywhere), was to be found Johnson, studying spoken French from the mouths of the French frequenters of the place, and (always) expressing his opinions in forcible language. The "fasting Monsieurs" — so he calls them in his *London* — disgusted him with their harebrained and irresponsible frivolity. "For anything I see," he declared, confirming the previous verdict of a friend, "foreigners are Fools!"

We have made only illustrative use of the contents of Mr. Dobson's new volume. The "Paladin of Philanthropy" turns out to be our old friend General Oglethorpe—he who founded Georgia and praised Johnson's *London* "in all companies." This is not the longest essay in the volume. In discoursing on Goldsmith's Poems and Plays Mr. Dobson adds a third to two earlier essays on this writer; and his paper on "The Latest Life of Steele" (Mr. Aitken's) may be linked to "Steele's Letters" in the *Vignettes*. Two writers of reminiscences, John Taylor and Harry Angelo, give Mr. Dobson congenial matter to quote and expound. Angelo gave Byron lessons in the broadsword, and presented him with a screen (which Mr. Murray is believed to possess) which bears on one side "all the eminent pugilists from Broughton to Jackson, on the other the great actors from Betterton to Kean." One cannot remember any other English poet of note to whom such a gift could have been offered. John Taylor has one good story about Macklin, the actor, which Mr. Dobson kindly rejuvenates:

He saw him [Macklin] in Iago, in Sir Paul Pliant of the "Double Dealer," and in other characters; but held that he was "too theoretical for nature. He had three pauses in his acting—the first, moderate; the second, twice as long; but his last, or 'grand pause,' as he styled it, was so long that the prompter on one occasion, thinking his memory failed, repeated the cue . . . several times, and at last so loud as to be heard by the audience." Whereupon Macklin, in a passion, rushed from the stage and knocked him down, exclaiming: "The fellow interrupted me in my grand pause."

Henry Luttrell, the forgotten society wit; Gay and his "Trivia"; Boswell's predecessors and editors; "Old Whitehall"; "Changes at Charing Cross"—such is the material of these essays. It is the material with which Mr. Dobson has worked all along, and of which his mind is full. In these days people are not willingly interested in the eighteenth century, and Mr. Dobson knows it. It is his triumph that he holds us not by disguising his subjects, or pleading for them, or linking them to present interests; he holds his readers by showing them that he knows the eighteenth century as minutely as they know the nineteenth. He holds them by a gay erudition which, in its own field, is unparalleled.

A Monument of Personality.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey. (J. M. Dent. 1s. 6d. net.)

To the "Temple Classics" has been added an edition of De Quincey's well-known *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. Mr. Walter Jerrold is responsible for the edition, and for the compact notes which are added to the volume. With these latter we have but one trifling fault to find. In a note to De Quincey's quotation from Wordsworth—

Or lady of the lake
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance—

it is said: "This should read, 'Or lady of the mere.'" De Quincey himself, as his editor should know, elsewhere explains that "lady of the lake" was the original reading of this famous passage, which Wordsworth afterwards lamentably marred by substituting "mere," purely because

"lady of the lake" happened then to be a cant term for a public woman. A more serious fault is, that there are occasional misprints in the text, which show a lack of careful proof-reading. But with these trifling flaws the edition should henceforth become a favourite with all lovers of the *Confessions*.

The editor has wisely given us the revised edition, not the original reprint. From a purely artistic standpoint, the original form is, perhaps, best. It is more compact,



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

more confined to the essential and central point of the dreams; there is less of the De Quinceyan flux and involution of verbose clauses. But there is so much additional matter in the revised edition of the profoundest interest to all lovers of the Opium Eater that none of them would willingly forego it. Then, even from the artistic standpoint, there are passages in the latter—such as the description of De Quincey's sensations in the deserted ball-room of the Shrewsbury hotel, where he halted on his flight to London—of quite characteristic solemnity and elevation, showing his style at its best, or nearly so. We could not spare the later edition, with all its multitudinous faults upon its back.

It is one of the strangest of masterpieces—disproportionate, voluble, divagating, exasperating, tedious, insistent upon the infinitely little, full of sentences which no man can grasp at first reading, merely from their intricate burden of qualifying clauses, again qualified by qualifying clauses, till the attention faints under the onerous and continued effort; yet a masterpiece none the less. That is the wonder. A masterpiece none the less. It is a monument of personality, triumphant over all defects issuing from that personality. *Because* they issue from and illustrate it, they become themselves interesting; but this could not be unless it were a very singular personality. Part of the interest lies in the contrast between the man and his destiny. A recluse mind, of Asiatic subtlety and intellectuality, shrinking by nature from decision and action, given over to endless reading and reverie, he would have been best as an Indian sage, or, failing that, as an Oxford don. His temperament is shown by one highly significant fact which he relates. Passionately fond of music, he yet found it impossible to learn the piano. And why? Because the effort of execution disturbed the perfect passivity needful for the receptive enjoyment of music. The pleasure of a performer is utterly different from the pleasure of a listener; and it was for the latter alone that De Quincey was qualified. Such he was: shy,

gentle, tender-hearted, if they do allege that he had a portion of feminine spite (which may be doubtful); yet also with an endless capacity for brilliant talk when he was drawn into society. Yet this delicate student was thrown into the most active contact with strange sufferings and experiences, such as few among the most energetic temperaments encounter in their life history. Such a personality in such alien surroundings presents a piquant contrast and curious psychological results.

Yet it need never have been. There is a sense of Greek tragedy, of fatal impulsion, in the course of his life. Born heir to a modest but sufficient patrimony, he ought to have passed to the University, and there have taken his natural place as a don. Literature would have lost some singularly exotic writings, but a life would have been saved from blight. His guardians were inexcusable in their neglect or hard obstinacy. His mother (though he does his filial best to shield her) was an intolerable specimen of religious priggishness, of cold self-righteousness. Between them all the little sensitive, contemplative genius received cruel measure. It is not only the turbulent who break bounds and scandalise decorous authority; the timorous, ill-understood child of genius, who cannot fit into the pigeon-hole made for him, is oft-times driven into that revolt not native to him. So the lad, desiring only to study and think, fled first from school, and then to London, where he hid from his guardians and tried to raise money on his expectations—only to be left, by the calculated delays of money-lenders, in starvation.

What we get, at this wretched human cost, is a glimpse of the tragedy of the London streets seen through the most refined and alien of organisations. He found shelter at night in the decaying house of a shady legal practitioner in Greek-street. There he was the partner and protector of a poor little child, more piteous than the Marchioness in the house of Sampson Brass. She, poor ignorant waif of ten; he, strange dreamy creature of culture, a fallen leaf from the social trees above her; both forlorn, and weak, and hunger-bitten, they came together from the opposite poles of life. Having so many practical ills to fear, she feared also ghosts, and nestled to his arms from the desolate cold and the spectres of her childish fancy. Their heads on a bundle of law-papers, covered only with a cloak and such odds-and-ends as they could rout from a lumber room—what novelist's invention has peopled a house at night with a more pathetically incongruous pair?

Better known is that other sad friend of his, the "unfortunate" Ann, who saved his life when his head dropped swooning from her own starving bosom. Together, in the memory of all pitiful souls, these two will for ever pace Oxford-street, the "stony-hearted." But the climax of the book is, of course, the dreams, and the strange revelations of opium with which it concludes, both ultimately resulting from the effects of those early privations. In spite of De Quincey's elaborate and thoroughly scientific account of the mysterious workings of opium, it is a memorable proof how inveterate are popular prepossessions that not one among the vulgar prejudices he combats is a whit less prevalent and strongly held to-day. That opium has the effect of stupefying; that it has the very contrary effect of making drunk; that it hurries its victim rapidly to the grave; that it is to some unknown extent and in some vaguely-conceived way more deadly than alcohol—all these things are as much matters of faith as ever they were. If only to establish the true effects of the singular drug, to clear it from its fanciful, and confine it to its quite sufficiently real evils, this book would be worth reading.

But the crowning glory of it is the dreams. The level excellence of these has, indeed, been exaggerated. There is much (let us grant it) which is laboured, much where the elaborate paraphernalia of an astonishingly complex and accomplished technique is accumulated without sufficient warrant of underlying inspiration. But for those

who know how to distinguish and select there are here passages of such vaporous sublimity (in the true sense of that abused word), such ministerial grandeurs of style, as we know not where else to look for. Over all the manifold technical resources of style, the most intricate, and in its most exacting manifestations as applied to subject-matter the most exhausting, De Quincey possessed a mastery never excelled, and—on the whole—scarce equalled in the long range of English prose. And here you may find the chosen treasure-house of its display. The mere architecture of the sentences in some of the chief passages is to the literary student an astonishment. That well-known dream which ends with the exclamation: "I will sleep no more!" is, among many superlative examples, the superlative example. Such long march of intermingled clauses, all controlled and marshalled without confusion; such gradual accumulation and gathering of sound, agitated, retarded, accelerated, and at length hurrying to the climax as with the irresistible impulsion of its own amassed weight; lastly, such a close, such a reverberant and long-falling *finale*, like the breaking of many waters, all mark this out as an unparalleled exhibition of virtuosity in style. He speaks (in the *Spanish Military Nun*) of "a mighty sunset rolling down like a chorus"; and that fine phrase might fitly describe the grandeurs of his own sentence-closes. He was indeed a virtuoso in prose; it was his orchestra, for which he composed, and over which he was master in all its resources.

A Dashing Little-Englander.

The Ipané. By Cunningham Graham. (T. Fisher Unwin: "The Overseas Library," No. 1. 2s.)

As a contribution to impressionistic literature this book is often satisfying and brilliant; but if one regards it as an indication of the abraded condition of Mr. Cunningham Graham's susceptibilities, it is a really painful "document." England has settled permanently upon his nerves, to the ruin not only of his equanimity, but of his grammar. The first sentence in the book is a sad example of the effect of constant annoyance upon a man with a genuine feeling for words—a stylist in fact. It must be quoted: "None of the following sketches and stories have the least connection with one another, or with each other." We consider that such a sentence—unless, indeed, it was written "east of Suez, where there ain't no ten commandments" of syntax—is distinctly too unconventional for this prim and convention-ridden country. It is possible, of course, that Mr. Graham wrote it maliciously, just to show his scorn for our British manners. Ah! those manners! No matter what subject he is discussing—whether it is the internal polity of Paraguay, or niggers, or the death of William Morris—Mr. Graham will bring them in. Even when inventing a new Icelandic saga, he will devote pages, whole pages, to the vituperation of those manners:

In fact the man was a survival, or at the least an instance, of atavism strongly developed, or would have been so styled in England; but in Iceland all such niceties were not observed, and his compatriots merely called him mad, being convinced of their own sanity, as men who make good wages, go to church, observe the weather and the stocks, read books for pastime, marry and have large families, pay such debts as the law forces them to pay, and never think on abstract matters, always are convinced in every land.

You see: we are not even to pay our debts; and as for earning a livelihood or going through the ceremony of marriage . . .

And further:

The weak are the majority. The weak of brain, of body, the knock-kneed and flat-footed, muddled-minded, loose-

jointed, ill-put-together, baboon-faced, the white-eyelashed, slow of wit, the practical, the unimaginative, forgetful, selfish, dense, the stupid, fatuous, the "candle-moulded," give us our laws, impose their standard on us, their ethics, their philosophy, canon of art, literary style, their jingling music, vapid plays, their dock-tailed horses, coats with buttons in the middle of the back; their hideous fashions, auiline colours, their Leaders, Leightous, Logs-dails. . . .

That "Logslails" is the last perfecting touch. Imagine it: to the accident of an initial letter the painter of the admirable "Venetian Courtyard," in this year's New Gallery, owes his inclusion in the "Snaekoll's Saga" of Mr. Cunninghame Graham!

If the English do not blush under Mr. Graham's indictments it is probably because they are "pug-nosed"—yes, "pug-nosed brothers in the Lord"—and, therefore, incapable of the act. Yet they have much to be thankful for. They should be thankful that they are not Scotchmen. Mr. Graham is a Scotchman, but he has the stern spirit of a Roman father, and he saves for his own countrymen the bitterest, the most savage, of all his satire and invective.

The reader may be inclined to ask what all this has to do with the "Overseas Library," with "the actual life of the English outside England," as the editorial preface phrases it. We do not know. Not half the book is even remotely connected with the ostensible subject of Mr. Unwin's new series. Probably a hundred pages would contain all that the author has to say about the doings of the abhorred English overseas. Let us say again that those hundred pages are excellent. Mr. Graham has been a traveller for many years. He has observed, if not wisely, at least picturesquely. He has a fine natural instinct for literature, and he writes as one who, if he had taken himself seriously, might have reached true distinction. Sketches like "Bristol Fashion" and "The Ipané" could hardly be bettered for colour and the quick movement of life; they have real value; they paint pictures on your mind which you cannot soon efface. As for the rest of the book, it is mere rhodomontade and irresponsibility and crude thinking; for Mr. Graham has made a mistake often made by travellers. To wander far is not always the best way to arrive at a just estimate of human nature, and there is nothing more conventional than the hatred of conventionality. It may happen that the explorer of two hemispheres is more narrow-minded and priggish than the common man who has stayed at home, married, earned good wages, and sat on a coroner's jury.

A Greek Exponent of Culture.

Longinus on the Sublime. The Greek Text after the Paris Manuscript. With Introduction, Translation, Facsimiles, and Appendices. By W. Rhys Roberts, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press. 9s.)

THIS is an admirable and scholarly edition of an author somewhat neglected during the present century. It is based on the best text, taking into account the labours of Continental scholars; it is furnished with an exhaustive yet succinct introduction, dealing with the disputed points in regard to the treatise; and with excellent appendices, furnishing exact aid to the student concerning the text, the peculiarities of vocabulary, the authors mentioned by Longinus, and the bibliography of the work. All this was needed, for (as Mr. Roberts reminds us) it is sixty years since the last English edition of this celebrated book. Finally, Mr. Roberts provides a very careful and good translation, printed in parallel pages with the Greek text. This is an arrangement we should like to see extended to other classical works; and altogether we have here the edition of Longinus which every student will wish to see on his shelves.

The book constitutes in effect a critical and to some extent comparative study of Greek and Roman literature, by a cultivated Greek of rather uncertain date. Since it is not on the Sublime, and probably not by Longinus, it has naturally been called *Longinus on the Sublime*. "Would you desire a better reason?" as Falstaff says. It has long been ascribed to Cassius Longinus, the famous Greek rhetorician of the third century A.D., who became minister to Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, and encouraged that learned and spirited queen to resist the Emperor Aurelian. Aurelian did not approve of the *doctrinaires* in politics—such as Mr. John Morley; and somewhat over-emphasised his views by hanging Longinus. But, in spite of this elevated end, it is now generally admitted that Longinus did not write the treatise *On Elevation*. It is a pity, because there would have been a touch of the Squeersian method about Aurelian's sentence. The work was probably written about the first century by an unknown Greek rhetorician. As for the title, it does not signify the sublime in our present English sense. "On the Grand Style" would be a nearer rendering, using the phrase in Matthew Arnold's sense to mean the elevated and dignified style in literature.

It is an interesting book, for all the touch of obviousness which it sometimes has, inevitably, to modern eyes. Here you may perceive what a Matthew Arnold of the early empire was like; substituting Greek letters for English, and Roman for French. A fervent disciple of culture, in his quest of the grand style he ranges over the whole field of Greek and Latin literature, and even gets in an allusion to Moses. He actually quotes, as an example of grandeur, the first chapter of Genesis: "God said, Let there be light, and there was light: Let there be land, and there was land." Not quite accurate, as though he were generalising from memory, but a surprising example of liberal taste in the old critic. Macaulay fell foul of him for praising a passage of Plato, "as full of conceit as an ode of Cowley." De Quincey abused him for his "frosty raptures" over the vast strides of Neptune in Homer, and asked how they were superior to Jack's seven-league boots. But De Quincey was in his most frisky abomination of slangy humour, and one knows not whether to think it a serious view of Longinus. An "old critical posture-master," he calls him; and there is some truth in it. Longinus (he must keep the name, for want of another) is apt to be "frosty" in his set outbursts of eulogy, and to be thinking of his own eloquence while he affects to praise another. One feels him often childish from the advanced standpoint of modern criticism. The "grand" passages he admires at times seem a trifle obvious to our taste. And he shrinks with timid dislike from a boldly poetical passage in Æschylus, where, on the apparition of Dionysus—

Frenzy-struck is the hall, bacchant the roofs.

The daring metaphor is too much for him; but the modern—and English—poet will admire its fine energy of imagination. As if the quaking of the walls, the quivering of the roofs, might not with perfect imaginative keeping be compared to Bacchic possession! He is superficial, he has no philosophic insight. And he writes confoundingly difficult Greek, which only a profound or brilliant author has a privilege to do. But he is a mine of interesting quotation, he has a high-minded view, he is right at the root; and his general criticism is eminently sensible, sometimes strikingly just. Not illuminative, but just—that is the word for his criticism in its best flashes. Take the passage, for instance, where he condemns an over-rhythmical style, because it expresses not the emotion of the words but of the rhythm. He means a set of rhythm, and he is right. But he should rather have said that such rhythm is meaningless, and, in truth, conveys no emotion at all. The point is, that he knew the function of rhythm was to express emotion—which few modern critics know. A very interesting book in an edition which it is a pleasure to read.

A Burns Page.

The Memorial Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition. (Hodge: Glasgow. 42s.)

In the summer of 1896, the galleries of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts were given up to an exhibition of portraits, pictures, manuscripts, books, and relics connected with Robert Burns. The undertaking was managed with peculiar success, and such a complete collection of objects of interest was shown as, perhaps, had never before been brought together in connexion with any man of mark, and may never be excelled in the future. A memento of this occasion is now obtainable in the form of an exhaustive catalogue, illustrated very fully by reproductions of certain of the more interesting exhibits. From these we reproduce a few portraits.

The beautiful head of the poet is from a drawing by Archibald Skirving, a skilled portrait artist in chalk and crayons. The original is in red crayon, and is the property of Sir Theodore Martin. Nasmyth's best portrait (he painted three altogether) is supposed to be the best of all, but Skirving's is very persuasive. Nasmyth's may be consulted at any time at the National Portrait Gallery. The head is rounder, the eyes are larger and more intense; perhaps it is nearer realism. Many other portraits distinguished the exhibition, among them one of Burns as a youth, lent by Lord Rosebery. On the back was an account of the picture, stating that it had belonged to a gentleman of New York whose father, a doctor, had received it from an old patient called Mrs. Cunningham, who was first

beth Hyslop Burns. Subsequently she became Mrs. Thomson, of Crossmyloof. She was born in 1791 and lived until 1873. As she was but four when her father died she had but little to tell of him at first hand. Below these, from a photograph, is Robert Burns, the poet's eldest son, in whose head, curiously enough, it is more easy to trace a likeness to Scott than to Burns. Lastly, we give a portrait of Isabella Burns, afterwards Mrs. Begg, the poet's youngest daughter. This picture is from a painting by Robert Taylor, and was lent by Mr. Robert Burns Begg, a direct descendant of the poet.

For these portraits, and also the other relics shown in the Royal Glasgow Institute Galleries, the Committee had to thank the piety of collectors and private individuals, most of whom dwell, as the owners of such things should, in Scotland. The need for such piety cannot, of course, be too forcibly insisted upon, especially nowadays, when the enterprise of Americans is so keen and astute. The number of articles of priceless value which cross the Atlantic every year is enormous. At every sale of literary curiosities which may be held, in any part of this country, American collectors have their representatives, who are, probably, better furnished with money or with generosity than their English rivals. We have already said something of the need for patriotism in such matters; which is continually being illustrated by news of America's wealth and our increasing poverty in early Shakespeare. No such exhibition as this of Burns relics will be possible soon, unless we strive to keep our treasures at home.

We have, of course, only dipped into this Burns catalogue. Its



ROBERT BURNS.



THE MOTHER OF BURNS.



BURNS' DAUGHTER ELIZABETH.



BURNS' ELDEST SON, ROBERT.

cousin to Mary Campbell — "Highland Mary." The picture had been painted for Mary Campbell, and after her death it passed to her cousin: about a portrait so much romance may play!

Below the Burns is a water-colour drawing of old Mrs. Burns, the poet's mother, and, beside it, a photograph of her grand-daughter, and Burns' daughter, Eliza-

riches are manifold: and the care and taste that have been expended by the publishers upon it are another proof of the place which Burns holds in his native land. To possess it is to be at once curiously in touch with the poet and his friends and neighbours. Indeed, no careful biography could so vividly bring the life of Burns before the mind.



BURNS' DAUGHTER ISABELLA.

War in the Dir'st Degree.

Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne, 1812-1813. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a book which one lays down with fatigue—the fatigue that is honourable to the writer. We revolve the tragedies of the flight from Moscow with a sense of having laid in material for thought in unarrived moments when the imagination is aglow.

This Bourgogne was a Vélite sergeant of the Imperial Guard. In 1812 he was in Portugal, engaged against the English. One day they received orders to march for Russia, and six months later Bourgogne heard the historic



SERGEANT BOURGOGNE.

shout, "Moscow! Moscow!" We are with him in all his duties in the deserted burning city. We know how his company fared; what preposterous comforts and treasures they amassed, running through flaming and falling streets. The miserable convicts who fired the city are shot against walls. A Jew, tearing his beard to see his synagogue in flames, is seized by Bourgogne for a guide. All his valuables, he says, were in the synagogue: "Have they anything to sell or exchange?" They loot an Italian confectioner's shop and are cut off by flames; then, sheltering from rain and fire, they pass the time in making jam-fritters. In their quarters the non-commissioned officers lie "like pashas on ermine, sable, lion, and bear skins, smoking costly tobacco in magnificent pipes"; they have champagnes, preserved fruits, and silver ingots.

Then the flight, and its crescendo of horror. Even two days after leaving Moscow the scene was grotesque:

The next day (the 30th) the road had become very heavy, and many carts laden with booty had the greatest difficulty in getting along. Several were damaged, and others were lightened by throwing away useless parts of the load. I was that day in the rear-guard, and could see from the extreme rear of the column the beginning of the frightful disorder that followed. The road was heaped with valuable things—pictures, candlesticks, and quantities of books. For more than an hour I was picking up volumes, which I glanced through, and then threw down again, to be taken up by others, who in their turn left them on the road—books such as Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Buffon's *Natural History*, bound in red morocco and gold.

Surely War's ironies have seldom produced a stranger picture than this—Napoleon's horde flinging down the literature of their country which the studious Muscovites had bound in morocco and gold.

One might ponder on the way in which the soldier and the natural man played on each other in this unparalleled walk through the snow. On a certain night some hundreds of men were burned to death in a barn, and their comrades robbed their bodies and, warming themselves, said, "What a beautiful fire!" Yet the next night a hundred and fifty dragoons stood all night round the Prince Émile of Hesse-Cassel, pressing tightly against each other to protect him (he was not twenty years old) from the fiendish north wind. In the morning three-quarters of these men were frozen dead, along with ten thousand others who had sunk in the snow during the night. Hunger and honour contended all through the hellish drama.

At Smolensk we have a lurid scene in a church where Bourgogne, nigh dead with cold and hunger, finds his own company singing, mad drunk; some clown playing on the organ amid volumes of smoke; the churchyard heaped with dead bodies for which no graves could be scooped in the frozen soil; and the door blocked with corpses over which new-comers walked as over logs, without a glance at their feet.

Once Bourgogne fell by the way, and begged an old grenadier to help him. "I have not got any," he said, raising two stumps to show that his hands were cut off. Fortunately, he found a friend, one Picart, an old moustache, a good fellow with an unquenchable humour, and for three days these two dodged hunger and the Cossacks through leagues of forest. Picart adored the Emperor. Yet he would break out:

He is a regular fool of a conscript to have waited so long in Moscow. A fortnight was long enough to eat and drink everything we found there; but to stay there thirty-four days just waiting for winter to come on! I call that folly. If he were here, I could tell him to his face that isn't the way to lead men. Good God! the dances he has led me the last sixteen years. We suffered enough in Egypt—in the Syrian deserts; but that's nothing compared with these deserts of snow.

When the two struck the mournful columns, they were able to watch the Emperor go by. He was followed by seven or eight hundred officers and non-commissioned officers, "walking in order and perfect silence, and carrying the eagles of their different regiments, which so often had led them to victory. This was all that remained of 60,000 men." After them came the Imperial Guard, to which the two wanderers belonged. Picart wept, and struck the ground with his musket, saying: "I don't know *mon pays*, if I am awake or dreaming. It breaks my heart to see our Emperor on foot, his baton in his hand. He, so great, who made us all so proud of him!" It is a picture that we know.

Sergeant Bourgogne lived through it all, had the cross of the Legion of Honour, and settled down to be—a draper! It was an inspiration to give Alphonse Chigot's sketch of Bourgogne after he had left the Army—Bourgogne in a tall hat and curly hair, the boulevard figure of an old soldier, kindly, courteous ("wouldn't hurt a fly"), ready for a newspaper and a glass of wine. And all that behind him: the fires of Moscow, the snow, the wolves, the obscene hunger, the league-long litter of dead men glad to be dead. The portrait we reproduce shows us Bourgogne the soldier, with the cares of command on his set face.

Bourgogne died in his bed, well tended, in 1867, and his book lives as a soldier's record of war at its worst.

I LOVE the great despisers because they are the great adorers, they are arrows of longing for the other shore.

I do not want many honours nor great treasures; that inflame the milt. But one sleepeth badly without a good name and a small treasure.

Friedrich Nietzsche: "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (New Edition).

Other New Books.

THE ART OF DINING.

BY A. HAYWARD.

A new edition of an urbane and entertaining book. The matter therein first saw the light in the *Quarterly* in 1835-6, and was reprinted, with additions, in 1852. Hayward, it seems, played the part of guide-post, pointing the way, but not taking it; for he wrote: "The fact is, I got up that article just as I would get up a speech from a brief, and I would not eat half the things mentioned in it if they paid me for it." Of good stories there are many in the book. This, for instance, of the Duke of Wellington:

The Duke once requested the connoisseur whom the author of *Tancred* terms "the finest judge in Europe" to provide him a chef. Felix, whom the late Lord Seaford was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaford, and before the first course was half over he observed: "So I find you have got the Duke's cook to dress your dinner." "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the Duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the Duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh, no, my lord; I would stay if he had: he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the cookmaid, and he says nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord.'"

Mr. Charles Sayle has revised the little manual, and added notes, recent menus, and some college graces. A very agreeable work. (Murray. 5s.)

THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

This book embodies the experiences of a private soldier in a British infantry regiment at home and abroad. It is a really excellent budget of information about Army life in all its aspects. We have chapters entitled "Route-Marching and Field Days," "Sunday in Barracks," "On Escort Duty," "A Military Court Martial," "A Voyage in a Troopship," "Soldiering in Gibraltar," "A Military Funeral," "Married Life in the Army," besides many others equally to the point. The book is not one on which we can dwell at length, but the following story, which was related to the author by the convivial sergeant who enlisted him at St. George's Barracks, is so amusing and racy of the army that we quote it:

One afternoon in December two young men came sheepishly into the barrack-square. That they were regular country bumpkins was patent at a glance. A smart Sergeant of Hussars, spotting them as likely subjects for that branch of Her Majesty's Service which he himself adorned, hastened up, and accosted them.

"Well, my lads! You'd like to join the Army, I dare say. How would you like to come into my regiment, wear a smart uniform, carry a sword, and have a fine horse to ride? Come, what do you say?"

"That would be prime, wouldn't it, Bill?" eagerly exclaimed the first yokel. "Us'll come, mister"

"That's right, my men! Come along and have a drink with me."

Just at that moment up came Recruiting-sergeant number two, a Gunner, who also had his eye on the men, and likewise on his recruiting fee.

"Hie, you men!" he broke in, "what's that chap there been sayin' to yer? He's been a-kiddin' you, 'e 'as! You're fond of 'osses, I deessay? Well, then, just you come along with me, and you'll 'ave two 'osses each to ride, and when you're tired of riding, why, you can sit on the gun-carriage. What do you think of that, now?"

"Orl roight, Sergeant. That'll suit us, won't it, Bill?"

"Ay, that it will!" replied his companion, apparently dazzled by the thought of the stud of horses waiting for him, and the prospect of wearing a gold-braided jacket like the sergeant's. At this point my friend, Sergeant Gibson, arrived on the scene, and, quickly divining the circumstances, exclaimed, "Come, my fine fellows! Don't you believe a word of what these two chaps have been a-telling you! You take my advice, now, and just let me send you into my corps. I've got two vacancies in the regiment, one for Sergeant-major, and one for Quarter-master. You can toss up, between you, which you'll have!"

"I got them two blokes," said old Gibson, with a chuckle. "They're in India now. They've been six years in the regiment, and they're both privates still."

We can cordially recommend Mr. Wyndham's book—which, by the way, is dedicated, "by permission, to Rudyard Kipling, the friend of soldiers"—to all who take a personal or patriotic interest in the army. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

BRYHTNOTH'S PRAYER.

BY C. W. STUBBS, D.D.

Dean Stubbs combines the pietist, the archæologist, and the humorist in this genial little book. He is not a poet exactly, but he has a pretty rhyming faculty and cheery sentiments. We quote one of the more mischievous poems, "Memorable!":

And did you once find Browning plain?

And did he really seem quite clear?

And did you read the book again?

How strange it seems and queer!

And you were living before that,

And you are living after,

"Red-night-cap Country," think of that;

It almost moves my laughter.

I read it once, or was it?—No!

"Sordello," that was it, no doubt:

The "History of a Soul," you know,

Six thousand lines, or thereabout.

But thoughts I picked up as I read it,

And one, indeed, should be confess't

If Guelph you put in Ghibbelin's stead, it—

Well, I forget the rest.

Dean Stubbs afterwards atones for this by a reverent sonnet on Browning. (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

FAMOUS LADIES OF THE

ENGLISH COURT.

BY MRS. AUBREY RICHARDSON.

Mrs. Richardson has written a book which will be enjoyed by ladies to whom Miss Strickland's works appeal, or are no longer accessible. She aims at something more than compilation: it has been her aim to make allowances for "the jealousies of memoir-writers and diary-keepers." Hence, in her account of Penelope, Lady Rich, Mrs. Richardson says:

Her life-story has been often told, though never with completeness. In *The Dictionary of National Biography* Mr. Sidney Lee gives a highly detailed and exhaustively referenced account of her career; but no touch of sympathy, no attempt to understand the nature of a sensitive woman, placed in a difficult position, disturbs the serenity of his lofty condemnation of her frailties.

It is possible, however, that Mrs. Richardson misunderstands the scope of the *Dictionary*; neither condemnation nor forgiveness has any importance in its pages compared with facts. Mrs. Richardson's sketches are twelve in all, and include the Lady Mary Sidney; Lucy, Countess of Carlisle; Anne, Countess of Sunderland; Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; and the Lady Sarah Lennox. An interesting book. The illustrations are numerous, but vary greatly in the merit of their printing. (Hutchinson. 10s.)

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

By W. BLAKE ODGERS.

This book is "an attempt to sketch our existing system of Local Government, to state in popular language the net result of the combination of recent legislation with the former law." It is the substance of six lectures delivered in Middle Temple Hall, and is modelled on Mr. Mackenzie D. Chalmers's book on the same subject in the "English Citizen" series. There is a difference between the two works, due to time. Mr. Chalmers pleaded for reform; Mr. Odgers gives thanks for the reforms secured by the Local Government Acts of 1888 and 1894. Yet Time is again the victor, for Mr. Odgers's book was in print before Mr. Balfour brought in the London Government Bill now before Parliament, and hence this measure does not receive notice in its pages. With this disadvantage, it remains a very clear and orderly exposition of a difficult subject. (Macmillan.)

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK, 1899.

Dr. Scott Keltie, the editor of this excellent handbook, again has compiled a valuable and interesting volume of information. The year 1898 was a busy one, including as it did the Soudan Campaign, the American-Spanish War, and the division of China, but these great events are carefully accounted for in these pages. The new maps are two of Africa, showing telegraph and political divisions, and existing and projected railways; Newfoundland, illustrating the French shore question; and Hong Kong and adjacent territories. The present is the thirty-sixth year of issue. (Macmillan.)

NOTES ON COLOUR.

By W. CLIFTON.

This is a book of a new kind: a manual of drawing both practical and jocular. For Mr. Clifton, who is Professor of Painting at the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich, is also a humorist. This is one of his landscape rules:

First came the sky, then came the Earth,
Earth to herbage then gave birth;
Man was born to sorrow and sin,
He was made last, so put him last in.

And we find also this piece of concentrated wisdom:

It was so of old, it is so now,
May be till crack of doom;
Roots must toil beneath the soil
That flowers above may bloom.

The purpose of Mr. Clifton's work is to show that the laws which regulate monochrome can in most cases be applied to colour when painting. (Grant Richards. 2s.)

A GEM OF ORTHODOXY.

By S. L. MARSDEN.

The title of this book is a joke. It is the only one, but it has the advantage of being repeated on every other page. The author's purpose is to show that the central dogmas of the Christian creed are immoral and absurd. So the book opens with the doctrine of redemption as it was rather loosely stated by "a popular evangelical missionary" in 1874. For twenty years Mr. Marsden waited in painful silence for a solution that should satisfy his moral sense; then he set himself finally to demolish the theological edifice of nineteen centuries. To quote from Gibbons (*sic*), Moheim, Milner, and others all that has been written of simony, temporal ambition, and unscrupulous intrigue, omitting all allusion to virtue, civilisation, and saintship, then indignantly to ask, Shall these be your prophets?—this is Mr. Marsden's simple method of preparing the way for an examination of the teaching of the Scriptures. When he comes down into the arena of Biblical criticism, Mr. Marsden's equipment may be judged from the fact that he builds up an elaborate—and truly an original—argument against the personality of the Holy Ghost out of the rarity of initial capitals in his Greek Testament. (Unwin.)

Fiction.

The Confounding of Camelia. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

THE author of this novel is one of those skilled persons who (in the phrase of Meredith, to whom she owes something) can keep

The topic over intellectual deeps
In buoyancy afloat.

Gifted with wit, and an intellect exceptionally agile, she is not afraid to handle a theme which is among the tritest in fiction. Camelia Paton toyed with two men, of whom she loved one. She made the other propose to her, accepted him, and then threw him over—only to find that the right man, disgusted, would have none of her. It is possible that Miss Sedgwick does not know how often that particular story has been told. But we know—or, rather, we have an idea—it must run to hundreds of times; and, therefore, we can congratulate her the more weightily upon her success. *The Confounding of Camelia* is indeed good, and more than good; it is fresh, delicately original, and finely observed. All which goes to prove that subject is little and treatment much. Camelia is such a heroine as many novelists dream of but few can draw. She has wealth and beauty, and she is the cleverest woman in London society; and the reader will believe it. She had faults, and none knew them better than Mr. Perior, her mentor, and the man whom she really did love:

Ethical worth had come to be everything to him. Camelia simply did not see it. He himself had armed her with that scientific impartiality before which he felt himself rather helpless, before which good and bad resolved themselves into very evasive elements. She told him that her science was more logical than his, it had made her charitable to the whole world, herself included, whereas he was hard on the world and hard on himself. His very kindness lacked grace, while her unkindness wore a flower-like colour. He was sorry for people, not fond of them—but Camelia was neither fond nor sorry. They were shadows woven into the web of her experience, her business was to make that experience pleasant, to see it beautifully. It was this love of beauty—beauty in the pagan sense—that baffled him in her. She had put appreciation and an exquisite good taste in the place of morality. Life to her was a game, to him a tragic, insistent conundrum. These, at least, were Perior's reluctant conclusions.

But Camelia soon had to alter her opinion that life was a game. She presumed too much upon the persuasive power of her personality, and for a whole year the cleverest and most alluring of women, the woman who had dismissed Cabinet Ministers, sat apart in a sackcloth of the soul. Yet in the end she was not confounded.

Miss Sedgwick has a subtle and distinguished imagination. Her style, on the whole, matches it; but we should like to warn her against the habit of long sentences. Some of her efforts rival in bigness those of the late Léon Cladel, who delighted in long sentences and could accomplish them perfectly. Miss Sedgwick is sometimes less fortunate. Here is an instance: "The love of adventure, of prowess, of power, had shown itself in Charles Paton; but much had been forgiven—even admired—with a sense of breathlessness, in a cloud-compelling younger son (his looks had been altogether supreme), which, when seen flaunting indecorously in the daughter, was highly unpopular."

A Modern Mercenary. By K. and Hesketh Prichard.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

OUSTED from the paternal acres, John Rallywood, of the Lancashire Rallywoods, takes a commission in the army of Maisau, one of that group of small Teutonic states discovered a few years ago, with so much advantage to English fiction, by Mr. Anthony Hope. For a long time

Rallywood serves on the frontier without distinction; but when trouble arrives, when the agents of Germany and England and Russia foregather in the ante-rooms of Maïsau's palaces, when the "specials" of the great London dailies lounge through the squares of its beautiful capital, then is Rallywood discovered by Selpdorf, the all-observing chancellor, and he becomes an officer of the royal guard. And what a guard! So exclusive, so punctilious, so proud is it, that the Three Musketeers themselves might not have scorned to enter its ranks.

Germany wishes to Germanise Maïsau; England wishes differently. England has the incomparable *diplomat*, Major Counsellor, but Germany has the aspiring and unscrupulous Count Sagan, cousin of Gustave, the reigning Grand Duke. Treason is afoot:

With a sudden hoarse shout of triumph Sagan flung his great arms about the Duke's body.

"By St. Anthony, Gustave, no man shall stop our conversation now!"

The Duke made no attempt to release himself from the rough hug that held him prisoner. He merely raised his hood with one hand, so that Sagan, his coarse mouth still wide in laughter, could stare into the countenance not four inches from his own.

Consternation and fury swept over the Count's features. From under the hood a red challenging face, a big white moustache, and shaggy-browed humorous eyes met his gaze. The sight held him gaping. But only for a second. Then he whipped out his pistol.

"An English plot, by Heaven!"

But Rallywood was quicker still. A sharp knock on the Count's wrist sent the bullet into the ceiling.

And that was neither the first time nor the last that Rallywood risked his mercenary's life. At least once he had to choose between his honour as a soldier and the welfare of the English cause; and he chose, and in the end all was well, and England won; and Rallywood acquired not only the heart of the beautiful Valérie Selpdorf, but also his hereditary acres.

Mr. and Mrs. Prichard merit praise for this performance. Without being either original or distinguished, their work is sound and good. They have a true gift for narrative, and their characterisation is more subtle and convincing than one expects in romance of this kind.

The Rapin. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

"RAPIN" is applied here (we suppose) to Toto. Toto, born in the purple, upon the confines of old age—two-and-twenty—began to have a queer sort of feeling which he could only denominate "money-hate"; or rather it was "a want to make money and not to spend it." At this point fate threw in his way the last of the Grisettes. Her name was Celestin. She lived in an attic on three sous a day. She wove her dreams of beauty into eternal hats, and her eyes were of the colour of Neapolitan violets. Having advertised the world that he was on his way to Corsica to shoot moufflon, Toto disguises himself with seriousness and his baptismal name, Désiré, and seriously enters upon the study of painting. He soon wearies of the art, for which he had no serious aptitude, and before long also of Celestin. A convenient pleurisy presently relieves him of the burden. The child dies, leaving behind her a tender memory and a dejected little bird.

The purposeless, good-natured, selfish Toto moves actively and ambitiously in the midst of a crowd of journalists, artists, and men of letters; and the intrigues and manœuvres which attend the flotation of a great journalistic enterprise are an effective background to the delicate idyll of Celestin. The spirit of gaiety shines upon most of the pages. Here is a characteristic passage.

Gaillard is a decadent poet. He brought to Toto all his troubles:

The "Fall of the Damned" had been furiously attacked by a friend in the columns of the *Libre Parole*, yet it was far from flourishing. He brought a copy dressed in a fawn-coloured wrapper, and adorned with red devils tumbling head-over-heels, and presumably into the pit.

"The cover," said Gaillard, "has spoiled the sale a good deal. You have no idea of the influence of a cover on a book; devils have gone out of fashion in the last month. It's all owing to that exposure of the Satanists—silly fools!—and of course it is just my luck, for I have a little brochure in proof called 'Bon jour, Satan.' Well, then, I must change the title; and what does that mean? Why, re-writing the book. People are turning religious, it seems; that is where art hits one. The silly public takes a whim into its head; the artist must meet it or starve. I had a meeting with Chauvin, my publisher, to-day. You should have seen his face. He declares the market for poetry is dead, and the silly fool wants me to write him something manly and religious."

Gaillard, with his greed, his boundless self-conceit, his egoism, and his singular gift of picturesque impromptu fiction, is one of the most amusing characters in recent fiction.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

Mr. James's first story since his much discussed *Two Magics*. The scene is London, and the figures are of not quite the best society. In the opening chapter Mr. Langdon is described as having "at all events conclusively doubled the Cape of the years—he would never again see fifty-five: to the warning light of that bleak headland he presented a back sufficiently conscious." A book of singular, mellow urbanity. (Heinemann. 6s.)

ANNE MAULEVERER.

BY MRS. MANNINGTON CAFFYN.

Mrs. Caffyn is "Iota," author of *A Yellow Aster*. In this story we have another of her searching studies of the nature of a not too happy young woman. Anne has emotional adventures with men throughout the book, but we leave her a melancholy celibate, whispering to herself:

A short life in the saddle, Lord,
Not long life by the fire!

(Methuen. 6s.)

THE NEWSPAPER GIRL.

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A very bright, original story of Lucille Chandler's experience as a journalist. Lucille Chandler is a millionaire, but exchanges personalities, so to speak, with a humbler friend, and her adventures in her assumed name and characters are the materials of the novel. (Pearson. 6s.)

PROBABLE TALES.

EDITED BY W. STEBBING.

The "editorship" is obviously assumed. There are twenty stories, professedly by as many narrators. These are of a fantastic and satirical nature, the first being concerned with Dampfbootlos Land, where it is enacted by law that everybody may unsay anything within a quarter of an hour after the words have been spoken. There is another place where everyone works for someone else, another where marriage is obsolete, and a fourth where feudal institutions survive. (Longmans. 4s. 6d.)

THE MANDATE.

By T. BARON RUSSELL.

A close study of seamy life in London by a writer who is taking a sure place among the realists. The relations of husband, wife, and the "tertium quid," as Mr. Kipling calls him, form the subject-matter, the "tertium quid" being the central character. Incidentally the curtain is raised on shady finance and those that thrive by it. A grim but interesting work. (Lane. 6s.)

A TRIP TO PARADOXIA.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

"And Other Humours of the Hour, being Contemporary Pictures of Social Facts and Political Fiction." The hour is not always an exact description, for in one of the stories a poet is satirised for his use of the phrase "too utterly utter." "How I became Prime Minister," "Lord Boscobel's Garter," "How I became Bishop of Barum"—these are some of the other titles of this sprightly work, by a well known literary sharpshooter. (Greening. 6s.)

TANDRA.

By ANDREW QUANTOCK.

A bustling story of mining-camp villainies and mining-camp loves in a land of sand-storms, tarantulas, and mangrove swamps: a land that "grills all day under the Tropic of the He-Goat," and "stews all night in the juice of its millionaires." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

HANDS IN THE DARKNESS.

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

The sensational can no further go than in this novel. A doctor who has attended an inquest on a man in the morning, at midnight sees that man scramble out of his grave vowing vengeance on his murderers. The supposed murdered man communicates the fact of his resurrection to his daughter—who had been the only mourner at the burial—by telepathy! And then reverting to his murderers, he hints at certain hidden treasure. All this in the first chapter. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

FORTUNE'S MY FOE.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

A distinctly readable novel of eighteenth century life, showing how Beau Bufton attempted to win Ariadne Thorne and her hundred guineas, and how he was discomfited by Sir Geoffrey Barry in sword-play and in love. The London of the period is deftly sketched in the background, and the story ends amid the cannon smoke of Quiberon. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE SCHEMING OF AGATHA KENRICK.

By R. F. ELDRIDGE.

One of the characters describes Agatha as "a flirt and a freethinker, a woman who hides her history." She is, in fact, an embittered adventuress, who, to revenge herself on the man she has vainly loved, plans for him a marriage which she calculates will result in his unhappiness. (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

CALUMNIES.

By E. M. DAVY.

A novel of young married life, showing how a young husband mismanaged his relations with a woman, how calumnies arose, and how all ended happily. The match-making mother of the heroine is well-drawn. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE PASSION OF ROSAMUND KEITH.

By M. J. PRITCHARD.

A blend of love and adventure. The story begins in England, and passes to an attack by robbers on the Turkish frontier, the imprisonment of Rosamund in a monastery, and an overwhelming flood. The end is, however, happy, for Paul, after dragging Rosamund from the waste of waters, "stooped and kissed her on the mouth." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MASTER PASSIONS.

By MRS. DARENT HARRISON.

The scene is Paris and Stattheim, among artists and musicians. Melville was an artist and Madge a musician; and theirs were the master passions. In the end they understood each other and lived happily, but there had been difficulties on the way. Art society in Paris is described with some minuteness. (Unwin. 6s.)

A STRANGE EXECUTOR.

By BENNETT COLL.

Extract from letter of a dying man in the Bush: "If you are still hard up for something to do, with a touch of excitement to flavour it, take my name and go back home. If you think seriously of this, let me give you a word of caution. Beware of a man called John Nambury." Then the story begins, and behold John Nambury and excitements. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE MEDEA.

By ALEXANDER VAUGHAN.

A story of murder. The case is put into the hands of Detective Endicott, who writes subsequently to the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department: "Sir,—Having been entrusted by you with the task of finding out the author of the murder in the Cumberland Hotel, I now beg to make my report. I——" but it would be unfair to continue. Detective Endicott's report "surprises by itself." (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

A DREAM OF FAME.

By JEAN DELAIRE.

The dreamer is Giuseppa, and the story tells how her genius flickered out amid the petty cares of married life, and left only—a wonderful picture of the Resurrection. The fate of this picture is an important part of this well-conceived story, the end of which is as ironical as the earlier portions are pathetic. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

FAITH.

By J. HENRY HARRIS.

A Cornish story dealing with struggles of faith and doubt in a Methodist family. Faith is the subject and also the heroine. The hero comes up to London, and writes to Faith: "The people here have their emotions and everything under control, and the services appear to me quite dead. . . . I thought if Brother Andra was only here and to shout 'Hallelujah! Praise His holy Name!' everyone would be electrified and shocked. I do believe he would be turned out." Commercial morality in London and simple faith in Cornwall are the warp and woof of the story. (Service & Paton. 3s. 6d.)

THE KNIGHT OF KING'S GUARD.

By EWAN MARTIN.

"I was born in the nineteenth year of the reign of King Edward of Caernarvon, at the stead of King's Dene, near Torre Abbey, where I was baptized on Candlemas Day, in the year of the Saviour, 1327." These are the opening words of this novel, and, together with the title, they indicate the character of this readable story. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE WATERS OF CANEY FORK.

By OPIE READ.

A romance of Tennessee, and stirring at that, by a writer with a growing reputation in America for good fiction. His way here is yet to make; but this story should help sensibly. (Innes. 6s.)

KING OR KNAVE: WHICH WINS?

ED. BY W. H. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson professes to edit "the second of the manuscripts found in Pierre Fourcade's strong-box." The result is "an old tale of Huguenot days," with the motto: "Everyone carries his destiny in his own bosom. . . . Fate is but the deepest current of one's nature." (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Last of the Irish Bards.

"THE BARD OF THOMOND," who died in Limerick on April 19, was an Irish peasant poet with a distinctive touch of genius. In the cabins of the South of Ireland, where the works of the poets of what is called "the Celtic revival" are absolutely unknown, and, if known, the mysticism which is their chief characteristic would only bewilder and repel, as something entirely foreign to the modes of mind and habits of thought of the humble occupants, the Bard's war-ballads, legendary poems, and songs on the joys, the griefs, the ideals, the superstitions of the country folk are sung and recited, stirring the blood and making the hearts of the hearers beat faster, like the inspiring blast of a trumpet. Michael Hogan—who may, in truth, be described as the last of the Irish bards—was born in very humble circumstances. His father earned a precarious wage as a carpenter and wheelwright; and he himself was taken from school at the age of ten—his sole educational equipment being, as he once told me, the ability to write indifferently and spell badly—to work as a labourer in a Limerick flour mill. Twenty years of his life were given to this rough and uncongenial labour; but his poetic imagination and his natural talent for verse, of which he gave early indications by lampooning some of his fellow-workers in the mill, were kept alive and nourished by the varied course of reading, chiefly poetical and historical, to which he devoted the evenings after his day's hard toil.

In 1880 Hogan collected all the songs and ballads he had written for the Dublin journals, or published locally in pamphlet form, and they were issued in a substantial volume, entitled *Lays and Legends of Thomond*, by Messrs. Gill & Son, Dublin. It is by this book that the Bard of Thomond will be best remembered. He also published during the seventies a series of powerful and caustic satires of Limerick personages and manners, called *Shawn-a-Scoob*. The Irish people have always been extremely susceptible to satire—this, indeed, was the secret of the enormous power and influence exercised by the ancient bards—and for ten years the very name of *Shawn-a-Scoob* inspired the good citizens of Limerick with fear and trembling. These works show that Hogan was a typical bard; that he possessed all the literary qualities of his ancient prototypes—their pride and insolence, their exalted notions of the greatness and dignity of their office, their rhetorical passion, their extravagant imagery, their vigour of description—which are to be found in the sagas of the Irish bards. In one of his poems he writes:

Here's to the Bards! the brave old Bards! who kindled
the martial fire
In Chief and Prince with the eloquence and magic of harp
and lyre;
When the soul of the proud, like a lightning-cloud, flamed
up at the thrill of Song,
And leapt to the fight, with a fierce delight, to avenge an
unmanly wrong;
When with godlike might
Worth, fame, and right
Were defended by steel-nerved men—
O God of the Free!
It was grand to see
The pomp of our country then!

Here is another passage characteristic of his powers, from "A Life Picture":

I am Bard to none but the God above
Who sent me the gift of Song
From His angel-choir, and taught me to love
The right, and to hate the wrong!
I sing no tinsell'd autocrat's praise,
I crouch at no lordling's knee;
Not birth nor blood, but the True and Good,
And the Loving, are themes for me!

At times his outlook on life was jaundiced and gloomy. He continues:

But scarce as the Just, are the True and Good,
And the Loving on earth are few,
And the hemlock grows where the sweet wild rose
That was planted by God's hand, grew!
Heaven wastes its glory in endless floods—
Earth blossoms in every part—
While the serpent breeds and the nettle buds
In the gloom of the human heart!

As a specimen of the wild and whirling words of his battle-pieces, and their breathless life and action, the following passages are typical:

The wild battle-blast of the trumpet has sounded,
And swift to the onset the giant hosts bounded;
The field flamed and roared with the torrent of arms
Like a huge forest swung by the madness of storms.
Have you seen, at Ardmore, the white billows advancing,
When the sea to the tune of the whirlwind is daucing?
And the wave-giants, rising and roaring together,
With their awful war-songs, charging mad on each other?

Thus raged the dread fight in tumultuous disorder,
And the sounding plain trembled from centre to border.
Spears whistled and rattled in deadly collision,
To the hearts of the combatants seeking admission;
Souls of heroes, forsaking the temples that shined them,
Flew out thro' red rents from the clay that confined them;
Shields leap'd from the axes, in many a splinter
Like wither'd leaves tost from the dark groves of winter;
And towering heads sunk, with the helmets that bound
them,
While their reeking brains smok'd on the weapons that
found them.

But the Bard had softer moods, as his many love songs testify. In his "Colleen Dhu" he sings:

My life was as a sunless thing,
A dead leaf on a withering tree,
Till you, like heaven's dawn of Spring,
With leaves and blossom came to me.
My heart was as a lonely well,
That song or sunshine never knew,
Until your beauty's radiance fell
Into its depths, my Colleen Dhu!
I wish I were a mountain-fay,
And you a little honey-cup,
I'd range the summer fields all day
To find you out, and drink you up!
Your soul within my soul, we'd live
The long years of creation thro',
And Heaven above could only give
An equal joy, my Colleen Dhu!

Hogan had an extravagant and almost childlike pride in his title of "Bard of Thomond," and he loved to show himself to the people of Limerick in the ancient garb of the office, often with a very ludicrous effect. Personally, he was a low-sized and thick-set man, with a homely, florid face—unmistakably Irish in its cast and expression—fringed by an unkempt red beard. One of the earliest things I can remember was a procession of the trades of Limerick, with bands and banners, on the inauguration of a new mayor. In the centre of a triumphal car sat the Bard of Thomond—a comic figure—clad in a long white robe, and on his head a tinsel crown, leaning in a reflective attitude over a harp, with a young lady in green and gold, typical of Erin, by his side; while on another car, which

followed immediately behind, copies of the Bard's "Inauguration Ode" were being worked off on a printing press, and distributed to the people. In another procession I remember seeing him in the character of Neptune, seated in a fishing boat, wearing a green robe, and a trident in his hand. In after years I got to know him intimately. He was a most entertaining companion. His literary information was wide; he knew all the legends, traditions, and superstitions of Clare and Limerick, which he had picked up first hand from the peasantry of those counties. He was very shrewd in his estimate of men and things, and had a keen sense of humour. He delighted in reciting his ballads. His voice was low and hoarse; but he had splendid declamatory gifts, and he would work himself into a frenzy of passion when describing the crash of the contending clans in his rhetorical battle-pieces.

In 1889, when the Bard was in very indigent circumstances, the Corporation of Limerick appointed him to a sinecure office, called the "Rangership of the Shannon's Banks," at a salary of a pound per week. At one time some of the councillors who had felt the sting of his satire insisted that he should be called upon to send in a report on the condition of the banks of the river. His report was as follows: "The banks are in good condition, but the ceiling would be the better for an occasional application of whitewash." The reference to the ceiling mystified one of the city fathers at the meeting of the Town Council, and when the Clerk explained it meant "the blue vault of heaven," he indignantly declared that he did not come there to be humbugged. The Corporation never again asked the Bard to do anything for his pound a week.

M. M.

Epitaph on a Cat.

After Joachim du Bellay.

BY DEAN CARRINGTON.

LIFE I can no longer live,
Magny. If you bid me give
Cause of my despairing pain—
Of no losses I complain,
Rings, or money, or of purse.
What then? Oh, 'tis something worse!—
Three days since did death destroy
My chief treasure, love and joy.
What? The thought fresh grief doth wake
'Tis as though my heart would break,
So to write or speak I dread—
Belaud, my grey cat, is dead!—
Belaud, who may well be said
Fairest work by nature made
'Mong the total race of cats;
Belaud, lethal foe of rats;
Belaud, with such charms as nigh
Earned him immortality.

First of all, then, let me say
Belaud was not wholly grey,
As cats which in France are born,
But like those which Rome adorn.
Silvery grey, and softer far
Than or silk or satin are.
Small his head and teeth—his eyes
Shot no glance which terrifies,
But whose pupils, greenish-blue,
Somewhat imitate the hue
Which through rain the varied bow
'Thwart the heavenly arch doth throw
Head to match, his size appears,
Slim his neck and short his ears,
And beneath his ebony nose
Mouth like small lion shows;

And around his mouth there grew
A small beard of silvery hue
Nature there had seemed to place
To defend his pretty face.
Small his paws, his legs were trim;
Soft his throat was, and his tail—
Long as those which monkeys trail—
Barred its length with many a band,
The fair work of Nature's hand.
Such Belaund—dear animal!—
Who from head to foot was all
Of such beauty that I ween
Like of him was never seen.

Greater woe was ne'er conceived,
Loss that cannot be retrieved,
My sad heart is wrung—I wis
That e'en Death, although she is
Like a bear for cruelty,
Yet, had she ta'en pains to see
Such a cat—how fierce soe'er—
She had felt obliged to spare,
And my sad life would not now
Hatred still to live avow.
But stern Death did not survey
All the pretty tricks and play
Of my Belaund, nor the grace
Of his every movement trace:
How he deftly scratched or leapt,
How he turned about or crept;
Or a mouse caught, and awhile
Let it go—but then with guile
Quickly caught again, and so
Oft would take, oft let it go.
Often with his dainty paw
Would he gently stroke his jaw
Or the rogue would slily sit
On my bed, or seize a bit
I was eating, yet he ne'er
Would offend or roughly tear
But amused attention claims
By a thousand tricks and games.

Oh, good Lord! what pleasant fun
'Twas to watch my Belaund run
Swiftly for a ball of thread,
Or when chose his merry head
After his own tail to race
Round and round in wheeling chase
Like a garter fasten it
Round his legs as he did sit,
And so solemn looked, as he
Might a Sorbonne doctor be;
Or at times, a pretty sight,
He would make pretence to fight,
But soon as again caressed
All feigned anger he repressed.
Belaund's sport no malice hid,
Belaund never mischief did,
Nor worse crime than but to seize
And bear off a scrap of cheese,
Or a linnet eat whose song
Vexed him—this no doubt was wrong.

But we men, Magny, are not
Perfect in all points I wot.
Belaund went not night and day,
As some cats do, after prey
And for naught but eating care—
His expenditure was spare.
Small his appetite, and he
Took his diet frugally.
Belaund was my favourite;
Belaund my companion quite;
In my room, at bed and board

Closer friendship did afford
 Than by any dog is lent.
 He by night ne'er howling went,
 Like those dreadful cats who wake
 Sleepers and night hideous make
 Oh, my little Belaud, would
 To heaven I had wit so good
 And a style of such high worth
 As to blaze thy merits forth,
 Then Belaud, I swear and vow,
 That in verse as fine as thou
 You should live on earth while cats
 Wage unceasing war with rats.

Things Seen.

The Conjuror.

It was fifteen years ago. The sands were alive with the sun and busy with a chattering crowd, and covered with all manner of stalls and enchanting matters that threw the oddest shadows. I made first of all for the sea, that I had not seen for a whole year, and there I helped some fishermen to haul a net. I think those fishermen must have cast their nets only for little boys, who felt vastly big as they skinned their hands on the lines, for they drew the most improbable grounds, and never, that I saw, caught anything but a few dabs (that were thrown into shallow pools for the admiration of bare-legged little girls), a red walking gurnard or so, and indeterminate masses of strange-smelling jellyfish. Then I bought jumbles and parkins at a stall, which was kept by a brown old woman in a great red shawl. Have you never eaten jumbles and parkins? They are somehow new and aromatic, wild and yet urbane, exotic, yet English; they are the Rossettis of biscuit-life. And then I came to the Conjuror.

The Conjuror was going to tie someone up in a perfectly inextricable fashion, and then to untie him with a magic word. He was a fascinating person, with bold, swarthy features and a mop of the blackest hair. I thought him like a Red Indian. I never should have looked at him if I meant he should not choose me. Indeed, I gazed at him very hard, and his imperious forefinger drew me to the sun-warmed centre of his magic circle, where I stood as bold as a lion in the pride of my emancipation and my new summer clothes.

The Conjuror tied me up in a very ingenious way. All eyes were upon us, and the nurses ceased from chatting. I forget the exact sequence of the performance; but I remember that a heavy man in shabby grey—he was, I think, a photographer—whose face was very dull, very red, and very miserable, and who plainly was nearly unconscious with drink, mumbled out that I was a “—confederate.” The Conjuror very sharply ordered him off, and he retired behind a nursemaid, and swayed there dismally. I suppose he was jealous of the Conjuror’s crowd. When the magic word was uttered, and my shackles fell off me, the Conjuror went round with his hat, and the crowd melted away—all but the red-faced man, who stood dismally swaying in the sunlight. He observed the melting of the crowd with glassy eyes, and felt, perhaps, that here, after all, was a fellow. He produced, with his clumsy, swollen fingers, two pennies and three farthings, and made a step towards the Conjuror, who had thrown down his hat and was drinking out of a bottle.

“Here, I did’n mean any ‘fence when I int’rup’ ye,” he said, holding out the coins. The Conjuror looked up, pocketed the coppers, and cried: “Be off, Wilkins, and put yer head under the tap!” and returned to packing up his traps. The red-faced man wandered off aimlessly along the sands. I could not reason it out, but I felt that the Conjuror was not so nice as I had thought, and that the dull, red-faced man was somehow pathetic.

Inequality.

FLOSSIE, the pug, was growing so obese and languorous from want of exercise, gastronomic indulgence, and the sultry air of drawing-rooms, that Miss Bradley had been obliged to hire the bath-chair man to take her for a constitutional each morning, since the maids (who had no heart) refused to do so, and the back garden did not provide a sufficiently spacious promenade. She had just seen her darling off, and turned in her loneliness to the morning paper. “What, more open spaces!” she commented with indignation. “This County Council is becoming quite a scourge! What can the people want with open spaces? Haven’t they their homes? With all this pampering and petting of ‘the people’ [acrimonious emphasis] the upper classes will soon be unable to afford the bare necessities of life!”

A mail broke in upon her reflection. “If you please, Miss, the man has just left Flossie’s mixture, and he is glad you are sending her into the Park; he thinks she ought to have an airing at least twice a day.”

“Thank you, Ellen. Tell him I will make arrangements for it; and ask him to send in his bill.”

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE growth in the number of newspapers is evidenced by the number of critics at the Press view of the Royal Academy—a constantly increasing crowd. On Wednesday the rooms, which ten years ago were sparsely inhabited, seemed almost thronged. The increase is due, not to the large addition to the London Press only, but to the additional importance attached to the London exhibitions by papers published in the provinces. Not all the attenders are writers of articles, yet they are critics all the same, and very influential ones—Mr. Burnand, for example. The editors of leading magazines and reviews, which may or may not publish somebody else’s articles on the trend of the year’s art, are known by their lightheartedness on these occasions. Lord Beaconsfield once said to a neighbour at the Academy banquet that the feast was spread in vain for him, for under his plate all the time were the rules for a speech. The critic who really has to criticise is in the same plight; and nobody can be astonished if Mr. Humphry Ward has an anxious eye and Mr. Walter Armstrong takes off his hat. All the same, the most responsible of critics has a feeling of pleasurable expectation in coming face to face with the art of the year. There is always certain to be something to admire, and even a possibility that there may be something to discover. The diversity of taste among these experts is at least as great as it is among outsiders. The strangest pictures attract groups of admirers. One man produces a foot-rule and takes measurements; another dictates a homily to a shorthand writer. A third of the critics are women.

LORD BROWNLOW has said exactly the right thing to the agitators about the decoration of St. Paul’s. Deans, it seems, must be irascible if they are crossed. “How much have you subscribed?” is Dean Gregory’s irrelevant query to the people who object to see anybody’s money spent in defacing a national building. But Lord Brownlow has the peacemaker’s reward when he expresses his conviction that “the deep interest now taken by all sections of the public will tend to render easier the task of bringing the decorations to a satisfactory conclusion.” There was no need that the exchange of opinions on either side should have sunk below that level.

THE book of the Browning Letters has been one of the greatest gifts made of late years to our literature and to our life. Marriage as an institution has been under some

sharp censures of late, and it had in that volume for the most pessimistic of readers its sure defence. That a book performing so great a service should be attacked as a thing sent forth by its editor for "notoriety" or for "gain" is just a part of that unfitness of things which human history constantly presents. Mrs. Browning's brother in Jamaica has written a letter of protest against the action of his nephew in taking the world into the confidence of his parents, and he has written it in the interests of "good taste"! That letter we reproduce elsewhere. The father of Mrs. Browning, he says, is cruelly maligned. "He had loved her from childhood" and he "lost her." That is the common lot of parents, after all; and Mr. C. J. Moulton-Barrett appears to be the inheritor of what can only be described as his father's madness in treating his daughters as chattels at his own sole disposal.

THE secrecy of Mr. Browning's engagement with Miss Barrett is put forward as the offence. Mr. Moulton-Barrett "ventures to say that few fathers would take the hand of a man who had so acted." But why did he so act? Both he and Miss Barrett loathed concealment. The simple fact is that her father had shown himself the violent opponent of another daughter's marriage with a man he *did* "know." Miss Barrett was present at a scene which suggested to her that her father would not stop short of personal violence were her own engagement known; and, as all know, her father showed his "love" for her after her marriage by never opening the letters she addressed to him. To write as Mr. Moulton-Barrett has done is to write in bad faith, or with a prejudice which blinds the eyes to the salient facts of the situation. And there is a point of view in which the conduct of his father, as the opponent of his sister's marriage, may be canvassed more severely than has yet been hinted at in print. It is not necessary to go into sordid details; but if need were, something could and should be said in explanation of conduct which not even a false idea of filial piety should have led Mr. Moulton-Barrett to defend.

THE weather on Tuesday was not the cricketer's, and when eleven of the Artists' Cricket Club was counted that morning at Richmond some five defaulters had to be named. Mr. Tuke, the painter of seas, was among the expected ones whom April showers of rain deterred. The ranks of the Artists' opponents were equally thinned. In the scratch game which was played Mr. Chevallier Tayler made the biggest score; Mr. La Thangue bowled effectively; and as wicket-keeper Mr. Jacob Hood had the praise of the bystanders, who included Mr. Melton Fisher.

A GREAT company was launched last week, with Scottish directors in a dominant majority. The prospectus was sent to the London Press as an advertisement, but the instruction was given that the list of papers was not to include the names of the two dailies which have sent forth Sunday issues. That, of course, is the true inwardness of the rather defensive and apologetic paragraphs appearing in the *Daily Telegraph*, claiming as its fellow-offenders, if offence is the word, the *Daily Chronicle*, on account of the Sunday edition of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, and the *Globe*, on account of the Sunday issue of the *People*.

THE race for news among the correspondents of papers is made in general in the interests of the public. But not always. Nobody gains very much by the publication of the names of persons guilty of indiscretions almost instantly repented, and the indiscreet persons suffer irremediably. A lady lately disappeared from her home, to which she has since returned. The situation was entirely private, and with the reconciliation following the estrangement the matter would have ended. But meanwhile, however, the

paragraphist had perpetuated it. Every difficulty could be surmounted but that of a publicity which is surely as uncalled-for by public policy as it is cruel to both the innocent and the guilty in its consequences.

Correspondence.

E. A. Poe, Mr. Lang, and Father Tabb.

SIR,—As I am the only one living of those whom Mr. Lang measures with Edgar Poe, in his recent quatrain, may I say how entirely I agree with you in thinking that what he calls nonsense is really good criticism?

To prove this, I send you my epigram, published some years ago in *Harper's*:

POE'S CRITICS.

A certain tyrant, to disgrace
The more a rebel's resting-place,
Compelled his people, every one,
To hurl, in passing there, a stone;
Which done, behold, the pile became
A monument to keep the name.

And thus it is with Edgar Poe:
Each passing critic has his throw,
Nor sees, defeating his intent,
How lofty grows the monument.

I am, &c.,

St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md.:

April 18, 1899.

JOHN B. TABB.

Haikais.

SIR,—Looking over some old notebooks I find that I once perpetrated a Haikai without ever having heard of that recondite form of verse. This was how it ran:

Passing in perfume,
Ah, tender soul of the rose,
Philomel mourns thee!

Would that one could produce thus unknowingly a Ballade or Chant Royal—but of these verse forms it is, alas! impossible to be unconscious!—I am, &c.,

A. K.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 29.

LAST week we asked for nonsense rhymes, somewhat in the manner of those quoted from the *Lark*. No very brilliant effort has resulted. The prize has fallen to Miss Gertrude Newstead, 9, York-place, Clifton, for this:

"If half the road was made of jam,
The other half of bread,
How very nice my walks would be,"
The greedy infant said.

Among other rhymes are these:

I love to stand upon my head
And think of things sublime
Until my mother interrupts
And says it's dinner time.

[C. E., West Kirby.]

A lobster wooed a lady crab,
And kissed her lovely face.
"Upon my sole," the crabbed cried,
"I wish you'd mind your place!"

[L. L., Ryde.]

Keep Elephants as Fire-Engines,
For Nature's use is plain:
They draw the water up their Nose
And Squirt it out again.

[T. V. N., South Woodford.]

(With an excellent picture.)

Although it does not quite conform to the conditions—for it is not exactly a nonsense verse, and certainly like nothing in the *Lark*—we consider the following epigram by C. E. H., Richmond, the best contribution of the week:

I wonder who was First of Men
To Think himself a wit,
And who will be the Last of men
To Sigh because of it

Replies received also from: M. L. M., Ealing; K. S., Wilmslow; L. W., Richmond; A. G., Gourock; R. G. A., London; T. B. D., Bridgewater; A. B. C., London; J. D. A., Ealing; M. L. M., Edinburgh; R. M. H., Eastbourne; H. G. H., Ruswarp; R. R. G., Stratford-on-Avon; H. T., Epsom; H. B. L., Liverpool; T. E. O., Brighton; H. T., Chelsea; D. V., Winchelsea; A. H. C., Lee; O. T. V. O., Ambleside; F. R. C., London; G. E. M., London; L. E., Budleigh Salterton; J. D. H., Kilkenny; J. G. K., Leicester; A. G., Cheltenham; J. G. L., Norwich; K. M. N., Meltham; F. E., West Kirby; T. C., Buxted; W. T. B., Manchester; B. H., London; H. T. F., Cambridge; T. C., Brighton; R. H., Aston Manor; W. T., Glasgow; H. P. R., Bath; J. H., Tavistock; A. B. M., Eastbourne; M. H., St. Andrews; F. S., Bridlington-quay; R. H. S., Glasgow; M. F., Sutton; J. R., London; R. M., Dollar; G. R., Aberdeen; M. E. L., Brighton; M. H. L., Sheffield; E. C. M. D., Crediton; C. R., London; J. S., London; F. E. W., London; E. S. C., Kidderminster; F. P., Torquay; M. L. H., Ambleside.

Competition No. 30.

WE return this week to our studies in the reading habits of types—a serious change after so much frivolity. Given the middle-aged wife of a country rector, with interests in the parish and her garden, and an only son in the Navy—say what are her ten favourite books. To the competitor whose list is, in our opinion, the best a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 2. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the third column of p. 492 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Van Dusen (W.), *Songs of Life and Love* (Lippincott)
Walters (C.), *Shakespeare's Sonnets: An Attempted Elucidation* (New Century Press)
Plumtre (E. H.), *Dante: The Divina Commedia and Canzoniere*. Vols. 1 and 2 (Isbister) each, not 2/6
Gray (M.), *The Forest Chapel, and Other Poems* (Heinemann) 5/0
Burgh (H. N.), *Unpainted Pictures* (Stock)
Bernstein (H.), *The Flight of Time, and Other Poems* (Neely)
Forman (A.), *Parsifal in English Verse* (Privately Printed)
Tolstoy (L.), *What is Art?* Translated by A. Maude (Scott) 1/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Mackail (J. W.), *The Life of William Morris*. 2 vols. (Longmans) 32/0
Coghill (Mrs. H.), *The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant* (Blackwood) 21/0
Wrong (G. M.) and Langton (H. H.), *Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada for the Year 1898* (Univ. Library, Toronto)
Lumsden (Gen. Sir P. S.), *Lumsden of the Guides* (Murray) 16/0
Wordsworth (C.), *The Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth* (Longmans) 15/0
Kingsley (R. G.), *History of French Art* (Longmans) net 12/6
Wheatley (H. B.), *The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Supplementary Volume: Pepsianna. Index* (Bell)
Voight (J. C.), *Fifty Years of the History of the Republic in South Africa (1795-1845)*. Two vols. (Unwin) 25/0
"Temple Classics": *North's Plutarch*. Vols. 3 and 4. (Dent) each, not 1/6
Walker (E. A.), *Sophia Cooke; or, Forty-two Years in Singapore* (Stock)
Chaikin (S.), *The Celebrities of the Jews* (Pawson & Brailsford, Sheffield)
Gamlin (Mrs. H.), *Nelson's Friendships*. 2 vols. (Hutchinson) 28/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Hébert (Abbé M.), *Plato and Darwin*. Translated by Hon. W. Gibson (Longmans) 2/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- A Handbook of Warwickshire* (Murray) 6/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Boldrewood (R.), *The Sealskin Cloak. Plain Living. The Crooked Stick* (Macmillan) each 3/6
Hayward (A.), *The Art of Dining*. Edited by Charles Sayle (Murray) 5/0
Bodley (J. E. C.), *France*. Revised edition. (Macmillan) net 10/0
Aikman (C. M.), *Milk: Its Nature and Composition*. Second edition. (Black) 3/6
Tonnyson (Alfred, Lord), *Poetical Works* (Macmillan) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Quinn (J. H.), *Manual of Library Cataloguing* (Library Supply Co.)
Pedley (R. D.), *The Hygiene of the Month* (Segg & Co.) 2/6
The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vol. LVII. (Century Co.) 10/6
St. Nicholas. Vol. XXVI. (Century Co.)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Muir (M. M. P.), *A Course of Practical Chemistry* (Longmans) 4/6

* * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Announcements.

TWO new books by the Right. Hon. Professor Max Müller are in the press—*Auld Lang Syne* (second series), which will be devoted entirely to recollections of Indian friends and correspondents, and *Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*.

MESSRS. SANDS & Co. have in preparation a series of volumes which will be called "The Imperial Interest Library." The volumes will deal with the colonies, dependencies, and spheres of influence in Greater Britain. The greater portion of each volume will be devoted to modern developments, so that the reader will be placed in a position to understand the political, social, and commercial situation in such countries as China, Egypt, South Africa, India, Australia, &c. The first volume, which will be published shortly, will deal with China.

AN English edition of Dr. Bloch's *The War of the Future* will appear in May—in time, it is hoped, for the first sitting of the Peace Congress—through Mr. Grant Richards. The work has been considerably condensed in translation, as in the original it runs to six or seven large quarto volumes. It will be published under the title *Is War Now Impossible?* and will form the second volume in the Russian Library, for the editing of which Mr. W. T. Stead is responsible.

AN important illustrated work on Turner, including many of Mr. Ruskin's criticisms hitherto printed for private circulation only, will be published in the autumn by Mr. George Allen.

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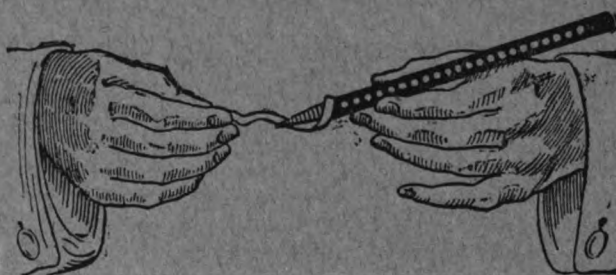
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The Literary Week.

MR. YEATS'S play, "The Countess Cathleen," will be performed in the Irish Literary Theatre, Dublin, four times next week. How much of its vague, mystical beauty will be preserved is a question. Personally we would rather read the play in the quiet of the study than witness it lit by footlights; but tastes differ, and the Irish Literary Theatre deserves all encouragement.

Who will go drive with Fergus now,
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade,
And dance upon the level shore?
Young man, lift up your russet brow,
And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
And brood on hopes and years no more.
And no more turn aside and brood
Upon Love's bitter mystery;
For Fergus rules the brazen cars
And rules the shadows of the wood,
And the white breast of the dim sea
And all dishevelled wandering stars.

That is one of the songs in this most musical, intangible drama.

MR. MARTYN'S "Heather Field" will also be played next week, on two evenings, and its merits as an acting play, upon which so much has been written, almost to the losing of tempers, will then be determined. Subsequently may come plays by Fiona Macleod and Mr. Standish O'Grady.

THE death of Mrs. Marshall removes a writer who was perhaps better known by school-girls than by the adult reader. She was described as a novelist in the evening papers recording her decease, but authoress is a better classification. Mrs. Marshall's stories were not exactly novels: her method was to take a historical personage, and about him to arrange a simple narrative. Thus were produced *Penshurst Castle* (Sir Philip Sidney), *Under the Dome of St. Paul's* (Sir Christopher Wren), to mention but two of her numerous works. They were very popular, and several of them reached the honour of translation and a Tauchnitz edition. Mrs. Marshall died at her residence at Clifton.

POINTS from Lord Rosebery's speech at the dinner of the Newspapers' Society:

I sometimes wonder what would be the idea of a perfect paper, and I believe—I hardly dare to speak my feeling—but I believe it would be a well-arranged *Times* without the leading articles.

My idea of journalistic happiness would be that we should have advertised and brought to our notice nothing but truth unmitigated and undefiled.

I have always noticed this difference between your Southern newsvendors and those I meet with in Scotland, that in Scotland they show a malicious and malignant art in the way in which they offer you the paper to which it is known you are politically opposed, and with all the more zest if they know that it contains an unsparing criticism of yourself and your party.

If I were to speak on the subject [seven-day newspapers] at length, which I have no intention of doing, I should plead also for the newspaper reader.

I daresay, if we were to cut them both open [Sir Edward Lawson and Mr. Harmsworth], we should find that they neither of them very much care about this expansion of enterprise; but, in the necessary rivalry of trade, in the fierce competition of journalism, it is found necessary to press forward and forward, and if there were an eighth and a ninth day a week I do not doubt they would invade them too.

MR. BENJAMIN VINCENT, for forty years librarian of the Royal Institution, has passed away in his eighty-eighth year. Mr. Vincent was the friend of Faraday, and, like Faraday, was a member of the small Sandemanian sect. Like Faraday, too, he rose from small beginnings. He started as a printer's reader at Messrs. Spottiswoods's, and by sheer industry made himself a ripe classical scholar. He had also a fund of general information hardly surpassed, and for many years he edited Haydn's *Dictionaries of Dates and Biographies*.

AMONG American visitors to London just now is Mr. Hamlin Garland, the author of *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* and *Main-travelled Roads*. Mr. Garland, who has never been in England before, was born in Wisconsin, and now makes his home in Chicago. Before taking to authorship, he lectured on literature at Boston. In Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Barrie he finds best promise and best performance among our younger men. Mr. Garland has recently travelled in the Yukon districts, and the result is a book which Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly under the title *The Trail of the Gold Seekers*. It will consist of poetry and prose.

THE approaching break-up of the staff of the *Sketch* is exciting much interest in journalistic circles. Mr. Clement Shorter's resignation has been followed by the resignations of Mr. J. M. Bullock, the assistant editor, and Mr. King, the advertising manager. We understand that Mr. Shorter, assisted by these gentlemen, will shortly found a new threepenny illustrated weekly paper, the capital for which is subscribed.

ONE would hardly expect Mr. Frederic Harrison and the late William Morris to be in agreement on many points; yet they might be supposed to entertain somewhat similar views with regard to the genius of John Keats. But no. Whereas Morris called Keats the greatest of our modern poets, Mr. Harrison, in unveiling a memorial tablet to Keats at Edmonton last week, remarked that "had he lived thirty or forty years longer than he did, he might, had his character as a man improved, have found a place in the second rank of our national poets." Were Keats no better than that, it seems almost a waste of good money to erect a tablet to him at all; and Edmonton must be not a little puzzled by the event. Precisely where Mr. Harrison actually places Keats as we have him we cannot conjecture; for a place in the second rank of English poets would be his, you must understand, only had he lived thirty or forty years more. But a middle-aged Keats, a middle-aged Adonais, is beyond the imagination.

On the same occasion a tablet to the memory of Charles Lamb was also unveiled; and to him also Mr. Harrison denied the first rank as a writer. Moreover, Lamb "could not be regarded as a great teacher or inspirer." Here we seem to see the governing principle of Mr. Harrison's criticism. Unless a man can figure among the saints in the Positivist Calendar, his work must be depreciated. Keats had some of the weaknesses of youth: hence we cannot allow to "Endymion" and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" the highest rank of poetry. Lamb "taught" nothing: hence he is not among our foremost writers. As if dogma and writing had any relation, and as if Lamb's life of unselfish devotion were not one long and magnificent lesson! No; Mr. Harrison's cold and niggardly methods of appraisal will not do. It is not thus that memorial tablets to Lamb and Keats should be dedicated to the public.

SOUTH LONDON has not many literary associations, and therefore it is gratifying to find a disposition to honour the few it possesses. The Lambeth Central Library will shortly be enriched by a tablet to the memory of William Blake, much of whose life was spent on the Surrey side. The memorial takes the form of a medallion portrait from Phillips's painting in the National Portrait Gallery. Room is also found for a bas-relief reproduction of Blake's own design, "Death's Door," which he made for Blair's "Grave." South London has fairly beaten North London in this matter. Blake was born in Broad-street, near Golden-square, and he died in Fountain-court in the Strand. He was for some years resident in Poland-street. Blake, by the way, made curious use of London localities in some of his mystical poems. Thus in "Jerusalem":

The fields from Islington to Marylebone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold;
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Mr. STEPHEN CRANE must by this time have ready a sufficient collection of Cuban war stories to make a book. In the new *Cornhill* is another episode remarkably treated, Mr. Crane once more showing us the young journalist

face to face for the first time with the realities of battle. The thing is very slight, but nothing seems too slight for this writer's narrative power. Indeed, whereas most novelists avoid all incidents but those which "come off," Mr. Crane seems almost happier with a frustration, a fiasco, than otherwise.

Mr. E. H. Cooper, the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*, *The Marchioness Against the County*, and a volume of short stories just published, has an interest in public questions which is not too common among novelists. In the April *Fortnightly Review* the unsigned article on "Lawlessness in the Church" was from Mr. Cooper's pen.

ANOTHER pseudonym has been unmasked by the *Scots Pictorial*. Anyone possessing a volume of poems published in 1886, entitled *Dulcie Cor*, by Ford Bereton, may be interested to know that Ford Bereton and Mr. S. R. Crockett are one and the same. An autobiographic poem, called "Ford Bereton Himself," has this passage:

Though his heart rang clear and true
To the human love he knew,
Still to them his heart was truer—
To the sunshine and the trees.
Hardly dearer was the human
Love of tender, loving woman,
Quiet eyes and sad caresses,
Than the upland wind's embraces
And the song of woodland bird.

The bulk of the little book is amatory.

THE new Stevenson letters in *Scribner's* deal with his life in America, and are more interesting than the last instalment. The recipients are Mr. Colvin, Mr. Henley, and Mr. Gosse (called Weg, because, says Mr. Colvin, he was lame at the time, and Stevenson was reminded of Silas Wegg; but also, we may suppose, because Mr. Gosse's initials are E. W. G.). Here is Stevenson on one of his more gruesome stories, since published in the *New Arabian Nights* volume:

Herewith the *Pavilion on the Links*, grand carpentry story in nine chapters, and I should hesitate to say how many tableaux. Where is it to go? God knows. It is the dibbs that are wanted. It is not bad, though I say it; carpentry, of course, but not bad at that; and who else can carpenter in England, now that Wilkie Collins is played out? It might be broken for magazine purposes at the end of chap. iv. I send it to you, as I daresay Payn may help, if all else fails. Dibbs and speed are my mottoes.

HERE is another and more personal passage:

I have that peculiar and delicious sense of being born again in an expurgated edition which belongs to convalescence. It will not be for long; I hear the breakers roar; I shall be steering head first for another rapid before many days; *nitor aquis*, said a certain Eton boy, translating for his sins a part of the *Inland Voyage* into Latin elegiacs; and from the hour I saw it, or rather a friend of mine, the admirable Jenkin, saw and recognised its absurd appropriateness, I took it for my device in life.

BUT perhaps the most interesting of all the passages is that relating, in a letter to Mr. Henley, to the first draft of *Prince Otto*. Wrote Stevenson, in 1880:

The Forest State or The Greenwood State: A Romance, is another pair of shoes. It is my old *Semiramis*, our half-seen Duke and Duchess, which suddenly sprang into sunshine clearness as a story the other day. The kind, happy *dénouement* is unfortunately absolutely undramatic, which will be our only trouble in quarrying out the play. I mean we shall quarry from it. Characters — Otto Frederick John, hereditary Prince of Grünwald; Amelia Seraphina, Princess; Conrad, Baron Gondremarck, Prime Minister; Cancellarius Greisengesang; Killian Gotesacker, Steward of the River Farm; Otilie, his daughter; the Countess von Rosen. Seven in all. A brave story, I swear; and a brave play too, if we can find the trick to make the end. The play, I fear, will have to end darkly, and that spoils the quality as I now see it of a kind of crockery, eighteenth century, high-life-below-stairs life; breaking up like ice in spring before the nature and the certain modicum of manhood of my poor, clever, feather-headed Prince, whom I love already. I see Seraphina too. Gondremarck is not quite so clear. The Countess von Rosen, I have; I'll never tell you who she is; it's a secret; but I have known the countess; well, I will tell you; it's my old Russian friend, Madame Z. Certain scenes are, in conception, the best I have ever made, except for *Hester Noble*. Those at the end, Von Rosen and the Princess, the Prince and Princess, and the Princess and Gondremarck, as I now see them from here, should be nuts, Henley, nuts.

The author was justified in his terminology. They are nuts.

D'ANNUNZIO has before now failed to interest his countrymen in his plays; but his new drama, produced last week at Naples, was received with disapprobation of an extreme order. "Gloria," the play in question, is an attempt to blend the severity of the Greek manner with a plot of surprising modernity—no other than a passage from recent Italian politics, including domestic troubles in the Crispi family, and the recent African campaign. In spite of the acting of Eleanora Duse and Ermete Zacchoni, the drama failed utterly; and "The man is a madman" was the verdict on D'Annunzio.

Sartor Resartus as an illustrated book was a surprise; but *Shakespeare's Sonnets* as an illustrated book is more so. For in *Sartor*, although we had never given the matter a thought before Mr. Sullivan's daring experiment lay before us, there is a wealth of subject for the sardonic pencil; but the sonnets are poor in distinctive pictorial opportunities. However, Mr. Henry Osipov, the artist of the illustrated edition which Mr. Lane has just published, has found sufficient pegs upon which to hang a number of decorative drawings. Seen apart from the text, no one, we imagine, would guess for a moment what they were; but with the text beside them they have a certain far-fetched relevance to it.

THE late Lord De Tabley's *Flora of Cheshire* (Longmans) is enriched for the general reader by a biographical notice of its author by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, another devoted botanist. Herein are quoted passages from a

number of interesting letters from Lord De Tabley, who was a man of many parts—botanist, poet, numismatist, traveller, and the first authority of his day on bookplates. In one of the letters we find this:

CHAPTER I.

How small the world is! In early life I advertised for *Carex stricta*, which everyone talked about but no one had seen. Reply came, from the infinite, by the pen of one Mathews of Birmingham, who sent it.

CHAPTER II.

Years pass on. Ten years ago Mathews writes to reclaim his specimen.

CHAPTER III.

Years pass on. My father dies, and it is necessary to get a valuer for some salt-mines. One Mathews is suggested. He proves the hero of *Carex stricta*!!! Tableau and curtain.

"His recluse life had thinned his friends," is one of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's sentences. Alas! how often is it so.

FROM Mr. Bodley's new preface to his *France*, just re-issued by Messrs. Macmillan in a one-volume edition:

Certain English critics, most amiable to the author, have told him that his sympathy for the French has led him astray, when he contrasts the virtues of a nation with the vices of its representatives and rulers, because "every people has the government it deserves." The maxim is of French origin; but for England to apply it to France in her distress is like a matron, prosperously married and settled, telling a less fortunate sister, whose chosen lord and master has turned out a riotous spendthrift or an unseemly lunatic, that every woman has the husband she deserves. Without pressing this analogy, I may say that American critics, some of whom have reviewed this book with profound political science, have not cited the aphorism. I do not know if their silence on the point is due to their national experience; but Englishmen who emphasise it seem to do so not as a scientific observation, but rather as a paraphrase of one of our favourite professions of faith: "Deus, gratias ago tibi quia non sum sicut ceteri hominum, velut etiam hic Gallus." This traditional self-righteousness, which foreigners of all nations readily impute to us, has somewhat marred the tone of English criticism on the last scandal which has aggravated the malady of the Third Republic. In discussing the Dreyfus case we have the right to boast of our *Habeas Corpus* liberties, and of our distaste for military rule. We have no right to assume an air which insinuates that neither miscarriage of justice nor religious disability has been known in England within living memory.

A CORRESPONDENT, "A. G.," pursuing his researches into the origin of the street phrase "Let 'em all come!" suggests that Tartarin's cry "Qu'ils y maintenant viennent!" is its parent.

HEARD in a library:

SUBSCRIBER: "Please give me the 'Prisoners of Hope.'"

ASSISTANT: "That's by Zenda, isn't it?"

ANOTHER version of M. Maeterlinck's poem received from W. E. M., Oxford.

ANOTHER correspondent informs us that a bookseller in a large provincial city recently discovered an assistant arranging four new copies of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* on the shelves devoted to books on gardening.

THE Unicorn Press is about to put forth two new periodicals: one, the *Chord*, a shilling musical quarterly; the other, *Beltaine*, the organ of the Irish Literary Theatre. The latter will be published whenever a number seems to be desired—without regularity.

Bibliographical.

THE publication of Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences* naturally makes bookmen think of him as he was and is as a bookman. His position in Parliament has been and is "all werry well"; but it is hardly as a politician that he will live in the memory of his contemporaries or the judgment of posterity. One thinks of him, perhaps, first as the novelist, and is grateful to him for *Dear Lady Disdain* and *Donna Quixota*, to name no others. One remembers, too, what remarkably "easy reading" was his *History of Our Own Times*—a notable instance of the triumph of style over subject. Still more, however, to the taste of the bookish man was Mr. McCarthy's *Con Amore*—a happily-entitled volume, made up of essays on literary topics. This, I assume, has long been out of print; but some of it, at least, is well worth reproducing, along with other fugitive products of Mr. McCarthy's flowing and picturesque pen. On the whole, one is inclined to think that Mr. McCarthy has not made the most of his agreeable literary faculty: he has given up to Irish politics what was meant for the *belles lettres*.

Was it worth while to tell all over again the story of *Florizel's Folly*? Mr. John Ashton has done it, and I take for granted that he has gone to the original sources for his information. Florizel, as we all know, was George IV., then Prince of Wales; his Folly was his (temporary) devotion to the actress still remembered as "Perdita" Robinson. Mrs. Robinson wrote her own Memoirs, and they were published in 1801 in four 12mo. volumes, other editions following in 1803 and 1826. I take it that *The Mistress of Royalty, or The Loves of Florizel and Perdita*, "portrayed in the amatory epistles between an illustrious personage and a distinguished female" (1814), was a work of the imagination. Curiously enough, we get a glimpse of this "Perdita" in Mr. Beavan's recently-published *James and Horace Smith*. At Bristol, in 1765, Robert Smith, the father of the parodists, spent a few days with a Captain Derby and his wife, whose little daughter, then four years old, grew up to be the frail "Perdita" of the princely "Florizel."

It is well known that the *Katie Stewart* of the late Mrs. Oliphant was published originally without her name on the title-page. Mr. John Blackwood, her publisher, thought it "might be good for her to have an anonymous reputation"—a remark which her mother, in a letter printed by Mrs. Coghill, caps by saying, "Honest man, he little knew of *John Drayton* and his neighbour." To this utterance Mrs. Coghill appends this note: "Novels published anonymously for the benefit of her brother

William, which some ingenious critics have supposed to be written by him." Now, I find that a two-volume novel called *John Drayton* was published in 1851 by the Bentleys. I find also that a three-volume novel called *Ailieford*—"by the author of *John Drayton*"—was issued in 1853 by Hurst & Blackett. These, I presume, are the two stories, written by Mrs. Oliphant, which were "published anonymously for the benefit of her brother William." But why, then, do they not figure in the list of Mrs. Oliphant's published works printed at the end of her *Autobiography*?

Talking, a fortnight ago, of Mr. Arber's forthcoming anthology, I ventured to express the belief that at least the text would be "impeccable." Mr. Harold Littledale, it seems, has not quite the same unquestioning trust in Mr. Arber's accuracy. He writes to say that he has just been comparing Mr. Arber's reprint of Scoloker's *Diaphantus* (in *The English Garner*, vol. vii.) with Dr. Grosart's reproduction of it (1880), for which Dr. Grosart claimed that it was taken direct from the unique Bodleian original. The result of the comparison is, that Mr. Littledale finds in the Arber reprint numerous inaccuracies. But then, what is there to prove that Dr. Grosart was in this case himself "impeccable"? Surely the proper thing would be to compare Mr. Arber's reprint with the original from which Dr. Grosart took his.

It is "real good" news that the late A. K. H. B.'s diaries and correspondence are not, after all, to be published. The worthy man left behind him instructions to that effect, and for that act of propriety let him be duly praised. It is perfectly intolerable that privacy should be so frequently violated in the supposed interests of the general reader. Down with the many-headed! In this particular instance there would have been no shred of excuse for further publicity, for A. K. H. B. had already given us three volumes of intimate autobiography, and autobiographical passages are scattered all over his writings. Few people have talked so much about themselves and their friends as A. K. H. B.

My joy over the A. K. H. B. business is, however, chastened by the announcement that more documents relating to the families of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt have been discovered, and will be in due course utilised for public purposes. Is it not about time we decided that the farthest limits in Lamb and Hazlitt literature have been reached? That literature already bulks far too largely. Assuredly we do not want to know anything more about the Lamb and Hazlitt "families." The continued "chatter" about the men themselves is bad enough.

Now that the Prince of Wales has made a wedding-present of the works of Joachim du Bellay, that worthy is likely to have at least a passing vogue among us. Already attention has been drawn to Spenser's tribute to the Gallic Bard ("first garland of free Poesie that France brought forth"); one may add to it that of George Dainel in his *Vindication of Poesy*:

. . . the happy wit
Of Bellay, here shall live eternally,
Eternising his name, in his own wit.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Yeats's Poems.

The Wind Among the Reeds. By W. B. Yeats. (Elkin Mathews.)

Poems. By W. B. Yeats. New Edition. (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

MR. W. B. YEATS is well known as one of the most active and prominent leaders of that movement in present literature which goes by the somewhat high-flown title of the Celtic Renaissance. It numbers both poets and prose-writers belonging to the kindred kingdoms of Ireland and Scotland. In Scotland it boasts Miss Fiona Macleod. Miss Jane Barlow represents another side of it; while even Wales sends its contributors. Mr. Yeats has forwarded it both with poetry and prose, and he has a number of coadjutors. Such movements are the fashion nowadays. In France a union of Gascon writers has broken out with much parade and display and self-glorification, after the way of things Gallic in general and Gascon in particular. The Celtic movement is less self-laudatory and more workmanlike. Our English instincts might desire even less public emphasis; but it is the way of the hour, and it cannot be questioned that the members are doing a needed thing in trying to awaken the dormant literary instincts of Ireland. For it is in Ireland that it is most noteworthy, by contrast with the long neglect of letters in that country; and it is a plain fact, dependent on no flourish of trumpets, that at present Ireland has a number of workers who have made their mark in the more refined and fastidious pursuits of literature.

None among them has a more genuine, more distinctive and personal note than Mr. Yeats. His first book, *The Wanderings of Oisín*, some years ago made that evident, and he has not receded from the promise then given. His work has been slender in quantity. Since he collected his previously published verse into one by no means bulky volume of *Poems*, his total product in verse and prose is included in five small books (counting the present one). But it has quality; it is artistic and conscientious. His prose inclines to a poetised style: it is good of its kind, but not eminently good. With all its poetic infusion, it has nothing tawdry. With all its self-conscious artistry, the note is not forced: its rhythm is a true prose-rhythm, with none of that terrible bastard movement—like blank verse gone very much to the bad—which makes most writing of this sort anathema. A very good specimen is "Dhoya," included in the volume called *John Sherman*. Yet it is not sufficient for a reputation.

That reputation must rest on Mr. Yeats's poetry. Here he stands quite alone: a poet he is, and—to our thinking—a poet only. In everything else which he writes he suggests the poet. As poet he suggests nothing outside poetry—the simple essence; not poetic embodiment of this thing or that, but just poetry. In this respect he belongs natively to the same order as Coleridge and Spenser and Shelley—when Shelley has got kings and priestcraft and the making of new universes off his mind: the Shelley of the songs and the "Skylark" and the "Cloud" and the "Witch of Atlas." Not that Mr. Yeats is as one of these; not his a large or wide gift. It is, in truth, an exceedingly contracted gift; but a gift it is, authentically his and no man else's. Whether from singular self-judgment or the good-hap of simple sincerity, Mr. Yeats has practically recognised this. He has known that his gift was small, he has known that his gift was narrow; he has known that his gift was *his* gift—or he has acted as if he knew, which comes to the same thing; and he has held to it and within it, unswerving and contented as the blackbird on the bough. "O blackbird, sing me something new!" cries Tennyson. "Always true is always new," answers the wise blackbird and Mr. Yeats. "A poor thing, but mine own," he might modestly claim with Touchstone.

This gift of Mr. Yeats, so one and individual, is easy to feel, not easy to state: it is not the gift of any poet before him. Some of his earlier work, in particular, shows close study of Shelley, and happy affinities with Shelley's lighter fancy; but his most characteristic work is not at all Shelleian. Nor yet can we acquiesce in Mr. Andrew Lang's description of him—"a Celtic Heine." We fail to see resemblance between the German poet and Mr. Yeats. In connexion with this "Celtic movement" we have heard much of the characteristic quality belonging to that native Celtic poetry sealed from the Saxon reader by the language in which it is written—a quality sometimes noted in Matthew Arnold's phrase as "Celtic magic," sometimes in a later phrase as "the Gaelic glamour." The latter has the advantage that it does "something affect the letter," as Holofernes says when he means to alliterate abominably. The Saxon is disposed to be sceptical, after much search, as to the very existence of this quality. He looks for it amid the poems of Irish writers in the English tongue, and finds it not. Even the strange thwarted genius of Clarence Mangan has nothing answering to this. Still less can one attach the phrase to the writers of the "Celtic movement." It may be hidden from us behind the veil of the old Erse tongue, but it finds no way beyond it. These young Irish writers of the movement have their various powers, but not this. There is one exception (to our mind), and it is Mr. Yeats. To the peculiar *aura*, the effluence of his poetry, if we were asked to attach the phrase "Celtic magic," our conscience would not take alarm. Certainly, if it be not *the* magic (on which let Celts pronounce), it is *a* magic which merits a distinctive phrase.

It is an inhuman beauty, a haunting of something remote, intangible, which the poet himself only feels, but cannot trace to its source. In proportion as he becomes, or tries to be, definite this power passes from him. It is when he is obeying the dictates of an emotion, a sentiment, as insubstantial and uncapturable as a gust of the night, that he achieves this most delicate and evanescent charm. With a true instinct of his own prevailing quality he calls this latest book *The Wind among the Reeds*. No less frail and mysterious than such a wind is the appeal of Mr. Yeats's best verse.

The very finest examples are contained in his collected *Poems*—namely, "The Lake-Isle of Innisfree" and "The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland." The first expresses in most daintily sweet verse the appeal of remembered solitary water and reedy isle to a born dreamer stranded in city streets. The second embodies in finely haunting verse Mr. Yeats's most constant mood—the call upon the visionary's heartstrings of the legendary country, where is "the light that never was on sea or land." On the whole, it is Mr. Yeats's best poem. And it should be; for he is himself "the man that dreamed of fairyland." All his poetry is one plaintive cry for a domain set apart from "life's exceeding incundity." We are not pronouncing whether this is a wholesome or desirable frame of mind. Perhaps we have other views. We merely state the case. And since every poet is best when he expresses his dominant love, Mr. Yeats is always at his best when he is dealing with the world of fays or spirits. At such times his lightness of touch is exquisite. It is hard to say where the fascination lies. It is as much in the music as the apparent words—a true test in lyrics of this kind, which are sensitive rather than intellectual. Take this quite incidental lyric from the fairy play, "The Land of Heart's Desire"—a song sung by fairies to entice a mortal girl:

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart;
And the lonely of heart are withered away,
While the fairies dance in a place apart:
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,

And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say:
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart shall wither away."

Could anything be more airy and delicate? In this sense Mr. Yeats has always been a mystic. He has always "dreamed of fairyland." But in this new volume there are signs that he desires to be a mystic in a more recondite sense. The old Irish mythology, which always attracted him, he has taken up the study of in its symbolic meanings, and endeavours to import it into his verse as a vehicle for the expression of modern and personal ideas.

Frankly, we view this development with alarm. It would always be a perilous experiment, because (unlike the language of Greek or Biblical religion) Irish mythology is so unknown to English readers. But Mr. Yeats's treatment of it increases the difficulty. He frequently uses this mythological imagery in a sense of his own, though in his elaborate notes he acknowledges himself doubtful about the correctness of his interpretation—that he is, in fact, guessing at the meanings of the symbols he uses. But how shall the reader follow this arbitrary use of symbolism, or be certain where the poet himself is uncertain? The only road out is the clumsy expedient of explanatory notes. This is not the true use of symbolism, and from a purely poetical standpoint is quite inartistic. It creates wanton difficulty. Mr. Yeats should at any rate be clear to the few who understand the system of mythological imagery. But his arbitrary use of it often leaves even them in the dark. "I use this to signify so and so," is the formula. But he should not "use it to signify" anything. He should use it (if he needs it) for what it does signify; and if he is unsure what it signifies, he should not use it at all. It is wantonness to darken his poetry by employing recondite imagery, which he confesses elaborately he is doubtful about the meaning of. Frankly, there is more ingenuity than insight in much of it.

This we have said with some emphasis, because it is a feature which threatens to mar Mr. Yeats's poetry; and his poetry is too good for us to see it marred with equanimity. But it is the trick of an artist unduly enamoured of a new medium for its own sake, and he will grow out of it. There is plenty of work in this new volume which shows the old charm. Take the "Cap and Bells." Mr. Yeats confesses that the meaning varies to him. But this is not the result of obscure expression; and a poet may quite legitimately be doubtful about his own allegory. It is a wise poet that knows (in this sense) his own child.

The jester walked in the garden;
The garden had fallen still;
He bade his soul rise upward
And stand at her window-sill.

It rose in a straight, blue garment,
When owls began to call:
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
Of a quiet and light footfall.

But the young queen would not listen;
She rose in her pale night-gown;
She drew in the heavy casement,
And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls called out no more;
In a red and quivering garment
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming
Of a flutter of flower-like hair;
But she took up her fan from the table,
And waved it off on the air.

"I have cap and bells," he pondered,
"I will send them to her and die;"
And when the morning whitened,
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love-song,
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,
And the heart and the soul came through;
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower,
And the quiet of love in her feet.

We might venture an interpretation. The mistress whom poets serve desires not a poet—a poet pure and simple—for his wisdom, his study, let us say, of solar mythologists (who are not even the chattering of owls, for owls see in the dark), nor for his much service, but just for—his cap and bells, for his sweet intuitive gift of rhyme. That is the way of knowledge and of all else for him. Truly, if he follow that way, "the heart and the soul come through." But there is much else, besides this poem, to show that Mr. Yeats is still Mr. Yeats.

J. F. N.

The Human Machine. By J. F. Nisbet. (Grant Richards.)

THERE can be little or no dispute of the high value of this exceedingly interesting and stimulating book: it has the essential literary quality of authenticity; it is to a very large



THE LATE J. F. NISBET.

From Photograph by Russell & Sons.

extent a real man openly thinking, and the thinking is that of a man born to think, and believing quite sincerely that he came into this world mainly to that end. Philosophers are born, not made. Just as some men seem to concentrate into a clutching fistful of money or laurels; as some find their complete and final expression in some antic of costume and gesture; as some, again, are but the suburbs of stomachs weaving the whole world into the image of a spread repast, even so was Nisbet—a brain, a resolute interrogative brain, endeavouring to reduce the vast tangle of being to some semblance of consistency and order. From most men "An Inquiry into the Diversity of Human Faculty in its Bearing upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics," would be the most impersonal and insincere production conceivable. One can imagine a bright young colonial bishop, Thirty-Nine Articles all duly subscribed, well married, and everything proper, throwing off something of the sort as a proof of contemporaneous vitality on his way to the higher seas; or a retired banker engaging in the enterprise as a foil to golf. But this "Inquiry" was Nisbet. This volume is, indeed, a mere extract and sample of the substance of his life.

He was a big and rather heavy-looking man, with a remarkable absence of gesture. There was something—"stiff-necked" one might call it—in his carriage, a careful deliberation in his speech; and to the end he had a Scottish

roughness and fulness in his words. He dressed as though the thing were a trouble to him, and roused himself to social ceremonials as to unavoidable irrelevance. Quite casually, and because one must eat and drink before one may inquire, he was dramatic critic of the *Times*—and, for a time, of the *Academy*—and I doubt if there was ever a less histrionic critic of the stage. One saw him of a first night thrusting quietly but resolutely through a vast, excited jabbering of elegant and animated personalities, absolutely unsympathetic, and quite inflexibly resolved to do justice and two thousand words, observe sound principles of praise and blame, and keep the standard low and level between the highly emotional beings of applause upon the stage. He did a vast amount of journalistic work beside this dramatic criticism, but much of that was even less intimate and congenial than these latter exercises. And his private life, too, was, I think, something incidental. He was no doubt a man of strong affections, and no timid abstainer from living; he was no solitary, and in his last illness there was courage and help unstinted for him. But his strongest affection and desire were assuredly for the quest—that perpetual quest!—of the unassailable truths of being.

The onus of solvency never left him a week—hardly a day—free from that consuming inquiry; but one part of his journalistic work shaped itself more and more to the outline of his mind. I do not know what form “The Handbook” in the *Referee* originally possessed, but in the end it became, very satisfactorily, Nisbet talking to himself—in odd company, for the other voices concerned themselves chiefly with such matter as the recrudescence of brown boots at Brighton, the possible nature of Mr. Fitz-Duke’s autumn production, and the private concerns of certain almost ostentatiously amusing pedigree pups. This present book consists very largely of the substance of these “Handbook” articles, shaped—probably by one of the last efforts of Nisbet’s failing strength—into one coherent whole. One might naturally expect them to fail of unity under these circumstances, but this is by no means the case. They are hardly open to criticism on the score of logical continuity; and the manifest stiffness and inferiority of the first dozen pages—which seem to have been “written in”—and an undetected repetition here and there, seem to me, at least, to add rather than detract from the human value of the whole; for the book is assuredly a human document—a Confession of Faith. Of Faith!—albeit Nisbet was in formulæ a materialist and unbeliever. In one thing, at least, he had an unbounded, an organic faith; faith so strong that he showed it—where men’s faiths are so rarely evident—in his life. And this exceptional faith of his was in the supreme value of telling oneself the truth. Usually, the Act of Faith begins by renouncing that.

It is on account of its permanent worth as a human document that I have insisted at the beginning of this review of this book’s high value. One is inclined to such insistence from a sense of its necessity. Succeed as it may now, I do not doubt for one moment but that this volume will have far more appreciation at a later time than it will from the existing public, and that its real value will increase with the years. There is in the present time singularly little interest felt in character, apart from the sexual aspect; even religious questions nowadays seem mainly rephrasings of that great preoccupation in terms of Sin and Purity. Nisbet’s former work, on *The Insanity of Genius*, temperately and soundly argued, was comparatively speaking a failure. Dr. Nordau’s bawling version of the same thesis, coarsely seasoned with gross personalities, sauced with a dressing of sexual incontinence, and puffed vociferously by the large and influential section of the reviewing public with a bias in that direction, attained a vast success. But this inflamed state of the public imagination is perhaps transitory, and a day will return when men, curious for the reason of their being, will refuse to be diverted from such

questioning by physical and emotional excitements. To them, this very complete exposition of the views and character of a hard-headed nineteenth century materialist will assuredly appear worthy of a sympathetic study.

They will certainly find a wide gulf between this work and the doctrines of the materialists of a hundred years ago. There is all the space of this unparalleled century of discovery; indeed, for the materialist this century has been a century of revelation. A hundred years ago there was not a little justification for the theologian’s argument that materialism was an attempt to liberate the mind from moral obligations. Materialism too often presented itself as a gross common-sense, or clad itself with contemptible sentimentalities far less reasonable than the theological contradictions it disavowed. The tawdry and irrational idealism of William Godwin presents “universal happiness” as the desirable and attainable goal of mankind, and it was from the vicarage of Malthus that the austere teaching came. The thought of Nisbet is child of Malthus, not Godwin. Godwin belongs to the vanished age; he is simply the unclerical brother of the amiable and virtuous Paley, who, secure in a peaceful home and prosperous country, started his *Natural Theology* with the assertion that the world is evidently made for the happiness of the creatures therein. By way of contrast, one may read Nisbet’s chapter on Happiness. He weighs the lot of this man and that. He evidently starts with a bias for happiness as the desirable thing. “There is probably a far greater measure of happiness among the lower animals than among human beings, and more among the unenlightened than the so-called superior races and classes.” “In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.” To this thought he recurs several times in the book—finally, just at the end, in a way that is very characteristic. Man is not made for happiness. He seeks, strangely enough, things that are not happiness, for that is the law of his being. There Nisbet stops, seeing no clear way beyond. But his stopping-place is a long journey from Godwin and Paley.

Again, when he deals with dreams and ghosts and the riddle of the quasi-material spirit, comes the same resolute stoppage at the limit of assurance. Yet again he stops short at the religion of science. “Is it conceivable that from the doctrine of the pitiless and immutable ‘laws’ of science there may be developed something like a religious sense? . . . In the face of the unknown, reverence and submission there must be. I do not know that the attitude of the materialist in presence of the First Cause can be essentially different from that of the Christian towards the Godhead. . . . Prayer seems to be a necessity of the human mind in affliction.” And there he stops, in no hurry for the religion; seeing for the time nothing further in that direction, and discreetly saying as much. He was no fanatic of preconceptions, or he would not have said as much as this, or, saying it, would not have stopped there, nor would he have made the remarkable admission he makes of the effect of Lourdes upon his mind; and to me, at least, it has a touch of the heroic, that feeling, as he certainly did, a strong attraction towards certain aspects of devotion, he would defile himself with no helpful self-deceptions to anticipate his call, but remained, as he was meant to remain, outside, amid his riddles.

He wrestled to the end, declining always any unstable additions, any hopeful interpretations. In his last chapter he writes:

The achievements of science have consisted in the discovery of small and isolated facts here and there in the established order of things. The record of these facts is what we call Knowledge, and it is really so small as hardly to be worth considering. We are standing on a small illuminated spot in the midst of the Unknown. Above us, beneath us, all around us, impenetrable mystery.

In that persuasion he died. That was his creed. He died while he was still only in his early middle age,

after many years of struggle and irksome labour, and with his work still almost unrecognised. He died after a year of intermittent illness, and with many things to trouble him; but he died stoutly, with the same mental steadfastness as he had lived. At least this much of the "impenetrable mystery" he understood—not to be afraid. I do not believe his ultimate thinking and questioning is a thing that can altogether die, that we gauge all the influence of such a life as his, or that the full measure of his recognition has yet come.

H. G. WELLS.

Cromwell.

Cromwell and His Times. By G. H. Pike. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

The Two Protectors. By Sir Richard Tangye. (S. W. Partridge & Co. 10s. 6d.)

From Cromwell to Wellington. Edited by Spencer Wilkinson. (Lawrence & Bullen. 10s. 6d.)

THERE is observable the springing of a revolutionary mine in literature just at present. First, there were two simultaneous shocks on the subject of Danton; then followed Robespierre; and now comes a general upheaval in regard to Cromwell, heralded by the triple explosion recorded above. The composite volume, *From Cromwell to Wellington*, we have already noticed, and are only concerned here with the admirable military monograph on Cromwell contributed to it by Lieutenant-Colonel Cooper King and Mr. Spencer Wilkinson. The other two volumes are not more than compilations for an occasion. Both are written by thorough Cromwellians; both rely largely on extracts from Carlyle, to which Sir Richard Tangye adds yet more copious extracts from Mr. Frederic Harrison. But while Mr. Pike makes a manifest endeavour to hold the scales as even as his personal admiration will allow him, Sir Richard

You may regard Cromwell from the standpoint of Sir Richard Tangye, as a mixture of patriot and saint who only once, doubtfully, was a little harsh, and never otherwise made a mistake or did any wrong. You may regard him from the standpoint of the Legitimist Society, as a Tyrant, Regicide, Hypocrite, and a great many other capitals. But either way you must confess him one of the most remarkable specimens of human ability that have



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the Original Drawing by Cooper, in Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge.



OLIVER CROMWELL—AGED FIVE.

From the Original Painting at Hinchinbrook.

Tangye is too uncompromisingly partisan in every way to carry weight with the historical student. On the other hand, Mr. Pike writes distressing grammar, while Sir Richard Tangye writes correctly, and contributes some interesting details (in one case valuable) from original materials in his own possession. The latter, therefore, bears a certain independent value, apart from his monograph itself.

appeared among the English race. He was born a country gentleman, he never had any training in public affairs, any education in war, till he was past his youth. Yet so soon as circumstances bring him forward, he develops supreme capacity both as captain and statesman. In warfare his only parallel is Clive. And even Clive began his military career in earlier life. Both were at first civilians by profession. Cromwell learned the elements of the military art from Dalbier, who had served on the Continent, as Clive learned them under Major Lawrence. Both, with this slight schooling, evolved an intuitive knowledge of the great principles of command which consummately trained soldiers have lacked. But again Cromwell has the advantage. Clive fought only Asiatic enemies, and was engaged only in small affairs. The one apparent exception—Plassy—is no exception; for the enemy, paralysed by the treachery of their generals, retreated after a mere cannonade. They never came to close quarters; whereas Cromwell fought with English, Scots, and Irish, and commanded large bodies in great battles. His strategy was admirable, as in the instance of the Scots campaign, noticed by Lieutenant-Colonel Cooper King. The Duke of Hamilton was marching south through Lancashire, Cromwell made a parallel march northwards through Lancashire, separated from Hamilton by the intervening hills; while Lambert's cavalry acted as a further screen on the western side of the hills. Then, turning westwards through a pass, he interposed between the Scots army and Scotland, came suddenly down on Hamilton from the north (whence he was least expected), surprised him at Preston with his army cut in two by the Ribble, and completely routed him; only a small portion of the Scots regaining their country. In most of his battles with the Cavaliers he was second in command; and he won them after they had been lost by the General-in-Chief. He alone introduced discipline into the Parliamentary army, and made it the best-trained force in Europe.

Once only was he out-manceuvred. That was by Leslie, before Dunbar; and in the end Leslie made the fatal mistake, while Cromwell made none. It was an old

story. Leslie stood on the defensive, and brought Cromwell into grievous straits while he did so. But he failed to pursue his strategy to the end. If there be one thing shown by military history, it is that a third-rate general may baffle a first-rate general by dogged defensive strategy. But it is also characteristic of the third-rate general that he scarce ever carries through his defensive strategy. When he has gained an advantage by cautious passivity, he foregoes it by an aggressive movement. So, by patiently keeping his position, Pompey baffled Cæsar, and drove him to precipitate retreat. But not only did he timorously refuse to push his advantage at the right moment (in the lines of Petra), at precisely the wrong moment he descended from his watchful security into the field of fatal Pharsalia. He feared to act when he should have acted, he acted when he should have feared to act. So the French suffered Edward and Henry to snatch victory out of famine-stricken retreat at Crécy and Agincourt. So Leslie baffled Cromwell, till, at the crowning hour, he pushed his right wing down from the hills to ruin and Dunbar.

It was solely Cromwell who averted a war more lingeringly ruinous than the Wars of the Roses, to which otherwise there was a certain resemblance, for North was drawn against South. If the Eastern Counties were for the Parliament, the Western Counties kept the balance by siding with the North and the King; but Yorkshire, the flower of the North in those days, no longer marched under the Southern banners, as when it followed great ill-fated Warwick—a great advantage to Charles over Henry, his predecessor in doom. After Edgehill the King's way was open to London; but the fatuous Royalist leaders refused to follow Rupert, who for once gave wise, no less than daring, counsel. Some of them did not want Charles to triumph too speedily, lest he should be too absolute. There was plenty of time they thought; but "he that will not when he may —" In fact, both Royalist and Parliamentary generals were imbued with the ideas of the Thirty Years' War on the Continent, which, as Cromwell saw and said, was deliberately prolonged to keep soldiers of fortune in employment. Armies roved about the country, met, and beat or were beaten. If they beat, they did not follow up the enemy; if they were beaten, the enemy did not follow. So the war jogged on interminably, to the heart's content of both generals and soldiers, who were on a good thing, and did not want to spoil trade. They were not paid, but they had the plunder of the country, and took their pay out of it. The Roundhead generals were quite at one with the Cavaliers as to this mode of conducting the war; consequently the Cavaliers saw no need for hurry after Edgehill. They must have regarded Rupert as a hot-headed young man, who wanted to end the sport before they had seen a fair run for their money. They did not dream that the Roundheads had a worse marplot than Rupert, who meant to end the game if they did not. This unsportsmanlike person (what better could be expected of a reputed brewer's son?) did not respect the rules of the ring, which allowed his adversary "time" to get on his feet again after knocking him down. He was even brutally capable of hitting him while he was down, and going on hitting until he had pounded him into submission, which explains why the Royalists, to their justifiable indignation, never had another chance after Edgehill. Cromwell did not understand how to make war like a gentleman, and the Parliament (whose own generals knew better) allowed themselves to be bullied into letting him have his own way. This came of the mere vulgar desire to win at any price!

No less as politician than as soldier was he unique, this Cæsar of the squirearchy. For no brewer's son was he, but of a family of knighted country gentlemen. He kept the revolution at a manly pitch throughout. Very different was it from its French successor a century later. It was middle-class, headed by the lesser gentry; it was political,

not social; it aimed at the establishment of constitutional government. To many of the French leaders it served as model. Even Danton (a student of English literature and history, who always desired an English alliance) probably took the idea of his Committee of Public Safety from Cromwell's Committee of Safety. The earlier French leaders and the Girondins dreamed of a revolution within like constitutional limits, directed to like political aims, ignoring the terrible element of the *sans-culottes*, which from the first made the ultimate issue certain. There was no such social element in the English revolution. It was truly what history has called it—the Great Rebellion; and it was Charles who turned it into a revolution. Had he accepted the constitutional limits demanded by the leaders, there need have been no Regicide. Charles so clearly saw the constitutional aim of the Rebellion that he was blind to his own danger. We are clear that Cromwell was sincere in his overtures. Charles was not. That was the cause of what followed. He would not accept the accomplished fact. He would pursue the Turkish diplomacy of delay and trimming between the jealous rivalries of his opponents. Once Cromwell saw this, his very respect for the King's ability made it all the more impossible to temporise with so persistent an adversary. He was obliged to crush him, and he crushed him. He had to fight the Presbyterians; a third power was ruinous. That which Charles relied on for his safety became his destruction.

He knew that at last that he was doomed when he faced that stern array in Westminster Hall. As he took his seat on the opening day, at first sight of his judges, the head fell from his staff. Terribly significant must it have been to the Scriptural-minded Puritans. The head was indeed about to fall from the Royal power of England. In a grimly literal sense, the head was about to fall from this rod of the root of Stewart. Charles waited in vain for any man to stoop to his aid, as he looked in vain when sentence had passed on him. No such striking incident came to the *bourgeois* Louis XVI. at his trial. But Charles was regal enough to deserve that fateful incident should attend him. On both sides this Regicide was a scene worthy of English actors and its own high import. It contrasts in history with the squalid tragedy of Louis' trial, the undignified truculence of accusation, the tinsel declamation, the roaring patriotism, the tenth-rate stagy posturings, with one eye skewed at the gallery of posterity, as to ask how that strikes them. Here the judges are self-contained, sparing of words, respectful of their august prisoner and themselves; not striving to do a great thing bigly, but as men who do a grave thing gravely: which is, indeed, the essence of all worthy action. If Charles suffered any insult, it was not from them. Of the King's behaviour Marvel has spoken the last and lasting word:

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

We can sympathise with an enemy's thrill of English pride in the King's attitude on the scaffold. This Puritan poet, praising Cromwell, felt no necessity, as a Desmoulins would have done, to disparage his royal victim. There you have not only the difference between the two historic trials, but the measure of Cromwell's character. His spirit is behind that stern act—too strong for violence, too direct for pose, too fateful for mean rancour, too confident for grudge.

He seized the government, for it had become a choice between the second Charles and himself, as his death soon proved. His life proved that there was no man in Europe so capable of governing. The country squire made England orderly at home, feared by all nations abroad. His actions belie him if he aimed at rule before the King's death. After that it became inevitable. His political

consistency seems to us clear. Let it suffice that he was a very great Englishman, with a native genius for war and government unparalleled, who at a critical moment saved England from anarchy, and gave her the first strong rule she had known since Elizabeth, the last she was to know till she passed finally under Parliamentary rule. In his bluntness, his decision, his scorn of externals, his resolve to be and appear just himself, his homely domestic virtues, he was Anglo-Saxon of the Anglo-Saxons. Two men showed Puritan England in its essence—Bunyan in literature, Cromwell in action.

Other New Books.

THE GOOD QUEEN CHARLOTTE. BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Mr. Fitzgerald does not assist the critic or his readers by any preface in explanation of this biographical compilation. But it soon appears that none is needed. Mr. Fitzgerald has no other aim than to write an anecdotal life of one of the most amiable of English queens. This he has done; and the feast is quiet and alluring. We are introduced to the Queen's early life in the quaint old court at Strelitz, and her journey to London *via* Harwich, where the mayor received her; Colchester, where they presented her with a box of eringo root, a local product; Witham, where she supped with open doors that all persons might see their future queen; Romford, where she was met by the King's coach and servants; and Mile End, where a squadron of the Life Guards surrounded the coach, and escorted her onwards.

She used to recall the agitating drive through London: and, when passing up along Constitution Hill that one of her ladies—no doubt the downright Duchess of Hamilton—said, looking at her watch, "We shall hardly have time to dress for the wedding." "The wedding!" exclaimed the Queen. "Yes, madam; it is to be at twelve (midnight)." Upon this she fainted.

We should think so. George III. was "a little disappointed at the first sight of his bride," but he married her at twelve (midnight).

Of the Queen's quiet court life, and her homely, unassuming virtues, we see much in Mr. Fitzgerald's pages. The Fanny Burney chapter is one of the best in the book. In it the Queen's taste in English literature, which she learned to enjoy with astonishing rapidity, comes pleasantly forward. Thus:

A few days later there was another visit and another pleasant talk, when the Queen asked her: "Miss Burney, have you heard that Boswell is going to publish a life of your friend, Dr. Johnson? I tell you as I heard. I can't tell what he will do. He is so extraordinary a man that perhaps he will devise something extraordinary." (How delighted would "Bozzy" have been had this speech been repeated, which we may be sure it never was.) She then began to discuss Madame de Genlis, whom she admired, and who sent her all her books. She talked of German literature, and complained that "they translate all our worst. And they write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on, and one cannot help it. Oh, I am very angry at that—she alluded to the *Sorrows of Werther*—very finely writ, and I can't bear it." Speaking of another book, she astonished the listeners by saying that "she had picked it up on a stall." "Oh, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls. Why, I don't pick them up myself, but I have a servant very clever; and if they are not to be had at the booksellers', are they not for me any more than for another?"

The book contains some good portraits, and is pleasant reading throughout. There seems to be quite a revival of gossip history of queens and princesses and court ladies. (Downey & Co. 10s. 6d.)

NELSON'S FRIENDSHIPS.

BY MRS. HILDA GAMLIN.

The pith of this work, which fills two considerable volumes, is the defence offered by the late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin of Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton. Mrs. Gamlin's complaint is that all Nelson's recent biographers have followed the theories of Dr. Pettigrew. Pettigrew was the first to make the statement that Nelson and Lady Hamilton corresponded under the name of Thompson on matters connected with the earliest existence of Horatio Nelson Thompson, their reputed child. Mrs. Gamlin discusses this thorny subject in great detail, animated by the desire to clear Nelson from the shadow which rests upon him. Her contention is that the "Thompson" letters—published by Pettigrew in 1848—formed part of a collection mixed of genuine and spurious documents. Pettigrew's failure to fully account for his possession of these letters is dwelt upon with scorn; and the alleged device of the parties in corresponding under the name of Thompson is treated by Mrs. Gamlin as follows:

The improbability of Pettigrew's version must be apparent, for the need of such schemes was both unnecessary and unlikely. Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton could by no possibility have quite concealed the fact of a surreptitious birth in her Ladyship's new half-furnished house. In the case of a married lady, domiciled with her husband as was Lady Hamilton, if such delinquency had actually occurred, she was perfectly well situated for the concealment of misconduct; and, as all must readily admit, such an occurrence as the birth of a child would have been eminently satisfactory to Sir William, her husband, so why conceal? Such letters were perfectly unnecessary in face of the safe course in which lay no betrayal. Exposure would have come surely had those letters really been transmitted at the dates given; but when they were revealed all the chief actors were dead, and could not justify themselves, and even to-day the letters are unauthenticated.

Of the sincerity and ability of Mrs. Gamlin's attempt to prove that Lord Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton were honourable to the last there is no doubt. It is to be regretted that the author has not lived to note the effect of her plea on the rather large body of Nelson "experts," and to support her views in the new controversy which is pretty sure to arise out of these volumes. Apart from their main purpose, and the Hamilton element in them, these volumes are a treasury of anecdote and illustrations relating to the hero of Trafalgar, and as such they are welcome. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 28s.)

THE QUEEN'S EMPIRE. (VOL. II.)

This volume completes a series of photographic views typical of the spacious and ingenious days of Queen Victoria. Views of scenery, towns, manufactures, shipping, and what not, are brought together from all quarters of the Empire. Attractive variety! We have a photograph of the sorting-room at St. Martin's-le-Grand and a photograph of a police review at Sydney; a photograph of the fruit market at Quetta and of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle-on-Tyne. A capital work to give or possess. There could be no better book for father and child to read together than this. (Cassell. 6s.)

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN.

BY THE REV. CRESSWELL STRANGE.

These are thoughtful applications of the tremendous images of the Apocalypse to present-day problems and the ethics of social life. The day has passed when the anti-papal interpretation of such figures as that of the lady of the seven mountains was rigidly required; and in the more diffuse and generalised interpretation Canon Strange may hope to gain in the added consent of his readers as much as he heroically sacrifices in picturesqueness and vigour. In his eschatology the author coyly hovers between universalism and purgatory, and entangles himself dreadfully in an argument deduced from the immersion

of Death and Hell in the lake of fire—"which is the second death." Quite a respectable and suggestive book. (Longmans.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL SERMONS. BY H. MONTAGU BUTLER.

The sermons are seventeen and they were preached from the chapel pulpits of Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Wellington, and other public schools. Dr. Butler is recognised as one of the men endowed with the rare gift of preaching to boys without boring them. He is plain, but not obvious; simple, but not trite; sympathetic, but by no means saponacious. His tendency is rather to minimise the importance of school successes and to strengthen the feeble knees. At times, when the subject has moved him, he touches eloquence, as notably in the panegyric of Lord Bessborough, the good genius of the Harrow games. (Isbister & Co. 5s.)

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. (VOL. II.)

This new volume (*Feign to Kinsmen*), towards which the very best of English Biblical scholarship has contributed, comprises articles on the Incarnation (R. L. Ottley), Jesus Christ (50 pp., W. Sanday), the people and kingdom of Israel, the writings of St. John, and the life and prophecies of Isaiah. We hope at a future date to consider this instalment of an important work at some length. Meanwhile we observe with admiration the judicial and dispassionate manner in which many of the conflicting results of criticism are lucidly stated. The mere devotees of letters may find in the articles on the uses of individual words much to edify him and something to amuse. The strange shiftiness of common words is exemplified very freely. "Fellow" is an example. Tindale, it seems, could reverently write: "And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a lucky fellow." (T. & T. Clark.)

Fiction.

One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans. 6s.)

THIS is not an average novel. It holds you beyond the ordinary. You become really interested in the characters—not languidly, idly curious, but *interested*: which may be said of few novels. We do not assert that it is a fine novel—we think that it falls distinctly short of that—but it is the work of an author who might write a fine novel. From an unnecessary exculpatory note at the beginning we gather that it is a first book, and there are indeed signs of this throughout the tale—certain clumsinesses, indiscretions, and lapses from (literary) good taste. The creative power, however, seems curiously mature.

Mrs. Ward goes after atmosphere rather than event. Except one suicide, nothing very definite happens in all the four hundred pages. And it would be difficult to detach from the story any clear leading motive. Madge Riversdale is the young widow of the son of a great Catholic house, a gay, worldly creature of refined æsthetic taste, but apparently without moral seriousness. After a separation she mixes again with her dead husband's people. She loves Lord Bellasis, who has a divorced wife living. He proposes; she accepts, though Catholicism forbids such matches. The pendulum of her fate swings to and fro, moved by opposing instincts. In the end she does not marry Lord Bellasis. We just get a glimpse of the fundamental depths of her nature, and the drama is over. In an epilogue we are told that ultimately she married with propriety.

We have conspicuously failed to describe the main theme of *One Poor Scruple*; failure was inevitable. The matter is too subtle, too elusive, too spiritual, to be seized

and set down in a paragraph, or a page. We are not, indeed, quite sure that we have read the author's intentions correctly. But we are quite sure as to her courage and ability. It was no small thing to elucidate the complex psychology of an ancient and aloof family like that of the Riversdales. Mrs. Ward has performed the feat of making two complete generations of Riversdales live and move for us, parents and children and all the array of cousins and connexions. She can draw convincingly men and women of good blood and long descent, disclosing the effect of race and traditions. She has the large vision, the sense of perspective. What she has not is the ability to regard the lady's maid, the footman, the butler, as fellow creatures. Her world, extensive enough, is also singularly small. On the north it is bounded by the Duchess of A—and on the south by Celestine.

The Game and the Candle. By Rhoda Broughton. (Macmillan. 6s.)

STREAKING broadly, the beginning and the end of this story are good, while the middle is indifferent. The first scene, between the dying old selfish millionaire husband and his young wife, is very good. Mr. Etheredge, as he lay on his death-bed, told his wife that for years he had known that she loved another man. He said he forgave her, and that he should leave her his wealth and the freedom to marry again without forfeiting it—if she would promise not to marry that particular man. She would not promise, and her refusal is impressively done. So Jane lost the Etheredge millions. The rest of the story shows how she met her true love, loved him anew, arranged to marry him, and then suddenly discovered that he was worthless. Therefore she remained a widow. "He is out of sight," and she turns from the window, murmuring to herself: "As a dream when one awaketh."

Miss Broughton is, perhaps, given over too much to sentiment, and the emotional haziness of mere tender verbiage; but when she chooses she can be a literary artist. She is specially fortunate with her landscapes. Here, for example, is a Scotch scene:

... to the Sound across whose narrow space rise the noble barren hills of Skye. The Cuchullins hiding their sharp peaks in the clouds—hiding and then withdrawing them to show them to the sunlight. Glamegg with his feet in the water, and just behind him that twin hill which seems to mimic his profile, and the downward trend of his scarp; other and other mountains, rounded, toothed, and endlessly varied, "backed like weasles," notched and bitten, continue the line, and close as at a lake-head the vision.

And on the faces of these hills what a mad riot of shine and rain! What momentary prisms travelling lightning quick! What a race of shadows! What vertical splendours of wet radiance! What intense green oases starting into light!

There is style here.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

STRONG HEARTS.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Three stories by the author of *Old Creole Days* and *The Grandissimes*: "The Solitary," a tale of a man who took to drink but recovered himself by retreating to a lonely island, destroying his boat, and conquering the cravings; "The Taxidermist," the tale of one who loved birds, but loved men more; and "The Entomologist," the tale of one who put insects first and his kind second. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

RAGGED LADY.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

Another of Mr. Howells's minute studies of middle-class American life. On the face of them it would be hard to find more commonplace persons than Mr. and Mrs. Lander and the other characters in this book, and yet Mr. Howells, by his art and his humour, makes everything about them not only interesting, but almost necessary to us. (Harpers. 6s.)

MISS CAYLEY'S ADVENTURES.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Another of the episode novels which sprang from Sherlock Holmes's success. Mr. Grant Allen's new heroine, Miss Cayley, who has been beguiling the readers of the *Strand Magazine*, is a female Sherlock Holmes. She leaves Girton a fully-equipped woman of the world, ready to cope with and frustrate any villainy and hold her own in any company. The stories are told with much spirit, and are illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

ADRIAN ROME. By ERNEST DOWSON AND ARTHUR MOORE.

A clever novel dealing with youth and genius and the blind operation of love. "He suffered a moment of vexatious shame at his inconsequent appeal to her; his long fingers fumbled nervously with his disordered papers; her presence there troubled him. The strange woman! What was his work to her, or she to him?" Thus Adrian Rome is brought to meditate about his wife. (Methuen. 6s.)

IRIS THE AVENGER.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

A melodramatic story. Iris Bevan, governess in the family of Sir Joseph Fritterley, devotes her life to discovering and punishing the seducer of her sister Mary. After many anxious chapters she believes herself to have found him, but on learning the true story, wherein he shines in heroic colours, she exchanges with him "a kiss of perfect faith and hope and love." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

CHILDREN, RACEHORSES, AND GHOSTS. By E. H. COOPER.

Twenty-two short stories of seamy life by the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*. In the introduction Mr. Cooper writes of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton's fearlessness of everything: "She could so infect her companions that I have seen a man who had crawled on the ground for twenty-five years of his life rise up after two or three afternoons at her flat, and go away and criticise the manners of a duchess, or the menu of a Savoy chef, or the last poem of a Laureate, like a *Saturday Reviewer* of the 'seventies.'" A clever, but rather sordid collection. (Duckworth. 6s.)

THE KINGDOM OF MAMMON.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.

The author's intention is to reveal hypocrisy and avarice in the high places of the Church of England, and to show how churchmanship and mammon may destroy love. The climax is the enthronement of Bishop Wedderburn as Archbishop of Canterbury. (John Long. 6s.)

AN EXILED SCOT.

By H. A. BRYDER.

The hero, Randal Cameron, escapes with Prince Charlie in 1746, flies to Amsterdam, and voyages thence to South Africa. The author revives the romance of the early Dutch settlements at the Cape, when the Bushmen were numerous, and the interior tribes had not assumed, "with other dubious aids to civilisation, the hideous slop-clothes of the up-country store." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

FORTUNE'S TANGLED SKEIN.

By J. H. WALWORTH.

An American story. We begin in a thunderstorm. "'It was just such a night as this that—' 'Hold your tongue, Becky,' said the head of the family, transfixing the trembling girl with a look." Some readers may find the tale engrossing. (Warne. 3s. 6d.)

ENGLAND'S PERIL.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"The great peril which befell England, and the subsequent downfall of the most accomplished and ingenious spy that France has ever possessed, occurred only little more than a year ago, but until this moment the strange story has never been made public property." This is the strange story, told in the gay Mr. Le Queux's manner. (White & Co. 6s.)

THE FARM IN THE HILLS.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

An uncanny story of a series of disappearances on a Welsh mountain. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

THE ROMANCE OF ELISAVET.

By MRS. W. M. RAMSAY.

This is the servant-girl problem transferred to Smyrna. Elisavet is a poor little kitchen-maid who repines at her lot and drudges along in misery, until at last the lane turns when the cook, Anastasia, is ordered goat's milk. Elisavet allows Panayotti, the farm boy who brings the goat every morning to be milked, to share her troubles. Thenceforward Elisavet's life becomes more eventful. Her romance is dedicated "to all true lovers." (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

THE SPAN O' LIFE.

By McLENNAN AND McILWRAITH.

Mr. McLennan is the author of *Spanish John*, and herein he gives us, with a collaborator, more historical romance. The story, which is based to some extent on the memoirs of the Chevalier Johnstone, is of the Canadian War and the taking of Quebec. It is told partly by Hugh Maxwell, of Kirkconnel, Jacobite and gentleman of fortune, and the flavour of the '45 pervades the book. (Harpers. 6s.)

IN THE KING'S FAVOUR.

By J. E. MADDOCK.

This story opens in Edinburgh in the year 1513, and we are soon introduced to the gaieties of the court at Linlithgow. It ends with a spirited account of the battle of Flodden, at which "there was no shrinking, no recreant yielding; bishops and earls, lords and knights, squires and grooms fought in emulation, and poured out their blood like water." A good historical novel; useful footnotes are given where required. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

OUT FROM THE NIGHT.

By ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

We have here "a mystery" told by Stewart Don. The mystery seems to take its origin in Stewart Don's foolishness in dealing properly with an emergency. It is rather irritating, too, to find a constable who is searching a room for a corpse, say: "Well, it's a puzzle; I can't understand it"; and, when the cupboards are suggested, replying: "You've hit it; of course, the cupboards." A London constable is no infant. But granted the mystery, the unravelling is interesting. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE SECRET OF SORROW.

By CECIL HEADLAM.

The sub-title of this novel, "The Confessions of a Young Man," reveals its character. It deals with a young man's loves and aspirations, and the conclusion of the matter is reflected in Stevenson's lines, quoted at the beginning:

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved and closed the door.

The hero says, among other things: "I am never surprised at anything now, except humour in a woman." (Macqueen. 6s.)

VIRTUE'S TRAGEDY.

By EFF KAYE.

The dedication informs us that this is "the story of a true woman, who beneath the vivacity of comedy faces the drama of life with a great and loyal heart." A clever novel of marriage and divorce. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Art Season.

Mr. Sargent and Others.

THE ostensible object of the shows at the Academy and New Gallery is the exhibition of works of art. The owners of these galleries mean to give the public an opportunity of noting the tendencies of English art; they mean to give the buyer special facilities for studying, comparing, and buying pictures. In truth, however, the New Gallery is much too narrow in its views, too friendly with amateur art and the affectation of deep, serious, moral purpose, although it understands and admits an obligation to show pictures to advantage. The Academy, on the other hand, while it professes to encourage and display every kind of art, displays above anything the confusion of its walls. While men like Morris have been trying for years to bring beauty into everything that accosts the eye, it is strange that the Academy has remained content to conduct the annual festival of the Fine Arts themselves with an utter disregard for all the laws that govern pleasurable seeing. Morris was not always faultless in his idea of decoration, but he was sincere in his belief that some thought for beauty and fitness even in the smallest matters of life would save pain and increase pleasure. To make reading easy and agreeable he worried himself over the shapes of type and the proportions of margins. But when the Royal Academicians have huddled together into their rooms as many pictures as possible of all kinds and degrees of merit and demerit they think they have behaved as artists, leaders of taste, and the official patrons of Fine Art in England. If a small book printed in black and white can fatigue and annoy the eyes by bad arrangement of forms and spaces, what degree of bewilderment and confused disgust may be inflicted on the senses by hundreds of large, small, dark, bright, modelled, unmodelled pictures hung as close and as high as they can be without any thought for their effect on the eye or their relative action on each other. Such is the Academy: an expensive protestation against art, against the belief that forms and colours make a language of the emotions, against all theory of style, all traditions of decorative effect, and against the well-founded doctrine that adjacent colours affect and modify each other; that the eye keeps, as it were, the taste of impressions for a while; that its nerves may be tired, confused, deluded by ill-judged and too close hanging of pictures. To hang such large exhibitions with taste is almost impossible: the old Salon is only better than the Academy in so far as it abstains from skying canvases. The New Salon and the New Gallery wisely occupy more space in proportion to the number of canvases; the first even makes an attempt to keep each man's work together.

The Academicians might hang fewer pictures, or they might class together works agreeable to each other in tone, subject, or treatment. That they do not see the necessity for looking after the welfare and due exhibition of pictures must raise grave doubts in the minds of many as to the very existence of art, as to the truth of the belief that there is any emotion to be had from relations between the elements of art—in fact, from colours and shapes. Some men have denied the power of sound; and we have only to conduct the forthcoming London Musical Festival

on the principles of the Academy exhibition to persuade a great many more that considerations of key, tune, harmony, elevation of style, are fanciful refinements not believed in by artists, but only made to draw more money from the public pocket.

People asked each other on the Press Day, "Is the Academy any good?" We can answer confidently that, as an exhibition at least, it is positively vicious. If three-quarters of the pictures exhibited were replaced by brown paper the show would gain infinitely. For let us suppose brown paper to be neutral, neither good nor bad, to be itself without quality, and only influenced by the things beside it, then three-quarters of the Academy work is worse than brown paper, because it is actively disquieting, ugly, not to be harmonised, and not to be modified by the best work of the Gallery. Is not silence better than discordant noise? Is not sound music only when it becomes more lovely than silence? Not only do we see bad work at Burlington House, but we see it hung offensively. The effect of a whole wall is distracting, and without a painful effort you cannot examine it to find out which picture is sinned against and which pictures are the sinners. No judgment made in such a place is final, and the critic can be sure of nothing except the certain horror of the general effect, the presence, but in a depressed state, of a few good works, and the flaunting obsession of several blazers, painted not to represent nature or to soothe the eye, but to knock the meaning out of every work that may happen to hang on the same wall. We do not choose Mr. Byam Shaw as an example of this brutal art for lack of others, but because, being a draughtsman, strong also and enthusiastic in temperament, he is able to make himself more violently disagreeable than most men. "Love the Conqueror" fears no picture; it bears a deadly poison for any scheme of colour: but then it is itself not a picture; it is a magazine of all the pigments stored in bulk, unmodified by air, plane, distance, or decorative relation. International law among painters should prevent the use of such weapons in exhibitions. Most artists do not only buy their colours, but they use them in a key to simulate an atmosphere, to effect a harmony: Mr. Shaw throws off all these restraints and simply masses together all the crudest and strongest tints he can find; so that the only canvases that could live near him would be a piece of warm, low grey like some Rembrandts, or a sheet of high, dazzling silver like some Corots.

The few things that really survived the ordeal of the Academy were, in my eyes, Mr. Sargent's portraits, and scarcely all of them; Mr. Mark Fisher's landscape, "Old Lime Kiln"; and, of course, some of the sculpture. But of these the landscape was in the small Ninth Room, and the sculpture in the Lecture Room. Because Mr. Sargent's work resists, it does not follow that it quite escapes damage. Even those who know the principle of his work took some time to place and appreciate his pictures, and never enjoyed to the full the splendid *brío* of his "Lady Faudel Phillips"; the studied, dignified calm of his "Miss Jane Evans"; and the curious, subtle characterisation of his "Mrs. Charles Hunter." Mr. Orchardson suffered much in the Third Room (as, indeed, who would not?), in such a jumble of pale skies, bright yellow stuffs, blue seas, and every kind of false and lively hue possible to pigment. In this room, too, Mr. Arthur Lemon's aerial scheme, "A Moment's Rest," was sacrificed; and Mr. Dicksee's studious labour in dress and still-life was torn in pieces by neighbouring tints, which reached out and, singling each one his colour, between them absolutely dismembered the not over robust picture. Mr. Tuke stood up manfully with his canvas, "The Diver," one of his best studies of the nude in sunlight; but, then, his work was large, very high in tone, and not so very badly placed. Other men whose works we divined amid the confusion of the Academy were Messrs. Clausen, La Thangue, MacLure Hamilton, East, Aumonier, Harry Watson, Collier, A.

Stokes, Fritz Thaulow, J. Cooke, S. J. Birch, E. Burnand, J. M. Swan, and E. Waterlow. But we saw dimly, with eyes yet obliterated by every kind of violent abuse of colour. Speaking generally of this Academy, we may say that it was the day of landscape, a few portraits, and small things. Mr. Tuke's was the only conspicuous nude of considerable merit.

At the New Gallery Mr. Sargent again held us spell-bound with his clear, well cut, nervously drawn portrait, "Colonel Ian Hamilton." One cannot say that it was better than his Academy work, for the conditions of seeing were so utterly different. A feverish impatience possesses one at the Academy, leading one to stumble from exaggerated, ill-grounded enthusiasms to depressed, fatigued resignments or heady fits of nervous anger. One looks quietly at the New Gallery, and seems to avoid rubbish more easily than at the Academy. The visitor who will look long at Mr. Sargent's "Colonel Ian Hamilton" will find so much explained to him by so clear, so direct a method that he cannot cease to admire the delightful disproportion between the simplicity of means used and the completeness of illusion attained. Without fear, speculation, or doubt he may trust his eye to this guidance. He need not tire himself to seek explanation, to read meanings, to remember precedents; the few bold markings or suave transitions on this head are each and all eloquent with character. Expression looks clearly out of unmistakable modelling, neither lost in vague stippling nor glued in bogs of slush. The spectator can follow the firm contour of the face, slide safely over the long forshortening of the forehead, turn surely with every nuance of the light on every inclination of the shapely features, and then boldly accept the crowning accentuations of light on the sharply sculptured cheek and temple. After looking at this portrait, in which every inch of the head has character, other pictures, some of them eloquent, even beautiful, seem to give you, with all their style and all their accessories, about as much as you get from an outline in pencil. Most of them, indeed, give less than you get from a great draughtsman, since his contours, in themselves piquantly expressive, speak to you with the full force of a comparatively simple medium. The clearness and the emotional force of a statement in art bear an inverse ratio to the complexity of means used. When you add poor modelling, false lighting, shallow tone, bad colour value and useless accessory to an outline, you do not enhance, you altogether enfeeble its expressiveness. The additional resources of a mere complex medium, unless they contribute their due expression, only serve to create confusion, and to bury the character already expressed by outlines. This applies to every added quality in a picture, every extra marking in a decoration, every new feature in an ensemble of any kind. No doubt those who hang galleries after the fashion of the Academy hold other views, and believe that whatever is put into a room or a picture must look out of it effectively, and show itself to best advantage.

Mr. Sargent's picture, as far as the head goes, may be called his most pleasing work: he has used his means absolutely to the point. Nothing is wasted, nothing is indifferent, nothing is superfluous or embarrassing. Great as Burne-Jones was in invention, in the far-reaching touch of his hand upon literary associations, one could not say that his art was thus strong and simple, or the proportion of his means to his ends artistically effective. His loss, however, to the New Gallery is irreparable; the show has fallen towards the commonplace, and now that the master has gone the work of the mere imitator palls. We prefer that indocile, original painter, Mr. Holman Hunt, although his "Miracle of Sacred Fire in the Church of the Sepulchre, Jerusalem," incarnates the spirit we have tried to combat—the spirit that seeks finish by multiplication, expression by a labour disproportionate to the result.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

J. K. Stephen.

ON a February evening just seven years ago came the news which saddened undergraduate mirth, which brought a sense of loss, personal and poignant, to every combination room in Cambridge. Poor "J. K. S." was dead—dead at the age of thirty-three, with the rich promise of his magnificent abilities all unfulfilled. Only a few months before had he been among us, had held his audiences at the Union spell-bound by his matchless eloquence, had written with consummate ease those verses which are his one surviving memorial, had made brilliant many an evening in college rooms by his luminous charm. He was the idol of the undergraduates; himself a Fellow, he would defy all the rules and conventions of the dons with sublime audacity. Continually some fresh anecdote, some happy epigram of his, would pass from mouth to mouth. One might fill many pages with the stories of which he was the hero; and none could know him, however slightly, without feeling that here was a man for whom it was possible to say with confidence that distinction and fame were inevitable. The massive brow under the tangled hair, the keen eyes, the very accent of the voice made you divine instinctively the powerful mind that lay behind them. As for his eloquence in debate, it is impossible to give the faintest idea of it by written words, but those who heard it will know that at least we could not exaggerate its effect. Of course, at the Union debates, we sometimes are apt to consider our geese to be oratorical swans; but no mistaken estimate of this sort was possible in this case. We will only give the testimony of one whose experience was very great, and who was flatly opposed to J. K. S. in political creed. Mr. Bruce, the Secretary of the Eighty Club, declared that, with the one exception of Mr. Gladstone, no orator to whom he had listened could be compared with J. K. Stephen. And then—orator, thinker, poet, and wit—he died at the age of thirty-three.

So much is here said of the man, because the task of considering his writings apart from the writer is one of more than common difficulty. They have been praised widely, and rather beyond their deserts. And as his personal memory becomes fainter through the lapse of time, it seems probable that those who read his verse with coldly critical eyes may well wonder at the eulogies bestowed upon it. His brother, Sir Herbert Stephen, has written the plain truth in the Memoir which prefaces the collected edition, when he says that *Lapsus Calami* and *Quo Musa Tendis?* "represent only a small and comparatively trivial part of his talents, and give no indication of the features of his character best remembered by those who knew him with any degree of intimacy."

Generally speaking, the criticism bestowed upon light verse is exceedingly inept. Either it is blamed for not being serious poetry, or it is accorded tolerant patronage as the work of a disciple of "Calverly and Austen Dobson." Thus, by his orthography does the critic enable us to gauge his familiarity with those writers. A disciple of Calverly, indeed, J. K. S. desired to be accounted:

If any critic would remark, in fine,
Of C. S. C. this gentle art he learned,

to quote from the opening verses of *Lapsus Calami*, he would be content. And yet, frankly, it is not possible to gratify the wish. Both were Cambridge men; both were loyal and devoted to their *Alma Mater*, and gave this loyalty expression in their verse; both wrote admirable parodies of Browning. And there the resemblance begins and ends. Of the Calverleyan sparkle, deftness, and inevitableness J. K. S. had no share. His touch is heavier, his workmanship far less perfect. And when he is at his best, he is least like his predecessor. There is more thought in *Lapsus Calami* and *Quo Musa Tendis?* than in *Fly-Leaves*, and the humour is, generally speaking, of a subtler kind. But Calverly could never have

rhymed—to give a single example—"in it I" with "equanimity," or have written lines (as J. K. S. does repeatedly) which it is simply impossible to scan.

The collected edition of J. K. S.'s work contains no more than 200 small pages; and, even so, it might have been reduced with considerable advantage. Included are trifles which should find no place—schoolboy rhymes, letters in verse the interest of which is purely personal, and "topical" pieces which figured suitably enough in the evening papers, but which are not worth reprinting.

Instead of Calverley it is, oddly enough, Robert Browning whose influence is most prominent in the volume. And to imitate Browning is not the best training for a writer of light verse, of which neatness, precision, and transparent lucidity are the chief essentials. Apart from the deliberate parody, to which we allude above, which is as successful a skit as Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull," one finds numerous instances in which Browning's manner gives form to J. K. S.'s work. Take, by way of example, the opening stanzas of the lines "To C. W. F." (Mr. Charles W. Furse):

You take a brush, and I take a pen,
You mix bright colours, I use black ink,
You cover a canvas, you first of men,
I write on a sheet for a scribbler meet.
Well, a contrast's a contrast; I will not shrink.
First you compose: a line's grand sweep,
A break, a blend, a guide for our eyes,
You've a tone to settle, a curve to keep,
An impression to catch, new tints to match;
And a lesson behind it surely lies.

There, patent enough, stands confessed the disciple of Browning; nothing could well be more unlike Calverley.

Yet there is genuine humour in most of his pieces, and the weak point is the manner rather than the matter. Too many of them are rugged and even slipshod; there is too little of that "labour with the file" which is absolutely necessary for the making of really good light verse. There are welcome exceptions to the too general rule; nothing could be neater than "A Pair of Fools" or the Wordsworth sonnet, which it is impossible not to quote:

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now birdlike pipes, now closes soft in sleep;
And one is of an old half-witted sheep,
Which bleats articulate monotony.
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep.
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst;
At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such helpless rubbish as thy worst.

Admirable, too, is the audacious Shakespeare parody, and, in a wholly different key, "Blue Hills" and "The Dawn of the Year," in which the humour is tinged with real poetic feeling. Many of the other verses have a charm for us owing to the glimpses they give of their writer's mind and character; but when one judges them by the cold impersonal standard of technical merit, their worth is seen to be comparatively small. In a word, it is probable that J. K. S.'s rhymes have suffered from indiscriminate eulogy. To rank them with the best work of Calverley is to sacrifice the critical faculty to personal affection. They are, for the most part, rather "rough copies" of good light verse than polished and completed achievements. That they are destined to survive is quite possible, yet it will be by an inversion of the general rule. They will be cherished as the memorial of a great man, whose early death was a loss which cannot be estimated. Assuredly the man will not be remembered for the sake of his verses. Rather it seems likely that the verses will be remembered for the sake of the man.

Things Seen.

The Congregation.

As we raced through the park—Windsor Park—Walt Whitman lilted in my brain:

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became.
The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white
and red clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird.
And the apple-trees cover'd with blossoms and the fruit
afterward, and wood-berries, and the commonest weeds
by the road.
Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and
gables of white or brown two miles off.
The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of
salt marsh and shore mud,
These became part of that child who went forth every day,
and who now goes, and will always go forth every day.

All I saw became part of me: the trees radiant in blossom; the rabbits scurrying across the road; the dappled sunlight through the glades; the warm, rushing air; the meadows of shy primroses, and the infinite distances of spring woods. Soon, as we raced along, came the villas, and the traffic in the roads, and then the pale, towering castle, and the narrow, winding street that leads to Eton. It was punctuated with silk-hatted boys—sauntering, swaggering boys—hands thrust deep in their pockets, for such is the traditional custom. Slowly we felt our way through the narrow street till we came to the venerable college gateway. The hour was near five, and five (so we had been told) was the hour for service in the chapel. It was for that we had travelled so far—to sit among the boys, those picked English boys, to hear them sing, to be near them in their own chapel. It wanted but three minutes to the hour, but there were no signs of a gathering congregation. The young gentlemen with their old faces, and small hands thrust deep in their trouser-pockets, still sauntered along the narrow street. Now and then small figures in flannels walked briskly towards the playing fields. Idleness brooded over the quadrangle. I stopped a small bored boy. "There is a service in the chapel at five, is there not?" said I. He blushed a "yes." "But I see no preparations—no crowd of boys, no—" "Oh, the service isn't compulsory," he murmured. A man in a surplice came running across the quadrangle. The clock struck five. We entered the chapel. The officiating clergy and the choir, ruddy with health, faced one another. The opening words of the majestic liturgy rolled in the hushed air; the movement of life came faintly through the open doors; the sunlight stole through the tall windows and fell upon the white, carven, recumbent figure of some Important, long dead; the rich and solemn service proceeded, and except for us—wandering strangers—there was none to listen. Yes, there was one—a widow—whose emotions rose with the music and flowed with the prayers. She knelt in a carved stall, a black, human note in the great emptiness. The playing fields were white with cricketers. Boys sported on the river, boys strolled in couples through the narrow streets—they were boys. The service was not compulsory. Not a boy needed it. But that black human note throbbing in the great emptiness, she needed it. It was compulsory to her. And we, the strangers, who had come so far, and seen so much, found in that hour the zenith of our day. It became part of us.

Justice.

In the pine country I schooled myself into the habit of taking an early morning stroll; and as I came down the hill in that electric hour (the rain during the night had been strident and continuous) I saw far below me a cyclist

oiling through the miry roads. He was a tall, fair-bearded man, clad in a long frock-coat, which filled and flapped in the wind. The mud made the roads almost impossible, and I was not surprised to see him turn his machine on to the gravel footpath. As he drew near to me, a village policeman slipped out from a side road and blocked the passage with outstretched arms. The cyclist stopped. "Your name and address?" demanded the policeman. "I thought I might ride on the path at so early an hour." "Name and address, please," repeated the imperturbable officer. The unhappy cyclist (he was a middle-aged man, sad and civil like Malvolio) stammered his answer, fumbling the while with a large, loose bag that hung upon the handle-bar of the machine. He could hardly speak for nervousness. His voice gave. The terror of the law—unknown, relentless—puckered up his gentle face as he stammered his name and address. Then, after two ineffectual attempts, he mounted his machine and ploughed his way upward through the miry road. "Who is he?" I asked. "He's a local preacher. He have got one of them mission chapels down Wimming-ton way." "And what did the bag contain?" I asked. "Mice!" "Mice?" "Yes; he gets up early every morning and goes round to the granaries collecting all the mice from the traps." The policeman paused to replace his pocket-book. "Then he gets on his bicycle and rides up to the heath and lets 'em loose." "And you," I cried, "had the heart to summon him for so trivial an offence when he was on such an errand of mercy." "Heart!—trivial offence!" he cried. "I'm a policeman. I've got my instructions. That's good enough for me. And, after all, sir, what's a few mice more or less?"

Memoirs of the Moment.

A WANT of unanimity is the commonplace of all kinds of criticism; but this year the breach between the art critics has become more than ever apparent. The papers may be said to have ranged themselves under two standards. In one camp are those who take things lightly, contented with what is offered to them and preferring to praise good-naturedly the pictures that are relatively good when compared with those that are worse. In the other camp are those who judge a picture by fixed rules of excellence, who ignore the accidents of the moment, and see it with the eyes of the foreigner and of posterity. Such critics—and surely with them must lie the duty and the glory of raising the art of England by elevating the public taste—have gained a large hearing—Mr. MacColl in the *Saturday Review*, "R. A. M. S." in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Pennell in the *Daily Chronicle*. The number of Academy pictures praised by these critics averages under a dozen—not one per cent. of those exhibited. In their appreciation of qualities as well as of quantities are they divided from their fellows. They do not turn at once to Mr. Byam Shaw's picture with the statement that they "recognise a number of the personages of history" in the ranks of Love's followers; they do not count it as of Art's company. Again, one camp advises Mrs. Hunter to send back her portrait to Mr. Sargent, R.A., to have the draperies completed; the other looks no further than the face, and finds that he has painted not a portrait merely, but, as Dr. Johnson knew a painter should—a history, a biography, an autobiography.

THE days when a painter must be praised because he was an "R. A." are still within the memory of middle-aged men. The magic letters were also the signals for sales and the augurers of prices. A man of rare talent without such hall-mark might easily starve. Simeon Solomon in all his glory as a draughtsman went all but unremarked because he was not R.A. like one of these; and even Burne-Jones had to bow the knee and accept the

semi-official recognition. As the years passed, things improved; Burne-Jones rose from his knees; and men like Mr. Brett wrote to the *Times* to complain that even the Academy had fallen off as a sale-room for the works of its members. The letters have lost their magic; they can be counted upon no longer to secure sales for worthless pictures; but they are still an aid to the painter whose work keeps pace with his repute: such, for instance, as Mr. Napier Hemy, whose large picture this year was sold at the Private View for considerably over £1,000.

THOUGH very little artistic interest attaches to the purchases of the Chantrey Trustees this year, there is a temporary touch of sentiment in the story of one of them. This is "My Lady's Garden," painted by Mr. Young Hunter. The fortunate artist is twenty-three years of age, and is a son of Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A. The profession of painting is not always immediately profitable, and some people sighed over the reckless optimism of youth when they heard that Young Hunter—in name and in fact—was engaged to be married. At the outset to have your canvas hung on the line and bought for £350 for the Tate Gallery is, at least, encouraging; and the lady herself may feel in this instance that she has her part in earning this first important contribution to the housekeeping, for she it is who sat to her future husband, and is "my lady" of the garden.

MR. WATTS, R.A., who did not attend the Academy Banquet or the Private View, is nevertheless in the best health and spirits, and he has found himself following with deep interest the tale of the plucky stewardess of the *Stella*, to whose fund he has sent £10. Mr. Sargent, by the way, who kept Mr. Watts company last year by absenting himself from the Banquet, this year appeared at the board, just to show, the newspaper reports to the contrary, that he really is alive—nearly as alive as the portraits he has painted.

TALKING of the Academy Banquet, one may venture to remark on the generally overlooked compliment paid by the President to his nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It had been hoped and expected, as was here announced, that Mr. Kipling would attend this year's Banquet and reply to the usual toast of "Literature." In his absence the toast of "Literature" was entirely omitted.

THE Academy's best enemies will not deny it the possession of a sort of shrewdness when it gave the Lord Chief Justice the brief for his speech at the Banquet. Lord Russell of Killowen was a wonderfully judicial advocate at the Bar; and he weighed not only his own client's claims, but his opponent's pleadings. Obviously, nobody last Saturday night gave him the case against the Academy. Equally obviously, the case for the Academy was somewhat strained. In proof of its cosmopolitanism, Lord Russell said it went outside the ranks even of Englishmen to bestow its greatest honours upon the best man—even if he were, like Benjamin West, an American. Well, the fact was that the Academy was the creation of Benjamin West, not Benjamin West the creation (whatever that might be worth) of the Academy. When, in 1768, West, Moser, and Sandby seceded from the Incorporated Society of British Artists, it was West, most of the three, who gained the charter for the new Academy from the King, and who induced the reluctant Sir Joshua to precede him as its President. Mr. Sargent has since then righted the reckoning between England and America—we are compensated at last for the loan of Benjamin West. But Mr. Sargent, like any other foreign Academician—Mr. Alma Tadema or Mr. Herkomer—could not be elected to the Royal Academy, Lord Russell may be surprised to hear, unless he had first taken out letters of naturalisation as a British subject.

On another point, however, the Lord Chief Justice thrust an arrow, whether consciously or unconsciously, into the very bosoms of his hosts. He admitted that the nation did give to the Academy the site on which Burlington House is built. But the Academy has never admitted so much—it has always barred Parliamentary inquiry or control on the plea that it was the creation of the King, a plea that is soon likely to be heard again in the House. For once again an undaunted member is preparing to demand an inquiry into the position of this rather vague institution, which runs as a national one at Academy banquets, and as a Royal one in the national assembly. A Minister will be asked if the Academy can be ordered to publish its accounts—a proposal Lord Russell of Killowen would assuredly approve, and the shocked statesman will reply that to do so would be to infringe the Royal prerogative.

APROPOS it may be of interest to add that the gate money last Monday amounted in shillings to about £400, and that something like £12,000 is the total sum of the takings through the spring and summer season.

It is twelve years since the Queen was last painted by Angeli; and since she was first painted by him, more years than anybody cares to remember. Next month he arrives at Windsor from Vienna, and Her Majesty will sit to him as an octogenarian and, in her own opinion, for the last time. Meanwhile, the portrait by Mr. Orchardson has made little progress, partly because of the painter's indisposition; while the chances of the Queen's ever sitting to Mr. Watts, to Mr. Sargent, or to Mr. Shannon become more and more remote. She has done the next best thing in sitting lately to Mr. Onslow Ford for a very frank bust in marble; but as regards painters, the cry is the same at the end of her reign as it was in the beginning: "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*"

The Books of the Hour.

Now that the Spring season has fairly begun, it is interesting to watch the preferences of the public. We have made due inquiries, and the following lists, supplied to us by correspondents in a number of towns, show what books are in most favour at the present moment:

LONDON, W.C.

Omar Khayyam. E. FitzGerald.
Wood and Garden. Mrs. Jekyll.
The Fowler. B. Harraden.
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.
In Peace and War. F. B. Dunne.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.

EDINBURGH.

A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
The Fowler. B. Harraden.
History of Scotland. H. Brown.
Life of Tennyson (cheap edition).
The Unheeding God. T. G. Selby.

BRIGHTON.

A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. E. T. Fowler.
The Fowler. B. Harraden.
A Duet. C. Doyle.
In His Steps. C. M. Sheldon.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. E. FitzGerald.

DUBLIN.

Irish Literature. H. Douglas.
Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim. S. Gwynn.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. E. FitzGerald.

Handbook of Municipal Elections. Battersby
Land-Owner's Guide. De Moleyn.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.

DARLINGTON.

The Swallow. R. Haggard.
The Black Douglas. S. R. Crockett.
The Garden of Swords. M. Pemberton.
The Two Standards. Barry.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
The Fowler. B. Harraden.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Wood and Garden. Mrs. Jekyll.
The Browning Letters.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. E. T. Fowler
The Fowler. B. Harraden.
The Black Douglas. S. R. Crockett.
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Fowler. B. Harraden.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
The Two Protectors. Sir R. Tangye.
Etchingham Letters. Mrs. F. Maitland and Sir F. Pollock.
Peppys' Diary, Vol. IX., and Pepsiana. Ed. H. B. Wheatley.
The Garden of Swords. M. Pemberton.

LEEDS.

The Fowler. B. Harraden.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
The Secret History of the Oxford Movement. Walsh.
Life of Lord Tennyson.
The Swallow. R. Haggard.
The Black Douglas. S. R. Crockett.

CHELTHENHAM.

The Fowler. B. Harraden.
The Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
A Cotswold Village. J. A. Gibbs.
The Swallow. R. Haggard.
The Two Standards. W. F. Barry.
Life of Tennyson (cheap edition).

BATH.

In His Steps. C. M. Sheldon.
With Kitchener to Khartum. G. W. Steevens.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
Secret History of Oxford Movement. Walsh.
Swallow. R. Haggard.
Daughters of Babylon. Barrett and Hichens.

BRISTOL.

A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
One of the Grenvilles. S. R. Lysaght.
The Black Douglas. S. R. Crockett.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. E. FitzGerald.
Two Men o' Mendip. W. Raymond.
The Fowler. B. Harraden.

CARDIFF.

Mr. Dooley on Peace and War. F. B. Dunne.
Life of Tennyson (cheap edition).
Cruise of the *Cachelot*. F. T. Bullen.
The Fowler. B. Harraden.
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.
The Black Douglas. S. R. Crockett.

We have also received lists from Glasgow, Cambridge, Eastbourne, and Buxton. An examination of all the lists gives the following as the six most popular books in order of demand:

A Double Thread.
The Fowler.
The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam ("Golden Treasury" edition).
The Black Douglas.
The Swallow.
The Life of Tennyson (half-guinea edition).

Correspondence.

"The Vicar of Wakefield."

SIR,—After reading Mark Twain's censure of *The Vicar of Wakefield* in a recent ACADEMY I re-read in Goethe's Autobiography the sage's appreciation of this novel—"One of the best which has ever been written." Herder read the book to Goethe, whose opinion of "our excellent Wakefield" is enthusiastic. "The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows," he writes, "the ever-increasing interest of the story, by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best which has ever been written; besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian—represents the reward of a good will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elevation of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has without question great insight into the moral world, into its strength and into its infirmities. . . ." And so on in words doubtless unforgetten by many. Is it possible that the American humorist lacks the power of appreciating irony? But "the Vicar," after all, needs no defending.—I am, &c.,
R. M. L.
London.

The Invaluable Capital.

SIR,—May I point out that Mr. Miall makes no mention of the notes of exclamation used in the second reading of the quatrain? These, I venture to suggest, have a greater power than the capitals! Nobody, I think, has more appreciated the value of this apparently insignificant sign, or used it to finer effect, than Browning; indeed, the peculiar individuality of his poetry demanded the extensive use of some such mark as this exuberant atom!—I am, &c.,
MICHAEL CLOTT.

Hove, Brighton: April 17, 1899.

Homely Proverbs.

SIR,—In connexion with a recent "Literary Competition," the result of which does not seem to have been quite satisfactory, will you allow me to submit to you a few original saws of the homely sort, some of which may, perhaps, be thought not much below the level of those selected in your last number?

1. Suspicion has a key that fits every lock.
2. Don't pull the house down because the chimney smokes.
3. If you give me a knife, give me a fork too.
4. Give me to drink, but drench me not.
5. A hole in the purse, and the cupboard the worse.
6. The fuller the hand, the harder to hold.
7. Stroke the dog, but beware of his bite.
8. Heap on the coals, and put out the fire.
9. The fool kept the shell, and threw away the kernel.
10. One cock is sure to crow if he hears another.
11. In comes the fiddler and out goes the money.
12. The shorter the wit, the longer the word.
13. Saw off any branch but that you are sitting on.
14. My partner ate the meat and left me the bone.
15. If you break your bowl, you lose your broth.
16. Don't wait till it is dark before you light the lamp.
17. Every bell must ring in its own tone.
18. If you shoot one bird, you scare the whole flock.
19. Beware of pride, says the peacock.
20. You must shut your eyes if the dust blows in your face.

George Herbert's *Jacula* form a happy hunting-ground for proverbs of this class.—I am, &c.,

SANCHO PANZA.

Anthologies.

SIR,—"Apropos of anthologies," might there not be added to the delightful list of English verse on p. 445, in the ACADEMY of April 22, *Poems of the Inner Life, Selected Chiefly from Modern Authors*, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.? It is surely one of the most perfect selections within the range it proposes to itself.—I am, &c.,

JOHN J. POYNTER.

Oswestry: April 29, 1899.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 30.

LAST week we imagined a "middle-aged wife of a country rector, with interests in the parish and her garden, and an only son in the Navy," and we asked our readers to name her ten favourite books. The best list submitted is that by Mr. H. Thorns, South-street Epsom:

The Bible.
The Christian Year.
Christina Rossetti's Poems.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Lady Brassey's Voyage in the *Sanbeam*.
Miss Mitford's Our Village.
Scenes from Clerical Life.
David Copperfield.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Mrs. Loudon's Gardening for Ladies.

It would have been better to omit the Bible as understood; but most of our readers include it. Mrs. Loudon's *Gardening for Ladies* is a good choice. Dean Hole's *Roses* and Mrs. Earle's *Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden* are given by several competitors; but we think Mrs. Loudon the better choice. Mrs. Earle's book is too recent to have been promoted to position of favourite, and Dean Hole neglects other flowers altogether in favour of the rose. Again, Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* is mentioned more than once, but Southey's would be the Life most likely to be near the lady's hand. Among other books which occur on many lists, but are absent from Mr. Thorns's, are *Cranford*, *Westward Ho!*, *Seaside and Lilies*, *The Garden that I Love* and *A Fleet in Being*. The last-named, we fancy, was read with the greatest interest, on account of its bearing upon her son's duties, but is hardly among the permanent favourites.

Replies received from: A. E. R., Monkstown; H. G. H., Ruswarp; L. B., Scarborough; G. E. M., London; "Cantab," Cambridge; C. C., Buxted; A. M., London; F. L. B., Milton-next-Gravesend; M. L., Brighton; M. C., Finchley; U. C. B., London; R. H., Aston Manor; T. U. N., S. Woodford; R. H. S., Glasgow; S. F. P. B., Bourne End; S. B., Great Malvern; A. H. M., Eccles; E. B., Liverpool; D. W., London; M. T. S., Bournemouth; G. B., Aberdeen; A. B. C., Upper Norwood; E. H. O., Glasgow; A. N. L., London; H. D. M., London; F. E. W., Meltham; L. E., Budleigh Salterton; G. Reigate; A. C. G., London; A. C., Scarborough; L. R. G. W., Richmond; M. C., London; G. N., Bristol; J. S. L., Norwich; C. B. D., Bridgwater; A. G., Glasgow; S. K. R., London; J. G., Bridlington Quay; P. L. N., York; J. R., Aberdeen; M. R., Aberdeen.

Competition No. 31.

On page 499 of this number of the ACADEMY will be found the record of a curious coincidence in the life of the late Lord De Tabley. Almost everyone has known an odd occurrence of this kind. To the contributor whose account of a genuine coincidence, personally experienced, seems to us the most interesting a cheque for one guinea will be sent; but it should be borne in mind that we expect only facts—in no way tempered by invention—and the narrative should be as succinct as the model.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 9. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 494 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Strange (Rev. C.), Instructions on the Revelation of St. John the Divine	6/0
Butler (H. Montagu), Public School Sermons	(Longmans) 5/0
Hastings (J.), Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. II. Feign to Kinsmen,	(T. & T. Clark)
Weir (T.), A Short History of the Hebrew Text	(Williams & Norgate) 5/0
Whyte (A.), Bible Characters: Ahithophel to Nehemiah	(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) 3/6
<i>The Mislead Gospel: a Poem</i>	(Williams & Norgate) 7/8

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Fitzgerald (P.), The Good Queen Charlotte. With Four Portraits	(Downey) 10/6
Jusserand (J. J.), Shakespeare in France	(Unwin) 21/0
Dodge (W. P.), Piers Gaveston	(Unwin) 12/0
Parkman (F.), A Half-Century of Conflict	(Macmillan) net 17/0
Colomb (Colonel), The Prince of Army Chaplains	(Burns & Oates) 6/0
Douglas (Sir G.), County Histories of Scotland: The Border Counties;	
Roxburghe, Belkirk, and Peebles	(Blackwood) net 7/6
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Kellett and E. W. Naylor	(Dent) net 12/6
Joly (H.), The Saints: Saint Ignatius of Loyola. Translated by M.	
Partridge	(Duckworth) 3/0
Bygate (J. E.), Cathedral Church of Durham	(Bell & Son) each 1/6
Bradford (G.), The Lesson of Popular Government	(Macmillan) net 15/0
MacColl (Rev. M.), The Reformation Settlement	(Longmans) net 7/6
Copeland (C. T.), Letters of Thomas Carlyle	(Chapman & Hall)
Humphrey (W.), Urbs et Orbis, or the Pope as Bishop and Pontiff	(Baker) net 6/6
Becke (L.) and Jeffery (W.), The Naval Pioneers of Australia	(Murray) 7/6
<i>Abel Heywood & Son, 1832-1899</i>	(Heywood)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Walker (J.), Views on Some of the Phenomena of Nature. Part II.	
	(Sonnenschein) 2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Arber (E.), The Shakespeare Anthology, 1592-1616; the Jonson Anthology, 1617-1637; the Milton Anthology	(Frowde) each 2/6
Palgrave (F. T.), Lyrical Poems	(Macmillan) 2/6
<i>Anna Ruina</i>	(Nutt) net 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Humphreys (W.), Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans	(Macmillan) 3/6
Williams (E. A.), French as Spoken	(Barclay) net 3/6
Strong (J.), Black's School Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice	(Black) net 1/0
Plant (E. C.), Geometrical Drawing	(Macmillan) 7/6
Kluge (F.), English Etymology	(Blackie) net 5/0
Brookington (W. A.), Elements of Prose	(Blackie) 2/6
Holman (S. W.), Matter, Energy, Force, and Work	(Macmillan) net 10/6
Allcroft (A. H.), Caesar: The Invasion of Britain	(Clive) 2/6
Stout (J. F.), Tuucydides: Book II.	(Clive) 3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Nietzsche (F.), Thus Spake Zarathustra. Translated by A. Tille	(Unwin) 8/6
Story (A. T.), The Martyrdom of Labour	(Redway) net 5/0
Swiney (F.), The Awakening of Women	(Redway) net 5/0
Kernahan (C.), A Dead Man's Diary. Third edition.	(Ward, Lock) 7/6
Evans (A. J.), A Primer of Free Church History	(Allenson) 30/0
Ward (R.), Records of Big Game. Third edition	(Ward) net 30/0
Dickens (C.), Dombey & Son. Three vols	(Dent) each, net 1/6
Cardella (G.), A King's Daughter	(Sonnenschein) 6/0
Bruce (J. M.), Materia Medica and Therapeutics	(Cassell) 7/6
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Croiland (N.), Rambles Round My Life (1819-98)	(E. W. Allen) net 3/6
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TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Barbe (R. St.), In Modern Spain	(Stock) 3/6
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Tabley (The late Lord De), The Flora of Cheshire. Edited by Spencer Moore	(Longmans) net 10/6
Grey (Sir E.), Fly Fishing	(Dent)
The University Magazine and Free Review. Vol. XI.	(University Press) net 6/0
Marot (H.), A Handbook of Labour Literature	
	(Free Library of Economics, Philadelphia) 1 dol
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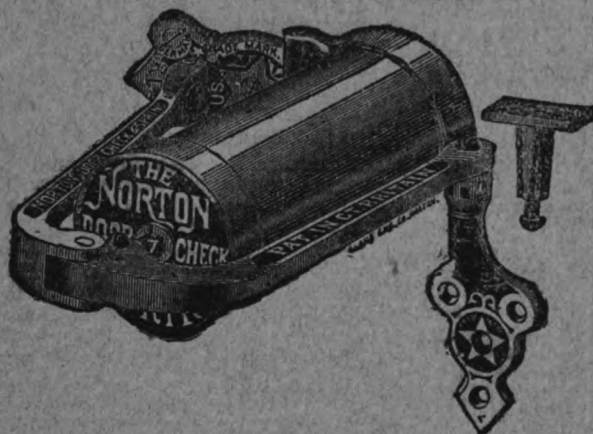
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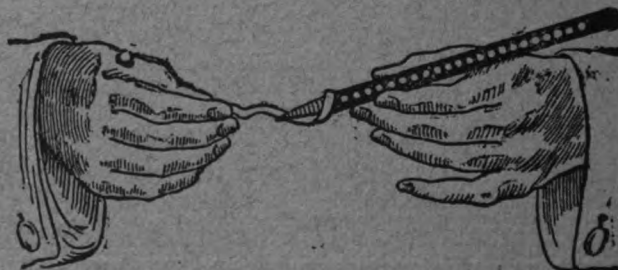
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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1410. Established 1869.

13 May, 1899.

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[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

GABRIELLE D'ANNUNZIO's new play, "Gloria," as we stated last week, has been hissed off the stage at Naples, and now Eleonora Duse has abandoned her intention of producing it at Rome. The author, however, will publish his play in book-form, preceded by the dedication: "To the dogs who hissed it at Naples." Meanwhile, Signora Duse has promised to visit Paris in June, in order to give a single performance of "La Dame aux Camélias," the proceeds to go towards the Memorial to Alexandre Dumas *filis*.

ANOTHER round century of "best" novels is now purchasable. The selection has been made this time not by a strong syndicate of editors and scholars, but by a city bookseller, yet the result seems to be much the same. Will not a rival firm or newspaper retort with the hundred second best novels? They might prove to be better than the "best."

MEANWHILE, cheap literature has once more received championship from Mr. Bryce, M.P. It was Mr. Bryce who advocated, some months ago, the shilling "six-shilling novel," which no publisher, however, has yet given us—the standard price having been fixed at sixpence. Now he asks, at the annual meeting of the National Home Reading Union, for single plays of Shakespeare and specimens of other masters at a slightly dearer rate than a penny—Mr. Stead's price for literature—suitably printed for reading in shaky trains. But the thing has been excellently done. Cassell's National Library, projected and edited by the late Henry Morley, is a wonderful collection of English classics at threepence the volume. Nothing better could be produced. Critics of publishing should master existing editions before they advocate new ones.

WE were among the first to suggest that the issue of new novels at sixpence might prove profitable to publishers. Messrs. Methuen's project for such a series, to be called "The Novelist," was soon afterwards announced; and on the 16th the public will be able to purchase at sixpence a new story by Mr. E. W. Hornung, entitled *Dead Men Tell No Tales*. An advance copy of this story has reached us. The striking red and gold paper cover adopted for the series is well chosen: it is neat, strong, and individual.

THE committee in charge of the scheme for the erection of a statue of Lord Byron in Aberdeen has decided to disregard the persons who, while favourable to the granite city having a statue of the poet, consider that it would be

hurtful to the morals of young Aberdeen that it should be placed in front of the Grammar School. The statue is to be of bronze, and will stand on a granite pedestal.

A BELATED KINDNESS.

[THE McGill University, Montreal, has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling.]

Why have you been so long, McGill?
Where were you when our friend was ill?
It's surely wrong to wait until
He's well to "doctor" him.

MR. KIPLING, as a matter of fact, is particularly pleased that this honour, the first of its kind (and the first, doubtless, of a long list), should come to him from the Lady of Snows, or, as he puts it in his letter of acceptance, from "the elder sister of the new nations within the Empire."

APPROPOS of the new Doctor of Laws, the Duke of York is said to have remarked, concerning the attention paid by the papers to his recent indisposition: "Really, I might be Kipling."

WE are reminded by Messrs. Jarrold that they still have in stock certain minor writings by George Borrow, of which more is perhaps said than known. The books are that sardonic work *The Turkish Jester*; or, *The Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi*, of which a portion of the original edition still exists; *The Death of Balder*, a translation from the Danish of Ewald, and *Targum*; or, *Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects*, reprints of which were issued some ten years ago.

THE following classified table accompanying a recent official report of the Imperial Library at Tokio indicates the nature of reading of 7,770 readers in twenty-four days at that institution:

	Japanese and Chinese Works.	European Works.
Theology and Religion	635	14
Philosophy and Education	2,368	145
Literature and Languages	8,038	998
History, Biography, Geography, Travel	9,768	460
Law, Politics, Sociology, Eco- nomy, Statistics	6,577	304
Mathematics, Natural Philo- sophy, Medicine	9,506	388
Engineering, Military Arts, In- dustries	4,943	205
Miscellaneous Books	4,840	539

The proportion of European works is very large.

THE circumstances that Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetical play, "The Countess Cathleen," touches upon the debateable ground of religion, and that a strong party had been formed to protest against its sentiments, helped to mar its performance at the opening of the Irish Literary Theatre on Monday. But that in good hands it is both dramatic and beautiful was none the less proved. Mr. Martyn's "The Heather Field," the play which was published with a eulogy by Mr. George Moore early this year, and afterwards served as the pivot of a sprightly discussion between Mr. Moore and Mr. Archer was produced, under the same auspices, on Tuesday, with great success, its interest being, to those who knew the play only in book form, amazingly real. The Irish Literary Theatre may, then, be said to be fairly started, and we trust that its career will be long and distinguished.

In the little organ of the Society, *Bellaine*, issued by the Unicorn Press, is printed, among other relevant matter, the prologue to "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Heather Field," written by Mr. Lionel Johnson. We quote a portion :

The May fire once on every dreaming hill
All the fair land with burning bloom would fill :
All the fair land, at visionary night,
Gave loving glory to the Lord of Light.
Have we no leaping flames of Beltaine praise
To kindle in the joyous ancient ways ;
No fire of song, of vision, of white dream,
Fit for the Master of the Heavenly Gleam ;
For Him who first made Ireland move in chime,
Musical from the misty dawn of time ?

Ah, yes : for sacrifice this night we bring
The passion of a lost soul's triumphing :
All rich with faery airs that, wandering long
Uncaught, here gather into Irish song ;
Sweet as the old remembering winds that wail
From hill to hill of gracious Inisfail ;
Sad as the unforgetting winds that pass
Over her children in her holy grass
At home, and sleeping well upon her breast,
Where snowy Déirdre and her sorrows rest.

THE *Irish Anthology*, on the plan of Mr. Humphry Ward's *English Poets*, which Mr. T. W. Rolleston is editing for Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., is expected to be ready in the autumn. Mr. Stopford Brooke is writing the introduction, and also a notice of Thomas Moore; Mr. Lionel Johnson deals with Mangan; and Mr. A. P. Graves writes on Sir Samuel Ferguson. Other contributors of critical notices are Prof. W. McNeile Dixon, Dr. George Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, D. J. O'Donoghue, W. B. Yeats, and George Russell ("A. E.").

A LIFE of José Rizal, the Filipino novelist, has recently appeared in Austria. Rizal, a doctor both of medicine and of philosophy, who had a European education and was a graduate of the University of Madrid, was consumed by a passion for freedom. His love of his country was intense, and it eventually brought about his death. He had long plotted against Spanish rule, not only by directly inciting rebellion, but by attempting to found a colony for

independent Filipinos in Borneo. Imprisonment did not deter him. At last, in December, 1896, he was shot by order of the Government. His end was dramatic. An hour before the execution he married the Irish girl to whom he had been betrothed. The Spaniards, by an act of cruelty that might have been spared, ordered the shooting to be done by Filipinos. "On the day following Rizal's death," says an account in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "his widow passed the Spanish line at Manila and made her way on foot to the camp of the patriots. There Aguinaldo gave her command of a company, at the head of which the Irish bride-widow gained more than one victory. She has, perhaps, fallen ere this, a victim to American bullets. Before he died Rizal wrote a poem, which was his dying message to his native land, from which this is a stanza :

Farewell, adored Fatherland ; our Eden lost, farewell ;

Farewell, O sun's loved region, pearl of the Eastern sea ;
Gladly I die for thy dear sake ; yea, thou knowest well,

Were my sad life more radiant far than mortal tongue could tell,

Yet would I give it gladly, joyously, for thee."

Books about the American-Spanish War are increasing in number and decreasing in interest. The American public has ceased to buy them. Even Lieut. Hobson's work has had only a moderate vogue. A literary critic who admires it remarked, says the *Boston Literary World* : "In a hundred years, when Hobson's narrative has been forgotten, some fellow will come along and make a novel out of the material in it and win a tremendous success."

THE Rev. A. B. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, now in his eighty-first year, is still vigorous in body and mind. Mr. W. T. Field, the Secretary of the Brontë Society, told the members on Saturday that he paid him a visit at Easter at his residence in Ireland, and had an opportunity of seeing Richmond's portrait of Charlotte Brontë, which has recently been restored, and is to be bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery. The present Rector of Haworth, the Rev. T. W. Story, unlike his predecessor, is an admirer of the Brontës, and the members of the Society present at the re-opening of the Museum on Saturday had the opportunity of seeing the rooms in which Charlotte and her sisters lived and worked.

ACCORDING to the New York *Publishers' Circular*, the editor of a threepenny English magazine has forwarded to such men of letters as he considers eminent or amiable enough for his purpose a pudding-basin full of gelatinous matter, with the request that they will have it warmed, press their feet well into it, and send it back. This pleasing performance is to the end that the intelligent readers of the threepenny magazine may be able to consider whether each writer has the sort of foot that would be expected from a perusal of his works, or whether the works of a man with a foot like that seem likely to be worth reading. It is rumoured that one man of letters, favoured with this delicate attention, sent back the basin of gelatinous matter to the editor with the request that he press his head well into it.

THE American *Bookman* tells the following new and satisfactory story of Mr. Ruskin: "A certain person in this country sent a friend of his in England an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the Customs, of course, and were in peril of confiscation, when the consignee learned that if he could procure a letter from Mr. Ruskin allowing the books to pass into England the Customs would release them. Accordingly, a letter of request was sent to Mr. Ruskin, who replied promptly and with characteristic *verve*, as follows:

SIR,—I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me.—Yours, &c., JOHN RUSKIN.

The volumes," adds the *Bookman*, "came back to America, but in spite of very tempting offers the recipient of Mr. Ruskin's curt reply refuses to part with the autograph."

A CORRESPONDENT, signing herself "Lux," Devon, asks us to give publicity to the following plea: "I am interested in our local Literary Society, and wish to see it of real value to us all. Could any of your readers suggest in what way such country clubs could be developed besides the obvious lending library and reading-room? How to supply new and bright literature without encumbering limited shelves with books no longer asked for is another point on which advice of experience is sought. The carriage of books from Mudie's is a prohibitory tax on our small funds." Our correspondent encloses her name and address, and we shall be glad to forward to her any communications that may be forthcoming.

IN a little anonymous book, entitled *Richard Holt Hutton of "The Spectator"* (Oliver & Boyd), containing a number of Mr. Hutton's more memorable utterances on many subjects, this little poem is quoted from one of his "Holiday Rambles":

Through the sweet night half waking I had lain,
Lulled by the murmur of the rushing Inn,
Which seemed like memory without its pain,
The eager years of youth without their sin.

I rise: in moonlit curves the glacier spreads,
The peaks in ghostly beauty veil their might,
The dark firs wave their faintly-lighted heads,
The landscape seems a phantom of the night.

Those polar snows, lapped in soft summer air,
That ice, which sparkles back a southern moon,
Those black-stoled rocks like monks in wrath or prayer,
Bowed, bare-kneed, on the glacier, late and soon.

Real are they? or such dreams of fevered brain,
As wise men conjure now from sky and sod,—
That Love shrinks back from Law's advancing reign,—
That the Ice-Sea of Science threatens God!

In the *Spectator* article these lines were attributed to a poetic youth called "Mr. Q.," but the writer of this little monograph is of opinion that "Mr. Q." and Hutton were one and the same.

It is to be hoped that the new Victor Hugo books will be better than the new Daudet book, which we review elsewhere. But it may be assumed safely that they will. Mr. Paul Maurice, who has control of Hugo's papers, has

arranged a new volume of *Choses Vues*; and a volume containing the poet's letters to his betrothed, "which were written out in little notes and slipped quietly into her hand during visits which gave the lovers no opportunity of private speech," is ready for the press. The publication savours of indiscretion; but, as in the case of the Browning love-letters, we shall not be able to decide until we have the book.

A CRITIC, dealing eulogistically with Mr. Dunne and Mr. Dooley, says that the caustic bar-tender of Chicago had a short previous existence in Mr. Dunne's articles as Colonel McNeery. Here are extracts from the Colonel's account of a "Lithry Congress" at Chicago:

"Divvle a word about pothry," he says. "It was like a meetin' iv th' Bricklayers' Union, it was, so it was, with all th' talk about how the dirty old book publishers was thrown it into th' poor potes an' grindin' thim down in th' ground. . . . Well, sir, be this an' be that, it turned out that there was oney wan pote in th' house. An' in th' name iv heavin who d'ye think it was? Bonney! Yis, yis. Divil th' liss. That's him. Th' little lawyer. Th' little guy with th' bunch iv whiskers. Oh, dear; oh, dear. Well, sir, if th' pope iv Rome—Gawd f'r give me f'r sayin' it—was to come up to that bar at this blissid moment an' ask f'r gin an' bitthers I'd be no more taken back. I niver know'd Bonney was a pote. I thought he was more respectable. But he read a pome, an' tho' . . . pothry's not a leg hould f'r me, by gar, I liked Bonney's pothry. Listen:

'Th' splendid city build at Jackson Paark,' he says,
'To house,' he says, 'th' gathered treasures iv th' world

Must pass away, but reproduced in books,' he says,
'Th' wondhrous forms in beauty an iv use,
Which there,' he says, 'excite amazement and delight,
Shall put on immortality (no, be gar, that's wrong)
immortality and take,' says he,

'Their lasting place in human hist'ry,' says Bonney.

"Well," I says to Tiddy, "that's a dam'd fine article iv pothry," I says. "It sounds almost like prose," I says. "It is prose," says Tiddy. "Then," says I, "divil a bit the worse it is for that," says I. So we ups an' goes to the prize fight.

THE editor of a health journal asks us if we will "loan him" the block (recently used in the *ACADEMY*) representing Mr. Bernard Shaw as the Dying Vegetarian. We gladly do so. The name of the paper is *Life and Beauty*.

WE print the following note from a correspondent on M. Paderewski's performance at the Queen's Hall this week, as some expression of the extraordinary emotional effect which this remarkable pianist exercises on his hearers of almost every kind:

Men call him Paderewski, this sad-faced messenger of the gods. His name does not matter: where he is, he is not. Beethoven and Chopin are. Their spirits may rest, for they have found a voice. . . . I breathed rare mountain air for days. The spell was upon me. I had walked with the gods. I felt I could be my Ideal self. I could be, do, suffer anything. I could go to the stake for any cause if Paderewski would play my funeral march. . . . Mr. Wood thought he was conducting that orchestra, I suppose. He

was not. Paderewski held it in the hollow of his hand. He fixed his eye upon it and the men played as they had never played before in all their lives. He magnetised it. In playing with him it was greater than itself. He was the soul of it. It bore him up on the wings of an orchestra inspired. It sank into silence with him and died away in pianissimos that came in far echoes from over the hills of silence. Great Beethoven faded, and Chopin spoke to us with his own voice. We listened, breathless, to the end when the strange spirit whispered to us in one mighty passage after another. Gigantic passages they were, yet no one thought "how clever," each one felt "how great," as the spirit came along in its last glorious march, upborne by the inspired orchestra. It was like the march of some white war-horse of the gods. It passed on to victory, out of sight, and deafening cheers brought the vision to an end, and I went out into the night walking in a land of ghosts.

Bibliographical.

I MAY be permitted to express in this place my personal and individual gratification at Mr. Fortescue's accession to the Keepership of the Printed Books in the British Museum, because Mr. Fortescue, as we all know, has distinguished himself especially in the realm of bibliography. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have blessed and bless him for those *Subject Indices* of his. There is, of course, always one objection to compilations of that kind—that while they make easier the path of the inquirer, they also make easier the path of the lazy and even ignorant person who desires a reputation for erudition. However, Mr. Fortescue's *Indices* deal only with very modern books, and can therefore be only of limited service to the literary impostor. To the genuine student they are, within their range, invaluable. "What are the best books on such and such a subject?" This is a question which so many people put day by day, and even now it can be answered satisfactorily only by experts in the various departments of literary knowledge.

The "literary drama" is having quite an innings just now. Only the other day we had "Grierson's Way" at the Haymarket; this week there has been the Hibernian revival in Dublin; and on Monday next Mr. Poel is to give us, in London, FitzGerald's version of Calderon's "Vida es Sueno." I have already drawn attention to the many translations and adaptations of that play which exist in English. FitzGerald's version must, of course, always have a peculiar interest for all lovers of literature. But I do hope that on Monday "Life's a Dream" will not be rendered in the usual "Elizabethan" manner—i.e., with only one piece of scenic background and without any breathing space between the acts. This performing of plays from start to finish, without change of scene and without pause of any kind, is calculated not so much to turn the hair grey as to destroy it altogether. I always come away from the representations of the Elizabethan Stage Society a little balder than I went.

The decease of Mrs. Marshall reminds one of the large extent to which literary fame can be, so to speak, sectional—considerable, yet strictly limited—real, but circumscribed.

Very many adult people, no doubt, were aware that Emma Marshall was the name of the author of numerous popular stories (mostly of the quasi-historical sort) for the young; but by how many of those adults had any of those stories been read? Ought I to be ashamed to say that I never read one of them? The only bit of Mrs. Marshall's writing that ever came in my way was the essay on "A. L. O. E." and Mrs. Ewing which she contributed two years ago to *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign*. This struck me as conceived and written in very slovenly fashion, and altogether inadequate to the occasion. If Mrs. Marshall always wrote like that, she was very inferior as a *littérateur* to the two ladies she ventured to criticise.

A little bird whispered to me a short time ago that Mr. John Murray thought of publishing more novels in the immediate future than he had issued in the recent past, but that his aim would be to take care that he published none that were not absolutely good. If this be so, the resolution is eminently creditable. Simply appalling is the amount of mediocrity (not to say rubbish) in the shape of fiction that even the most reputable publishers will place before the public; and it would be a positive benefaction if certain firms would make it clear, by the moderate measure of their output, that they would always favour quality in preference to quantity. I see that the new novel announced by Mr. Murray is called *Lesser Destinies*, and deals with "many aspects of life in the East End."

Canon Ainger's monograph on Charles Lamb—which is to be reprinted as part and parcel of the "de luxe" reproduction of the Canon's edition of Lamb's works—dates from 1882; but he revised it in 1888. He may now have revised it once more. The Works were edited by the Canon in the following order: *The Essays of Elia*, 1883; *Mrs. Leicester's School, and Other Writings*, 1885; and *Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays*, 1888. To the last-named year belongs the Canon's collection of Lamb's *Letters* (in two volumes). There can be no doubt that these five volumes are very neat and handy. The Canon would, perhaps, have done well had he connected the letters by a thread of biographic narrative.

We are all of us glad that Dr. George MacDonald has found himself well enough to come to England this year. It so happens that Mrs. Oliphant has just made public, in one of her letters (addressed to Mr. John Blackwood in 1863), that it was she who introduced *David Elginbrod* to the late Mr. Henry Blackett, whose firm published it at her "urgent recommendation." *David Elginbrod* was Dr. MacDonald's first novel, though it had been preceded by his romantic tale, *Phantastes*. Apart from *Phantastes*, he was known, when *Elginbrod* appeared, only as a writer of verse. It was Messrs. Hurst & Blackett who published, two years ago, Dr. MacDonald's latest novel, *Salted with Fire*.

Some of the reviewers of Miss Harraden's story, *The Fowler*, have been saying that the Theodore Bevan who plays the title part in it is a most improbable personage. Now, suppose it should prove that there is a living original from whom Bevan was directly drawn—what then? Gossip has it that the prototype of Bevan exists among us.

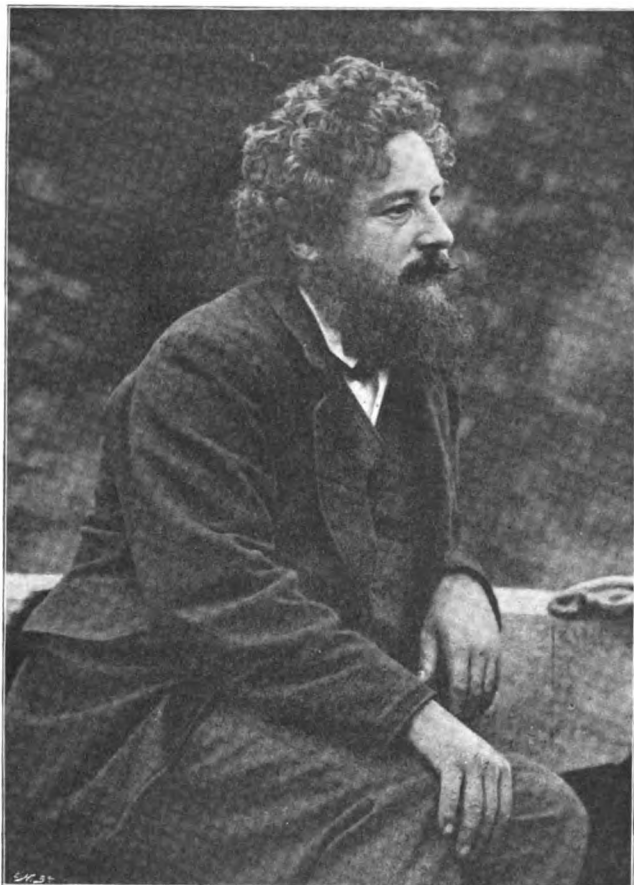
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Ripe and Rushing Life.

The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. 2 vols. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Few people will have envied Mr. Mackail the task entrusted to him of writing a Life of Morris. Apart from the thorny difficulties which beset him, was the certain fact that he could not please all readers. On the one hand are the Socialists, mostly contemptuous of Morris's art; on the other are the art-lovers, wondering why he ever mixed himself up with Socialism. In the middle are a few who



WILLIAM MORRIS AT 41.
From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.

know that Art and Socialism alike were the outcome of an intense, passionate craving for active work, a hatred of all that was sordid and ugly, and a desire, strong as a gospel, to leave the world more beautiful than he found it. With this dominating aim in view, Morris became, as successive vistas of activity opened before him, architect, painter, poet, decorator, weaver, printer, and craftsman in many arts. Finally the vast field of social reform engulfed him, and to his other activities he added those of lecturer, preacher, and revolutionary.

By a curious anomaly Morris was the son of wealthy parents, and except from choice need never have worked for his living. That choice, however, drove him like the gadfly of the goddess, and nearly persuaded him to the Church. From this isolation he, and his bosom friend at Oxford, Burne-Jones, were saved by a variety of causes then first beginning to operate on the impressionable youth of the country.

The secularisation of mind, the widening of interest and outlook beyond the limits prescribed by Anglo-Catholic

ideals, towards which the influence of Chaucer and Browning, like two great windows letting in the air and day, contributed so potently, were coming over him. . . . Art and literature were no longer thought of as handmaids to religion, but as ends to be pursued for their own sake, as a means of realising life.

A dream which at first possessed him of founding a retreat for kindred souls to inhabit leaked away and was replaced by a "brotherhood" of literary, poetical, and, above all, artistic impulses. At this period was organised the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a lineal inheritor of the *Germ*, started five years previously under pre-Raphaelite auspices. Soon, through the admiration of Burne-Jones for Rossetti, Morris linked hands with the pre-Raphaelites themselves, and fell under the sway of that dominating personality. Abandonment of the Church had led him on to architecture; now he became a painter, for Rossetti insisted upon it. So he made the world richer by one sweetly sensitive picture, "Queen Guenevere," and so he came to participate in that rich and reckless outpouring of wasted genius, the decoration of the Oxford Union. One night, as all know, he and Rossetti went to the theatre at Oxford, and there they saw the lady who became Rossetti's wife, and whose magnificent beauty inspired him for most of his finest creations. Morris was only twenty-five when he married. His energies had hardly yet begun to find an outlet, but his powers were at their height. He put them all into the building and decorating of a house which should be the most beautiful house in the world—the well-known Red House at Upton. Here his children were born, and here he spent five years, the happiest of his life. The furnishing of the Red House revealed to Morris that there was no handicraft being worked in England that could satisfy an artistic nature. Beds, furniture, utensils had all to be designed and specially made, and thus came about the formation of that amateur firm of carpet-weavers and decorators known now all over the world as Morris & Co. Here is an account of one of the first board meetings, related by Mr. Faulkner, one of the partners:

I don't know if you have heard of our firm before; if not, I may as well tell you that it is composed of (Madox) Brown, Rossetti, Jones, Webb, Morris, Marshall, Faulkner; that it commenced with a capital which might be considered an infinitesimal of the second order; that it has meetings once or twice a fortnight, which have rather the character of a meeting of the Jolly Masons than of a meeting to discuss business. . . . Our firm has arrived at the dignity of exhibition at the Great Exhibition, where we have already sent some stained glass, and where they obtained a medal for "imitation of Gothic patterns," and shall shortly send some furniture which will doubtless cause the majority of spectators to admire. The getting ready of our things has cost more tribulation and swearing to Topsy (Morris) than these exhibitions will be worth.

The increasing business of the firm and a long bout of ill-health caused Morris to abandon the Red House and move up to London, whence, after things had begun to go satisfactorily, he removed to Kelmscott, on the borders of Oxford and Gloucestershire. By this time (1871) the bulk of his poetical works had seen the light. Mr. Mackail quotes from Canon Dixon a delightfully naïve account of Morris's first outburst into verse under the influence of the friends he had gathered round him at Oxford:

One night Crom Price and I went to Exeter and found him with Burne-Jones. As soon as we entered the room Burne-Jones exclaimed wildly, "He's a big poet!" "Who is?" asked we. "Why, 'Topsy'"—the name given him on account of his mass of dark curly hair, frequently shortened to "Top." We sat down and heard Morris read his first poem, the first he had ever written in his life. It was called "The Willow and the Red Cliff." As he read it I felt it was something the like of which had never been heard before. It was a thing entirely new, founded on nothing previous. . . . He reached his perfection at once. Nothing could have been altered in "The Willow and the Red Cliff," and in my judgment he can

scarcely be said to have exceeded it much afterwards in anything he did.

To the praise lavished on his virgin effort (afterwards destroyed) Morris replied characteristically: "Well, if this is poetry, it is very easy to write"; and, in truth, poetry never gave him much trouble. Mr. Mackail quotes some of his early poems, which were never published; and a fragmentary, but more important, selection from the cycle of Troy poems, which were left unfinished. One gem, the weird and melancholy arming song of Paris, was afterwards transformed, and reappears in "Ogier the Dane"; but we cannot refrain from giving it here in its original form:

Love, within the hawthorn brake,
Pray you be merry for my sake,
While I last, for who knoweth
How near I may be my death?

Sweet, be long in growing old!
Life and love in age grow cold:
Hold fast to life, for who knoweth
What thing cometh after death?

Trouble must be kept afar,
Therefore go I to the war:
Less trouble is there among spears
Than with hard words about your ears.

Love me, then, my sweet and fair,
And curse the folk that drive me there.
Kiss me, sweet, for who knoweth,
What thing cometh after death?

Of all the legends he handled the story of Troy was the one which probably most fascinated the mediæval mind of Morris, and Mr. Mackail records his delight at finding among writers of the Middle Ages the same ideas that haunted him of the vague mystery and tragedy of the ending of that ten-years' war. His conception of Troy is mediæval—a sort of Bruges. The knights go forth singly into the lists, as in Froissart, or look down from the walls on

Our great wet ditches where the carp and tench,
In spite of arblasts and petrarise,
Suck at the floating lilies all day long.

The Troy poems are composed in a vivid, dramatic manner, which marked the earlier life of their author. When he came to publishing epics, he had settled down to the even, slow narrative swing of "Jason" and the "Earthly Paradise." Of his attitude towards his own poetry Mr. Mackail says: "No great artist was ever less self-conscious or more free from vanity." "It was a matter of simple duty with him, in a poem as in a design, to do everything as well as he could. It was not with him a matter of inspiration—he never used either the word or the idea—but of sheer honesty and seriousness of workmanship. . . . He never spoke of poetry as involving more than the craftsman's qualities." This explains, and is in part explained by, the fact that so much of his work was based upon ancient themes, which he either translated, like the "Odyssey" and the Icelandic poems, or paraphrased like the story of Jason.

Morris's literary tastes were too miscellaneous to discuss here. Ranging from "Jorrocks" and "Tom Sawyer" to Borrow and Dickens in prose, he had ever a keen appreciation of breezy humour, and many of his own favourite phrases were catchwords derived from the arcana of this class of literature. In poetry he worshipped Browning.

Morris's descent into the region of revolutionary politics seems at first sight a matter requiring explanation. Why should an aristocrat of birth and means—fully conscious of both, yet except at unguarded moments never revealing his consciousness even to intimate friends—stray down into those circles of the discontented poor whose notion of righting society is to wrong those better off than themselves? For the answer to this we should have to look back at the state of London slums and the industrial

market twenty or thirty years ago with the same frank, inquiring eyes that Morris looked out from; see how its squalor and vileness would have jarred on the dreams he had of a world beautiful with art; and then take into consideration his impulsive nature, his contempt for difficulties, his glorious optimism, and his superabounding energy. Socialism as he found it was a fearful and grievous disappointment. The petty jealousies and quarrels of the leaders, the frothiness and cowardice of the masses, disgusted his very soul, and to his friends he poured it out. But to have laid the burden down would to him have appeared as cowardly as the conduct he condemned, and so he went on, sacrificing time and money as if neither were of the least account, preaching in stuffy halls and under pelting skies, until his health, always threatened, broke down beneath the strain. Had everything been known which this book makes clear, how different would have been the feelings with which even the unimpressible middle-classes would have received him. It is the fate of great men that their acts are judged and their motives unknown. Hence, if their acts are not popular, they are isolated and thrust back on themselves. Morris himself was too self-reliant to mind this or complain of it; yet at times he, too, craved for sympathy, and was almost childishly pleased at finding it in unexpected quarters.

Here this review must end. It is all too short to deal with a tenth of the many activities in which Morris expended himself during the fifty years of his busy life. It has not mentioned his devotion to the antiquities of his native land, his crusade against ignorant and destructive "restorations," his experiments in weaving and dyeing, his enormous influence on the arts of decoration and furniture-making (influence which was recognised abroad far earlier than here), his revival of the arts of illuminating and printing, the important work of the Kelmscott Press, and a hundred other matters of greater or less interest to mankind. Finally, there is the personal element: the fiery, gusty temper which destroyed door-panels and expressed itself in furious beating of head against wall; the carelessness of dress, vehemence of language, generosity of temperament, bluntness of manners. Above all, there is the fountain of humour, delicately caught and reproduced in these pages, worthy record of a crowded, brave, glorious, and most valuable life.

Autobiography of a Child.

Autobiography of a Child. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE true autobiography of a child—that is to say, the history of a child written by a child—would be a precious document for the thinker, but, from the literary point of view, quaint, dull, without perspective, or charm, or poetry. This last summer in Devonshire it was given me to read the story of a family of children, as written by three little cousins between the ages of seven and thirteen. The plainest matter of fact reigned therein: nurse and the various pets were themes of absorbing interest; not a giant, not a fairy, not a feature of tragedy or comedy varied the recital. I remember also an infant poetess of six who, taken from her Midland town to the seaside in North Wales, commemorated this great occasion in an ode, very properly addressed to her grandmama. She had a passing word for the mountains and the sea; but the real thrill and tremor of the divine afflatus seized her at sight of the mountain sheep with curly horns and long tasselled tails. She wrote:

The mountains and the sea
A stranger's eye engage.
But, oh, the horned mountain sheep
A stranger's eye amaze.

And all our persuasion could not induce her to depart from this redaction. I believe that in most cases of the sort we

grown-up people would find the children's accent put on details to us most unimportant, while what we consider the great interests of life would rise up far out of their tiny field of vision.

Needless to say, the book before us does not fall into this category. It is, in fact, the memoirs of a child written by that child grown to middle-age—written by a woman with a retentive, passionate Celtic memory, which lets pass never a kindness nor a slight; and yet with a breadth of judgment, a tolerant reasonableness, which constantly corrects her violent impressionability. Her own unhappy childhood is seen through the mist of poetry, remembrance, regret, and sweet self-pity with which most persons over thirty regard their earliest years. It is, as Goethe said such books should be, "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*," truth and poetry. It is a tragic story, the history of a vivid, sensitive, proud, headstrong, dreamy little girl whose mother does not love her, who is sometimes ill-used, and sometimes resentful, but for whom, none the less, "Life is a story, ever broken, ever clouded, with radiant hours amid its many sadnesses, quaint and adorable surprises ever coming to dry the tears of blank despair and solitude; an Irish melody of mirth and melancholy."

Angela is the child of a beautiful and clever Scotch woman settled in Ireland, happy in a second marriage with the man of her heart, and eager to forget the miserable early union to which the child Angela owes her birth. A nervous impatience of the poor baby, a natural strain of harshness in her fine cold temper, lead the mother to a severity which estranges her little girl for ever. Such a nature as Angela's requires for its education the subtlest mingling of discipline and liberty. The authority which governs it should appeal first of all to the devotedness, the honour, the hero-worship of its small subject, nor ever arouse the vindictive rebelliousness of a too sensitive nature, aflame for justice, by any act of ill-judged and oppressive tyranny. A cuff and a blow at home, years of neglect at school, alternated in the education of Angela, and the proud little spirit grew up hurt and thwarted, maimed by the cruelty of its initiation into life.

Yet over and over again, by an effect of that curious double vision which is the most remarkable distinction of a remarkable book, the grown-up Angela intervenes and protects the harsh mother from the arraignment of her child. The daughter of five and thirty observes in the mother she forgives qualities which necessarily escaped the observation of the bruised and battered little scapegoat of eight. She sees the fine side of the harsh and violent Scotswoman who made her, after all, so Irish, while correcting in her, too severely, but not without a noble result, the natural deficiencies of the Irish temper.

My mother never seemed to think it possible that any of her children could lie. . . . Extreme sincerity was a part of her character. . . . She was very kind and generous: a woman to turn her back upon a friend in prosperity and court him in poverty. . . . There was nothing of the snob about my mother, I must admit. . . . She was a woman of colossal intelligence, and at all times, whatever her temper, you could put her instantly into good humour by addressing yourself to her intellect. . . . The mother who did not love me was the handsomest creature I had ever beheld.

Angela's baby repulsion to her mother was clearly a case of love, irritable and fierce and hostile because it knows that it is unreturned. An admirable little word-picture places before us this unloving mother: she is on a visit to the Midland convent where her daughter is at school:

How to paint her, as she stood thus valorously free to the raking sunbeams that showed out the mild white bloom and rose-leaf pink of her long, full visage? She wore on her abundant fair hair a black lace bonnet, trimmed with mauve flowers and a white aigrette; and the long train of her white alpaca gown lay upon the grass like a queen's gown. I remember my admiration of the thousand little flounces—black edged—that lay in

shimmering lines up to her rounded waist. She was in half-mourning for my grandmother, whose existence I had forgotten all about; and brave and becoming, it must be admitted, were those weeds of mitigated grief. As I approached she turned her fair and finished visage, with the long, delicate, and cruel nostrils, and the thin, delicate red lips, to me, and her cold blue glance, falling upon my anxious and distrustful face, turned my heart to stone.

For restraint, brilliance, and a sort of vindictive weight of emotion such a passage may be compared with Charlotte Brontë's record of her schooldays at Cowan Bridge. But the book is not all sad. Angela has the happy Irish temperament, with its dash of devil-may-care and its love of adventure. Much light-heartedness tempers her melancholy; and, on a sombre thread, she strings pearls as quaint as shining and as gay as memory can make them.

The first chapters of the book are charming; the Kildare village rises before us with its flat white high road, its village street, its pond so wide that, sure, it must be heaven on the other side—or else New York, that earthly paradise. Nor is there less character in her presentment of mid-England, with its leafy lanes, rose-scented; its tall steeples, narrow pavements, and sleepy little shops; its comfortable farmsteads hung with ivy; and its endless sweep of fields edged with elms, top-heavy and jagged in their age. Best of all is the Dalkey garden, with its cemetery of the imaginary family of L'Estrange, where layer on layer of little wooden sticks appear the indication of hidden seeds; but, if you stooped to read the legend, this is the sort of thing that would greet your eyes: "Here lies Walter L'Estrange, born such and such, wrecked off the coast of Barbary"; or "Reginald L'Estrange, died on Bosworth Field"; or "Edith, his wife, daughter of Lord Seymour"; while all the lives and adventures of the imaginary dead were chronicled in a big ledger safe upstairs in the playroom. Since the Brontë children invented a whole Indian nation to keep them company on the wild moors round Haworth have any little creatures played a better game than Angela and her sisters in their Irish garden?

This is a book to read, but to read as the author wrote it, not in the least as a record of indisputable facts, but as a prismatic vision, seen through tears, of the fairy tale that childhood must become to a memory as sensitive, as quick in selection, as passionately vivid, as that which has evoked, in gratitude and rancour, this autobiography of a child.

MARY JAMES DARNESTETER.

A Word With Max.

Mors. By Max Beerbohm. (Lane. 4s. 6d.)

IN one of these essays, Mr. Beerbohm says: "Not that I had any special reasons for hating school! Strange as it may seem to my readers, I was not unpopular there. I was a modest, good-humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable." Now the time has come—this book proves it—for Mr. Beerbohm to cease to pride himself upon his insufferableness. On numerous occasions he is not insufferable at all; quite the contrary; and when he is, it is the result of premeditation. Normally, Mr. Beerbohm must have an engaging, winning way. With a personality original and attractive "by itself," it seems to us a pity that he should not abandon the exemplars whose influence marks so much of his work—Mr. Wilde on the one side, and Mr. Shaw on the other. Mr. Wilde's gift for paradox and whimsical inversion—as displayed, for instance, in his essay on the "Decay of the Art of Lying"—is masterly: but it is his own; Mr. Shaw's frankness in sparing, in his denunciations, not even himself is continually entertaining: but it is his own. Both manners

can be caught by a deft imitator and re-rendered with amusing effect. But whereas we are content to be merely amused by an ordinarily talented derivative writer, we ask

of a young man—(Will Mr. Beerbohm forgive us for calling him young?)—of genuine literary feeling and wit that he should be first of all himself. Mr. Beerbohm has such unmistakable powers that we suggest that in future he should—at any rate, in those essays which he republishes and “titivates”—be himself and his best self.

As it is, at the risk of incurring his delicate scorn, we must say that Mr. Beerbohm's new book is, in many parts, not quite worthy. In the exceptions it is very good indeed; but the rest, to use an expressive term, is mere “pop limbo,” marking no advance on his *Works*. Mr. Beerbohm may reply that when a humorist writes a book and entitles it *More* he is not to be judged so seriously as we think. But the fact is that Mr. Beerbohm undervalues his worth. His convictions are arrived at deliberately and are dear to him; his intellectuals are at bottom sound; his insufferableness is mere pose. Whenever he forgets that he must still live up to his undergraduate reputation, you see how good he can be. Even Mr. Meredith's Wise Youth had his off moments;

why not Mr. Beerbohm? There are passages in this book which go to prove that their author could, if he willed it, write as perfect an essay as any man of his age. In “If I Were Ædile” we find this:

I should keep a very jealous guard upon Berkeley-square. With its perfect tone, its quietude, with Lord Bath's dolphins, Lord Lansdowne's long wall, the old and pleasant anomaly of Gunter's, it is an ineffably distinguished place. Grosvenor-square is so wild a motley that I would make no rules there. But in St. James's-square, that superb example of all that is best, and greatest, and most gloomy in our architecture, I would be a despot indeed. The receivers of money, who have occupied so great a part of it, I would ruthlessly drive forth, and in their empty houses I would reinstate the impoverished noblemen whose ancestors once lived there. Who cares that the place is insanitary? History haunts it. The ghosts of many centuries gather upon its doorsteps. Every window has the pathos of a frame wherefrom some great picture has been torn. From one Nell Gwynne waved her naughtily-embellished fingers, from another poor Caroline dropped her clumsy curtsies to the mob. At that window yonder, not so long since, sat “The Rupert of Debate,” glowering through his spectacles, and cursing his swathed foot. . . . Yes, I would be a real despot in St. James's-square.

A note sounds there which no one else is striking just now. Style and fine temperament are there too. The

circumstance that Thackeray wrote first does not weigh with us; for here Mr. Beerbohm's true self is speaking, and if Mr. Beerbohm's true self has kinship with Thackeray, it is an accident. As a matter of fact, he is often very Thackerayan. Here is another passage, from the paper on Mme. Tussaud's:

Life was a sacred thing—why had it been profaned here for so many years? Whence came this hateful craft? With what tools, in what workshop, who for whose pleasure fashioned these obscene images? Images? Yes, of course, they were images. . . . But why should Garibaldi and those others all stare at me so gravely? Had they some devil's power of their own, some mesmerism? It flashed upon me that, as I watched them, they were stealing my life from me, making me one of their own kind. My brain seemed to be shrinking, all the blood ceasing in my body. I would not watch them. I drooped my eyelids. My hands looked smooth, waxen, without nerves. I knew now that I should never speak nor hear again, never move. I took a dull pride even in the thought that this was the very frock-coat in which I had been assassinated. . . . With an effort I pulled myself together. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, I passed through that morgue of upstanding corpses to the entrance, down the marble staircase, out into the street. . . . Ah! it was good to be in the street!

And one more scrap:

Often, since, have I wondered whether a Spartan system be really well for youths who are bound mostly for Capuan Universities. It is true, certainly, that this system makes Oxford or Cambridge doubly delectable. Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford or Cambridge. And the discipline to which they are subject is so slight that it does but serve to accentuate their real freedom. The sudden reaction is rather dangerous, I think, to many of them.

Briefly, Mr. Beerbohm can think and observe and write. He has the uncommon gift of seeing clearly the “other side” of things; he can stand aside impartially and watch contemporary life with the eye of the historian; his fastidiousness, when disciplined, is exquisite; his appreciation of the best is sound. He has no need to stop continually to say: “See how clever I am!”; he has no need to remember any of his predecessors or contemporaries in literature; he has no need to be other than his best self.

“Yet, oh the jester that is lost!” would be, we seem to hear someone urging, the comment which would follow, did Mr. Beerbohm take his art seriously and put on paper only the best of him, instead of the best only fitfully and with his cherished insufferableness as its alloy. But that would be absurd. Mr. Beerbohm's best is of a rare and ingenious humour compact, and the loss would, in reality, be gain. His admirers might change a little in quality: that is all. For ourselves, we do not greatly value mechanical japes. The exercise in facile irony in this volume, called “An Infamous Brigade”—an attack on the firemen for destroying the beauty of fires—becomes very tiring after a page or so. Probably the author had a satirical intention when he first penned it: as a travesty of the methods of a certain school of literature, it is excellent fooling; but such work is machine made. Mr. Beerbohm's account of the popular novelist is also wearisome; and, more, it is cheap. And he does not always know where to stop: an admirable criticism of Ouida is impaired seriously by a parody of her style, so elaborate, and clearly so to the author's own taste that it seems almost as if the criticism were written merely to introduce it. Ouida does not suffer by it; but neither does her eulogist gain.

But we are, perhaps, too critical. If our belief in Mr. Beerbohm has led us on too far, he must take the excess as a compliment.



THE AUTHOR OF “MORE.”

The Comforter of Czars and Moujiks.

Thoughts and Counsels of Father John ; Selected and Arranged from "My Life in Christ." By Cyril Bickersteth and Agnes L. Illingworth. (Mowbray & Co.)

THIS little book contains the essence of a larger work, *My Life in Christ*, which, when presented to English readers two years ago by Colonel Gouliaeff, revealed to them the existence and character of this most remarkable Russian priest—the comforter of Czars and moujiks. The size and expense of that volume must have deterred many



FATHER JOHN.

from acquainting themselves with the life and teachings of this extraordinary man; it was, therefore, a good thought to draw from it a smaller and more orderly book.

When noticing the larger work, in 1897, we pointed out that there is no great wealth of graceful and illuminative fancy in Father John's writings. Nor are these charged, like Count Tolstoy's, with original cogitations on the problems which vex, and the doubts which enfeeble, modern minds. Father John's message is rarely enforced by, or directed toward, the events and conditions of the day. He is probably not blind to these, but his is the changeless criticism of life which is natural to those who wish only to call men to the life with God. Thus we find the following sentence interjected among maxims on the pursuit of holiness:

The characteristics of the men of the second half of the present nineteenth century are: self-worship, self-government (autonomy), materialism in life, and spiritual scepticism (incredulity).

The solitariness and the tone of this passage are both characteristic of Father John, who is above all things a priest of the Holy Orthodox Church, a shepherd of the wandering sheep; himself being fortified in his faith as his cathedral of St. Andrew is strong amid the bastions of Cronstadt.

Father John is the Archpriest of that august temple. Thence he issues to the bedside of sick and dying Russia. He soothed the last hours of Alexander III., and he has put many a nameless drunkard on his feet. Wherever he goes crowds follow him, drawn by his saintliness and his long purse, which is filled by the charitable rich to be

emptied day by day into the laps of the poor. An "English traveller" explains his unique position as follows:

The real fact is, that Father John is a great mystery. No one knows exactly how his great reputation was first made or when it all began. I think that, wonderful as are the stories about him and the way his prayers are answered, his extraordinary influence in Russia rests less upon this than upon the fact that he represents the ideal which has formed itself in the minds of orthodox Russians as to what a priest ought to be. He is a most beautiful man in every way: perfectly simple and natural, and free from cant; spending his whole life doing good, just taking things as they come from day to day, and bringing sorrow for sin, brightness, and peace with him wherever he goes.

All over Russia Father John is credited with supernatural powers of healing the sick. Yet the Faith-Healers can hardly claim him. Father John does not deny the doctor's power to cure with medicine. Rather, he affirms with unique force the efficacy of prayer. "Ask Him boldly for everything." All that is necessary is faith—the soul's affirmative answer to the question: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" "We must believe," says this experienced Christian, "that the deeds follow the words as the shadow follows the body, for the word and the deed of the Lord are indivisible, for He commanded, and they were created." Thus, one priest's store of faith, like the loaves and fishes, feeds the multitude.

We think that the editors of this selection have justly distinguished the main characteristics of Father John's teaching. There is, first, "the vivid realisation of the communion of saints and the nearness of the spiritual world." Here we may note Father John's abounding sense of the value of sacraments, images, festivals, and places as aids to spiritual achievement. "God is throughout the world," he says, "but especially in heaven and in temples." It was surely a little unnecessary for the editors to remark that they "did not feel bound to exclude every expression which we could not reconcile with the doctrinal standards of the Church of England." We should think not! The life and meaning of this book could not be separated from Father John and the Orthodox Church. One reads too, with weariness, the editors' belief that readers "will certainly acquit Father John of idolatry or superstition, when they find how his heart and mind are possessed with the thought of the Majesty and the Immanence of God." This is to put the reader in leading-strings, and to mar his appreciation of such a passage as the following, from the section entitled "Fellow Citizens with the Saints":

I gaze upon the icons in the temple—upon Thy holy icon, my Lord, upon that of Thy most pure mother, those of the holy angels and archangels, and upon the faces of the saints, adorned, resplendent with gold and silver—and think to myself how Thou hast honoured and adorned our nature, Creator and Provider of all! Thy saints shine with Thy light, they are sanctified by Thy grace, having conquered sin and washed away the sinful impurities of body and spirit; they are glorious with Thy glory, they are incorruptible through Thine incorruptibility. Glory to Thee for having so honoured, enlightened, and raised our nature!

Here are Thine Apostles and hierarchs, living images of Thee, the Highest, Who passed through the heavens, Envoy of the Father, Hierarch and Chief of Shepherds; Thy goodness, Thy wisdom, Thy might, spiritual beauty, power, and holiness shine in them.

Here are Thy Martyrs, who by Thy strength overcame terrible temptations and endured fearful tortures; they have washed the garments of their souls white in Thy blood. Here are Thy venerable ones, who by fasting, vigilance, and prayer obtained Thy wonderful gifts, the gifts of healing, of discernment; Thy might strengthened them to stand above sin and all the snares of the Devil; Thy likeness shines forth in them like the sun.

Surely the essential truth and beauty of this passage are self-interpreted to every thoughtful reader.

His openness to spiritual messages from the natural world is Father John's second characteristic. Here is a quaint simile:

It is a remarkable phenomenon in nature that if you put a plant into a large, wide pot or tub it grows very much at the roots; they thicken, they give out many ramifications, but the tree itself does not grow much in height, and only yields few and small leaves and flowers. But if it is planted in a small pot, then the roots are small, but the plant itself grows rapidly in height and yields beautiful leaves and flowers (if it is the nature of the plant to produce flowers). Is it not the same with man? When he lives in full liberty, in abundance and prosperity, then he grows in body and does not grow in spirit, does not bring forth fruits—good works; whilst when he lives in straitness, in poverty, sickness, misfortune, and afflictions—in a word, when his animal nature is crushed—then he grows spiritually, bears flowers of virtue, ripens, and brings forth rich fruits. This is why the path of those who love God is a narrow one.

Other features of Father John's writings will be easily discovered by the reader. In this book, as in the larger work which it represents, we have ancient teaching informed by a unique personality. It is the personality, not the teaching, which will appeal to most of Father John's English readers. For the man as well as the priest is seen behind all, and nothing is more usual than for the one to support the other. Even when the priest warns us that the devil "chiefly assaults the heart through a full stomach," the man confesses, "this is from experience."

Soldier and Squire.

Lumsden of the Guides. By General Sir Peter S. Lumsden and George R. Elsmie. (Murray. 16s.)

THIS is the record of a good soldier and a good squire. Its compilation has been rendered possible by the discovery of the full and interesting letters which Lumsden wrote to his parents during his Indian career. These had been carefully preserved by his mother, and they form the staple material of this book. Sir Harry Lumsden came of an old Scottish family having its seat at Belhelvie Lodge, Aberdeenshire. He was born, however, amid the very different surroundings of a storm in the Bay of Bengal, while his parents were sailing to India in the East India Company's ship the *Rose*. His father, Lieut. Thomas Lumsden, was a Bengal horse artillery officer of great experience, but Harry reaped nothing from this fact to which his own "grit" did not entitle him. A lost watch story which is told of Thomas Lumsden is too remarkable to be neglected. In 1820 this officer left India for England to be married, and in an adventurous spirit, worthy of the fine Scottish blood in his veins, he travelled overland through Persia, Armenia, and across Europe, having for his companion his cousin, Matthew Lumsden, a learned professor of Persian and Arabic in Calcutta. In the Caucasus the travellers were caught in a great snowstorm, in the midst of which Thomas Lumsden lost a valuable gold watch. Several years later Matthew Lumsden, making a second journey over the same route, greatly to his astonishment, was presented with his cousin's watch by certain monks, who said it had been found on a mountain path. The watch, inscribed "Nil desperandum," is now an heirloom in the family.

The baby Harry Lumsden was sent back to Aberdeen to be reared among the cool Highland hills. And in after life his heart "remembered how" the storms rolled among them, and the trout leapt in the streams below. At sixteen he obtained a cadetship in the East India Company, and was gazetted to the 59th Bengal Native Infantry as ensign. The 59th was one of the best native corps, and Lumsden looked upon the regiment as his home. His brother officers gave him the affectionate nickname

"Joe." A man for whom the name "Harry" is not considered kindly enough must be a very good fellow indeed; and such was "Joe" Lumsden.

It was in 1841, after he had been a lieutenant for nine years, and a political officer on a small scale, that Lumsden received his grand opportunity. It was given to him by Sir Henry Lawrence, who, as the first British agent at Lahore, had gathered round him a choice band of young men—among them Lumsden—"men," he said, "such as you will seldom see anywhere, but when collected together worth double and treble the number taken at haphazard." The need of a small mobile force of men who, at a moment's notice, could act as guides and interpreters to troops in the field was keenly perceived by Lawrence; and it was to Lumsden that he committed the task of raising and training this unique body. The result was the famous regiment of the "Guides," composed of both infantry and cavalry, and filled with soldiers of lion-hearted courage and fox-like intelligence.

Lumsden often found his recruits among his enemies. To use his own words, he sought for "men accustomed to act for themselves, and not easily taken aback by any sudden emergency." There was a man named Dilawur Khan, who had been intended for the Muhammadan priesthood, but instead was going about the country kidnapping bankers and merchants.

Dilawur's capital consisted of his sword, a piece of rope, and a huge bullock's skin, which he could inflate at pleasure, and so carry himself and his guests across the "sacred river." Once there a messenger was sent to settle the sum the firm or family would give as a ransom for his guest. This was Dilawur's occupation. Lumsden, thinking that Dilawur must have rare local knowledge and pluck to carry on such a trade successfully, sent him an invitation to his camp, promising him a safe return to the hills. The very novelty of the invitation took Dilawur's fancy, and to the astonishment of the chief of the district he appeared in camp. Lumsden received him with all courtesy, pointed out that in a short time posts would be so established throughout the country that his calling would be impossible and the risk of hanging great, and ended his moral by proposing to make him a Guide. Dilawur fairly burst into a fit of laughter at the proposal, and took his departure across the border. Six weeks afterwards he voluntarily turned up at Lumsden's tent, saying he had come to join the Guides, but pleaded hard to be excused the degradation of the "goose step"; but Lumsden held out stoutly for the absolute necessity of his being taught the complete art of war, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the most dreaded man on the frontier patiently balancing on one leg at his bidding.

How quickly Lumsden put his little army-within-an-army into order is seen in many a passage in his letters. Quite early he writes:

My Guides have gained for themselves and for me a good name in the British camp. All the Engineers send for Guides as an escort, when reconnoitring, in preference to regular cavalry. Only think, when I was on duty elsewhere one day, sixty-six of my men rode slap through and through ten times their number in the hope of recovering some camels which the Seikhs had driven off from General Whish's camp. They did not get the camels, but covered themselves with glory in the presence of the whole army.

Lumsden's life with his Guides was one of the greatest activity. He raced about the Punjab, administering law and fighting law-breakers. The whole country was unsettled, and the man at the plough had his matchlock handy, and the cattle of a village went to graze under an armed escort. We make no attempt to give Lumsden's activities their political and military setting. It suffices to remind the reader that they had their part in the early settling of the North-West Frontier under Lawrence and Campbell. The Guides were a small force, but their brains told in every conflict; and in a letter to Lieutenant G. J. Younghusband of the Guides, written only a few

years ago, Sir Harry tells how in one attack on an armed Sikh village it was not might, but "swagger," that "did the trick." This was often the case; the force had its own clever methods, and it was one of Sir Harry's regrets in his retirement at Belhelvie that the separateness and distinction of the "Guides" has been largely lost, and its duties assimilated to those of the frontier force in general. Whatever may be said for or against this change, the Guides regiment remains Sir Harry Lumsden's living and palpitating monument; and the story of its raising and education is one of the most vital chapters in Indian military history.

"Joe" Lumsden persistently declined political advancement, and military advancement was strangely withheld from him. Lord Roberts has declared that he never understood why Lumsden was not given the command of the frontier force. As it was, the creator of the Guides settled on his Aberdeen estate, where he flew his hawks and cast his flies with great contentment, though with fits of wistfulness and longing when he heard the East "'a-callin'," and realised that a generation had arisen in India that "knew not Joseph." A well-rounded career, at least, was his; and this its record is both heartening and instructive.

In Favour of Toads and Frogs.

The Tailless Batrachians of Europe. By G. A. Boulenger. (The Ray Society.)

THE Ray Society, instituted to publish works too exclusively scientific to be undertaken by ordinary publishers, has issued since 1844 volumes by Darwin, Huxley, and Agassiz, by Dr. Carpenter, Prof. W. K. Parker, Prof. Allman, and many others. Second to none of these is *The Tailless Batrachians of Europe*, by G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., two parts of which have successively appeared in the fifty-third and fifty-fourth years of the Ray Society's existence. Frogs and toads, which constitute the order of "Tailless Batrachians," may not seem attractive animals to many persons, nevertheless they constitute a group of exceeding interest. Their organisation is very exceptional and their development from other antecedent forms of life is by no means clearly indicated. As yet their fossil remains have not been found below the lowest Miocene Tertiary strata. There they suddenly make their appearance as if they had leaped, fully formed, into life, which, of course, they never did. The intermediate forms have simply become extinct.

But the frog is not only zoologically interesting, it has been most useful to us men, and may be called the martyr of science, experiments made on its nervous system having been of great importance to physiology and so to medical science.

The toad is commonly thought an ugly animal, but familiarity with it will breed not contempt, but appreciation. Mr. Boulenger tells us that

its intelligence is greater than that of any other Batrachian; in captivity it soon accommodates itself to its surroundings, understands that a glass partition is an obstacle, and, placed on a table, will not attempt to jump off, while a frog will not hesitate to take a leap from a fifth story balcony. It is therefore easily tamed, answering the call of its master to take food from the hand, or flattening itself down to let him stroke its back.

Mr. Boulenger's work is most complete, and the Introduction gives so full and careful an account of the anatomy, physiology, developments (with metamorphosis), habits, and geographical distribution of the species described, that it is quite well-fitted to serve a beginner as an introduction to the science of zoology. The species which inhabit Europe are represented in coloured plates, both the adult forms and their tadpoles. There are also six folding

plates, representing the geographical distribution of all the species, and a multitude of woodcuts depicting points of external and internal structure, and also the attitudes assumed in pairing, which are very characteristic and peculiar. In England only four species are found, and of these the edible frog (found only in the Eastern counties) has probably been introduced by man. Ireland is inhabited by the common frog alone.

The beautiful little tree-frog, though a stranger to us, is found as far North as Denmark and Southern Sweden, and ranges from Japan to Morocco and the Canaries. All male European Batrachians can produce more or less loud sounds, in which some species are aided by one or two external vocal sacs behind the mouth. The midwife toad will emit in the evening a clear, whistling note like a little bell, or a chime when produced by many. Most species croak, and the loudest croakers are the tree-frog and the edible frog, which has thus gained for itself in our Eastern counties the name of the "Cambridgeshire Nightingale." In Southern Europe the tree-frogs when they are numerous make a noise which is simply deafening, and audible miles away.

From the warty skin of the toad, and especially a prominent gland behind each eye, the animal can exude a viscid, milky fluid, which is so irritating that a dog will rarely seize the creature a second time. When on a collecting excursion with a dog the Hungarian naturalist Méhely found a large toad under a stone,

The dog seized it, but immediately let it go with signs of great repulsion; the toad had instantly become covered with a thick white secretion. The dog approached it once more, and then withdrew, sneezing, howling, and rubbing its foaming mouth on the grass. After a few minutes the dog was seized with convulsions, and had to be carried home. On the next day it had a swollen mouth and burning nose. It did not completely recover until the following day.

Mr. Boulenger gives a very interesting and full account of the geographical distribution of these animals, and at the end of the work is a most complete bibliographical index. Indeed, there is no department of knowledge about these animals wanting in this work, which is addressed not only to experts, but also to all persons with any real interest in zoology and in the natural history of their own country.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Other New Books.

GREATER WESTMINSTER. BY G. P. WARNER TERRY.

It is a pity that this history of Greater Westminster has the outward look of a sea-side blotting-pad. For between these misleading covers we find much grave matter of value to students and municipal reformers. The timeliness of Mr. Terry's book, which has run serially through the *London Argus*, is obvious. It is more to the point to say that timeliness and haste have here no connexion. Mr. Terry is the Vestry Clerk of St. Margaret, Westminster, and to his task of tracing the rise and boundary-making of the old city he has brought a conscientious industry. He has also had the advantage of access to original documents, some of which are reproduced in facsimile, while many good illustrations are transferred from the *London Argus*.

The royal city of Westminster was born in the tenth century, and it perished of fatty degeneration of the heart in 1855. By that time it included so many boards and beadles and commissioners and committee men that good administration was impossible. In the Strand no fewer than nine paving boards presided over the roadway between Northumberland House and Temple Bar. The crash came when Sir Benjamin Hall's Metropolis Local Management Act divided Westminster up into five administrative

districts. Then it was that Westminster ceased to cast out its shoe over Covent Garden and St. George's, Hanover-square, and the Savoy Precinct, and other goodly parts of London. But although the royal city was cut up, it remained whole; and though its Corporation ceased to live, it did not die. Asleep in his civic chair sits the High Steward of Westminster, and sleeping with him are the Deputy High Steward, and the Town Clerk, and the High Constable, and the Mace-bearer. "It is doubtful," sighs Mr. Terry, "whether there are still a Clerk of the Markets and a Searcher of the Sanctuary." Doubtful—and the fairy Prince at the door! The awakening is near; the Burgesses, no doubt, will swear "with many words, 'twas but an after-dinner's nap," and the new Lord Mayor "dally with his golden chain." And now we think of it, perhaps the giddy garb of Mr. Terry's treatise is donned for the fête. (*London Argus Office*. 1s.)

DANTE.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D.

Sooner or later every work is finding its way into paper covers at sixpence, or leather covers at three sixpences. Messrs. Isbister have now added the *Divina Commedia* and *Canzoniere* of Dante to the portable classics in the translation of the late Dean Plumptre. The work is to be complete in five volumes, of which the first two are ready. They are issued in soft plum-coloured leather, and have on the back the tortured lettering which now passes for good taste. Except for this blemish the little books are charming. (Isbister. 2s. 6d. per vol.)

BIBLE CHARACTERS.

BY ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.

This is Mr. Whyte's third series of "Bible Characters." The first extended from Adam to Achan, the second from Gideon to Absalom. The third begins with Ahithophel and ends with Nehemiah. The breezy, penetrating treatment which was so conspicuous in the first two series is here also. Mr. Whyte does the Old Testament no dishonour by his frank common-sense handling of characters which, just because they are in the Old Testament, many people fail to study in a direct and masculine way. His method is seen in the first paragraph of this book:

I am not going to whitewash and rehabilitate Ahithophel. I am neither to extenuate nor am I to denounce Ahithophel. I shall put myself back into Ahithophel's place, and I shall speak of Ahithophel as I see and feel Ahithophel to have been. I shall do my best to put myself first into Ahithophel's place, and then into David's place, and then I shall tell you exactly and honestly what I see and what I feel, first as to Ahithophel, and then as to David. But to begin with, who was Ahithophel, and what were the facts?

In this spirit each character is grappled with, and one has only to turn these pages to approve the results. Mephibosheth's moroseness and ingratitude, Barzillai's "truly Highland courtesy" and "Highland hospitality," Jeremiah's "exquisite sensibility of soul," Daniel's "note of birth and breeding," Ezra's "commanding and contagious prayers"—these and a hundred other traits are distinguished and expanded. A book that should find its grateful readers. (Oliphant Anderson, & Ferrier. 3s. 6d.)

EDEN VERSUS WHISTLER: THE BARONET AND THE BUTTERFLY.

This is a petty performance. It is melancholy to see so much wit expended upon so poor a business; it is more melancholy to find a great artist descending to such paltriness. (Paris: L. H. May.)

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT. BY CANON MACCOLL.

Canon MacColl introduces his examination of the questions with which the Established Church is aflame with a letter to that doughty champion of State ascendancy, Sir William Harcourt. The two men are well matched:

they are both hard hitters; they are abundantly convinced; and they are equally masters of an abrupt, virile style of appeal that is admirably adapted to compel assent from a public whose ignorance of the matter in hand is matched by the lukewarmness of its real interest. Mr. MacColl's book covers all the questions at issue. The extreme Ritualists will probably judge the Canon's version of the Anglican teaching on Purgatory and the Mass to fall short of the fulness of the faith; and Roman Catholics will be surprised to learn that the bishops of Elizabeth's creation were invited to assist at the Council of Trent, especially as the author—owing, perhaps, to the haste with which the book has been written—has omitted the circumstance that such an invitation was extended also to the heads of Continental Reformed communities, and with a like limitation, that they might take no part in framing the decrees. But everyone must be interested in the author's deliberate opinion that the average clergyman, let him loose in the world of journalism, is good for £800 a year. (Longmans.)

THE BRITISH ANTHOLOGY.

EDITED BY EDWARD ARBER.

This is the beginning of the great task which Prof. Arber has set himself—to present in ten volumes the British Anthology. The whole series is designed to contain about 2,500 poems and songs of all kinds. The three volumes now before us are published out of their chronological order. Properly, the first should be *The Dunbar Anthology* (1401-1508), the second *The Surrey and Wyatt Anthology* (1509-1547), the third *The Spenser Anthology* (1548-1591). Mr. Frowde has chosen to begin with *The Shakespeare Anthology* (1592-1616), *The Jonson Anthology* (1617-1637), and *The Milton Anthology* (1638-1674). The volumes in each case open with selections from the works of the title poet, and pass on to his contemporaries. Thus Milton, in his own volume, is represented by three sonnets—"Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso"—and then two more sonnets. And he is then found again in the centre of *The Jonson Anthology*, with "Song on May Morning," "On Shakespeare," "At a Solemn Music," and The Nativity poem and hymn. This double appearance is confusing. The work seems to be intended to appeal rather to the general reader than the scholar. We may return to it when the ten volumes are complete and give it detailed criticism. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. each.)

Fiction.

Silver-Point Realism.

The Awkward Age. By Henry James. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. HENRY JAMES is the wonderful artistic outcome of our national habit of repression. He has learned how to make repression a factor of art instead of an impediment. To all real things, even those over whose discomforture Sir Francis Jeune presides, belongs an infinite variety of words and gestures whose presence in a publication "there's none to dispute." But they are legible, and, emanating from the things themselves, they witness uncompromisingly to their existence. For the art of Mr. James such words and gestures are enough. Nay, holding aloof as he does, yet without affectation of prudery, from the frank image of an act-in-itself, and dwelling with the thought behind it, he presents a more significant idea of both thinker and doer than were otherwise to be obtained. *The Awkward Age* is a complex illustration of his method. It is an urban drama of that fast life which, perhaps as a result of its "fastness," produces an atrophying cleverness that has learned to anticipate naïf opinion of its depravity. The

members of the little West-end circle, on whose affinity with US Mr. James seems with astonishing affability to calculate, vie with one another in their appreciation of the old-world chivalrous gentleman who sits like a bewildered stranger at their feasts. They have arrived at the point when everything exists as it is conceived to exist. It is not with the eyes of backbiters, but of psychologists, for instance, that they read elopement in Lady Fanny's eyes. In the anticipatory relish of what, for convenience, we will call "sins" they are such epicures that the sin itself, the act-in-being, would be anti-climax. So we ourselves thought as we read through what the plain but polite Briton will consider a masterpiece of ambiguity. We did not want to know if Lady Fanny eloped with her Captain, or if Vanderbank committed adultery with Mrs. Brookenham. The malaria of their atmosphere was accounted for by that delay in accomplishment which means the incessant re-creation of the same fact on the mental plane. The author gains his effect with the minimum of the kind of information which furnishes a newspaper. He knows it is not necessary for things to happen in the sense of making a noise or a rustle.

The story is a sad one, for it traces the gradual development of a tragic sense of the atrophy of which we spoke in two of the only three generous natures with whom it deals. Mr. Longdon, seeing in Nanda the outward counterpart of the woman he had loved in his youth, would have done anything to unite her with the man she loved. But the latter, Vanderbank—he is a portrait worthy to stand by Sir Claude in *What Maisie Knew*—is incapable of the sacrifice which a combination of futures demands. He has lights and stirrings, he knows what it is to be dissatisfied, but he is too clever to be mastered by impulse. Moreover, he owes allegiance to the girl's mother—that allegiance which may or may not be prejudicial to Mr. Brookenham. With one of those splendid feats of audacity by which Mr. James turns a sudden glare on the lurking badness which he plays the showman to so debonnairely, he makes Nanda beseech Vanderbank not to desert her mother.

"Do stick to her. . . . I don't believe you thoroughly know how awfully she likes you. . . . I suppose it *would* be immodest if I were to say that I verily believe she's in love with you. Not, for that matter, that father would mind. . . . That's the only thing I want. When I think of her downstairs there so often nowadays, practically alone, I feel as if I could scarcely bear it. She's so fearfully young."

There are few who dare write such a passage, or venture a pathos so supreme bordering on a vulgarity so abject. In achieving Nanda Mr. James has given us a veritable child of the age. But the "awkward age"? It is not very easy to see where that comes in, except that it was awkward for Mrs. Brookenham to own in public a child of nineteen. As for Mrs. Brookenham she is marvellous; her talk radiates the subtlest shafts of femininity. Not less, however, does she emanate a deadliness to which even the lightest of us may accord a shudder, and incline to accept the last irony which leaves no shelter for Nanda from the miasm of polite corruption, save with one who had loved her grandmother and would fain have married her to another man. Let it be added that the style of this study of life is delicate and incisive as of old. The words are picked, but not with gloves; they hold the distinctive nuances which the refusal to use slang confers on words of ancestry on the lips of ladies and gentlemen. Here and there a wonderful bluntness is allowed. One feels it was heard in the soul—is authentic. Charming bits of landscape, alluring glimpses of a sweeter life, occur as occasion arises. Yes, the book is another "Henry James." Let us thank the proprieties, the conventions of this land, the genius of repression, which have created that need for a new realism, delicate as a silver-point, to which his works make so satisfying a response.

Cruel To Be Kind.

Anne Mauleverer. By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota"). (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

FROM the point of view of mere craftsmanship the defects of this novel are many—very many. No reader who has ever studied the nature and beauty of the English language can read a single page of it without wincing. Most English readers, however, know little and care less about the use of their own tongue. If a writer has anything to say, that something will be accepted just as readily in its first form of rough ore as if it had been shaped and polished into a jewel of art; but even in England it is the jewels that endure and are preserved. It is impossible to suppose that *Anne Mauleverer* will endure.

Mrs. Caffyn has always appeared to write with culpable carelessness: this time she sets us wondering whether even the most laborious care could make her a good literary workman. Again and again there are sentences and constructions that would be surely impossible to any person possessing even the rudiments of literary taste—blots which are to her work what aniline mauves and magentas would be to the colouring of a portrait. She uses words without apparent regard to their values, their associations, their social status, or even their precise significance; she strings clause after clause upon an unhappy sentence until the meaning and the grammar are alike lost in a sheer tangle of knots; her narrative is loose, awkward, and at times confusing. All these things, bad as they are, are curable, though in Mrs. Caffyn's case it is no rash prophecy to say that they never will be cured; but when an author, after years of industrious work, shows no sign of an ear for the melodies that make English prose no less than English verse, then it seems sadly improbable that she can ever teach herself, or be taught, to become even a second-rate literary artist. Such a sentence as this (taken almost at random), from p. 249 of her sixth book, is, to say the least, unhopeful:

In her own way, an elusive, non-insistent way, which, however, many men remembered, and often to their cost, Anne was steadily and consecutively breaking the road to this goal, although, so far, John hadn't a notion whitherward he was being bent, or, indeed, that he was being bent at all, least of all by Anne, whose want of balance, more especially in the matter of the Jesuit priest, was just now affording him matter for grave uneasiness.

Yet if we were to conclude that a book written in such a style must be worthless we should be wrong. In the substance, the matter, the informing idea of *Anne Mauleverer*, there is nothing poor, careless, or second-rate. Mrs. Caffyn possesses the best kind of penetration—the penetration which sees the depths beneath the commonplace, and her powers of characterisation are remarkable. Not even the faultiness of the execution has been able to spoil the masterly conception of Anne herself. If Mrs. Caffyn had been a French instead of an English writer—if, that is to say, she had lived under a high and stern standard of workmanship—*Anne Mauleverer* might have been, as it ought to be, not merely a fine, but a great novel; as it stands, it is not even fine. It needs rewriting by some journeyman who knows the trade of literature. No imagination would be required of him, and no creative originality—these are here already—but he must have an ear, and some little feeling for the shape, the character, and the historical continuity of his language. When he had done with it, *Anne Mauleverer* would be a noble work of art. As it is, it is a lump of rough ore.

"If I, in my own person and daily walk, quietly resist heaviness of custom, coldness of hope, timidity of faith, then without wishing, contriving, or even knowing it, I am a light silently drawing as many as have vision and are fit to walk in the same path."

John Morley, in "Essay on Emerson."

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

TALES OF NORTHUMBRIA.

BY HOWARD PEASE.

Mr. Pease's Northumbrian stories have taken their own honourable place in the fiction of localities. In an interesting preface to these fourteen new ones Mr. Pease notes many changes in Northumbria, but he is bold to write: "Still, in the northern blood, the heritage of the 'raid' and the 'foray' abides, and still, as of old, are the children of the Borderland nursed by the keen wind of the moorland and the sea. 'Hard and heather-bred' ran the ancient North Tyne slogan; 'Hard and heather-bred—yet—yet—yet.'" (Methuen. 6s.)

THE VIBART AFFAIR.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

Another of this agile author's brisk melodramas. In the first chapter a young barrister defends a husband who had murderously attacked a drunken wife. The young barrister himself has a drunken wife, and is in love with another woman. On returning home he finds his wife in one of her worst stupors. "'Dead! He would be free!' something seemed to whisper to him . . ." And the drama has begun. (Pearson. 6s.)

MR. PASSINGHAM.

BY THOMAS COBB.

A very amusing Society story, starting from the point when Lady Dewhurst calls in Mr. Passingham, M.P., to aid her in breaking off her son's engagement to Zelig Trenchard. No one knows the Trenchards except the Fairbairns, "a very poor recommendation" in Lady Dewhurst's eyes. Passingham's good offices take an unexpected turn; and dialogue flows brightly through all. (Lane. 6s.)

A SON OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

Mr. Barry is an Australian writer and the author of *Steve Brown's Bunyip*. Here he tells the story of Torre Leigh and his progress from ship to ship all over the world. A salt, vigorous tale of a mariner's life, with glimpses of bush life thrown in and soft visions of the South Sea Islands. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"GOD SAVE ENGLAND!"

BY FREDERIC BRETON.

Being "The story told by Gervase Alard, Baron of the Cinque Ports, to refute certain calumnies." This new book, by the author of *True Heart*, is a romance of Winchelsea and Rye, love and fighting, French and English, in the fourteenth century, at the time men were preaching "the postils of Sire Wickcliffe and John Balle." (Richards. 6s.)

THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

"Overheard by Cosmo Hamilton" is the exact phrase on the title-page, and the dedication is "To Patty, dearest under the sun." On the first page we meet a bull-pup named Gargantua and a lazy modern named Richard Mobsby. On the last page Patty says: "Dick, dearest, dearest, dearest," and Gargantua forgets he is a philosopher. Between is much amusing flippancy. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

A COUNTY SCANDAL.

BY F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

There is nothing lurid or very unpleasant in this story, despite its title. The action is gentle, and the "scandal," which turns on money matters, does but obstruct in order to sauce the coming together of two lovers. A very pleasant tale. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE COMMON LOT.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

Miss Sergeant's new story tells how Ursula "avowed herself the happiest woman that ever lived, and all the happier since she had merged her ambition and her independence in the acceptance of what she used to call, disdainfully, 'the Common Lot.'" (Melrose. 6s.)

ON GOD'S LINES, &c.

BY RAMSAY GUTHRIE.

These stories deal with mining life in Durham, and they bear the motto:

"And souls flash out like stars of God
From the midnight of the mine."

Blackerton, the immediate scene of the various actions, is appalling at first sight. "My wife stood aghast when she looked at the long, evenly-built rows of colliers' cottages, at the great engine-rooms, the gigantic wheels, and the countless chimneys." (*Christian Commonwealth* Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.)

BY CREEK AND GULLY.

EDITED BY LALA FISHER.

A collection of stories of Australian life, real and ideal, by colonials and pseudo-colonials, &c., among them Mr. Louis Becke, Mr. E. W. Hornung, Mr. Patchett Martin, Mr. Hume Nisbet, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Mr. Marriott Watson, Mrs. Campbell Praed, and "Iota." (Unwin. 6s.)

THAT DUEL AT CHATEAU MARRINAC.

BY W. PULITZER.

Mr. Pulitzer once wrote a book called *Chess Harmonies*, and the duel in this story is fought out on a chess-board—the prize being a fair German beauty who had looked with equal favour on the two antagonists. A pleasant little effort. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MARQUISE.

BY MRS. LOWNDES.

"And what is the use of a book without conversations?" said Alice. This book is all conversations. It is bright and modern. It opens with three widows, and ends with two engagements and a marriage. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

A LONG ROAD.

BY E. CONSTANCE.

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In the Key of Green.

IN facing, not the problems of life, but the world-hieroglyphics of beauty, I am constantly driven to ask myself: "What would Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or Wordsworth say?" I would know, not what is the right action, but what is the right word? A sunset, a seascape, a flower, an interior, will sometimes set the mind on the very verge of some escaping perfection of description. Thus, on entering my room one foggy evening, I met such an elusive challenge in its fire-lit density. The rich glow shone without illuminating; my shelves and books were dim with vague suggestion in an atmosphere thick with light. I fumbled for the word, the word that should match the impression; Mrs. Browning's "luminous round" lacked colour; Mr. Francis Thompson's "purpurate shine" was ugly; Mr. John Davidson's "ruddy varnish"—that was better—that gave the exact consistency of hue that flickered on my books.

But the fog which began to pour into my room—must I be compelled to define its colour by its most inappropriate resemblance to pea-soup? The comparison between city-stained mist and "soup of the evening, so rich and green," was, to say the least of it, ludicrous; and yet it was in fact this very green that prevented its inclusion in George Meredith's fine fog-parallel "the colour of old bruised fruits." I searched in vain among our extremely awkward colour-circumlocutions. Myrtle-green, olive-green, sage-green, peacock-green, apple-green, cabbage-green; none of these approached the special hue I wanted to define. And what remoteness of allusion they involved—what observation they pre-supposed! Bottle-green—how hideous! Sea-green—how vague! To hunt down the right colour-term would seem to require a unique gift of scent, and I began to wonder how our masters of language had, with such inadequate means, met the colour-problem. Poetry, of course, was full of exquisite colour. I glanced idly round my shelves, and felt, growing in my inner consciousness, a chord of green ranging from the palest to the richest tones. Shelley vanished where the green was almost indistinguishable from light, Chaucer shone from the freshest and middle belt, the shade was rich over Keats, and grew sombre with Wordsworth. By what methods had our poets evolved the green of literature? Into what radiant paint-pots had they dipped their brushes? What dainty devices of balance and contrast had they employed? I remembered J. A. Symonds's *Excursion in the Key of Blue*: what would poetry yield in the Key of Green—green, the colour of Life, in a far more extended sense than flesh-colour.

The crudest method of indicating shades of colour is to qualify one colour-term by another colour-term. Green being artificially manufactured by the mixture of blue and yellow, we find its shades roughly classified as blue-green and yellow-green. Such composite expressions are linked by the loosest of mechanical combinations: it requires a huge effort of will to fuse them into a single idea. At best they suggest a vague transition-stage of a most uncertain quantity. Yet poets have not scrupled to make use of such. Keats speaks of the sea as blue-green; J. A. Symonds, as grey-green; Mr. Gerald Massey gives sea-colour as rich purple-green—a severe tax on mental co-ordination. Since Browning has an olive-pale sea, one wonders what exact shade Mr. Swinburne's "sea-coloured marsh-

mosses" may be. Then Herrick's primrose is yellow-green—an adjective of constant employment in literature. Where gold and silver are used to qualify green colour, the fusion is easier, owing to the more permeating radiance of these metal hues. We get not only appositeness but illumination in Mr. John Davidson's "green-gold of the oak," and in Tennyson's poplar "all silver-green with gnarled bark."

Again, in common speech, shades of colour are often specialised by the use of such adjectives as light, dark; rich, dim; bright, pale. A long period of currency has worn the images of these somewhat thin, and it is rarely in poetry that much reliance is placed on their stress of emphasis. Walt Whitman, it is true, speaks of the lilac's "heart-shaped leaves of dark green"—but it is the shape rather than the colour that impresses our memory. In another passage he speaks of an oak's leaves of dark green: but notice the copiousness of imagination that links these leaves to Shakespeare's "tongues in trees":

I saw in Louisiana a live oak growing;
Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous
leaves of dark green.

This oak finds kinship, too—kinship of joy—with the sun-steeped oaks of mediæval romance. We read of oak leaves in the *Flower and the Leaf*:

That sprongen out agen the sunne shene
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

O cheerfullest of colours! The dark leaves are joyous and the light leaves are glad. The author of "The Seasons" apostrophises green as "gay green!" saluting it curiously as "united light and shade." We read of "dim green depths," of "green, palid and sweet," of "bright green," of "deep green," and many another change that is rung on the degree of light and shade that enters into the colour-composition. But it is evident that no great weight is placed by masters of language on this sole method of description.

To produce a lively impression of colour it is not unusual to lay importance on purity of tone—on freedom from shadow or stain. *Fresh* and *new* are the adjectives which best fit this intention. Freshness is the idea which O. W. Holmes hunts after where he speaks of the poplar's "pillar of glossy green." The exquisiteness of the adjective *fresh* was discovered and exploited in mediæval times: *new* is our more modern and less adequate equivalent. In Chaucer his *Emilie* is "fresh": his daisies are "fresh": in "The Romaunt of the Rose" we read of the grass "so freshe of hewe." To-day the daisies are new—"The daisy's frill a wondrous newness wore." Green is new:

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath,
Their broad curved branches fledged with clearest green
New from its silken sheath.—Tennyson.

The different spirit in which colour is approached in different literary periods may be illustrated from three parallel passages, dealing with the grass. Chaucer writes of "the smale, softë, swetë gras." In "The Seasons" we read: "the vivid verdure runs And swells and deepens." Mr. Meredith gives us:

... The pine-forest dark
Overbrowing an emerald chine
Of the grass billows.

In the first, colour is taken for granted; we have absolute happiness of simplicity—a closeness to Nature that almost stirs tears. In the second, "a very supreme viridity or glory of greenness" is achieved by effort of language. In the third, what complexity of contrast, what flashing revelation! How mysterious and intense, how gorgeous and ornate, is the Nature of the nineteenth century! Some of our poets are not far short of the sublime intimacies of Chaucer; others find no stone too glorious for the building of Nature's temple—no fire for her altar too remote.

The description of Nature in terms of jewel-metaphor is a departure peculiar to this age. We seek in this manner to give our words both radiance and substance—the substance of seas and fields and trees, sun and moon-transfused. Our sunsets are built of diamond and alabaster; all the precious stones of *Revelations* shine in our sunrises; our moon-lit landscapes are cut out of pearls; we walk on emerald, and sail on jade. Emerald has, indeed, become a quite common cognomen for intense or luminous green. Have we not the Emerald Isle, with its shamrock

As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming?

Thomas Moore.

Does not Mr. Swinburne, in a phrase that recalls Spenser's "more white than snow," speak of sky-colour as being "greener than emerald"? Our woods hold hidden emerald—"A virgin wood discovered twilight gleams of emerald"; our seas are like "burning emerald"—nay, there is actually an emerald sky above us—

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale.—Shelley.

—which simile bears some remote analogy to the "green night," wherein the oranges hang like yellow lamps. Examples might, of course, be indefinitely multiplied; but to show how far astray we may be led in the pursuit of the word, we may give one grating instance from Mr. Gerald Massey, who speaks of the "emerald fingers" of the "arch laburnum."

Comparisons of natural objects to jade and beryl are more infrequent. Mr. John Davidson, who is a very careful colourist, gives us in his last volume:

A green isle like a beryl set
In a wine-coloured sea.

We find a jade-parallel in Fiona Macleod. This writer takes a particular delight in colour-studies, and she has given us many elaborate and beautiful pictures. Her northern waters are every shade of green—"yellow-green," "emerald," "dark bottle-green," and the following passage is interesting as showing the extreme difficulty of specialising shades: "With his hand gripping the gunwale, he swayed for some time to and fro, fascinated by the lustrous green beneath the keel—green in the sunlit spaces as leaves of the lime in April, and in the lower, as emerald lapsing into jade, and then as jade passing into the gloom of the pines at dark."

Despite the marvellous accuracy and life of colour in the above, we feel that an over-minutiae of detail somewhat interferes with breadth of achievement. We detect just the faintest suspicion of midnight oil. There is more of nature and of charm in the simplest unstudied description: in "green secluded vales," in "farms green to the very door," in the "green world" of the daffodils. And, indeed, the secret of colour-definition seems to consist in flashing back upon the adjective of colour some vitality or illumination from the noun it qualifies. The later James Thomson speaks of spring leaves as "green flames"—"green flames wave lightly everywhere." Celts call the sap in the leaves "green fire." Oh, mighty rightness of words—the heart thrills to remember them! "Green wind from the green-gold branches"—how mystic and wonderful! "Green fountains, weeping willows"—how pregnant with imagery! It is impossible to foresee of what magic and extension this method is capable. Think of Mr. W. E. Henley's "The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams"; think of Mr. William Watson's "green heart of the waters"; recall Mr. Swinburne's magnificent metaphor:

The sea's green garden-bed,
Which tempests till and sea winds turn and plough.

The final and most wonderful way of all is to suggest colour, not only without qualifying its shades, but without naming it. As the observation of nature becomes closer and more general, and the knowledge of colour more accurate, the special hue of tree and herb will be merely implied, and more delicate distinctions dwelt upon. Our earliest poets instinctively used this method. In some of the most exquisite nature poems of recent years the word "green" is omitted altogether; yet they are permeated by the sensation of green, sun-steeped or rich in shade. "The Nympholept" is full of green; you feel an almost tangible greenness in these lines of Mr. Watson's:

Hoarding the cool and leafy silentness
In many an unsunned hollow or hid recess.

The deer that is pursued of the hunters becomes ever less obvious of characteristic—more radiant and elusive—and it leads us on, ever and further, into the thickets of a more exquisite unknown.

E. W.

A Schoolboy's Diary.

In the May number of the *Gospel Magazine*—a number entirely devoted to the honour of Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of the hymn "Rock of Ages"—will be found extracts from a diary kept by the divine when a



THE AUTHOR OF "ROCK OF AGES."

boy at Westminster School. A more curious document it has rarely been our lot to read.

One of the first entries states that on Shrove Tuesday, 1751, when the boy was ten and a half (he was born in November, 1740), he wrote another sermon, bringing his total of original sermons to four. Here is a mixed extract from 1752:

My aunt gave me a large black box to keep my writings in. I make vast progress in my book, and have vigorously and industriously endeavoured to do my tasks well. I always pray to my God as I go to my school.—My aunt gave me a seal. My dear mamma gave me a pulpit cloth of white all-a-piece, laced with a broad gold lace.—I always love God, and endeavour to cast away all impurity and all sin whatever. When I was a very little boy I found a pocket-book with clasps, purse, and hinges of solid silver. Before I went to Deptford I had bought out of own money a large strong bookcase, in 1751.

In March he wrote a manual of prayers. Also, the diarist being ill, "my mamma provided me with everything needful, like a kind indulgent parent as she is." On April 7 his mamma told him that he was "as good to her as ten children." He adds the text of the prayers which

he was accustomed to offer on the way to school, at school, and on the way home. On April 11 :

My dear mamma, having heard my prayers, cried tears for joy, and said that she hoped I should never leave the right road; and bid me beware cautiously of sin, that God's heavenly grace might be with me. Having thought of some graces I should practise should I survive her: First, I must beware of impatience, that is, murmuring at her death, and despairing of God's lifting me up again; therefore I must keep a heart of thanksgiving and faith: thanksgiving, in praising Him for sparing the life of mamma so long as to instruct me in the right paths; and faith, in reliance on His good providence that He will mercifully assist me, and give me the comfort of His upholding consolations.

On May 16 :

I hear that my grandmamma said that my mother would bring me up a scourge to herself. This is the love of my grandmother, who before my face pretended kindness, but behind my back could stab me, by taking away my reputation with my mother. I went to my uncle Jack's: he never asked me to sit down (*very rude*).

But worse is to come from Uncle Jack. Aunt Betsey was also a scourge to the boy, and we find him continually affronted by her. Thus on July 15: "Went to Aunt Betsey's, who set forward a most dreadful quarrel, calling me names, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. . . . Mamma made it up." On another occasion he "received a most abusive letter from Aunt Betsey."

This is a birthday entry :

I am now arrived at the age of eleven years—namely, Nov. 4th, 1752. I praise God I can remember no dreadful crime; and not to me but to the Lord be the glory. Amen. It is now past eight o'clock, and now I think fit to withdraw, but yet my heart is so full of divine and holy raptures, that a sheet of paper could not contain my writings.

On August 15 he records that during the year Coke (the evil son of a Justice of Peace) and several others have "popt off." And now for a difficulty with Uncle Jack, concerning those precocious sermons :

I carried two or three of my sermons to show to my cousin Kitty, as she had often desired me: my uncle took hold of them, and read part of one, and asked: "who's I got them out of?" I told him nobody. He shook his head, and said, "he knew what children can do before now." I still urged that I really did not take them out of anyone, but they were my own. He bid me hold my tongue, and not make it worse by denying it. "You cannot persuade beyond my senses; you know they are not yours, for you have taken them out of Bishop Andrews" (a fine bishop, truly, to make no better sermons than these!). He went on, "If you were my boy I would flay you alive" (a fine friendly expression from an own uncle!) "for doing such things and fetch the truth out of you." "Sir," says I, "it hath been the great care of my mamma, who hath laboured with me night and day, to avoid lying. I hope I scorn it, and I am sure I do in this particular." Well," says he, "I have no business with it."

The year 1753 began unfavourably. On January 27 his Aunt Betsey sent for him, flew at him, and beat him sadly. On the 31st his mamma was in "a very ill temper"; and on February 13 in "a most terrible temper." Aunt Betsey, however, improved: "March 4th. —A whole holiday; preached a sermon before my Aunt, on Isaiah, 16, 17 verses. She gave me a shilling." On March 10 he had a "rash bad hard slap" from his usher. April 29 :

The prayer I said on the last day of April: "Most benevolent Lord of all things, who governs Thy chosen servants with the sceptre of mercy; look on me, O my Lord and my God; dispose my heart every way to what is strictly just and pious; guide me with thy Holy Spirit, so that I may spend the approaching month in equity and purity. Grant, O most merciful Father, that no accident

nor casualty may happen to me this new month, but protect and keep me, O God of my salvation. Amen."

This is the next entry, with a welcome little touch of boyishness at the end of it :

May 6th.—Went to the Presbyterian meeting house, but I had enough of it. Oh the beauty there is in the religion which is established (among us); so sweet a liturgy creates devotion in every breast. My aunt gave me a great hunk of cake.

On May 15 he records an escape from drowning the year before. He had been seized by cramp, and would have sunk but for some rushes. "Bob Trimmer told me if I had been drowned he would have got me out. Said I, 'I thank you, but it would have done me more good if you had got me out while I was alive; afterwards my friends could have got me out.'"

In September Aunt Betsey had a relapse. The entry for the 2nd says :

Went to Aunt Betsey's. She is quite out of the way. She is so vastly quarrelsome; in short, she is so fractious and captious and insolent that she is unfit for human society. Read the Bible; mamma one chapter and I another; and read also the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Poor mamma is a little out of temper.

On the 8th there is this perfect expression of candour :

Mrs. Stapleton came to our house, whom I treated with a pot of my plum jam. If I had known she would have taken it I would not have offered it to her.

On the 15th he collected some of his old prayers together. On the 16th, the last day of the holidays, he prayed a good while. And then comes a surprise: "October 8th.—Sat up late about my farce, which I intend to show Mr. Garrick, master of Drury Lane Playhouse. It is called 'Cyorone.'" Of the fate of the farce we are not told, but in December he carried an entertainment of his own making, called "The Shepherds' Dispute, or Rural Queen," told in verse, to Mr. Garrick, and was told to call again with it. Finally here are two entries :

Nov. 29th.—Lord Norris promised me to go with him to see the lottery drawn to-morrow.

Nov. 30th.—Was dressed on purpose to go with the dishonourable Norris till twelve o'clock, who promised to be at our house by nine. Fate defend me from such noblemen.

Unfortunately, the whole document is not printed. Toplady, although he was not conspicuous for humour, must have smiled in after life at these early confessions.

Toplady, we might add in conclusion, was editor of the *Gospel Magazine* in 1775-6, and it was to its pages that he contributed "Rock of Ages." His remains (recently brought to light during the excavations for the new church on the site of Whitefield's Tabernacle in the Tottenham-court-road) have been re-interred in the foundations of that building, beneath the floor of a large room, to which the name Toplady Hall has been given.

The Oak and the Willow.

An oak and a willow grew by a stream, and they quarrelled as to which was the greater and more useful; but no one could decide.

A poet came and praised the oak, but he sat in the shade of the willow; a painter made a picture of the willow from beneath the oak. In time both were cut down. The best of the willow made a cradle, the best of the oak a coffin.

And now who will decide?

Was Bacon a Poet?

MR. SIDNEY LEE will not, we hope, rank us as touched with that Baconian craze, in the quite superfluous criticism of which he spends so much of his valuable time, if we suggest to him some qualification of his statement that Bacon was not a poet. It is true that the only poetry published under the philosopher's name in his lifetime was a small volume of paraphrases from the Psalms made in his sickness. These are not much: but they have a sober dignity of their own: and what more can you say of Milton's paraphrases from the Psalms, or Vaughan's or Sidney's, and Sidney's sister's—excellent or tolerable poets all? Bacon must, however, have written much more poetry than this; for there are references to him as a poet, both by his contemporaries—George Wither, for example—and in his own letters. In one place he certainly seems to include himself among "concealed poets." On this the Baconians put their own interpretation. Probably what it does mean is, that he wrote verse for the delectation of his private friends, which was given to the world, if at all, only under the veil of anonymity. To be a poet has often been thought slightly disreputable for a budding statesman. Who shall say, then, how often the *Ignoto* of the Elizabethan miscellanies conceals the identity of the author of the *Novum Organum*? Fortunately two copies of verses have come down to us which bear, on fairly good authority, Bacon's signature; and these we print, in order that readers of the ACADEMY may decide for themselves on Bacon's claim to be called a poet.

I.

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span:
In his conception wretched, from the womb,
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.
Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools:
The rural parts are turned into a den
Of savage men:
And where's a city from foul vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three?
Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head:
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse:
Some would have children: those that have them, moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thralldom, or a double strife?
Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,
We are worse in peace;—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to die?

II.

The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds and thoughts of vanity;
That man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes can not delude, nor fortune discontent;
That man needs neither tower nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence.
He only can behold with unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep and terrors of the skies.
Thus, scorning all the care that fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book, his wisdom heavenly things,
Good thoughts his only friends, his wealth a well-spent age;
The earth his sober inn,—a quiet pilgrimage.

Our own notion is, that this is by no means despicable poetry. It is not a bit like Shakespeare's, of course; but it has vigour of expression as well as elevation of sentiment. In particular, the second piece has some uncommonly fine lines, and fairly ranks with the other classical poems on the same theme, with Wotton's "How happy is he born and taught," Herbert's "Constancy," Vaughan's "Righteousness," and Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior."

Things Seen.

A Child I Knew.

HE was disciplined in the nursery, petted in the drawing-room, and silently adored in the school-room. There the young governess taught the elder brothers (themselves barely in sight of their teens) and there the little four-year-old boy alighted for a serious half-hour every day. He was told Bible-stories and played (under cunning guidance) with ivory letters. He wore a white sailor-suit, with a large square blue collar down his back for the curls to rest on. Short white socks nestled against his brown legs. His skin was brown, his hair browner, and his eyes brownest of all. He was too pretty to be put on a far-off chair, so he sat astride on the governess's knee and smiled at her closely—and asked questions such as, "Where does God live?"

"Up above the sky," was the conventional answer, "and one day we shall go there too."

"But how shall we be able to climb up?"

"God will help us."

Then (really puzzled and practical): "But how shall we take our boxes?"

"We sha'n't need any boxes."

"But what shall we do for clothes?"

The startling reply: "We shall need no clothes," silenced the prattling tongue. The child's eyes fell. He had caught a glimpse of Modesty.

He liked stories about heroes, and his whole face glowed as he heard of deeds of courage and adventure. His heart leaped out towards a hero, and eagerly he would ask: "Is he dead?" "Yes, long, long ago," the governess would answer with mixed amusement and regret. The radiant face would darken and the sparkle seemed to fade from the eyes. He had caught the first glimpse of Death.

That question was asked more hesitatingly as the weeks went on. At last he seemed to understand that all great and good people were dead. He had learned Acquiescence.

A Critic of Literature.

I WAS staying at Bwlch-fyllin, a village in a corner of Wales. The landlord of the inn, though a native of the place, had spent some years in Liverpool, and posed as a man acquainted with the wider world. In the evening as we chatted he said to me: "I should judge, sir, that you had read a good deal; now, what would you think of the writings of Parry?" I knew Parry as a delineator of Welsh rustic life and character; my questioner was watching me with great curiosity, so I gave a very guarded reply, intimating that I would prefer to have the opinion of an intelligent Welshman as to the qualifications of the novelist in question. The landlord's face assumed a judicial air, and he said: "Perhaps you are aware that Parry places his stories in the little village of Llankirrie, an insignificant hamlet a few miles from here, and far less important. Now, since Parry has written of that one-horse little place,

visitors to this part of Wales have begun to stay at Llankirrie, instead of stopping here at Bwlch-fyllin. Of course, this makes a difference to my trade, but you must not think that for that reason I am biased against Parry's writings. Only I think that if a man is content to write about a miserable little hole like Llankirrie, he can't have anything to say worth reading."

Bwlch-fyllin is credited with 503 inhabitants, Llankirrie with 491.

An Interlude.

A DULL, dry, sunless afternoon in a northern suburb. From my window I look in an idle moment across the way, where behind a hoarding a number of workmen are engaged with hod and trowel on a new block of flats.

All at once the scene is invaded by a brisk photographer with his apparatus, which he plants, with much circumstance, on a favourable patch of ground.

At last he is ready, and twenty men range themselves in front of the camera. Strange transformation! They are no longer workmen only, but *men* individualised—twenty different faces, some mobile, others rigid, many sheepish, and a few jaunty. They try attitudes, copy each other, are eager and excited. Every man confesses something of his history. They are men with mothers and habitations. I am conscious of their homes, their Sunday suits laid away, their pigeons and their politics. A wave of sympathy ripples over me as I survey These, who were automata, stand up as human beings, vital, uneasy, vain, and rather lovable. There is a sudden fixity in the crowd! Then the photographer is marching away almost before the men have shaken their eyelids, and soon twenty are bricklaying like one.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

SINGULAR delusion of the relatives of an illustrious writer that the sweepings of his desk after death are necessarily of value! Some time ago M. Léon Daudet wrote a really interesting book about his father. In that it was to be presumed the son had reverentially gathered all that remained of Alphonse Daudet—all the fugitive notes and comments on life which, transmitted by the son's hand at such moment, had for us a pathetic significance. Now comes Mme. Daudet with a singularly dull and worthless volume, *Notes sur la Vie*—the sweepings, as I have called them, of her husband's desk. The book has no literary, human, or documentary *raison d'être*. It cannot even charitably be described as a pot-boiler, as we are not aware of any pot to boil. The vanity of such a publication is all the more inexplicable as Mme. Daudet is a lettered woman, and should be able to distinguish between what interests her through devotion and bereavement, and what can in decency claim public attention. This volume does not contain a single sentence worthy of Alphonse Daudet. It is all that we are accustomed to imagine that vivid and vital nature was not—dull, trivial, and vapid. Read these notes on London, and contrast them with Mme. Daudet's. These tell us nothing, are effaced and commonplace; even the visit to Mr. Meredith, which ought to have furnished such excellent copy to a writer like Daudet, is a bit of cheap and fugitive reporting. On the other hand, Mme. Daudet's *Notes sur Londres* was a piece of delicate impressionism of high artistic value. And the famous *Caravane*, of which Daudet prophesied so much! Ah, well, we need not regret that he died before it was completed. These opening pages are not of a nature to shorten our hours of sleep with longing. A drearier start could not well be conceived. Think of the lovely pages that have been written of Venice, and turn to

the feeble banalities here recorded! No, it was not fair to the Daudet we cherish to publish such worthless stuff. As for the philosophy of the Notes! Well, the *Petit Chose*, down in his dreadful school, might have drawn from his raw, unhappy youth precepts and proverbs as profound as these trivial utterances of age, only be sure he would have uttered them with far less pretentiousness, and on his infantine lips their freshness would have charmed us. Where, for instance, was the necessity for reprinting this remark, which Daudet has never ceased to weigh upon in every autobiographical volume—a fact we are as familiar with as we are with one of our own peculiarities:

What a marvellous machine for feeling I have been—above all, in my childhood! At a distance of so many years, certain streets of Nîmes, through which I have scarcely passed a few times—black, cool, narrow, smelling of spices; the druggist, Uncle David's house—return to me in a distant concordance, so vague of hour, of colour, of sky, of sound of bells, of exhalations of shops. Must I have been porous and penetrable; impressions, sensations to fill a lot of books, and all with the intensity of dreams.

This is his mood when he is subtle and cynical:

What we say, what we think, and what we write. Three conditions of the same plank, three aspects of the same fact. I say: "Madame is—a drab. All Paris has known her favours." [A free translation of the untranslatable!]. I think: "Where is the proof of my statement in these days of gossip, and universal and reperculated back-biting?" Having to write of this same person in a letter or an article, I write: "Charming woman, kind and intelligent, the honestest creature of the world." And yet I say I am not a liar!

Villa Tranquille is the new novel of M. André Theuriet. Ever since M. Bourget congratulated him in public on belonging to a land, M. Theuriet is rivetted to the mountains and provincial life. To peep into Paris, unless it be on his way to a railway-station, is to destroy the charm. The hero reverses the order of the hero of Boisfleury, also a mountain and provincial study. The latter started in Savoy, and went up to Touraine. Here Robert forsakes Touraine and goes down to Savoy. For the rest the atmosphere and life are the same. Annecy, boating excursions, mountain walks, parties, young people, gossip, slander, flirtation, and unhappy loves. The descriptive passages are pretty and winning, but the psychology is of a very conventional kind. A dreadful, detestable mother who ruins her son from spite; a beautiful, devoted, frail fair one to whom the son clings; a booby of a hero, and an amiable young girl. Without the landscape these would not go far.

M. Henri Rabusson gives us this week another study of a dreadful and detestable mother to match M. Theuriet's, only this one is not content to ruin her son from spite. Because he is a philanthropist, desires to benefit his workmen, and to marry a virtuous young girl not of his world, but of doubtful parentage, the hard and despotic mother has him locked up in a lunatic asylum. Where money and marriage are concerned, I can believe almost anything of the French bourgeoisie. There are practically no limits to the steps she would take to put a spoke in the wheel of generosity for the preservation of family fortune, no measures in her eyes too harsh to prevent an injudicious love-marriage. So *Griffes de Chimère* may possibly not be an exaggerated picture of an implacable bourgeoisie, who would prefer to have her sane son locked up in a lunatic asylum rather than free to marry a girl without a dowry, and give his workmen an interest beyond mere wage in his factories.

Mon Régiment Russe, by Art Roë, is an elevated study of military matters; refreshing, like an oasis in the desert, are these pages of dignified inspiration and delicate reverie.

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MRS. BRYDGES WILLYAMS, who has given £5,000 to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, is, despite her Welsh name, a dweller in Cornwall and a member of the Jewish community. She is, in fact, a sister of Sir Edward Lawson. But her name has yet another association, the most interesting of all. A bearer of her name—the Mrs. Brydges Willyams of fifty years ago—made Disraeli very happy by opening a correspondence with him, and announcing that, in admiration for his brilliant achievements as a member, by descent of the Jewish race, she intended to leave him such of her fortune as was under her own control. It was a considerable sum, though not quite so large as public rumour said; and it came at a most opportune time to the politician, who never used politics to enrich himself. Lord Beaconsfield wrote to Mrs. Brydges Willyams while she lived a series of delightful letters of political and social gossip, which will no doubt be some day published; and when she died she was buried, by her own request, in the vault at Hughenden which was later to receive all that was mortal of her political hero and of Lady Beaconsfield.

APPROPOS of the Turner pictures at the Guildhall, the old tale of Turner's having assured Mr. Ruskin that he read meanings into his pictures has been again revived. Newspapers, as we know, have made a good deal of talking by reading meanings into the speeches of politicians—against the advice of Lord Rosebery—and there is nothing to prevent a spectator from importing as many interpretations as he likes into a landscape, whether in nature or on a canvas. But that Mr. Ruskin, knowing Turner as he did, should have attributed to him this, that, and the other intention is less than credible, only to be repudiated by the painter, is incredible. The people who tell the story show precisely that want of wit which they attributed to Mr. Ruskin; and as a matter of fact the supposed conversation between painter and critic is purely legendary. The story has been publicly repudiated by Mr. Ruskin in a footnote, and he has applied to it a word rarely found in his vocabulary—"vulgar."

AFTER all that has been written about the health of Leo XIII. by newspaper correspondents who went out to Rome to report his death and did not like to own their personal defeat to the ultimate extent, some interest attaches to a candid and close observer's disinterested opinion. Cardinal Vaughan, who has long known the Pope, and who has had several long audiences during his present stay in Rome, states in a private letter to a friend in London that he has been astonished at the Pope's vigour, both of mind and body, and that he has taken, to all appearances, a new and good lease of life. The Cardinal himself has been reading lately in the papers that he is to be the "favourite" at the next conclave, and, therefore, the next Pope. "What nonsense the newspapers do sometimes print" is the Cardinal's only comment on the much-telegraphed report.

AN invitation went forth last week to the students of the Schools of Art in London. It was a little poster, and it was youthfully and frankly headed "Desecration of St. Paul's." Unity of opinion seems as far off about even a headline as it is about the decoration of the dome, and Sir William Richmond may get all the comfort he can from the objection at once urged by one dilettante student who shied at the word "desecration" as too bold for presentation to a Dean. "I will not sign that, no gentleman could," he ventured. "We shall ask only artists," came the stinging retort. So the first blood was drawn in the home camp before the battle against the Dean began.

Thus has it been from the preface. So it will be to the end of the chapter—till the end, in this matter, let us hope, of the Dean and Chapter. The poster that began with "desecration" went on to arraign in round terms the vulgarity of the whole scheme of Sir William Richmond's so-called "decorations," and ended with an invitation to the various art schools of London to send representatives to a small preliminary meeting to be held last Saturday afternoon at 20, Fitzroy-square, W., the rooms of a student at the neighbouring Slade School, Mr. A. Rothenstein. The invitation was sufficiently heeded, despite the cricket grounds of a sunny Saturday afternoon.

THERE were speeches, and very good speeches too; and an executive committee was appointed to draw up a protest to the Dean. This it has done, and the first draft, which is marked "under revision," runs as follows:

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned art students of London, beg leave to approach you on a matter which deeply concerns all its citizens, and particularly concerns us who have the beauty of Wren's masterpiece as a continual inspiration in our work and life.

Let us submit that our youth, far from disintitling us to an opinion, gives us a special claim to be heard. It will be ours to live longest under the tyranny of disfigurements which those who are responsible for the "decoration" of St. Paul's unhappily seek to impose on posterity.

Such decorations as these, out of harmony as they are with the building, must disturb that spirit of devotion Wren sought to inspire.

Most emphatically we would protest against the act of desecration which, perverting the original structural lines to a new decorative motive, violates the unity of the fabric and insults the memory of the illustrious architect whose monument it is.

Nothing less than a complete removal of the whole of the lately added decorations can restore to the Cathedral its original beauty. And it is for nothing less than this complete removal that we petition you, having the honour to subscribe ourselves, Very Reverend Sir, your Petitioners.

If this protest, which has already had the approval of many men of letters, is approved by the art students of all the Schools, it will be signed and then carried by the petitioners in procession for delivery at the door of the Deanery.

The Year of Jubilee.

WHEN o'er the land rebellion rolls—
The land of love that owns our sway—
When tumult canopies our souls,
Like vapour that conceals the day,
My strength is this—to you and me
Will come a Year of Jubilee.

Then shall our thoughts be freed from sin,
And all our felon fancies shriven;
The harvest shall be gathered in,
The folk be fed, the foe forgiven,
When full of grace to you and me
Returns our Year of Jubilee.

For so to all true wedded sprites
A fairer pleasure comes of pain,
Because their love renews delights
And turns their harm to health again:
Our strength is theirs—for you and me
Comes back a Year of Jubilee.

And so we must reject the lore
Of rogues who would revile the power
Of love that makes us more and more
The heirs of things beyond the hour,
Where still is stored for you and me
Another Year of Jubilee.

F. B. MONEY-COUTTS.

For a Village Library.

THE librarians of New York State have been asked to furnish lists of the fifty books of 1898 which they deem to be most suitable to be added to a village library. The selections were based upon a list of 500 issued by the New York State Library, and an examination of these has resulted in a final "best fifty," which we give, together with the number of votes accorded to each book.

RANK.		VOTES.
1.	Kipling. <i>The Day's Work</i>	116
2.	Bryce. <i>William Ewart Gladstone</i>	91
	Smith. <i>Caleb West, Master Diver</i>	91
4.	Worcester. <i>Philippine Islands and their People</i>	88
5.	Parker. <i>Battle of the Strong</i>	87
6.	Wiggin. <i>Penelope's Progress</i>	86
	Wyckoff. <i>The Workers: the West</i>	86
8.	Page. <i>Red Rock</i>	83
9.	Mitchell. <i>Adventures of François</i>	75
	Rostand. <i>Cyrano de Bergerac; from the French</i> by G. Thomas and M. F. Guillemand	75
11.	Crawford. <i>Ave Roma Immortalis</i>	73
	Hope. <i>Rupert of Hentzau</i>	73
	Ward. <i>Helbeck of Bannisdale</i>	73
14.	Lodge. <i>Story of the Revolution</i>	70
15.	Peary. <i>Northward over the Great Ice</i>	67
16.	Steevens. <i>With Kitchener to Khartum</i>	66
17.	Davis. <i>Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns</i>	63
18.	Kidd. <i>Control of the Tropics</i>	58
19.	Deland. <i>Old Chester Tales</i>	57
20.	Westcott. <i>David Harum</i>	49
	Wright. <i>Four-footed Americans and their Kin</i>	49
22.	Lee. <i>Life of William Shakespeare</i>	48
23.	Parloa. <i>Home Economics</i>	47
24.	Bismarck-Schönhausen. <i>Bismarck the Man and</i> <i>the Statesman</i>	46
25.	Earle. <i>Home Life in Colonial Days</i>	45
	Shaler. <i>Outlines of the Earth's History</i>	45
27.	Hewlett. <i>Forest Lovers</i>	44
	Spears. <i>Our Navy in the War with Spain</i>	44
	Thompson. <i>Wild Animals I Have Known</i>	44
30.	Weyman. <i>Castle Inn</i>	43
	Wingate. <i>What Shall Our Boys Do for a</i> <i>Living?</i>	43
32.	Demolins. <i>Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What</i> <i>it is Due</i>	42
	Henty. <i>Under Wellington's Command</i>	42
	Higginson. <i>Tales of the Enchanted Islands of</i> <i>the Atlantic</i>	42
35.	Griffis. <i>Pilgrims in their Three Homes—England,</i> <i>Holland, and America</i>	41
	Higginson. <i>Cheerful Yesterdays</i>	41
	Zangwill. <i>Dreamers of the Ghetto</i>	41
38.	Dana. <i>Recollections of the Civil War</i>	40
39.	Emery. <i>How to Enjoy Pictures</i>	39
	Hulme. <i>Flags of the World</i>	39
41.	Bailey. <i>Garden Making</i>	38
	Brooks. <i>True Story of Benjamin Franklin</i>	38
	Hedin. <i>Through Asia</i>	38
	Henderson. <i>What is Good Music?</i>	38
	Landor. <i>In the Forbidden Land</i>	38
46.	Colquhoun. <i>China in Transformation</i>	37
	Grinnell and Roosevelt. <i>Trail and Camp Fire</i>	37
	Merriman. <i>Roden's Corner</i>	37
49.	Hill. <i>Cuba and Porto Rico</i>	36
	Hutton. <i>Boy I Knew and Four Dogs</i>	36
	Mabie. <i>Essays on Work and Culture</i>	36
	Stevens. <i>Yesterdays in the Philippines</i>	36

Such are the flowers of yesteryear in the order they are loved. Just now the following new books are, according to the American *Bookman*, in the highest favour in the States:

David Harum. E. N. Westcott.
A Day's Work. R. Kipling.
Aylwin. T. Watts-Dunton.
When Knighthood was in Flower. E. Caskoden.
Red Rock. T. N. Page.
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. F. B. Dunne.

Correspondence.

Anthologies.

SIR,—In a recent issue you named several excellent anthologies of British poetry. You may care to be reminded of the two collections made by the late Mr. W. J. Linton, the great engraver, and husband of Mrs. Lynn Linton: (1) *English Verse*, in five volumes, edited by Linton and Mr. R. H. Stoddard; (2) *Golden Apples of Hesperus*, privately printed by Linton himself at his Appledore Press, at New Haven, Conn. Linton as poet and critic has been too much overlooked.—I am, &c.,

KINETON PARKES.

The Library, Nicholson Institute, Leek: May 4, 1899.

"Dulce Cor."

SIR,—The *Scots Pictorial* is rather late in its discovery of the fact that "Ford Bereton" is S. R. Crockett. In 1894 Mr. Crockett said to a *New Age* interviewer: "In 1885 I published *Dulce Cor* under the name of Ford Bereton. Only 500 copies were issued, and I see foolish people are offering a considerable sum for a copy. It is a young man's work. I was just twenty-five then." I may add that the etching in the volume is one of Mrs. Crockett by MacGeorge, who did the sketches in the *Stickit* volume. Mrs. Crockett is the daughter of George Milner, author of *Studies on the Coast of Arran*.—I am, &c.,

T. S. KNOWLSON.

Wilmslow, Manchester: May 6, 1899.

[Another correspondent, writing to the same effect, quotes Mr. Crockett's own account of the book, as printed in the *Idler* for July, 1895: "Altogether we were abroad for a year, and during that year I wrote many verses. Perhaps one-third of my book of poems, *Dulce Cor*, was written during that year. The Ford Bereton poem was written at the foot of the Matterhorn."]

Some Odd Coincidences.

Our Literary Competitions.

RESULT OF No. 31.

LAST week we quoted a coincidence narrated by the late Lord De Tabley in a letter to Sir Mounstuart Grant Duff, and we asked our readers for similar occurrences from their own experience, true and compactly related. A very interesting batch of odd conjunctions has resulted. The most curious is that contributed by Mr. Thomas Constable, but its length is so considerable that it can hardly be held to conform to the condition as to succinctness. We have decided to divide the prize. One half belongs to Mrs. Locker, 11, West Hill, Highgate, for this amusing and artistically satisfactory record of fact:

In October, 1892, my husband and I went to Brussels. On our first day there we noticed that most of the tramcars carried a large advertisement of Kemmerich's beef-juice (I forget the French for beef-juice). Approaching one of the principal squares we came upon an important-looking equestrian statue. "Whose statue is that?" I asked. To which my husband, by way of a joke, replied: "Oh, that's Kemmerich, the beef-juice man." When we came close enough to read the inscription we found it was Godfrey de Bouillon.

The other half belongs to the sender of the following coincidence (will he please repeat his name and address?):

Many years ago, while paying a visit in Glasgow, I went to a ball there. On leaving the ball-room I took from the attendant in the cloak-room a silk hat which next morning I discovered was not my own. Glasgow has, I have no doubt, at least a hundred hat shops. Without selecting any one in particular I entered one, by chance as it were. While in process of having myself fitted with a new hat, a gentleman came in, and addressing one of the salesmen, he said: "I took the wrong hat from a ball-room last night, and I must have a new one." I crossed the shop to him, saying "Excuse me. Is this your hat?" "Of course it is," said he. "Is this yours, pray?" It was, and thereupon we exchanged hats and civilities, said "Good morning" to the two open-mouthed and disappointed salesmen, and departed.

This is Mr. Constable's remarkable experience :

Some ten or twelve years ago I received a letter with the superscription : "Mr. Thomas Constable, Post Office, Uckfield." I, not unnaturally, opened it—as I had never heard of any namesake within my postal district—and found that it contained a cheque for between £300 and £400, payable to Thomas Constable by Messrs. Layard Bros. There was no date or address at the head of the letter, but the envelope bore a New York post-mark. The letter, in substance, ran as follows : "Dear Tom,—As my boat may go to the bottom, I'll send this by the *Europa* for fear of accidents. It's all I'm worth, and it will be something for you all if I don't claim it.—Your affectionate brother, J. (or T.) Constable." The letter was written hastily in pencil in an unformed hand that I thought must probably be the hurried writing of my youngest brother James, who had been mining at Kingston, U.S.A., for some years. I was surprised at his method of communicating his little (unsuspected) fortune to me, nor did I know he was leaving Kingston; but I thought it better to take the cheque personally to the bankers in London. I showed them the letter, but they could throw no light on it. They offered, however, to cash the cheque for me. I declined this offer, and took the cheque and letter to Uckfield, where the banker used also to be the postmaster. He seized upon both letter and cheque, saying that the owner of both had just been there in an awful state at not finding them. The next day I had a call from my namesake to thank me for my honesty, and to heap more surprises on me. He had been working for some time on a neighbouring claim to my two brothers at Kingston, knew them both intimately, and gave me their latest news. He was born in my parish, and had sent the letter, which he had facetiously written to himself, to Uckfield as being well known to him in his childhood and youth. He had imagined that as he put "post office" on his letter it would await his return. [T. C., Buxted.]

There follow as many other records as we can find room for :

On July 24, 1890, one of my *Queer Stories*, "John Spragthorpe, the Ranching Agent," was published in *Truth*. It was suggested by a telegram of two or three lines in the *Standard*, announcing that one of two young English farm-pupils had been found dead in America under circumstances which pointed to foul play. The details of the affair did not come out till the trial, some months after my story had appeared, when, curiously enough, the facts were found to coincide so nearly with the fiction that *Truth* was actually charged with the responsibility of the crime, "which," to quote from a letter of remonstrance written to the editor, "was clearly put into the head of the murderer by reading the story"! Coincidence No. 1.

In 1898 a lady whose acquaintance I had lately made called at my house, and in the course of conversation said : "I have been reading your *Golf-Madness*, and other *Queer Stories*, and, of course, in 'John Spragthorpe, the Ranching Agent,' recognise the tragedy with which my son was so nearly connected." I expressed surprise, and she then told me that the fellow-pupil of the murdered man who had barely escaped the same fate, and who, as chief witness at the trial, had been mainly instrumental in bringing the murderer to justice, was *her son*! Coincidence No. 2.

The day on which this conversation took place proved to be the very day (July 21) on which, eight years before, the story had appeared in *Truth*! Coincidence No. 3.

[G. S. Layard., Malvern.]

CHAPTER I.

In *East Bengal* I knew (and liked) a Bengali whose face was as rectangular as this page. He was "Special Sub-Registrar of Islamabad."

CHAPTER II.

On a crowded steamer in *West Bengal* I was approached by a smiling Bengali whose chin was abnormally square, and, vaguely reminiscent, I asked : "And of what district are *you*, sir, the Special Sub-Registrar?"

CHAPTER III.

The surprised and surprising reply was : "Your honour I am Special Sub-Registrar of Navadwip."

Yet Special Sub-Registrars are not selected because their chins are square. [J. D. A., Ealing.]

Two friends, Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., had lost sight of one another for some years, and Mrs. A. had tried in vain to discover Mrs. B.'s whereabouts. A mail-steamer was wrecked, but the mails were ultimately recovered, and after some delay Mrs. A. received a letter which had been contained in a submerged mailbag. The envelope had evidently adhered closely, when wet, to another letter, and its blank side bore a more or less clear impression of reversed writing. This writing, when held up to a looking-glass, proved to be the name and address of Mrs. B., with whom, by this means, communications were successfully re-established. [I. F. R., Hertford.]

Many years ago, when a lad, I drove to catch the Irish mail express at Rugby, intending to cross to Ireland. My horse "ibbed" when near the station, and I had the mortification of

seeing the train go on without me, and I consequently missed the corresponding boat. I went on by a later one, and conversed with a gentleman on board for some time when nearing Irish coast. He asked where I was going to. I said : "Bray, in Wicklow." He said : "So am I, to see my mother." I asked name. He told me. I said : "Then I am your brother!" Tableau. He had been abroad many years with his regiment, and had forgotten his school-boy brother, who, of course, had also lost all remembrance of his elder brother. [G. E. B., Ascot.]

Replies received also from L. E., Budleigh Salterton; S. B. M., Glendevon; A. B. M., Eastbourne; W. C., London; E. S. B. (no name enclosed), Woodford; G. R., Aberdeen; G. E. M., London; A. E. C., Brighton; S. E. G., Bridlington Quay; H. C. W., London; G. N., Bristol; W. C. F. A., Sheffield.

Competition No. 32.

WE ask this week for an original list of twelve chapter headings to an imaginary sensational novel. They must be explicit enough to be alluring, yet not explicit enough to forestall the pleasure of surprise; and they must carry the story forward to the end. To the compiler of the best list a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 16. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the last column of p. 544 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, May 11.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Davidson (W. L.), *Christian Ethics*.....(Black) 1/6
Stevens (G. H.), *The Theology of the New Testament*.....(T. & T. Clark) 12/0
The Book of Psalms : Containing the Prayer-book Version, the Authorised Version, and the Revised Version in Parallel Columns
(Cambridge University Press) 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Terry (G. P. W.), *Greater Westminster*.....("London Argus" Office) 1/0
Morison (W.), *Andrew Melville*.....(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) 1/6
Brownlie (Rev. J.), *The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary*
(Frowde).....
Dodge (W. P.), *Piers Gaveston*.....(Unwin) 12/0
Thomas (E.), *Roman Life Under the Caesars*.....(Unwin) 7/6
Vallati (A.), *Joseph Chamberlain*.....(Felix Alean)
Leitch (A. E.), *A History of Winchester College*.....(Duckworth & Co.) 6/0
Thompson (Rev. H. L.), *Henry George Liddell, D.D.*.....(Murray) 16/0
Lyll (Sir A. C.), *Asiatic Studies. Second Series*.....(Murray) 3/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

The Solitary Summer. By the Author of *Elizabeth and Her German Gardener*.....(Macmillan) 6/0
Shorter (Mrs. C.), *Ballads and Poems*.....(Bowden) 3/6
Smith (H.), *Interludes. Third Series*.....(Macmillan) 5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Britten (J.), *Protestant Fiction*. Second edition. (Catholic Truth Society) 1/0
Fausit (H.), *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*. Sixth edition
(Blackwood) 7/6
Horder (W. G.), *The Hymn Lover*. Second edition revised.....(Curwen)
The Works of Shakespeare. Eversley edition. Vol. V.....(Macmillan) 5/0
Lyll (Sir A. C.), *Asiatic Studies. First Series*.....(Murray) 9/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

De Azurara (G. E. de), *The Chronicle of the Discovery of the Conquest of Guinea*. Now first done into English by C. Raymond Beazley and Edgar Prestage. Vol. II.....(Hakluyt Society)
A Guide to London.....(Ward, Lock) 1/0
Cassell's Guide to London.....(Cassell) 1/0
To Mountain, Castle, and Craig by an Ocean Route
(Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tourists' Vade Mecum of Spanish Colloquial Conversation.....(Pitman)
Hurdy (B. C.), *The Adventures of Caradoc Ap Iwan*
(Sutter & Rowlands, Welshpool) 1/0
Hall (L.), *Man, the Microcosm. Part I. The Nature of Man*
(Williams & Norgate) 2/6
Irvine (D.), "Parsifal" and Wagner's Christianity.....(Gravel & Co.) net 6/0
Milman (H.), *My Roses and How I Grew Them*.....(Lane net) 1/4
Golf.....(Ward, Lock) 0/1
Sparr (H. A.), *A Cockney in Arcadia*.....(Allen) 3/6
Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon.....(Cotton) 3/0
The Genealogical Magazine. Vol. II. : May, 1898—April, 1899.....(Stack)

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

HARPER AND BROTHERS'

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

READY, MONDAY, MAY 15.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S CHINA THE BREAK-UP OF CHINA

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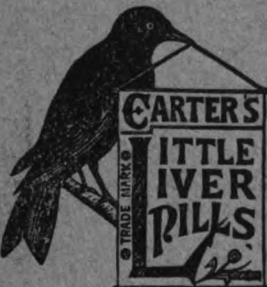
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The Literary Week.

THE Poet Laureate is truly very unfortunate. His latest poem, a madrigal, written for the ceremony at Kensington on Wednesday, has been widely quoted, but only on Thursday did the accurate version find its way into print. The *Times* then made it public, but with an almost strained impartiality the wrong version was quoted in the report of the ceremony in an adjoining column. The disparities are striking, the errors in the first draft almost ruining the sense. The reason given—rather an artless one under the circumstances—is the distance from England of the Poet Laureate's present residence.

THE late M. Sarcey was a great dramatic critic; but one thinks of him, after all, as the untiring man of letters. His weekly article was a Paris institution. Its absence was an event, an event so rare that in forty years it happened only twice: once, in 1884, when M. Sarcey underwent an operation to save his eyesight, and again when he lay down last week to die. He died in harness, with an unwritten article on his mind. He died a journalist's death, if ever man did. "I must get up," he said to his doctor; "it is absolutely necessary that I should write my article. I will do only a *demi-feuilleton*, if I must, but I must do it." A few moments later he returned to this fixed idea. "I shall go again and see 'Le Torrent' [playing at the Théâtre Français]. I am afraid this piece is not well understood. It has not been rightly judged." These were Francisque Sarcey's last words; he had no sooner uttered them than he entered on the last struggle.

DR. CONAN DOYLE's letter in the *Chronicle* complaining of the system which enables one man to review the same book in several places has been the subject of discussion this week wherever literary men have been gathered together. Dr. Doyle fixed on Dr. Robertson Nicoll as his awful example. Dr. Nicoll defended his position with firmness and skill, but without disposing of Dr. Doyle's objection. His contention that people had but to consult *Who's Who* to penetrate the mystery of his various pseudonyms was not much to the point, since it can hardly be asked of the public that before reading a review they should run to a year book. Where the reviewer is a sound critic and an honourable man such pluralism is not very serious; where he signs his name it is absolutely harmless. But few editors, we may remark, would willingly send a book to a critic whom they knew was writing of the same work for another paper.

WE might add that the suggestion has been made that a critic, provided he is honest, should be allowed to praise a book as often as he wishes to, but to condemn it only once. Merciless logic would probably destroy this proposition, but there seems to be something in it.

THE cult of Omar Khayyam has reached in America the nadir of absurdity. It is now being translated into dance, and New York society rejoices night after night over the antics of Miss Isadora Duncan, who, surrounded by rose petals, pirouettes to the accompaniment of Fitzgerald's stanzas. The performance should be given in the Woodbridge Town Hall. It might there meet with the criticism, in sturdy Suffolk, that it deserves.

THE statement that Mr. W. J. Fisher will succeed to Mr. Henry Norman's position as assistant editor of the *Daily Chronicle* is not strictly accurate. Mr. Norman and Mr. Fisher have for some time been co-assistant editors: Mr. Fisher now becomes sole assistant editor.

VERY many people will be glad to learn that the Delegates of the Oxford University Press have decided to issue their *New English Dictionary* by subscription in monthly parts, beginning in July.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I lately picked up, for the sum of 6d., a *Hudibras*—edition of 1720—on the fly-leaf of which is the signature of which the following is a tracing:

Sam^r Johnson
Feb. 7th 1747

Can you tell me if this is, or may be, Dr. Johnson's signature? If so it would be of considerable interest, owing to the admiration he expressed for *Hudibras*."

WHEN an author writes a book to prove something, it is music to him to hear that he has made converts. But the music rarely comes with such speed and volume as it has done to the ears of Canon Malcolm MacColl in the case of his book, *The Reformation Settlement*. The following is from the *Guardian*: "Canon MacColl has received letters from forty members of Parliament who had intended to support the Bill, saying that the result of reading his book, *The Reformation Settlement*, had been to induce them to either vote with the Government or walk out of the House." Disconcerting to the Whips!

MR. GEORGE MOORE's speech at the Irish Literary Theatre banquet might be called a postscript to his introduction to *The Heather Field*. As usual, Mr. Moore was not without his shillalagh, and he hit round with vigour. The particular skull which came in for injury was Mr. Kipling's, for in order sufficiently to extol the genius of Mr. Yeats the speaker found it necessary to execrate someone else, and he chose the author of *The Seven Seas*. In his excess of zeal the value of his eulogy was lost. It is odd how reluctant a certain variety of mind is to realise that things may be different in kind and yet equal in merit. There is no actual need, for example, in praising *Esther Waters* to abuse, say, *Rejected Addresses*.

THE readers of *Truth* have recently been asked to name the twenty best books in the world. A consensus of the replies published in a recent number reveals this selection, in the order given :

The Bible.	Carlyle's <i>French Revolution</i> .
Shakespeare.	<i>The Imitation of Christ</i> .
Homer.	Boswell's <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Paradise Lost</i> .	<i>Pickwick</i> .
<i>Vanity Fair</i> .	Tennyson.
Dante.	<i>The Arabian Nights</i> .
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<i>Ivanhoe</i> .	<i>David Copperfield</i> .
<i>Robinson Crusoe</i> .	<i>The Vicar of Wakefield</i> .

MR. C. KEGAN PAUL's little book of gentle, thoughtful, poems, *On the Way Side*, which has just been published by the firm which bears his name, has the following prefatory note :

The verses here gathered together record some memories of pleasant travel, and some graver thoughts reflecting the sentiment of the hours in which they were written. These are not necessarily the expression of permanent opinion, any more than the places in which we sojourned were our real home.

The above lines were written some years ago. Since then ill-health has put an end to bodily travel. The sonnet called "The End of Wandering" indicates a still completer cessation of spiritual vagrancy, one for which I am more and more grateful each day that I live.

This is the sonnet :

THE END OF WANDERING.

Except in thee I find no resting-place ;
 Except in thee I find no help from sin :
 Beauteous thou art without, beauteous within,
 Mistress of virtue, channel of all grace.
 Through clouds for many years I saw thy face,
 And heard thy gentle voice that strove to win
 Thine erring son, but sounded faint and thin,
 As his who calls from topmost cliff to base.
 I turned, self-willed, to walk in pathways drear,
 Now dark, now led by gleams, and yet the while
 I climbed unknowing ; all at once is clear,
 My Mother meets me with her gentle smile :
 " I watched thee long, my son, I bade thee come.
 Here is thy rest, and here thine only home."

THE art pendulum is indeed swinging back when we find a young modern illustrating the British poets, and exhibiting them at a Bond-street gallery. Mr. Byam Shaw is a forceful, if a somewhat amorphous, personality, and an industrious painter ; but we cannot bring ourselves to any great regard for his Academy picture called "Love the Conqueror," or for his illustrations of passages from the poets at Messrs. Dowdeswells'. His taste in literature is commendable and catholic—Shakespeare, Suckling, Browning, Tennyson, the Rossettis, Clough, and Kipling—but there is an early Victorian robustness about some of his illustrations that shocks the trained eye. Does Mr. Byam Shaw really think that his horror on a bicycle gazing furtively at a gaudy sky and a willow-pattern-plate landscape is a pictorial representation of

God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world ?

Or that his bland and opulent beauty reclining on a sofa in a sumptuous room illustrates Christina Rossetti's

They praise my rustling show and never see
 My heart is breaking for a little love ?

Yet Mr. Shaw can be reticent and artistic when he chooses. There is grace and refinement about his illustration to Rossetti's

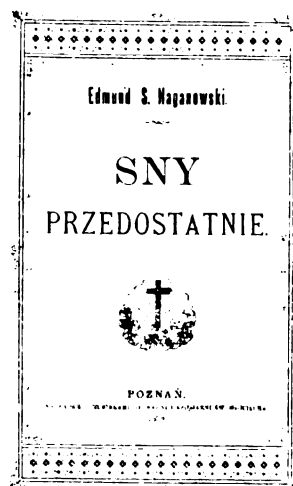
He's drawn her face between his hands
 And her pale mouth to his.

And there is dignity, a dignity that reminds us of Mr. Watts, about his rendering of Browning's

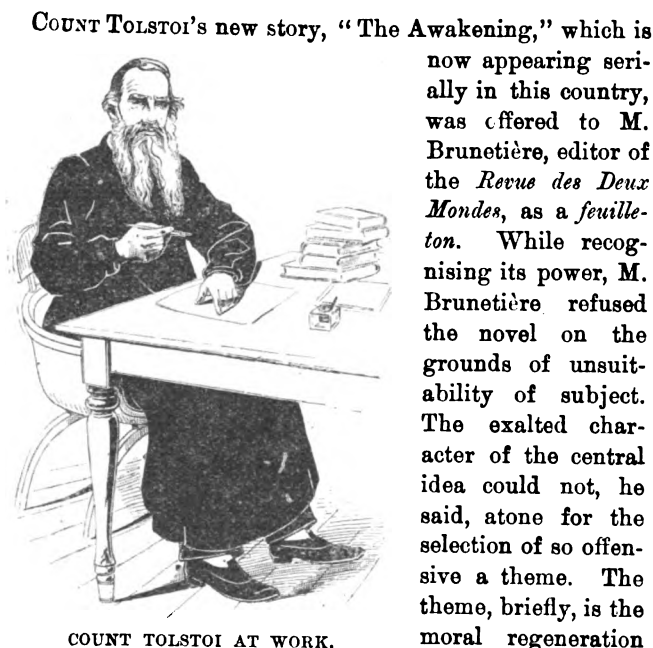
. . . Thus God might touch a Pope
 At unawares, ask what his baubles mean.

But Mr. Shaw needs chastening. He is so clever and so industrious that no doubt before long he will learn the value of reticence, and suggestion, and delicacy. Then he will spare us some of the pictures that adorn this exhibition, which are on all fours with the literary priggism of a passage in which he explained his picture called "The Comforter": "It is quite possible for a man to be fond of a good horse and to dress decently and still have Christ for a friend."

WHO, we wonder, among our readers can guess what is contained in the book of which we here reproduces the title-page? To cut short their suspense, let us state that *Sny Przedostatnie* is a Polish translation of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's parable, *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*. The translator has, with the author's consent, taken certain liberties. He has added two original chapters, and has turned the whole into rhythmic prose. The story, we understand, is causing some sensation in Poland.



SIDE-LIGHTS on the war-ridden condition of American literature are offered by the playful *Kiote*. To be the hero of a girl's novel to-day, it avers, one must enlist and be killed at Santiago. Also it assures its readers that the *Kiote* is the only periodical now extant which is not printing war matter. "We have no great generals among our contributors."



COUNT TOLSTOI AT WORK.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S new story, "The Awakening," which is now appearing serially in this country, was offered to M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as a *feuilleton*. While recognising its power, M. Brunetière refused the novel on the grounds of unsuitability of subject. The exalted character of the central idea could not, he said, atone for the selection of so offensive a theme. The theme, briefly, is the moral regeneration of a woman who has been living a life of shame. Probably what most French readers would object to would be the idealism of the book rather than the subject.

EVERY year sees one or more additions to the store of Birthday Books. The latest is *The Edna Lyall Birthday Book* (Eyre & Spottiswoode) which has been compiled by Miss (or Mrs.) A. F. Dorman. Some idea of the wealth of ideals enjoyed by Edna Lyall's works may be gained by a glance at these pages. If everyone whose name is inscribed therein succeeds in living up to the sentiment on the opposite leaf the world will appreciably improve.

THE first of the monographs on Mr. Kipling has reached us—*Rudyard Kipling*, by G. F. Monkshood (Greening)—the preface to which contains a kind and reasonable letter from the victim himself on Mr. Monkshood's proposed act of vivisection:

There are so many ways in which a living man can fall from grace that, were I you, I should be afraid to put so much enthusiasm into the abidingness of print until I was very sure of my man. . . .

Please do not think for a moment that I do not value your enthusiasm; but considering things from the point of view of the public, to whom after all your book must go, is there enough to them in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?

THE book, now that it is published, should, however, give its subject pleasure; for Mr. Kipling likes young men and Mr. Monkshood, who seems to be young, is very

keen and cordial. His criticisms are often, perhaps, a little too obvious, but they have some shrewdness too. Here is a passage:

The writers that have influenced Rudyard Kipling are, chiefly, William Ernest Henley, James Thomson, Bret Harte, Macaulay, Defoe, Dickens, the compilers of the Bible and Rudyard Kipling. William Ernest Henley "showed him the way to promotion and pay" and helped him to chant "The English Flag" and "A Song of the English"; James Thomson brought home to him the awesome things that exist in "The City of Dreadful Night"; Bret Harte drew his attention to the literary picturesqueness of vagabonds; Macaulay flashed the spark that fired his genius for proper names; Defoe taught him the trick of using minute details and exact terminology to gain verisimilitude; Dickens inspired him to sympathise with the lowly, and to see the humour that dwells in small things; the compilers of the Bible gave him a large share of his diction, and showed him the value of a cunning simplicity, and Rudyard Kipling gave him his irony of the understatement, his flash-light powers, his craftsmanship, his industry, invention, insight, and ability to make a dream come true and a lie seem something else.

ANOTHER example of the unfamiliarity with books in which some booksellers are expert is furnished by a correspondent, who encloses a postcard from a well-known firm, announcing the new publication, by the Vale Press, of "*Hand and Soil*, by D. G. Rossetti, reprinted from *The Gem*."

IN the new instalment of her reminiscences in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells the story of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." On the way back from a review, it seems, her carriage was compelled to move very slowly, on account of the press of soldiery:

To beguile the rather tedious drive, we sang, from time to time, snatches of army songs; concluding, I think, with "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground; His soul is marching on."

The soldiers seemed to like this, and answered back: "Good for you!" Mr. Clarke said: "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it.

I went to bed that night as usual, and slept quite soundly, according to my wont. I awoke in the grey of the morning twilight, and, as I lay waiting for the dawn the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself: "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen, which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night intervened, as it was legible only while the matter was fresh in my mind.

At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, with the reflection: "I like this better than most things that I have written."

It is curious to contrast the inception of the song with the conditions under which it was to be sung. The author while composing it feared to light the candle lest she should wake the baby. The mission of the "Battle Hymn" was to cheer fighting men above the roar of cannon and the crack of musketry.

MR. JOHN LATEY, who has conducted the *Penny Illustrated Paper* for many years, has been appointed editor of the *Illustrated London News*. Many of the readers of that journal remember with affection Mr. Latey's father—Mr. J. L. Latey—who preceded Mr. Shorter in the editorial chair, and under whose able guidance the *Illustrated London News* grew into prosperity and influence.

THERE must now be an end of speculation in the public press as to who is Fiona Macleod. The lady who uses that name has protested. "I am much annoyed," she writes to her publishers, Messrs. Constable, "at this continued identification of myself with this or that man or woman of letters—in one or two instances with people whom I have never seen and do not even know by correspondence. For what seems to myself not only good, but imperative private reasons, I wish to preserve absolutely my privacy. It is not only that temperamentally I shrink from and dislike the publicity of reputation, but that my very writing depends upon this privacy. But in one respect, to satisfy those who will not be content to take or leave, to read or ignore my writings, I give you authority to say definitely that 'Fiona Macleod' is *not* any of those with whom she has been 'identified,' that she writes only under the name of 'Fiona Macleod'; that her name *is* her own; and that all she asks is the courtesy both of good-breeding and common sense—a courtesy which is the right of all, and surely imperatively of a woman acting by and for herself."

Bibliographical.

WITH reference to the performance last Monday of FitzGerald's adaptation of Calderon's "Vida es Sueno" ("Life's a Dream"), an extraordinary statement has been going the round of the London press—to the effect, namely, that "this is the first time that a play by Calderon has ever been put upon the English stage." What could the writer of that sentence have been thinking of? There was a period in our theatrical history when nothing was more common than an adaptation of one of Calderon's numerous dramas. George Digby, Earl of Bristol, produced no fewer than three. Sir Samuel Tuke went to the Spanish writer for "The Adventures of Five Hours," and Killigrew went to him for his "Parson's Wedding"; while some of the best things in Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing-Master" came from Calderon. Assuredly, Calderon has not been introduced to our theatre by "Life's a Dream."

"Books about the books one appreciates make an irresistible appeal." Do they? They may at first; but does not the time arrive when they become a reiterated nuisance? We are promised a volume on *Mr. Pickwick's Kent*. I

have no doubt it will be read by very many with interest, not to say rapture. For myself, I can only testify that I am "real tired" of Mr. Pickwick and everything concerning him. Has not Mr. Percy FitzGerald written a *History of Pickwick, its Characters, &c.*? and has he not followed that up with a brochure on *Pickwickian Manners and Customs*? Is there not a little book of *Tales from Pickwick*? Indeed, has not the name of Mr. Pickwick been drummed into our ears for many a year gone by? Let him rest in peace, say I; but your Dickens worshipper, I fear, will turn a deaf ear to the prayer.

Mr. Francis E. Murray, it seems, wants people to tell him in what periodicals certain of Mr. Austin Dobson's lyrics appeared before they were published in book form. At first blush you would suppose that Mr. Dobson himself could give the information; but that does not follow. An author is often the worst possible authority about his works. It is only your very vain amateur who keeps annotated copies of the first sprightly runnings of his fancy. Mr. Murray's *Bibliography* of Mr. Dobson will be very welcome to some of us. It was anticipated in February, 1896, by a long article which appeared in the *Bookman*, but that article did not profess to go into the minute details which, no doubt, will constitute the main value of Mr. Murray's performance.

No one can object to the promised anthology of Irish Poets. Of Scottish poets the anthologies are numerous; it is only right that their Irish brothers and sisters should be that way celebrated. Hitherto England has calmly annexed such Irish lyrists as she took a fancy to, but there must be no more of that particular injustice to Ireland. Mr. Halliday Sparling led the way with his *Irish Minstrelsy*; then came Mr. Yeats with his *Book of Irish Verse*. One may, from a certain point of view, regret these sectional publications, which do but emphasise the fact that the English, the Scotch, and the Irish have markedly different characteristics in literature as in life. But what is the use of trying to disguise or ignore the extent of those differences? Race, like murder, "will out."

At least one of the readers of my notes last week appears to think that I take some pride in not having read any of the works of the late Mrs. Marshall. That is not at all the case; I regret that the opportunity did not come my way, the more so as my correspondent tells me that Mrs. Marshall's stories were read, admired, and praised (especially for their good English) by such excellent judges as Walter Pater, J. A. Symonds, and John Nichol. I am also assured that books by Mrs. Marshall have appeared in the Tauchnitz series, and have been translated into many foreign languages—a fact which shows that she had a very large audience indeed.

I trust it is not true (as stated) that Mme. Sarah Grand is going to call her next novel *Petticoats*. We have already had from a lady novelist a tale named *Petticoat Loose*—a title sufficiently disturbing. Anyway, let us pray that the line be drawn here.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant.

Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant. Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. (Blackwood. 21s.)

MRS. OLIPHANT was a survival among us from the ranks of older novelists, though her wonderful energy made her also a novelist of the present. And her life also is a life of the old school, has the quiet domestic savour of the 'forties and the 'fifties. Unfortunately it is both incomplete and fragmentary. Written in the form of a journal, and the earlier portion superadded after the later, it has cost some ingenuity to arrange it—a task the editor has accomplished very well, allowing for the difficulties. Moreover, the last twenty and more years of the author's life are left unrecorded. Her pen broke down when she reached the period of her final misfortunes, and she had no heart to proceed further. The editor has, therefore, added a selection of letters to supplement the autobiography—a task which inevitably they very imperfectly fulfil with regard to the terminal gap.

Such as it is, the record is a welcome one. It has not much of the interest which one usually expects from such a life. Mrs. Oliphant's existence was singularly retired, and such literary personages as she mixed with were mostly of the second rank. Only here and there do we get a glimpse of a Carlyle, a Kinglake, or a Tennyson. She esteemed herself a bad observer; and here, certainly, she does not show the gift of setting a personality on paper or recording characteristic touches. The interest of the book lies elsewhere—in its unaffected portrayal of a typical English gentlewoman's life during the middle century, peacefully absorbed in children and husband. It is a little epic of the domesticities.

Born in Lasswade, her father a Wilson, her mother an Oliphant, the family presently drifted to Liverpool, where she passed the years of her girlhood, and wrote her first novels. Of her mother she gives a loving picture, with her energy, her sarcasm, her power of narrative, only paralleled by that of Mrs. Carlyle. Evidently it was from the mother she inherited the literary temperament.

She had a sweet, fresh complexion, and a cheek so soft that I can feel the sensation of putting mine against it still, and beautiful liquid brown eyes, full of light and fun and sorrow and anger, flashing and melting, terrible to look at when one was in disgrace. . . . She had read everything she could lay hands upon all her life, and was fond of quoting Pope, so that we used to call her Popish in after days.

She dwells on her brother, too, in the childish Lasswade days:

How bright he was then, how good always to me, how fond of his little sister!—impatient by moments, good always. And he was a sort of god to me—my Frank, as I always called him. I remember once weeping bitterly over a man singing in the street, a buttoned-up, shabby-genteel man, whom, on being questioned why I cried, I acknowledged I thought like my Frank. That was when he was absent, and a mother's anxiety reflected in a child's mind went the length, I suppose, of fancying that Frank too might have to sing in the street.

George Eliot has also recorded a child's worship of an older brother, and has told us that if she could have her choice of states she would elect to be "a little sister." Nay, is it not set up for the world's love and understanding in Tom and Maggie Tulliver? But alas! Mrs. Oliphant shows us this same all-deified Frank broken and senile in the final refuge of her house; tended for duty's sake, indifference grown between them, the old love run out through the fissures made by separation, separate troubles, separate loves. So it is; to the brother succeeds (with most girls) the adored school-companion; to the girl-friend, the lover and the husband; to the husband, the child: love

always in flux, ever running, for ever changing its channel. So it is, and very sadly so. There is no permanence in these early ties, that seem so strong; they are but preparatory and provisional. Are all ties, indeed, provisional for this world merely, and the ultimate of love in another world? That is too deep a question, and far away from young Maggie Oliphant.

In the maiden days at Liverpool there is one little episode we must quote; for it is an ingenuous glimpse of a girl's feelings at the first conscious dawn of sex.

When I was sixteen I began to have—what shall I say?—not lovers exactly, but one or two people about who revealed to me the fact that I too was like the girl in the poets. I recollect distinctly the first compliment . . . which gave me that bewildering happy sense of being able to touch somebody else's heart—which was half fun and infinitely amusing, yet something more. The speaker was a young Irishman, one of the young ministers that came to our little church. . . . He had joined Frank and me in a walk, and when we were passing and looking at a very pretty cottage . . . embowered in gardens and shrubberies, he suddenly looked at me and said: "It would be Elysium." I laughed till I cried at this speech afterwards, though at the moment demure and startled. But the little incident remains to me . . . like a picture suffused with a soft, delightful light: the glow in the young man's eyes; the lowered tone and little speech aside; the soft thrill of meaning, which was nothing and yet much.

Nothing, truly, and a poor little conventional speech. But it strikes the keynote of this autobiography, which is essentially a woman's story; and they who can find nothing significant in the little home-things which make the life-story of a typical woman are hereby warned from it.

There came an actual engagement at seventeen—a foolish little affair with a dull young man, who went to America, and had a dull little lovers' quarrel with his quick-hearted betrothed, which he did *not* make up. It broke her heart, which did not much matter at seventeen, when hearts are very reparable; and was worth the cost, to escape from a rash marriage. Finally, she married Francis Oliphant, her cousin, and removed to London, where her mother in no long time died. There she did not meet very notable people—the S. C. Halls being a fair type. Of the alleged original Pecksniff and his wife she writes thus:

Mrs. Hall had retired upon the laurels got by one or two Irish novels, and was surrounded by her husband with the atmosphere of admiration which was the right thing for a "fair" writer. He took her very seriously, and she accepted the rôle, though without, I think, any particular setting up of her own standard. I used to think and say that she looked at me inquisitively, a little puzzled to know what kind of humbug I was, all being humbuds. But she was a kind woman, all the same. . . . He was certainly a humbug of the old mellifluous Irish kind—the sort of man whose specious friendlinesses, compliments, and "blarney" were of the most innocent kind, not calculated to deceive anybody, but always amusing. He told Irish stories capitally.

Of Miss Muloch she relates that the author of *John Halifax* had an annoying habit of fixing one's eyes in conversation, as though she were trying to read one's soul. Mrs. Browning, she says, did the same when she met her in Rome. It was, thinks Mrs. Oliphant, a trick common to the "intense" school of that day. But with a woman so utterly sincere as Mrs. Browning we can hardly conceive the explanation true.

Then came her husband's illness, and his death in Rome. For a time things went sorrowfully with her; but the woman was of immense elasticity and courage. In the very crisis of her difficulties, the Blackwoods fighting shy of her work, she rallied and produced the first of a series of novels which more than restored their faith in her. Her cheerfulness returned, and we find her joining Miss Blackwood in wicked girlish play upon poor Aytoun—are

not his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* still stock inclusions in all compilations for reciters? Of the second-hand Macaulay kind, but they serve.

Miss Blackwood had asked him to dine with us alone . . . and we flattered him to the top of his bent, she half-sincerely, with that quaint mixture of enthusiasm and ridicule which I used to say was the Blackwood attitude towards that droll, partly absurd, yet more or less effective thing called an author; and I, I fear, backing her up in pure fun, for I was no particular admirer of Aytoun, who was then an ugly man in middle age, with the air of being one of the old lights, but without either warmth or radiance. We got him between us to the pitch of flattered fatuity which all women recognise, when a man looks like the famous scene-painter, "I am so sick, I am so clevere"; his eyes bemused and his features blunted with a sort of bewildered beatitude, till suddenly he burst forth without any warning with, "Come hither, Evan Cameron"—and repeated the poem to us. Miss Blackwood, ecstatic, keeping a sort of time with flourishes of her hand, and I, I am afraid, overwhelmed with secret laughter. I am not sure that he did not come to himself with a horrified sense of imbecility before he reached the end.

It is the one instance of a cleverly touched-in little sketch in this volume. One can picture the wretchedly happy Professor, and the two wild-spirited young women. But wild-spirited Mrs. Oliphant was not in herself, though always cheery; and her sketches, from the artistic standpoint, suffer by their ever-present good nature. She sees all men in rose-colour. Another Roman journey brought the death of her only girl, Maggie—a terrible blow to her; and going on to Paris she met Montalembert.

M. de Montalembert struck me as the most delightful, benign, and genial of men, when I saw him first; but afterwards I used to say that he was one of the few men I was afraid of, and that he had a fine way of picking one up as on some polished pair of tongs, and holding one up to the admiration of the world around, in all the bloom of one's foolishness.

There were two candidates for the Academy, and she asked him,

rather sillily, whether there were two vacancies or two candidates for one vacancy . . . when he turned to the company and called their attention to the orderly, temperate, English mind, in which there was no rush at a prize, but well-balanced competition of two, as I had suggested. There was a great deal of laughter, in which, of course, any shy explanation of mine was completely drowned.

She is rather hurt over this very harmless little jest, so manifestly devoid of "ridicule," of anything except good-natured banter. She has, in fact, a little shy sense of her own dignity and right-reverence, and betrays an amusing half-grudge against George Eliot's overwhelming superiority in reputation. "If I had but possessed leisure, there might (of course, I don't say there was), there might, perhaps, have been a George Eliot in me," is the sore little feeling sub-expressed—never actually uttered—throughout her autobiography. She has a quaint sketch of poor, forgotten, brilliant, ineffectual Father Prout, with an old lady "about whom he hovered":

A very dauntless, plain-spoken old person in old shiny black satin and lace, and looking as if everything was put on as well as the satin—hair, teeth, and everything else. I don't know whether there had been anything wrong in the connection—it was certainly patriarchal then—they were so old and such *bons camarades*. . . . It was wicked of me, I fear, but it amused me to think that these old people had perhaps indulged in a *grande passion* and defied the world for each other. I thought no worse of them, somehow, which I am aware is a most immoral sentiment. . . . She bade her old gentleman sing me his great song, "The Bells of Shandon," which he did, standing up against the mantelpiece, with his pale head, like carved ivory, relieved against the regular *garniture de cheminée*, the big clock and candelabra. He had a fine face with delicate features, almost an ascetic face, though his life

had not been exactly of that description, I fear. He was an unfrocked priest, and I think was one of the Fraser group.

He *was*, with Maginn and Thackeray—Maginn, the Captain Shandon of *Pendennis*. It was not till after her return to England and settlement at Windsor that she saw Tennyson.

I have always thought that Tennyson's appearance was too emphatically that of a poet, especially in his photographs; the fine frenzy, the careless picturesqueness, were almost too much. He looked the part too well; but in reality there was a roughness and acrid gloom about the man which saved him from his over-romantic appearance.

In taking leave of Mrs. Tennyson, she went through the "established ritual" made and provided for such feminine occasions.

Tennyson was standing by, lowering over us with his ragged beard and his saturnine look. He eyed us, while these pretty speeches were being made, with cynical eyes. "What liars you women are!" he said. There could not have been anything more true; but, to be sure, it was not so civil as it was true.

Later, in his old age, she saw him under his genial aspect. When the Tennysons having lost Lionel and Mrs. Oliphant her eldest-born, Cyril, her first proceeding was, of course, to sit herself by Mrs. Tennyson's sofa and to cry. Mrs. Tennyson, old and incredibly worn, did not cry, seeming "as if she could weep no more." Of Carlyle she saw little, but was most favourably impressed by him. Of his wife she saw much, and defends her with enthusiasm against the accusations so often made. She will have it that they were more harmonious than biographers allow. She writes in '66 to Dr. Story:

I have had a little visit from Mrs. Carlyle, who is looking very feeble and picturesque, and as amusing as ever; and naturally has been taking away everybody's character, or perhaps I ought to say throwing light upon the domestic relations of the distinguished people of the period. I was remarking upon the eccentricity of the said relations, and could not but say that Mr. Carlyle seemed the only virtuous philosopher we had. Upon which his wife answered, "My dear, if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been stronger, there is no saying what he might have been!"

Which has meaning for readers of Froude. An even fervid letter comes from Mrs. Carlyle regarding the *Life of Edward Irving*.

Darling Woman,—I do long to see you, to tell you, not what I think of your book, but what Mr. C. thinks, which is much more to the purpose. I never heard him praise a woman's book, hardly any man's, as cordially as he praises this of yours! You are "worth whole cartloads of Mulochs and Brontës and THINGS of that sort." You are "full of geniality and genius even!" "Nothing has so taken him by the heart for years as this biography!" You are really "a fine, clear, loyal, sympathetic female being." The only fault he finds in you is a certain dimness about dates and arrangements of time—in short, I never heard so much praise out of his head at one rush! and I am so glad! . . . Believe that I love you very much, and try to love me a little.

Which may be put to the credit account of the "bitter little woman," as she seemed to Rossetti. And it means that Carlyle admired Irving, and must have been in an agreeable digestive state. Upon it, nevertheless, we may pause. For the mass of the book can nowise be represented by quotation, being the voluble, outpoured narrative of a mother's joys and sufferings. She saw her husband and all her children one by one taken from her, and was left over twenty weary years alone with her memories. She worked with constant bravery to support not only her own fatherless children, but a stricken brother and his three children. The record of it is touching and taking in a high degree. Quite artless, it has all the sincerity of a woman's talk to herself—even to the lax overplus of words and the little frailties of occasional grammar.

Myth, Ritual, and Religion.

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. By Andrew Lang. "Silver Library." 2 vols. (Longmans. Each, 3s. 6d.)

MR. LANG'S *Custom and Myth* is already included in the "Silver Library," and one is glad to have his *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* in the same convenient and inexpensive form. The book is one which most certainly no student of the dim beginnings of cult and worship can afford to neglect. It stands with Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, Prof. Rhys's *Hibbert Lectures*, and Prof. Jevons's *Introduction to the History of Religion*, in the very front rank of recent English contributions to the literature of this fascinating branch of anthropology. Mr. Lang's treatment is, of course, a little discursive; but his main theme is that the mythologies of civilised peoples, and in particular of Greece, contain certain savage elements—and, notably, certain elements of beast worship—which go to show that the races which framed them must have passed through a mental condition exceedingly similar to that of existing savage nations of the present day. This argument he develops with his usual lucidity and wealth of humour, and with much lore concerning both ancient and modern forms of belief. One could have wished, indeed, that he had extended his scope to include those Celtic and Teutonic mythologies which are at once more interesting in their relation to letters, and, as Aryan, more illustrative of Greek problems, than any learning from Egypt or Mexico can be.

However, the interest of the present reprint of *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* is even less in the importance of its main position than in its relation to the author's recent work on *The Making of Religion*. In that book Mr. Lang took up a line with regard to what he called the "high gods of low races," which brought him into conflict with the general tendency of anthropological speculation, and caused him to be represented as holding out the white flag to orthodox theology. Briefly, his reasoning was as follows: According to the anthropologists, the idea of God was developed from an earlier belief in spirits, and especially in the ghosts of dead relatives, beheld, or thought to be beheld, by primitive man in dreams, and worshipped by him as protectors or possible enemies. A god is nothing but a magnified dead chief or medicine man. Criticising this view, Mr. Lang pointed to certain tribes in a very backward state of civilisation who yet appear to believe in a god, the maker of all things and the guardian of morality, without having passed through the earlier stages of the evolution posited by the anthropologists. His strongest, though by no means his only case is that of the aboriginal tribes of Australia. The Australians have a supreme being called Darumulun, who is worshipped in the Bora, or tribal mysteries, at which the inculcation of ethical ideas is carefully practised. But the Australians have no chiefs, nor do they worship ghosts. How, then, asks Mr. Lang, can Darumulun have been evolved from the ghost of a chief?

This pronouncement has led to a controversy, which must have given Mr. Lang extreme satisfaction. His facts have been attacked, and the alternative explanation has been put forward that the belief in a Supreme Being, so far as it exists, has been borrowed by savage peoples from Christian missionaries. In rebutting these objections we think that Mr. Lang, on the whole, scores. He seems to us to have made good the proof of the belief on which his argument depends, and the extreme improbability, to say the very least, of its having been of Christian introduction. The mysteries, as he points out, are the very last things that the missionary influence can touch, and it is in the mysteries that the relatively high conception of Darumulun is to be found. Mr. Lang's last word on the subject, so far, is to be found in his preface to the reprint of *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, now before us. This contains a long discussion, not on Darumulun, but on a

similar supreme being, Ahone, whom the seventeenth-century colonists of Virginia describe as believed in, before their coming, by the native Indians. In the same preface Mr. Lang attempts to show that the views of *The Making of Religion* are not inconsistent with those of his earlier work. He has, however, attempted to bring them still further into line by altering a passage here or there, and especially by rewriting the two chapters which bear most directly on the religion of the lowest races. His general view of the relation of the two books may be gathered by the following passage from *The Making of Religion* itself:

We found a relatively Supreme Being, a Creator, sanctioning morality, and unpropitiated by sacrifice, among peoples who go in dread of ghosts and wizards, but do not always worship ancestors. We showed that the anthropological theory of the evolution of God out of ghosts in no way explains the facts in the savage conception of a Supreme Being. We then argued that the notion of "spirit," derived from ghost-belief, was not logically needed for the conception of a Supreme Being in its earliest form, was detrimental to the conception, and, by much evidence, was denied to be part of the conception. The Supreme Being, thus regarded, may be (though he cannot historically be shown to be) prior to the first notion of ghost and separable souls.

We then traced the idea of such a Supreme Being through the creeds of races rising in the scale of material culture, demonstrating that he was thrust aside by the competition of ravenous but serviceable ghosts, ghost-gods, and shades of kingly ancestors, with their magic and their bloody rites. These rites and the animistic conception behind them were next, in rare cases, reflected or refracted back on the Supreme Eternal. Aristocratic institutions fostered polytheism with the old Supreme Being obscured, or superseded, or enthroned as Emperor-God or King-God.

Of course, Mr. Lang must be prepared to face the question, "If the belief in a Supreme Being did not arise by evolution from lower forms of belief, how did it arise?" His answer to this is not, at first sight, very clear, and we have been at some pains to discover what it really is. The old missionary theory of degeneration was, of course, that of "a primitive tradition, originally revealed to all men, but only preserved in a pure form by the Jews." Other peoples, and even the Jews themselves, at certain unhappy moments in their career, obscured this primitive tradition when they "went a-whoring after strange (or more often home-grown, but animistic) gods." Now, this is clearly not Mr. Lang's view. He did not, indeed, in *The Making of Religion*, renounce it quite as definitely as he might have done. But in *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* he leaves no doubt. He says: "How this belief in such a Being (a Supreme moral Being) arose we have no evidence to prove. We make no hint at a *sensus numinis*, or direct revelation." The orthodox theology will not, in fact, except through a misunderstanding, get much support from Mr. Lang. Unfortunately, he is not content to leave the matter there. He might have been excused for doing so. The facts at the disposal of anthropology are not as yet sufficiently numerous or sufficiently *tries* to justify the confident enunciation of any theory of the origin of religion. Mr. Lang does, however, after all, present a theory, though not a very confident one. He takes it from St. Paul:

As St. Paul writes: "That which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath showed it unto them . . . being understood by the things which are made . . . but they became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." In fact, mythology submerged religion. St. Paul's theory of the origin is not that of an "innate idea," nor of a direct revelation. People, he says, reached the belief in a God from the Argument for Design.

This is from the earlier book. But to the same point Mr. Lang returns in the later one.

While offering no hypothesis of the origin of belief in a moral Creator, we may present a suggestion. Mr. Darwin

says about early man: "The same high mental faculties which first led man to believe in unseen spiritual agencies, then in fetichism, polytheism, and ultimately monotheism, would infallibly lead him, so long as his reasoning powers remained poorly developed, to strange superstitions and customs." Now, accepting Mr. Darwin's theory that early man had "high mental faculties," the conception of a Maker of things does not seem beyond his grasp. Man himself made plenty of things, and could probably conceive of a being who made the world and the objects in it. "Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things. He must be very good too," said an Eskimo to a missionary.

Now St. Paul was St. Paul, but no anthropologist. And for ourselves, we would as soon accept the *sensus numinis* or the direct revelation as believe that primitive man, at the exceedingly early period which Mr. Lang's theory compels us to assume—that is to say, at a period before he began to develop the animistic notions which afterwards obscured the higher faith—had arrived by sheer process of reason at this remarkably comprehensive and abstract conception of a supreme maker of all things. Is it not Paley and the watch over again? Surely the changing phenomena of the universe are the first things which man must have felt called upon to find a cause for. The permanent elements, the vault of heaven and the flat of earth, need no explanation at all. They simply are; and to conceive them as not being and coming to be implies a very considerable advance from the earliest standpoint of nascent ratiocination. That it should have preceded the development of animistic thought really does not seem plausible.

We are not prepared with a counter theory of the evolution of the idea of God to Mr. Lang's, and we fully recognise the difficulty presented by the isolated condition of the savage supreme beings on which he has laid just stress. It is a difficulty which the Aryan religions, wherein the high and low beliefs merge very gradually into each other, do not suggest. But we would ask Mr. Lang whether he thinks that his disproof of the possibility of man's advancing to the conception of god on animistic lines is complete when he has shown that the god cannot be a magnified ghost. Our own notion is that English anthropologists have been a good deal misled by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and that the spirits or personalities in his own likeness with which the savage peoples the world are by no means all ghosts. Some of them are not ancestral at all, but elemental, dimly discerned behind the working of natural forces, the ripple of the stream, the sigh of the wind among the trees, and in the beast folk whose resemblance to himself, as Mr. Lang has insisted, was far more obvious to primitive man than their dissimilarity. There are thus two independent founts of animistic thought; and if the god was got at by way of animism at all, it is surely as a magnified elemental spirit, and not as a magnified ancestral spirit, that we must primarily regard him.

"The Preacher Sought to Find Out Acceptable Words."

A Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. I.: A—Feasts. Vol. II.: Feign—Kinsman. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. Each 14s.)

WE have briefly noticed these volumes as contributions to theological literature. In doing so we indicated that their treatment of Biblical words was copious and interesting. They yield, in fact, many "Diversions of Purley," using the phrase with reverence. It is our purpose now to glance at some of those words which prompted our remark.

Take the word "ability." In both the Old and New Testaments this word is used of material, as well as of mental, capacity. The first use still survives, but the

second has far outstripped it in daily speech. We should scarcely write, as did Ezra: "They gave after their ability unto the treasure of the work threescore and one thousand drams of gold"; "means" or "resources" would be the words now. Yet Shakespeare encourages the old use. Viola says to Antonio in *Twelfth Night*:

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something.

In the same sense of wealth ability is used by so late a writer as Goldsmith in the *Vicar of Wakefield*: "A draught upon my neighbour was to me the same as money, for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability."

"Abroad" has the almost obsolete meaning of not at home, outside the house. Never in the Bible does the word carry the meaning of in (or to) a foreign country, unless we except John's words: "The children of God that were scattered abroad." In Leviticus we have the word used in the narrower sense—"whether she be born at home or abroad." In Deuteronomy we have, "then shall he go abroad out of the camp, he shall not come within the camp"—i.e., he shall go just beyond the camp. Sir Thomas More, in his *Merry Jest*, has this use very clearly:

Where as she lay,
So sick away,
He might not come abroad;

—he might not leave the house. The old meaning of admiration—wonder—is too familiar to need mention. Mr. Hastings says that "adventure" is now obsolete as a verb. This is certainly not the case; the word is rather in favour among some of your younger, and perhaps too stylish, writers. It is true that no one would use it with such facility as the writer in Deuteronomy: "The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her son, and toward her daughter." Yet Scott, Wellington, Byron, and Harriet Martineau all used the word without much ceremony. Nowadays the word is used as the verb equivalent of adventure, the substantive, meaning bold and picturesque action.

"Advertise" is all but obsolete in the sense in which Boaz used it to Naomi's kinsman: "And he said unto the kinsman, Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's: and I thought to advertise thee, saying, Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people." To-day Boaz would have advertised the parcel of land, not the kinsman. Bagehot wrote in 1872, "Changes bring out new qualities, and advertise the effects of new habits." And Sir William Hamilton said in one of his lectures: "The insect is advertised and put on the watch." "All" is an interesting Biblical word, the precise meaning of which, as Mr. Hastings says, is often missed. It sometimes means "any," neither more nor less: as in Hebrews—"without all contradiction," and in Shakespeare, *Macbeth* III., ii.—"Things without all remedy should be without regard." Still more archaic is its synonymity with "every," as in this verse from Deuteronomy: "In like manner shalt thou do with his ass; and so shalt thou do with his raiment; and with all lost thing of thy brother's, which he hath lost." All means "altogether" in Nehemiah: "Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies"; just as in Caxton: "The lady wente oute of her wytte and was al demonyak." And this is the meaning of all in "All hail": be altogether in health. Quite the most curious one of all in the Authorised Version occurs in the verse:

And a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all to brake his skull.

It is to be feared that the average reader of the Bible thinks that she threw the stone "all in order to" break Abimelech's skull. This is not the meaning. *Brake* is the

past tense, and the "to" is not the infinitive at all, but is the equivalent of the German *zer*, signifying asunder; and goes with *brake* to give it emphasis. The meaning, therefore, is that the woman *all to-brake* it, "altogether broke" Abimelech's skull.

The word "bray," meaning to pound or beat small, is scarcely used now except in frequent quotations of the text in Proverbs: "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." The word survives in the Authorised Version from Coverdale's Bible, where for wheat we have "otemeel"—and humour. In Yorkshire and Cumberland the word means to beat or thrash: "I'll bray thy back for thee." "By and by" is a phrase with a curiously human and perverse history. In Old English it meant immediately, on the instant. Hence we find Latimer in one of his sermons distinguishing it from any word with a future significance: "The clapper brake, and we could not get it mended *by and by*; must tarry till we can have it done." In 1611, when the Authorised Version was formed, this meaning of the word was passing away, yet not so definitely but that it found its way into the new Bible. Thus we read to this day in Luke: "But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified, for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not *by and by*"—i.e., not now. And the bloody impetuosity of Salome is obscured to many readers who do not take the word in its old sense of *now*. Salome "came *straightway with haste* unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me *by and by* in a charger the head of John the Baptist . . . and *immediately* the king sent an executioner." Archbishop Trench has well remarked, concerning "by and by": "The inveterate procrastination of men has caused it to designate a remoter term; even as 'presently' does not any longer mean 'at this present,' but 'in a little while.'"

The word "conies" has been curiously applied to rabbits. In Essex one often sees notices forbidding people to shoot or take conies. Yet the real conies, the "exceeding wise" animals of the Proverbs, are quite another species, they make "their houses in the rocks"; they do not burrow like rabbits, and their habitats are in the East.

Among words whose supersession one may sincerely regret is the beautiful Bible word *dayspring*. "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the dayspring to know his place?" asks the Lord of Job out of the whirlwind. And in Luke: "Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us." Milton has:

The breath of heaven fast-blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born;

and Cowper—"the day-spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd."

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that Joshua was not setting the children of Israel a literary exercise when he assembled them at Shiloh, and said to them: "Ye shall therefore describe the land into seven parts, and bring the description hither to me." Here "describe" means to map-out, or divide into allotments. In Judges it means to "make a list," to "enumerate," thus: "Gideon, the son of Joash, returned from battle before the sun was up, and caught a young man of the men of Succoth, and inquired of him: and he described unto him the princes of Succoth, and the elders thereof, even three-score and seventeen men." "Describe" is, of course, used technically in the meaning of to form or trace by motion; thus Tyndall, in his notes to his lecture on Light, wrote: "The white-hot particles of carbon in a flame describe lines of light." "Dread" has lost its sense of reverential awe, as in Jacob's exclamation: "How dreadful is this place." The fear that shocks and terrifies is now the meaning of the word, which has consistently gained in intensity. It once meant no more than doubt, as in Chaucer:

For certynly, withouten drede,
A cherle is deemed by his dede.

"Every" occasionally means "each" in the Authorised Version. "Every several gate was of one pearl"; and assuredly in the Second Book of Samuel: "And there was yet a battle in Gath, where was a man of great stature, that had on every hand six fingers, and on every foot six toes, four and twenty in number; and he was also born a giant." This terrible man had no multiplicity of hands or feet, but only a digit more than usual on "each" hand and foot.

"Frankly" means no more than freely in Luke: "And when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both." "Fret" is not much used now transitively. It is so used in relation to disease in Leviticus, "a fretting leprosy"; and by Shakespeare, when Lear curses Goneril:

If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks.

We should hesitate to say with Mr. Hastings that "gazing-stock" is obsolete. "Glisten," a frequentative form of "glisten," occurs five times in the Authorised Version, and its beauty cannot be challenged in the passage: "And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening." "Indite" has almost reversed its meaning since 1611. It then meant to dictate, or, at least, to compose. Hence David: "My heart is inditing a good matter . . . my tongue is the pen of a ready writer." The translators of the Authorised Version made the older meaning very clear in their Preface, where they describe the Bible as "a fountaine of most pure water springing up unto everlasting life"; and add: "And what marvaile? The originall thereof being from heaven, not from earth; the authour being God, not man; the enditer the holy spirit, not the wit of the Apostles and Prophets."

The old free use of the word "fellow" in the sense of a man or person allowed Tindale to write very quaintly (as it seems to us): "And the Lorde was with Joseph, and he was a luckie fellowe." By 1611 the word could be used with or without contempt; though contempt was the oftener implied, especially when the word was joined to an adjective: "lewd fellows of the baser sort;" and in Acts, "a pestilent fellow."

The Fourteenth Century.

The Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. "Periods of European Literature." (Blackwood. 5s.)

THAT this is not a more satisfactory book is hardly Mr. Snell's fault. The task imposed upon him was, indeed, a hopeless one. To take a section right across European literature, or rather across a series of literatures belonging to European countries in various stages of development, to bring to each of these a competent and, if possible, first-hand knowledge, and to impose upon them all some principle of unity which may assist digestion in the reader—there are few scholars who would come unscathed out of the ordeal. In Mr. Snell's work the cramping and deadening influence of the conditions under which it was produced is particularly evident. He does not fit in the least into the frame so neatly provided for him by his publishers. Obviously his own interest lies in the late mediæval and early renescent literature of Italy—in Petrarch, Boccaccio, Dante. Given a free hand, he would probably have written a singularly fresh and stimulating study of these. As it is the chapters in which he deals with them, though they suffer from compression, contain some interesting discussions. The following paragraph upon Dante may be taken as a sample of Mr. Snell at his best:

Dante believed in an eternal world topically as well as tropically. Once by the bier of Beatrice he had entered

within the veil; and now, when all earthly occupations, all secular interests, had in a sense dropped away from him, the future, the great future wherein the loose threads of time and space—the sundered ties, the temporal losses, the inexplicable failures, the injustice, the ingratitude, the pain—would be unravelled up into luminous consistency, stared him perpetually in the face. Boccaccio tells us that when some women of Verona saw Dante pass, one of them observed, "See you the man that goes to Hell and returns when he lists, and brings up news of those below?" "Forsooth," replied a gossip, "you must speak truth. Don't you see what a crisp beard and what brown hair he has through the heat and smoke down there?" The story is not all a parable.

Our commendation may be extended to the chapter on "Chaucer," who is, perhaps, best treated in connexion with the great Italian masters; but the rest of the book we have read with a growing feeling of irritation. These breathless summaries, loaded with facts from which the general ideas with difficulty detach themselves, and often, as Mr. Snell himself admits, compiled from German *Grundrisse* and similar sources, appear to us of the very smallest value. The German and Scandinavian literatures are dismissed in a few inadequate paragraphs, and though those of England and the Romance countries are more fully treated, yet we do not feel that Mr. Snell has quite succeeded in bringing out the unity which here at least does exist. He seems to regard that unity as consisting mainly in the transition from court poetry to town poetry; but its correlative aspects as a transition from minstrel poetry to *trouvère* poetry, and a transition from recited to written and real poetry, deserved more distinct statement and detailed exposition. Mr. Snell seems to us to use some of his technical terms too loosely. Thus "folk-song" means for him not song written by the folk, but song written for the folk by minstrels or *trouvères* of other grades. This, we submit, is incorrect and confusing. His facts, on the other hand, seem to be generally accurate—unfortunately the least of virtues in this kind of book. Perhaps, however, he will revise the statement that Dante's eclogue to Giovanni di Virgilio was "the first since the days of Virgil" when he has read Calpurnius, Nemesianus and Alcuin's (or Bede's) verses on the Cuckoo. We are unfeignedly sorry not to be able to write more favourably of Mr. Snell's book: he has evidently learning, enthusiasm, taste, and industry; it is a pity that he has entangled himself in an impossible form.

Other New Books.

NAVAL PIONEERS OF AUSTRALIA.

By L. BECKE AND W. JEFFERY.

A recondite yet notably interesting chapter in our Imperial history is set forth in this book. Most people vaguely associate Botany Bay and its convict settlers with the beginnings of our Australian colonies; but few have any right knowledge of the circumstances under which those colonies struggled into existence. What do they know, for example, of Captain Arthur Phillip, the virtual founder and first Governor of New South Wales, and of the dynasty of naval officers which he founded—Hunter, Grose, King, Flinders, Bass, and Bligh? The fame and importance of Phillip—a most capable governor and gallant officer—have been so obscured that it was but two years ago that a statue of him was erected in Sydney; and the New South Wales Government had to spend money liberally to discover that Phillip's bones lie in Bathampton Church, in Somersetshire.

Phillip was entrusted by the British Government with the charge of the first fleet of transports which carried convicts out to Australia. He was not only to take the convicts out, he was to govern them on their arrival. As

strange and complicated a mission as ever was entrusted to a British naval captain! There were eleven sail in the fleet which followed Phillip out of Spithead on May 13, 1787. Poets have sung of the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*; but who has celebrated in prose or poetry the departure of that black, forbidding fleet, heavy with heavy hearts, and pregnant with Australia? Even at the time the event was scarcely noticed.

The expedition was a big affair, and it seems curious enough nowadays that so little interest was taken in it. There were more than a thousand people on board, and one would have thought that if the departures of the convicts did not create excitement, the sailing of the blue-jackets and the guard of about two hundred marines bound for such an unknown part of the world would set Portsmouth at any rate in a stir. But the Fitzherbert scandal, the attack on Warren Hastings, and such-like stirring events were then town talk, and at that period there were no special correspondents or, for the matter of that, any newspapers worth mentioning, to work up popular excitement over the event.

And so, in a buzz of town talk about other things, the first Australians were shipped away in chains. We hope that this single picture will convey something of the dramatic interest which informs these most carefully wrought pages. We say "wrought," because the toils of excavation and the woes of rummaging have gone to their making. The authors have spared themselves no labour; they have made light of such tasks as discovering the exact rig of the ship in which Dampier sailed to New Holland in 1698, and the manner in which his crew was fed and dressed.

Phillip's good government, and the mistakes of his less able successors, are described in detail and with an accuracy which we believe few will challenge. A great man was this Phillip, who could see in his horde of famishing blackguards the makings of a people. "This country will yet be the most valuable acquisition Great Britain has ever made," was his cool prediction, and time has been steadily fulfilling it. The story here unfolded ends where Australian history is supposed to begin; in reality, it is the fundamental part of that history, and it is set forth with a care and energy delightful to the reader who knows good work when he sees it. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

By J. E. BYGATE.

This is the seventeenth volume in the excellent "Cathedral Series." The distinctive thing about Durham Cathedral is its magnificent situation. Not in all England, and in few cathedral towns on the continent, is there a view to be compared, in its kind, with that which the visitor to Durham obtains when he stands on Framwellgate Bridge. The cool, robust traditions of St. Cuthbert and his Lindisfarne monks lend a wonderful charm to the great pile, which rises sheer with the precipice from the river. The situation was thus described in an old Saxon poem quoted by Mr. Bygate:

This City is celebrated
In the whole Empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep.
It is surrounded with rocks,
And with curious plants.
The Wear flows round it,
A river of rapid waves.
And there live in it
Fishes of various kinds,
Mingling with the floods.
And there grow
Great Forests.
There live in the recesses
Wild animals of many sorts;
In the deep valleys
Deer innumerable.

Durham has suggestions of early wildness which will never leave it. (Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.)

ANDREW MELVILLE.

BY WILLIAM MORISON.

This is the twenty-seventh volume in the "Famous Scots" series of biographies. Mr. Morison makes the fair remark that Melville's career will detain only those who are interested in the struggle which gave Scotland its ecclesiastical system. Nevertheless, Melville's services in nurturing and maintaining Presbyterianism in Scotland in the days of its weakness are not his only claim to memory. He was the most learned Scot of his time, and his "massive personality" entitles him to comparison with his immediate, and overshadowing, predecessor, Knox.

Mr. Morison has told Melville's story with a care for accurate history. Of small biographical illumination there is little, for little is possible. But the temper of the man comes out well in the following passage dealing with his relations to the powerful Morton:

When he [Morton] found him incorruptible by his favours, he tried to intimidate him. Calling him one day into his presence, he broke out into violent denunciation of those ministers who were disturbing the peace of the realm by their "owesie" dreams, and setting up of the Genevan discipline; and on Melville turning the attack against himself and his Government, Morton flew into a rage: "Ther will never be quyetnes in this countrie till half a dissonne of yow be hangit or banished the countrie!" "Tushe! sir!" retorted Melville, "threaten your courtiers in that fashion. It is the same to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord's: my fatherland is wherever well-doing is. I haiff bein ready to giff my lyff whar it was nocht half sa weill wared, at the pleasour of my God. I leived out of your countrie ten yeirs as weill as in it. Yet, God be glorified, it will nocht ly in your power to hang, nor exyll this treuthe!"

"Scotland never receavit a graitter benefit at the hands of God than this man," was James Melville's verdict on Andrew. This book owes not a little of its salt to quotations from James Melville's writings. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

THE CHISWICK SHAKESPEARE.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" are the first plays to be published in this pleasant new pocket edition, each filling a volume. Introductions and Notes are supplied by the editor, Mr. John Dennis; and illustrations by Mr. Byam Shaw. Concerning the latter, what shall we say? We do not like illustrations to Shakespeare, and although Mr. Byam Shaw's pictures have style and dignity, we would rather be without them. Others will think differently. Certainly, this is a well-equipped edition of the plays, and should be popular. (Bell & Sons. Each 1s.)

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

BY HELENA FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).

To this sixth edition of her well-known work Lady Martin prefixes a preface which she wrote in 1893 for the fifth edition, but discarded. In it she explains her views of the actress's art, and the spirit in which she worked on the stage. Her little essay is faultless in its sentiments. The book is issued in very handsome style. (Blackwood.)

CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

BY PROF. W. L. DAVIDSON.

This little book is a contribution to the Guild Library; and, so far as a subject of this vastness can be satisfactorily treated in so strait a volume, the Aberdeen professor is to be congratulated on a success. We except always the section devoted to the Mystery of Evil. A justification of truculent volcanoes and like inconveniences, based upon the proposition that the world is "the most perfect home for man that is possible under the circumstances," does not carry conviction. (A. & C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

Fiction.

Strong Hearts. By G. W. Cable.
(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. CABLE gives us in this book three stories of unequal interest. One, "The Taxidermist," is almost as satisfying as we could wish; one, "The Solitary," is good, but not good enough; the third, and the longest, "The Entomologist," upon which, we fear, most effort has been expended, is a disappointment. Mr. Cable starts with an introduction, to prove that his three stories form an organic whole, that the same truth underlies all and is exemplified by all: that religion without poetry is as dead as poetry without religion. But this is of no consequence. The stories, in due time, speak for themselves. "The Solitary" is an exquisite piece of work. Mr. Cable has his delicate art under control, and the unfolding of its blossoms is perfectly disciplined. Our only objection to "The Solitary" is, that the subject is just a little too tremendous for Mr. Cable's power: the struggle of a dipsomaniac to recover self-command. Mr. Cable is conscious of the tragedy, of the fierce battle that was fought, but he does not succeed in re-enacting it. His gifts are better suited to calmer struggles and quainter phases of life. Hence, when we come to "The Taxidermist," we find this urbane and debonnaire student of humanity thoroughly at home. The taxidermist was Pastropbon Manouvrier, a bird-stuffer of New Orleans, and the story tells of his abounding loving-kindness for helpless things. Mr. Smith, the nominal narrator of this book, first made his acquaintance through taking to him a humming-bird to be stuffed.

I was saying to her husband that a humming-bird was a very small thing to ask him to stuff. But he stopped me with his lifted palm.

"My Frau, a humming-bird has de passione—de ecstasie! One drop of blood wid de passione in it —," and he waved his hand with a jerk of the thumb in disdain of spoken words; and it was I who added—"Is bigger than the sun?"

"Bah!" was all he uttered in approval, turning as if to go to work. I feared I had disappointed him.

"God measures by the soul, not by the size," I suggested. But he would say no more, and his wife put in as softly as a kettle beginning to sing—"Ah, ha ha! I tink dass where de good God show varrie good sanse."

I began looking here and there in heartiest admiration of the products of his art, and presently we were again in full sympathy and talking eagerly. As I was going he touched my arm—

"You will say de soul is parted from dat lill' bird. And—yass; but—" He let a gesture speak the rest.

"I know," replied I. "You propose to make the soul seem to come back and leave us its portrait. I believe you will."

Whereupon he gave me his first faint smile, and detained me with another touch.

The third story, "The Entomologist," which tells how a foolish, wanton woman was won to wisdom, does not quite "come off." Here, again, as in "The Solitary," Mr. Cable alleges more than he proves; but it has many subtle touches. The hero and triumphant justification of the book remains Pastropbon Manouvrier.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden.
(Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

THIS belongs to that class of novels in which the leading idea, instead of springing naturally from the environment, is an artificial centre round which the environment has been laboriously constructed. And it shares the general fate of its class—it fails. In common with the general public, we have a special and long-suffering tenderness for Miss Harraden's work, but it would be futile to obscure the fact that since *Ships that Pass in the Night* she has done

nothing whatever of authentic importance, and that even this newest book, carefully finished and comparatively lengthy, is distinctly inferior to her first novel.

Miss Harraden's leading idea is that of a moral vampire who preys upon the "mental and moral individuality" of a woman, with the intention of leaving it in ruins. Theodore Bevan makes a good stage vampire. He was "a little man of rather eccentric appearance"; he looked as if "he could never have been young"; he "smiled cynically"; and he possessed that curious habit which we had thought to be peculiar to Jesuits in militant Protestant fiction—of moving from spot to spot "in noiseless fashion."

The woman whose soul this "fowler" set himself to snare was an exceptionally-gifted young teacher, one of those radiant soaring creatures who succeed in everything without apparent effort. "The afternoon before her Tripos her friends found her finishing off a new dress." Needless to say that Nora Penshurst was "bracketed equal with the first on the list" of that Tripos. Nevertheless Theodore Bevan quickly had her in his power. He estranged her from Roger Penshurst, "her darling old father-friend," and from all her other friends, including Brian Uppingham, a distinguished historian to whom she was really attached. He made her promise to marry himself. And then, chiefly through a careless mistake of Bevan's in the matter of a diary of his private vampire-thoughts, the sinister influence was suddenly shattered. In a long and oratorical speech to him (most of the characters have a leaning to eloquence in conversation) Nora repays him for his wickedness:

"I followed the voice of evil rather than of good, and turned aside from all who loved me and believed in me for you—an evil spirit. For make no mistake about that, Theodore Bevan: in my heart of hearts I have never believed you anything else except an evil spirit. You have rankled in my soul, as all evil things must of necessity. I blame myself bitterly that I did not cut you out at the very beginning. But you interested me; you amused me; you were so different from everyone else, that I thought it would be a new experience to have someone like you in my life—someone whom all other people detested—and so I played with you. No one could ever condemn me more harshly than I condemn myself. I despise myself more even than I despise you. And you know now what I think of you, therefore you may judge what I think of myself. But in spite of you and in spite of myself, yes, in spite of this two years' misery, I shall recover my pride, my independence of spirit, my liberty of mind, my joy in life—all this shall come back to me, and in full measure. I will fight for it as no one has ever fought before.

"And now, go."

And he went, and she married Brian. The tale, as a mere psychological fantasy, might pass if it had the least conviction. The trouble is that it never once convinces. It has no genuine imagination. It is not related to life. One cannot believe in it for a moment. It is a marionette show, and the strings are too apparent.

Of course the book contains here and there charming pages. But a few hints of delight do not suffice for a good novel, especially when even these are marred by a serious defect of manner. For there is vastly too much gush in *The Fowler*, a crude quality of "girlishness"—we can find no other term.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE INDIVIDUALIST. BY W. H. MALLOCK.

This is the novel which recently ran serially through the *Fortnightly*, and was there attributed to "Wentworth Moore." Wentworth Moore was in reality Mr. Mallock, the author of *The New Republic* and *A Human Document*.

The new novel is mainly satirical, certain modern developments coming under Mr. Mallock's keen, yet amused, censorious eyes. Elsewhere we quote the preface to the book. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES. BY H. G. WELLS.

Mr. Wells's new absorbing romance of the future, its interests and its terrors. This is the story which has been running through the *Graphic* to the accompaniment of vivid pictures of aeroplanes and aëropiles. (Harpers. 6s.)

RIDAN THE DEVIL, AND OTHER STORIES. BY LOUIS BECKE

Mr. Becke takes us back to the palm-clad Pacific islands, the coral atolls, the smooth lagoons, the trader's flag, the loves of half-castes, and the dramas of mixed marriages. In the background always the blue waters of the Pacific. (Unwin. 6s.)

TWO IN CAPTIVITY. BY VINCENT BROWN.

A subtle and searching analysis of the impress of guilt on two souls. The story opens with unusual bluntness: "Lord Bir, on an afternoon in June, tried to kill his friend Lewis Krehl." But it is not a sensational work: the interest is psychological. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

"MA MÈRE." BY VICOMTE JEAN DE LUZ.

This story, which has as sub-title, "Sons and Daughters under the Second Empire," is, says the author, founded on fact. It was begun several years ago, but was laid aside for sufficient reasons. It is now finished, those reasons having been removed, and the author believes that good alone can result from shadowing forth one of the sources of the flood of disaster which has recently overwhelmed the French nation. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

THE SWORD OF ALLAH. BY T. R. THRELFALL.

A romance of the harem, a judicious Oriental blend of fighting and love, history and mystery. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

HUGH GWYETH. BY BEULAH MARI DIX.

The trend of this story of Roundheads and Cavaliers may be gathered from such spirited chapter headings as "Tidings out of the North," "To Horse and Away," "How the World Dealt by a Gentleman," "In the Fields toward Osney Abbey," "Under the King's Displeasure," &c. The battle of Edgehill is described, and the book is bright with adventure and warm with romance. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. BY MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN.

This story, by the author of *Trewinnot of Guy's*, introduces us to a not very happy home in Staffordshire. Mr. Rimmon is a tyrannical father, and the atmosphere of the home is conveyed in his reply to his wife's request that his boy Jubal might go and spend part of his holidays with his friend, Harry Saltring: "I shall not allow him to go. The family is utterly without religion. I've heard they go to theatres, and have dancing in their house. They are Church-goers too, and would win Jubal away from Methodism. They never have family prayers, and I question if they ask a blessing before their meals." (Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.)

TOM-ALL-ALONE. BY AMELIA M. BARKER.

Tom is a London waif in squalid surroundings, but he finds a bond in the street and is honest about it, and rises in the world. In fact, he becomes "sick of making money" and only anxious to solve the mystery of his birth. This endeavour and the onslaught on his hand and fortune made by a calculating young woman are among the ingredients of the story. Where Tom-All-Alone found love is at last revealed, and the moral is that money and happiness, money and sincerity, may lie far apart. (Macquenn. 6s.)

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The Art Season.—II.

Mr. Whistler, and Others.

THE second exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, at Knightsbridge, practically supports our article of May 6, on the inartistic and distressing arrangement of the Royal Academy's show. The contents of the International differ from those of the Academy very slightly, except in one point, and in that the difference is certainly vast and vital. That difference consists in the proportions of good to bad work. Good stands to bad at perhaps one to two in the International; at about one to ten in Burlington House. We cannot pretend to compare the good parts of the two exhibitions; and to attempt it would be unfair, as the International draws upon a wider field than the Academy. Moreover, personal taste becomes a too potent influence when one would choose between the art of Messrs. Sargent, Orchardson, Swan, East, Tuke, Onslow Ford, Bilbao, Lemon, Hook, Hunter, La Thangue, Clausen, and W. Stott on the one hand, and on the other that of Messrs. Whistler, Pissaro, Renoir, Rodin, Sisley, Claude Monet, Guthrie, Lavery, J. Maris, Kroyer, Couture, and Oppeler. Messrs. Mark Fisher, F. Thaulow, and others, exhibit in both shows. Though I will not divulge it here, yet I am afraid I should not hesitate in my choice. Take, now, the bad parts of the two galleries: the Academy bad is an unselected jumble of all kinds of poverty in art, of style, of truth, of conception; the bad at Knightsbridge is chosen from among the well-mannered bad, the bad that with a smile of style is still a villain in its values. Thus the points in the superiority of Knightsbridge to be enforced are: (1) the proportion of good to bad; (2) the chosen harmony between the bad and good which makes the bad comparatively harmless; (3) the easy, open, decorative hanging which spares the eye, gives the good picture a chance to dominate, and permits the inferior work to pass uncriticised as pleasant padding. In a word, the International is an exhibition, the Academy a lumber-room.

We must give the International praise in one other, and that an important, matter—its hearty encouragement of illustration and the art of black-and-white. Mr. Whistler contributes a small room-full of new etchings, which seem more fascinating than all but two of his painted exhibits. Some are slight enough, a mere scratch or two, as the marine "Jubilee Reviews," yet none the less studied and elegant in the point of their placing and the equality of their finish. One likes to see a result thus lightly, deftly, and promptly obtained; for a few scratches, alas! can be weighty, meaningless, and even too many for their purpose. But the most agreeable of all Mr. Whistler's contributions are those lovely water-fronts showing, through a rain of fine lines, airy palaces or crumbling storehouses pierced with sombre caves that open on a mystery of gloom. Of these "The Balcony, Amsterdam," "The Pierrot," "Nocturne, Amsterdam," may serve as good examples. Mr. J. Pennell contributes both etchings and aquatints, imaginative in conception and clever in technique, as "The Most Picturesque Place in the World," "Barges," and "Charing Cross Station." Messrs. Klinger, Holroyd, Strang, D. Y. Cameron, and others, also send etchings. Some of the drawings in water-colour, chalk, pen, charcoal,

and pencil are admirable, as well as they might be produced by such men as Alfred Stevens, A. B. Houghton, Prof. Menzel, Prof. Legros, S. Kroyer, E. Grasset, W. Nicholson, E. J. Sullivan, A. S. Hartrick, Anning Bell, E. Wilson, F. Mura, and several others.

The sculpture, which includes many fairly good pieces, groups, busts, and works in relief, is notable for two superb examples of the art of M. Auguste Rodin, the most red-hot and imaginative of modern sculptors. That which bears the most evident testimony to the impassioned genius of the artist is unquestionably "Group." This surge of Nereids—with flowing hair, twined arms, clasped hands—rolls, curls, and overhangs like a stupendous wave of voluptuous forms. It is built up with the constructiveness of an architect, modelled with the science of a sculptor, treated with the suggestiveness of a painter.

At Knightsbridge Kroyer the Dane supplies in figure-painting the antidote to the general tendency of the gallery towards a too exclusive pursuit of style. His "Edward and Nina Greig" is portraiture only to be paralleled in its sincerity by Mr. Sargent's work at the New Gallery; and Mr. Sargent's is a less simple and unsophisticated nature than Mr. Kroyer's. That one cannot overlook this vision of a delicate and sensitive eye proves the value of such an exhibition as the International. Hung in the Academy, where it would take rank with the Sargents, I fear that, unlike those great triumphs of *bravura* style, Mr. Kroyer's portrait picture would be lost amid the millinery of painted fashion plates, the reds and blues of the monstrous Pre-Raphaelite (garden variety crossed with Impressionism), and the loud incidents of the anecdote swollen to the size of the old historical canvas. Mr. Kroyer's naturalism is backed in landscape by the work of men such as C. Pissaro, Claude Monet, Sisley, Mark Fisher, and James Maris. In Figure fine portraits are not rare. We have Mr. Whistler, Mr. J. E. Blanche, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. Chase, and also Couture, Renoir, Mancini, André, Stevens the Belgian, and perhaps one or two more, whose pictures are executed with respect for the character of the model as well as with some sense of style; but these lists give no adequate idea of all the good work at the gallery either in figure or in landscape.

In this place of pleasantness and quiet one may see, without much fatigue, a good deal of the experiments of modern art and, in particular, several tendencies of the impressionistic school. We would like to be able to contrast with the gentle, far-off, dimly-lit, almost morbidly refined Whistlers something belonging to the school who have followed Velasquez, Rembrandt, or Hals in their intensity of realisation, firmness of construction, and closeness of modelling. We have only the intimately real Kroyer; the strong, bold Mancini; the broad, blazing Renoir. If one picture united all their qualities, we should have the true opposite of the most usual Whistler portrait. Passing through other work we may note all degrees of attention to style or to construction, to elegance of aspect or to intimacy of modelling. Beginning with Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Blanche, Mr. Gari Melchers, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Lavery, we pass to Mr. Furse, Mr. Henry, Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. Nicholson, and Miss Beaux; thence to Mr. Gandara, Mr. Neven du Mont, Mr. D. Robinson, to come to Mr. Shannon, and finally to reach Mr. Sauter, Mr. Jack, Mr. Brough, at the extreme end of those who tend to prefer manner to matter. Of course, this arrangement does not pretend to be a list of painters in order of merit.

On the whole, the landscape, or at least the open-air, work interests me more than the bulk of the figures. To begin with, I prefer Mr. Whistler's serene and limpid coast scene and his dim, luminous night at Chelsea, before his figure pictures in this exhibition. If one looks at the fine display of work by the Scottish school, one sees, I think, that the loose poetry of a fine picturesque style which is apt to override construction preserves more of the essential qualities of nature, and does less real harm

when exercised on landscape than on figure subjects. We get very tired of Mr. Henry's pleasant colour, summary shorthand of expression, and flat ungraded fields of tone in portraits; whereas we appreciate in the landscape of Messrs. Allan, Grosvenor Thomas, H. Spence, E. A. Walton, Paterson, and others, the advantages of the sacrifice which secures us freedom and grandeur of aspect. Still it may be held that Messrs. G. Boyle, Fragiacomio, Arthur Tomson, A. S. Hartrick, Charles, Leslie Thomson, B. Priestman, Aumonier, Klügel, and Mark Fisher, give us quite as much sentiment as the Scots, together with a closer study of nature. But of course the chief interest of this gallery in landscape lies in the contrasts between the different kinds of impressionism shown in the great works of Maris, Monet, Sisley, and Pissaro. Pissaro, in these early works of his, shows himself the most modestly natural of all. His compositions weave together the lines of large, empty plains with quiet, subtle truth and elegance. His colour inclines to aerial blue, but leaves one in that state of balanced hesitation between the prevalence of local and atmospheric tones which characterises the most usual and the least agitating mood of nature. Sisley's light quivers more evidently, and, whether falling on things near or far, always makes you feel the rainbow dispersion of the reflected sky. It is Monet's pictures in this gallery that most boldly and whole-heartedly express the vibration and iridescence of light. Less even than Sisley does this great luminarist think of composition, ideal beauty of form, or accepted picturesqueness of place. His "Country Road" is a common, unlovely locality, with bushy, blobby trees, made alive with the sparkle and jewelled glitter of morning sunlight. His other landscape shows a steaming sunrise, where the light on the dew becomes the subject of the picture: it is fresh, silvery, frosty; shot with cool purples, blues, and pinks in the shadow; golden and glowing, rosy and orange, in the slanting rays of the warm morning sun. Perhaps not so exciting, so palpably personal, though equally seen and felt, is James Maris's far grander, gloomier, and more mysterious "Dutch Harbour." His light is grave, solemn, even; a rich tissue of gold and brown more in consonance with tradition; representative, rather, of a slowly-received, quietly-growing idea of the world than of a sudden, eye-smiting impression of effect which remains with one for ever unchanged.

R. A. M. S.

Things Seen.

Goliath.

I HAPPENED the other day to be a guest in a family which maintains the practice of Scripture reading after breakfast. The passage selected was the seventeenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel; and presently I was awakened from what I fear was becoming an inattentive reverie by the words: "And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span." The words took me back to a class-room in a great boarding-school.

There it was my privilege to sit for several years under a worthy teacher, who, Sunday after Sunday, brought the Bible narrations before us with just that blend of "verbal inspiration" and "new criticism" which he thought prudent. Dangerous work he found it, I fancy, for there were inquiring minds among us. But the story of Goliath always passed pleasantly. Whenever it recurred, as it did about once a year, L—— would discuss the giant's stature with great moderation, and by reckonings of the Hebrew cubit, encourage us, with a kind of gracious latitude, to believe that, after all, Goliath need not have stood more than nine feet in his stockings. So interested was he in his

annual measurement of the Philistine, that he invariably assisted his argument by climbing, with no small pains—he was an elderly man and tall—to the top of his high four-legged stool, where he stood for some time at an amazing altitude. I came to watch that annual ascent with a kind of rapture. L——'s lavender-blue Sunday trousers stood the test so well. His long blue frock-coat seemed the creaseless perfection of human clothing. His cravat was irreproachable, and his silvery hair crowned the edifice. Only once a year—only when Goliath was in the lesson—could I study this sartorial splendour to advantage. And, do you know, it runs in my mind that Goliath recurred about May in each year, which is the time when new suits are donned; and I like to believe that L——, who had his harmless vanities . . .

A Healing.

THE decision must be made, the path chosen, that night; but that night (so it happened) his vitality was low, his judgment clouded, and his nerves in that condition that the dropping of a paper-knife set him trembling. He tried to decide, but his mind would not work sanely, and so, in a shiver of dread, he rushed into the streets.

Hurrying on, always on, he came soon to the opera house, where the bills announcing "Tristan und Isolde" arrested him. "I know nothing of music," he moaned. "Wagner is a sealed book to me"; and, his mood being perverse, it followed that in a few minutes he had bought a ticket and was tearing up the steps that lead to the gallery. As he climbed higher and higher, the music found him, and he paused, framing the thought that those great, grave harmonies affected him as if some cool, fond hand had rested momentarily on his brow. At which he wondered, for he knew nothing of music. Then the gallery doors opened, and the hot, stifling air encompassed him. He found a seat in the remotest corner. His only thought was: "How long can I endure this? For I know nothing of music, and the conditions are unbearable." Yet he remained, and the music rushed to him as from some God-driven fountain. "I know nothing of Wagner," he thought, "so it's idle for me to listen. Soon I will leave." But he remained, for his attention was caught by a German who stood facing the stage with his hands clutching the gallery railings. As the great, mystical love-duet of the second act proceeded, the German, quite unconsciously, swung slowly round as on a pivot, moving his hands as he did so till they clutched the railings behind his back, and a little spurt of blood issued from where his nails dug the flesh. Another, a greybeard, thin-faced and ashen, sat motionless as a statue, with chin tilted in the air; but his eyelids flickered and his lips moved tremulously. The man who did not understand music said to himself: "Oh! this heat! I meant to have escaped from this long ago. I—I——," but he waited while the wonderful music wailed through the darkened house. He waited, and he forgot himself and the transitory troubles that beset him. He waited, and the dead music maker made him of his company. More: his brain grew clear, his blood cooled and ran temperately, his heart sang in assonance to the music he did not understand. And it all happened in spite of himself. He was hardly conscious of his healing. Long afterwards (time had ceased) he found himself in the street walking calmly, firm of foot, clear of purpose, with these lines running to the echo of the music he did not understand:

Remember my words, I may again return;
I love you; I depart from materials;
I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead.

* * * * *

That night he made his decision. He was glad that night! And the music went through his dreams.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE influence of women is not a Disraelian myth, even in such an undramatic affair as the cessation of a Sunday paper. Pilate's wife's dreams are repeated through the ages; and the persuasion which has mainly led to the discontinuance of the Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail* is one which naturally does not appear in the list of reasons officially printed. Yet at their very head should be placed the scrupulous opposition of Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth to any infraction of the observance of the Day of Rest.

THE members of the Lawson family, if they had such scruples, would naturally apply them to their Saturday issue. Nevertheless, as they are renowned caterers, and as they are catering mainly for Christians and not for Jews, it is almost certain that they, too, will withdraw themselves from the ranks of seven-day journalism as soon as they can make their rather complex arrangements. For although it is to be expected that the withdrawal of the Sunday *Mail* will increase their sales and lessen their competitive expenditure, the gain is not thought by competent judges to be such as will tempt Sir Edward Lawson to defy a public opinion that extends its boycott to the week-day editions of the *Telegraph*, and, in the case of the *Mail*, made its effect felt on the circulation of the other publications of the Messrs. Harmsworth.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, in his *Reminiscences*, speaks of the love of Cardinal Manning for Ireland as the more remarkable in that he had not a drop of Irish blood in his veins. But that is hardly the fact. Cardinal Manning, as his friends must all remember, was particularly proud of recalling that his grandmother's maiden name was Elizabeth Ryan, and that she was the child of Irish parents. Mr. McCarthy may be further interested to have his memories of Manning supplemented by a little story he himself has not told, nor, probably, even heard. It was not the habit of the Cardinal to send out cards for his receptions; but having been told that Irish members stayed away from them—at a time of some political tension in their relations with Englishmen—because they did not know they would be welcome, he sent out to them formal invitations. One of these, sent to Mr. McCarthy himself, elicited a letter of excuse, elegantly polite in its wording, but, unhappily, addressed to 8, York-place, the former residence of Cardinal Wiseman, which his successor had abandoned years previously for the great house at Westminster on which he had spent a large portion of his patrimony. The letter was forwarded, of course; but the old address was a trouble to the Cardinal, who was made to feel how far he was removed from the common round. Similarly, at a later date, he kept on his table for some time a letter which had been addressed to the right house indeed, but, by a slip of the pen, to "His Eminence Cardinal Newman." The writer—Mr. Aubrey de Vere—was a friend of both the Cardinals; but his venial fault, like that of Mr. McCarthy, gave momentary play to the tremulous sensitivenesses of a nature that in such matters had all the alertness of "a lover or a child." He had renounced the world in his youth and foregone the ambition to impress upon society his own delightful personality. That renunciation was deliberate and complete; but odd moments came to him in age when he seemed to be taken aback by the consequences.

A GREAT many references have been made to the late Lord Wharnccliffe's Yorkshire property, with its view from Wharnccliffe Castle, which Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu always said she considered the finest she had seen in all her wanderings over the world. A humbler property he held in Cornwall has been overlooked; but visitors to Tintagel Castle will remember that the village inn proudly

proclaimed his proprietorship by flaunting the Wharnccliffe arms. A greater sportsman than he looked, especially than he looked in recent years, the late Earl was one of the small hunting-party whose adventures are recorded by Sir Samuel Baker in *The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon*.

Art Students and St. Paul's.

THE feeling evoked by the decoration of St. Paul's has taken, in fact, the form of a great vote of confidence in Sir Christopher Wren. Very welcome is such devotion to the memory of a man who gave London nearly fifty of her churches, and who, owing so much to his own genius, owed so much also to opportunity. It is curious to recall at this moment that the first design of Wren's for St. Paul's was one vastly different from that which was actually put into stone. He wished it to be a building expressive of Protestantism; and it was the strength of the Roman Catholic party, with the Duke of York as their convert as well as the Cathedral's largest benefactor after the King, that carried the day in favour of the cruciform design, which should reproduce St. Peter's in a spirit not so much of antagonism as of admiration, a spirit rewarded by the production of a dome that is held by the best judges of Europe to have the superiority over that in Rome in everything except in size. Most of those who are now agitating against Sir William Richmond's devices believe in the beauty unadorned of the interior of the dome. But two or three proposals of an alternative decoration have been presented to the Dean. Mr. Howe, whose letter to the *Times* was the signal for the uprising, has a plan of calling in Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey. Then, again, a number of architects have banded themselves together to devise a decorative design which they are going to ask the Dean's permission to affix tentatively to the walls. Attractive as some of these proposals sound, the Dean will do well to beware of them. If the dome can be restored to its unvarnished simplicity all will be well.

WE have authority for making the welcome announcement that the chocolate stencilling round the base of the dome will at once be discontinued by order of the Dean.

ALL the same, the art students who lately met to protest against the decorations are pushing forward with their petition, a draft of which, "under revision," has been sent by them to a limited number of persons of authority in matters of taste. To the Slade School belongs the honour of taking the lead; and the students were delighted to draw nearly their first ink from one of their own professors. This is Prof. Fred. Brown, who writes:

Another visit to St. Paul's, with the object of examining Sir W. B. Richmond's latest additions under the dome, more than confirms my previous impression. I left more than ever convinced that a great wrong had been done to a noble building. I feel, therefore, entirely in sympathy with the general tone of indignant protest pervading your petition to the Dean of St. Paul's; while your energy and public spirit deserve the support and approval of all who are interested in art. I had no intention of taking part in your proceedings; but as you have expressly asked me for my views on the matter, as head of the school in which your petition originated, I feel bound to express my entire approval of the spirit of your action, and my complete agreement with you on the desirability of removing, at all costs, every scrap of the decoration in question.

ANOTHER correspondent of the students has the impress of Mr. Andrew Lang upon each line of his letter:

I have never seen the decorations in St. Paul's; the interior of that remarkable building is usually black fog.

seems, therefore, as safe a place as any for modern decorative art: which, in the interior of St. Paul's, must cause the least possible annoyance to the smallest possible number of citizens. Sir W. B. Richmond being my most intimate friend, I do not think you can expect me to encourage you in a proposal rather sweeping, and not wholly flattering to himself. Remember that he is your fellow-being, and has probably been an art student. A Presbyterian myself, I can still look with sympathy on the work of Wren, but, of course, only from the outside. Any proposal which your friends may make for removing most of the pictures from our modern galleries, and all the statues except those of the Stuart dynasty from our streets, will meet with my enthusiastic approval. They excite the gaiety of (foreign) nations.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, not having seen the decorations, can only be a witness to common report, for he says that, from "all he hears," the "excellently-worded protest is justified." Neither has Lord Rosebery seen the decorations, but, in an autograph letter to the students, he supplements this confession by a valuable statement of his "clear view that this is a national matter, affecting a national monument, and not one, therefore, that can be treated as a confidential transaction between the Dean and Chapter on the one hand, and the subscribers on the other." Prof. York Powell writes from Christ Church, Oxford, to say that if he were an art student he should be delighted to sign the petition. Sir Walter Besant expresses a similar readiness, "because it is dreadful to think of St. Paul's being decorated so as to destroy the spirit of devotion Wren sought to inspire." Mr. Bernard Shaw does not suppose a popular outcry against the decorations raises any presumption against them. "The average Englishman," he says, "thinks colour disreputable, and would support Richmond heartily if he put a starched collar round the dome and a tall hat on the ball." All the same, he declares it to be "a real objection" against Sir William Richmond that he sprang from a school of "men who made it an article of their artistic religion to disparage Michael Angelo, to ignore Brunelleschi, and to ridicule Wren." With such a tradition, he is not likely, therefore, "to preserve the character of St. Paul's."

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN wishes the petition a success, which he "despairs of getting save by ways of scandal such as Mr. Kensit has devised for protestation inartistic in its aims." Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, while averse from the task of throwing cold water on the works of artists who have done their best, and unwilling that any disrespect should be shown to Sir William Richmond, says that he cannot avoid, in replying to the students, the confession that he "detests the decorations under the dome." Among other art-critics whose opinion the students have received with welcome are Mr. Humphry Ward, who is glad that "the young men and women who study art in London are a body who care for these things"; Mr. Claude Phillips, who expresses "warmest sympathy"; and Lady Colin Campbell, who holds that "the whole scheme of stencilling and lettering and of tawdry tinsel mosaic is utterly indefensible."

Folly.

A WORM once envied the beauty of the rose and the gaiety of the butterfly, so it buried itself in the earth rather than share the sunshine with them.

The rose was plucked and carelessly flung away; the butterfly was caught and stripped of its wings; but the buried worm went on envying.

Wisdom.

A WOMAN was deformed and ugly, but she dressed herself in flowing garments, and said: "I am the New School." Soon she had many disciples.

Mr. Mallock Explains.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK'S new novel, *The Individualist*, is published this week. We shall review the volume in due course, but in the meantime we reproduce the Preface wherein Mr. Mallock replies to certain charges that have been brought against the book:

"When portions of this novel, in a more or less connected form, were appearing under a pseudonym in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, an important monthly journal went out of its way to suggest that certain of the events and characters were close copies from life. If the author, this journal said, did not mean his description of Startfield Hall as a description of a Settlement founded by Mr. Passmore Edwards, and if he did not mean his description of the earnest persons connected with it 'as an *exposé* of the jealousy, littleness, and special weaknesses' of a certain well-known lady (whose name I will not reproduce) and her friends, 'he has taken every measure in his power to produce that mistaken impression on his readers.'

Observations of this kind it is not always possible, or indeed necessary, to disprove. In this case I feel that an answer is desirable; and it happens to be exceptionally easy. Startfield Hall was suggested to me by a chance paragraph in the *Liberty Review*, the organ of the Liberty and Property Defence League. The paragraph mentioned the establishment of some new 'Settlement,' and quoted a few words used by one of the lecturers, who described the upper classes as 'roaring with delight over the prospect of any new war.' This was the only foot it provided out of which to construct this particular Hercules; and as to the personalities, and even the names, of the founders and supporters of the enterprise, I am to this day in complete ignorance of them. If their names were mentioned in the paragraph, they meant absolutely nothing to me.

Next, with regard to the character of Mrs. Norham in *The Individualist*, which the critic regards as a 'lampoon' on the lady already referred to, my answer is even more conclusive. If Mrs. Norham's character can be said to have an original outside this novel, the original is to be found in a Dialogue written by myself for the *Nineteenth Century* in the year 1880. Mrs. Norham there appeared as the wife of a Broad Church private tutor, who took pupils in a cottage on the banks of Derwentwater. That her character as there described is identical with her character in the present novel will be seen by the words with which she begins the dialogue. 'I have decided,' she says to her husband, 'to resign the sub-editorship of the *Agnostic Moralist*. I am, of course, aware it was myself who made the journal, and that it will inevitably suffer by my withdrawing my support from it. But for many reasons I think this the right course to pursue. The editor, Dr. Pearson, was getting anxious to have the chief management—a most incapable man, forever preferring his own opinion to mine; and I really found at last there was no working with him. However, I was resolved that the rupture between us should have no bitterness, so I have done my best to make the next number a helpful one, and have insisted on contributing the whole matter myself. There will appear in it, my dear, *inter alia*, these two new papers of mine on 'Functional Amusement' and 'The Cellular Character of the Individual.' Mrs. Norham (though I think these were the days before 'Settlements') was represented as endeavouring to diffuse culture among the masses by painting pictures herself for them, one of which bore the title of 'A Fugue in Four Colours.'

This sketch was made by me in 1880; and, so far as my own knowledge goes, the lady to whom the critic alludes was wholly unknown, till seven or eight years later, for any of these views or enterprises which have led him to suppose Mrs. Norham's career to be intended as a 'lampoon' on hers. But it does happen that I could point out in my early Dialogue two marked, though minute, features

which reappear in writings of this lady's, published long afterwards. Just, however, as it would be the height of absurdity to suppose that this lady was an imitator of me—she probably never read the Dialogue just referred to—so it is equally absurd to argue that I have attempted any personal reproduction of her. Anyone who attempts to draw a typical character or a typical series of events is sure, if he achieves any success whatever, to produce a picture containing a number of touches which somewhere or other have their counterpart in reality; but this will not be because his characters resemble individual men and women, but because individual men and women of similar temperaments and opinions have always a number of traits in which they resemble one another."

Correspondence.

Marvell and the Key of Green.

SIR,—I have been much entertained by your contributor "E. W.'s" voluntary "In the Key of Green," but also a little disappointed. For I fully expected him to work up to that greenest passage in all literature, in which Marvell describes the garden where

Stumbling on melons, as I pass
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass;

and where his mind sits in its solitude:

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Now I am almost tempted to doubt if "E. W." knows his Marvell; and, indeed, if he does, what business has he to misquote the "golden lamps in a green night" of the Bermuda oranges? Yet Marvell "sees green," perhaps, more than any other poet. For him

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green;

and his shepherds appropriately cry:

Let's not, then, at least be seen
Without each a sprig of green.

Did I not detest statistics, I would count for you the number of times which the adjective "green" occurs in the slender blue-green volume which—happily—excludes his satires. But take the lines upon the gardens of Appleton House, "the nursery of all things green," with their surrounding woods, "the columns of the temple green," "a green, yet growing ark," which

as they Nature's cradle decked,
Will, in green age, her hearse expect;

and the meadows, like "green silks but newly washed," full of the "green spires" of grass, into which

The tawny mowers enter next,
Who seem like Israelites to be
Walking on foot through a green sea.

Unfortunately, the generation after Marvell took to seeing things "verdant" or "virid" instead of "green," and naturally soon became unable to see them at all.—I am, &c.,
E. K. C.

Was Bacon a Poet?

SIR,—The contributor of the article "Was Bacon a Poet?" to your last issue quotes the lines beginning—

The man of life upright, whose guiltless heart is free,
and ascribes their creation to Bacon.

In an anthology of "Lyrical Verse," from Elizabeth to Victoria, selected and edited by Oswald Crawford, the same poem is quoted as the production of Thomas Campion.

In Arber's *English Garner*, vol. vi., p. 391, the poem is printed as an anonymous production, in a collection of Lyrics, &c., edited by Richard Alison in 1606.

Among such diversity of opinion, having, in this remote neighbourhood, no means of access to complete editions of the above authors, I should be greatly obliged if some of your readers would endeavour to settle this question of apparently disputed authorship in one of your future issues.—I am, &c.,

Kilham, Driffield, Yorks: CHAS. ED. HOLLINGS.
May 15, 1899.

"Lead, Kindly Light."

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence which appeared in your columns during February on the subject of Newman's hymn, it would be of interest to know if the version used by the Roman Church is the same as the author's original version. Some years ago, while travelling on a P. & O. steamer, a lady who was going to Australia gave me the following, which she called the "Roman Catholic" version of the hymn, and which I understood her to say had been written by Newman after he joined the Church of Rome. The hymn itself and the initials at the end, however, show that he cannot have been the author of it.—I am, &c.,

H.B.M. Consulate, E. T. C. WERNER.
Hangchow, China.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

Oh, Kindly Light, how well thy guiding ray

Hast led him on;

With steady beam, thro' all the rugged way,

It led him on!

Thro' thirsty deserts to the boundless sea,
From Egypt's bondage into liberty.

Step after step, as he himself had prayed,

It led him on;

The future veiled, the near path smoother made,

Thus led him on—

Till doubt's prolonged Gethsemane was done,
And reason, faith, heart, intellect were one.

And, gentle Master, thou thyself since then

Hast led men on,

By silent prayer, and with thy magic pen,

Where thou has gone—

England's true Moses in these latter days,
But first thyself to tread the new, strange ways.

Oh, still for long and happy, honoured years

Lead thou us on;

Till the shades vanish and the day appears,

Lead thou us on—

Till on thy loved and venerable brow

Gleams the full crown whose first rays dawn e'en now.

S. M. S., 1879.

"Life of William Morris."

SIR,—There is a slip of mine in the review of Mr. Mackail's book which you published in your last issue. The sentence describing the visit of Rossetti to the Oxford Theatre, on page 525, inexcusably confuses the names of Rossetti and Morris in a way that, for the sake of personal feelings, I will not further particularise. While I am making this correction, I should say that according to Mr. Mackail it was not Morris and Rossetti at all, but Burne-Jones and Rossetti who went to the theatre on the occasion in question.—I am, &c.,
YOUR REVIEWER.

May 13, 1899.

SIR,—May I be pardoned for taking exception to your reviewer's attitude toward Socialism in his otherwise excellent review of Mackail's *Life of William Morris*? Almost at first he says: "On the one hand are the Socialists, mostly contemptuous of Morris's art." He may not be aware there is no following with as great an average of artists and art-lovers. It is the discontent at

to-day's surroundings, and the Hope of a World made beautiful, makes Socialists. He was disappointed; and so were many I know: but man embraces any "ism," and is not disappointed.

Your reviewer should really be more careful. "Why should an aristocrat of birth and means . . . stray down into those circles of the discontented poor, whose notion of righting society is to *wrong those better off than themselves?*" With such a subtle flash of ignorance does he wrong those who are better off than himself in the knowledge of what Socialism is.

But I forgive your reviewer; he is so entirely at sea. What I do protest against is this hollow journalism now so prevalent. Either William Morris was the sane, blunt, joyous man we knew, or half fool, half rogue, strangely joined with those "mostly contemptuous of his art," and given to such pretty notions of righting society! We must blame Ruskin, who helped him on the road to crime. And what shall we say of those sinful ones, his late comrades in iniquity—Walter Crane, Bernard Shaw, Edward Carpenter, Graham, and many others?

Let us be honest. If we admire William Morris, and abhor his Socialism, let us say so. If we do not understand Socialism, let us say so. But do not let us impugn the understanding and sincerity of the dead by explaining away, or faintly excusing as eccentricity, what he in full, sober judgment approved of.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE SCARLETT.

8, Iliffe-street, West Newington, S.E.: May 13.

The Pronoun "She."

SIR,—Of this most important and difficult word there are current three etymologies, each supported by scholars of repute, yet in the last part of the New English Dictionary (*sub-voco* "He") Dr. Murray only gives one explanation of it.

It is possible that he may not be aware of the existence of the other two. I have myself only just discovered that one of them, which came to me as an original idea, had appeared in print twice before I published it; I am, therefore, the last person to deny the extreme ease with which such an item may be overlooked. This makes it all the more necessary to collect together, in a medium of universal circulation like this, the heads of what has been done with regard to this word up to the present day.

The etymology which Dr. Murray treats as a *chose jugée* is that which identifies "She," not with the corresponding Anglo-Saxon pronoun *heo*, but with the Anglo-Saxon article *seo*. It is by far the oldest. I have not traced it beyond the first edition of Johnson (1757), but that will serve to show its antiquity. Among the moderns, Prof. Skeat once supported it (see his Dictionary and *Principles of English Etymology*), but he has lately recanted, and in *Notes and Queries* for 1897 (vol. xi., p. 158) propounded an Icelandic derivation, which he apparently believed to be original, but which had already been put forth by two Germans, Dr. Wuerzner (1885) and Dr. Kluge (1889), in opposition to that approved by Dr. Murray.

Leaving these doctors to disagree, we come to the third suggestion as to the origin of the word. My own public championship of it dates from *Notes and Queries* for 1896 (vol. x., p. 152). I have since discovered that Sarrazin had previously advocated the same view in the *Englische Studien*. The real credit for the notion is due to neither of us, but to that greatest of phoneticians, the late Alexander J. Ellis. It will be found in the first volume of his *Early English Pronunciation* (published in 1869).

Each of these three rival theories is based upon observation of the way consonants are affected by palatalisation. The root of the whole matter is the initial SH of the pronoun "She." How to account for it? (1) Dr. Murray thinks Anglo-Saxon *seo* (the article) passed through *sio* into *sho*. (2) Prof. Skeat thinks Icelandic *sia* passed

through *sha* into *sho*. (3) Ellis thinks Anglo-Saxon *heo* (the pronoun) passed through *hio* into *sho*.

The crowning glory of the Ellis theory is that it identifies "He," "She," and "It" with the Anglo-Saxon pronoun *he*, *heo*, *hit*, whereas the other two destroy this continuity. To those who are not accustomed to phonetic study, the change *hio* to *sho* may seem revolutionary; but there are not wanting parallels in names of places in the north of this island. Shetland is certainly the Icelandic Hialtland, and Shapinsha (one of the Orkney group) is certainly Icelandic Hialpandisey. I am indebted for this last illustration to Sarrazin.

Last, but not least, the spellings *ghe*, *gho*, for "She" (in the Ormulum and "Genesis and Exodus") can only be explained this way. Dr. Murray and Prof. Skeat would find these hard nuts to crack if they tried to crack them, but they have not done so.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

77 and 78, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 32.

THE terms of this competition ran thus: "We ask this week for an original list of twelve chapter headings to an imaginary sensational novel. They must be explicit enough to be alluring, yet not explicit enough to forestall the pleasure of surprise; and they must carry the story forward to the end." The reply of Miss Jane Keppie, Lindenhurst, Dunblane, seems to us to answer the requirements best:

- I. Wherein the Past is Related.
- II. The Present Baronet and why the Door in the Tower stood always Open.
- III. The Man in Grey who Came by Night.
- IV. Suspense.
- V. How Each of the Family Heard the Shriek.
- VI. The Bloodstain on the Bannister.
- VII. Whose was the Crime?
- VIII. A Clue.
- IX. Baffled.
- X. A Message from the Unseen.
- XI. What was Found in the Mill-Dam.
- XII. The Door is Closed.

Among other replies are these:

- I. The Dark House in Bledlow Square.
- II. A Plot and a Marplot.
- III. Wheels within Wheels.
- IV. Love and a Lure.
- V. A Cab Drive Beyond the Radius.
- VI. When the Clock Strikes Two.
- VII. What the Phonograph Heard.
- VIII. What the Phonograph did not Hear.
- IX. Bastowsky's Last Chance.
- X. "In the Name of the Czar!"
- XI. From Bow Street to Siberia.
- XII. In the Harbour of Love.

[W. G. H., London.]

- I. The Great North Road.
- II. On Secret Service.
- III. The Rencontre at the "Black Horse."
- IV. How the Innkeeper was Tempted of the Devil.
- V. Mademoiselle Hears a Cry in the Night.
- VI. "Dead Men Tell no Tales."
- VII. Sleuth Hounds.
- VIII. The Light in the North Tower.
- IX. The Indiscretion of the French Officer.
- X. A Desperate Resource.
- XI. The Empty Room.
- XII. De Profundis.

[G. A. F., Uxbridge.]

- I. The House in Great Gillmore Street.
- II. Was it Murder?
- III. Jack Fenton turns Private Detective.
- IV. "Mr. Mortimer."
- V. Jack Decides to Visit the House in Great Gillmore Street.
- VI. What was "Mr. Mortimer" doing in the Lumber Room?
- VII. Dorothy warns Jack.
- VIII. Strange Behaviour on the part of "Mr. Mortimer."
- IX. "Mr. Mortimer" continues to act strangely.
- X. A Voice from the Darkness.
- XI. "Mr. Mortimer" Explains.
- XII. All's Well.

[L. S., Chiswick.]

- I. The Papers the Jesuit carries, and the Secret Affection of Tessa for Him.
- II. The Jesuit and the Jew Walk in the Garden of Ghosts, and the Jew Digs a Grave.
- III. The Jew leaves Naples for London, and on the same day Tessa Dreams a Dream and Finds that it is True.
- IV. The Prime Minister receives a Curious Letter.
- V. The Infatuation of the Jew for the new Dancing-Girl at the Alhambra, and the Jealousy of his Wife.
- VI. The Mystery of a Motor-car.
- VII. The Prime Minister agrees to the Price the Jew asks for the Papers, and the Italian Government learns of its Danger.
- VIII. The Dancing-Girl signs herself "Tessa," and throws some light on the Mystery of the Motor-car.
- IX. The Duel between Tessa and the Jew's Wife in the Alhambra Green-room.
- X. A Supper at the Café Royal and an Adventure in Piccadilly.
- XI. Tessa saves the Italian Government and explains the Mystery of the Motor-car.
- XII. The Catastrophe in Park Lane and the Strange Sequel in the Garden of Ghosts. [E. T. Crouch End.]

Other replies received from E. C. J., Edinburgh; M. A. W., Watford; B. C. S., London; H. B. L., Liverpool; E. G. W., Bath; T. C. Buxted; E. S. C., London; H. G. H., Whitby; T. E. J., Ipswich; H. P. B., Glasgow; C. M. W., Meltham; M. T., Cheltenham; G. W., Paul; A. G., Cheltenham; E. L. B. M., London; R. C., Richmond; B. B., Birmingham; H. H., Old Shoreham; E. C. M. D., Crediton; N. L., Doncaster; M. H. L., Sheffield; J. G. L., Liverpool; G. S. T., Torcross; G. C. P., London; L. L., Ryde; T. V. N., South Woodford; H. H., Amsterdam; A. L., London; H. C., London; A. B., London; G. R., Aberdeen; C. K., Dublin; A. H. C., Lee; T. L., London; F. S., London; A. B. C., Upper Norwood; A. G., Reigate.

Competition No. 33.

This week we set our readers a poetical exercise. The following lyric by the eighteenth-century French poet De Leyre is described by Gustave Masson, in his collection *La Lyre Française*, as "a masterpiece of taste and feeling." We will give a prize of One Guinea to the contributor who makes the best rendering of De Leyre's lines into English verse:

LE ROSIER.

Je l'ai planté, je l'ai vu naître
Ce beau Rosier où les oiseaux
Viennent chanter sous ma fenêtre
Perchés sur tes jeunes rameaux.
Joyeux oiseaux, troupe amoureuse,
Ah ! par pitié ne chantez pas :
L'amant qui me rendait heureuse,
Est parti pour d'autres climats.
Pour les trésors du nouveau monde
Il fuit l'amour, brave la mort.
Hélas ! pourquoi chercher sur l'onde
Le bonheur qui trouvait au port.
Vous, passagères hirondelles,
Qui revenez chaque printemps,
Oiseaux voyageurs, mais fidèles,
Ramenez-le moi tous les ans.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 23. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the last column of p. 568 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Askwith (E. H.), *The Epistle to the Galatians* (Macmillan)
Enfield (M.), *God First; or, Hester Needham's Work in Sumatra* (Religious Tract Society)
Carus-Wilson (Mrs. A.), *Unseal the Book* (Religious Tract Society)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Hanna (Colonel H. B.), *The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80* (Constable) net 10/0
Lovett (H.), *The History of the London Missionary Society, 1795-1895*. 2 vols. (Frowde) net 17/6
Bougaud (M.), *History of St. Vincent de Paul* (Longmans) net 16/3
Daude (L.), *Alphonse Daudet* (Sampson Low)
Grosier (H. G.), *Oliver Cromwell* (Sunday School Union) 1/0
Linstead (H. C.), *The Marvellous House* (S.P.C.K.)
Thayer (W. R.), *Throne-Makers* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) net 6/0
Baldock-Lieut. Col. T. S., *Cromwell as a Soldier* (Kegan Paul) 15/0
Fisher (G. W.), *Annals of Shrewsbury School* (Methuen) 10/6
The Martyrdom of an Empress (Harper & Bros.)
McCarthy (J.), *Modern England, from the Reform Bill to the Present Time*. (Unwin) 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Waddie (J. S.), *The Ballad of Fair Margaret* (Waddie)
Y. Rhosyn Du, *The Scent of the Rose* (Guy & Birl) 1/0
Lützow (F.), *Count, A History of Bohemian Literature* (Heinemann) 6/0
Mason (E.), *The Field Floridus, and Other Poems* (Richards) net 5/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Mackintosh (R.), *From Comte to Benjamin Kidd* (Macmillan)
Stuart (W.), *English Philosophical Styles* (Cornish, Manchester) 1/3

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Beresford (Lord C.), *The Break-Up of China* (Harper & Brothers)
Little (Mrs. A.), *Intimate China* (Hutchinson) 21/0
Jackson (F. G.), *A Thousand Days in the Arctic*. 2 vols. (Harper) 32/0
The Official Guide to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (Casell) 1/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Patman (H.), *Introduction to Greek Prose Composition* (Macmillan) 2/3
Evans (A. S.), and Fearnside (C. S.), *The Certificate History of England, 1700-1789* (Clive) 3/6
Thomson (A. D.), *Homer's Odyssey*. Book IX. (Black) 2/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Ferguson (G.), *Our Earth; Night to Twilight* (Simpkin) net 5/0
Ferguson (G.), *Selections from Our Earth* (Simpkin) net 1/0
Scott (Sir W.), *Woodstock*. Vols. I. and II. (Dent) 1/6
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Roy's Wife* (Ward, Lock & Co.)
Carey (R. N.), *The Mistress of Brac Farm* (Macmillan) 3/6
The Chiswick Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice. Hamlet (Bell) each, net 1/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mackern (L.), *Our Lady of the Green* (A Book of Ladies' Golf) (Lawrence & Bullen)
Church (R. W.), *On the Relations Between Church and State* (Macmillan) 2/6
Talle (A.), *Yule and Christmas: Their Place in the Germanic Year* (Nutt)
Stokes (E.), *New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Italian Languages*
Metcalfe (J.), *The Case for Universal Old Age Pensions* (Simpkin & Marshall)
Brightwen (Mrs.), *Rambles with Nature Students* (Religious Tract Society)
Earl (O.), *Morison's Chronicle of the Year's News, 1898* (Morison Bros.) net 3/6
Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1898 (Government Printing Office, Washington)

S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS.

Hitchcock (F. R. M.), *Clement of Alexandria*, 2/-.—Donne (Archdeacon), *Getting Ready for the Mission*, 1/-.—E. D. H., *Mr. Yates's Cricket Club*, 6d.—Seddon (Mrs. T. R.), *Saints and Heroes of Our Own Days*, 1/-.—Latham (Rev. H. G. D.), *An Apostle's Correspondence*, 6d.—Laurie (C. L.), *The Study of the Bible*, 6d.—Dowson (M. E.), *Ab Inferi*, 6d.—Medd (P. G.), *The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester*, 1/-.—Waugh (H.), *Sunday Readings*, 2/6.—*A Manual of Intercession and Thanksgiving*, 6d.

** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Announcements.

MESSRS WARD, LOCK & Co. have issued a very attractive list of Spring announcements, with illustrations from the books catalogued. A feature of the list is the large number of new three-and-sixpenny novels. This firm seems to have discovered a way of producing a volume which in print, paper, and illustrations suggest six shillings, at the lower price. Mr. Guy Boothby's novels, each illustrated and published at five shillings, make a brave show. They number ten in all, *Pharos the Egyptian* being the latest. The rissue by this firm of Whyte-Melville's novels at three-and-sixpence is proceeding steadily, and six of the novels are already in print. The list also abounds in gift-books, birthday text-books, books of cookery and gardening, standard poets, &c., &c. Prominent among the more literary items is the fast growing list of "Nineteenth Century Classics," of which Mr. Clement K. Shorter is the editor. A new shilling edition of Jules Verne's works and cheap editions of Charles M. Sheldon's popular religious stories are also noticeable; while the long list of "Ward, Lock & Co's Shilling Guides" has received several important additions, other books being in preparation.

MESSRS. ELLIS & ELVEY announce another volume of the "Siddal Edition" of D. G. Rossetti's poems, to be issued early in June. The new volume will be entitled *Ballads*, and will contain the three poems: "Rose Mary," "The White Ship," and "The King's Tragedy."

The serial rights of Mr. Neufeld's adventures have been secured by the *Wide World Magazine*, and the narrative will appear month by month, commencing in the June number. The first instalment, under the title *In the Khalifa's Clutches, or My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman* is prefaced by a "Personal Impression" of the author by Sir George Newnes.

NEXT week Mr. Laurence Housman will publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a volume of poems, to be entitled *The Little Land: With Songs from its Four Rivers*.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will publish next week a new work, entitled *An Idler in Old France*, by Tighe Hopkins, author of *The Dungeons of Old Paris*.

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Further particulars may be obtained from
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pædia" of History, Religion, Biography, Arts, Sciences, and
Literature; and other Standard Works. *In press:* "A NEW
CHRONOLOGY."

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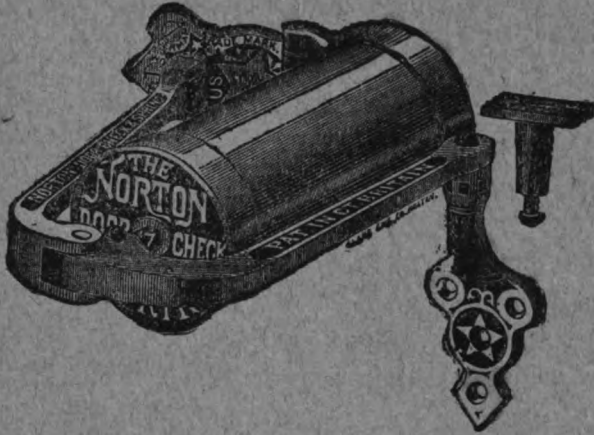
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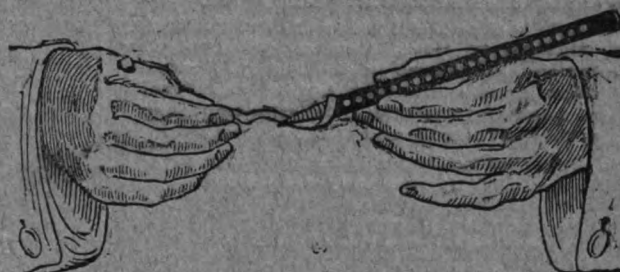
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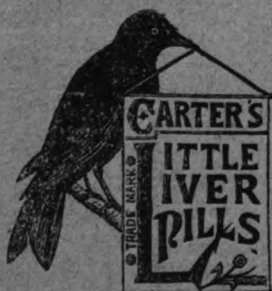
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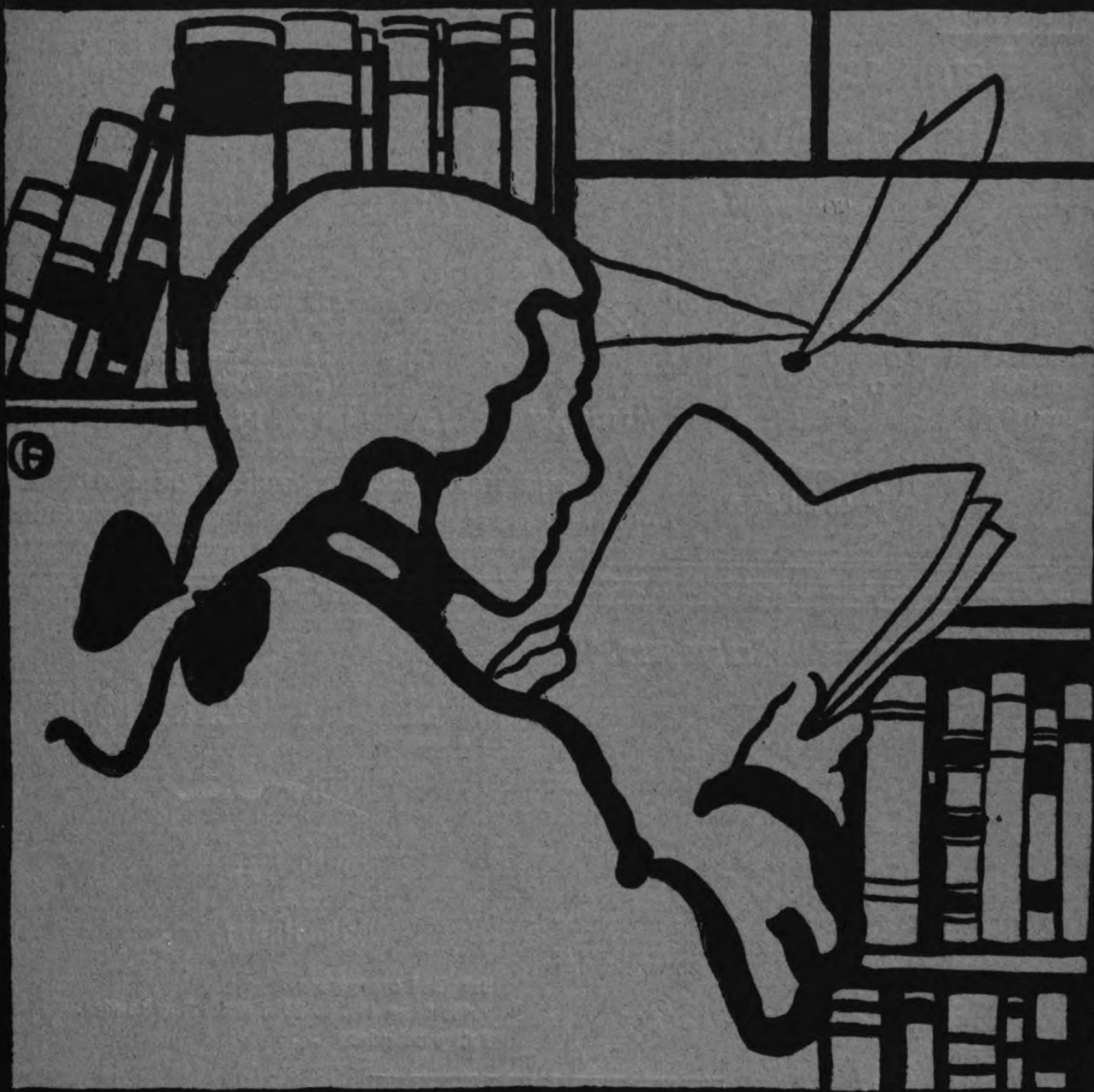
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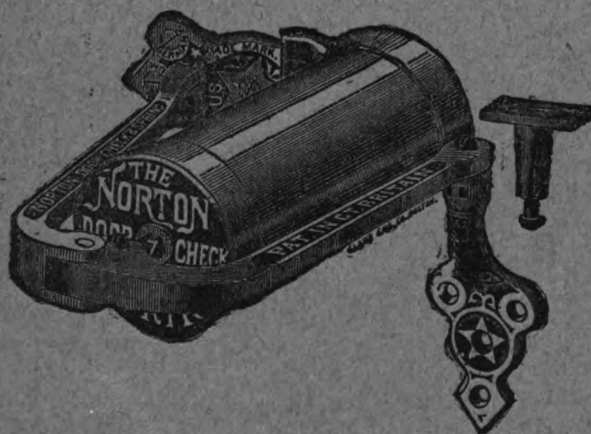
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27 May, 1899.

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The Literary Week.

AFTER the May meetings the Congress of Publishers. We are not at liberty to name the subjects which will engage the Congress, but among them will be an account of an institution peculiar to Holland—viz., classes for training boys to be publishers. There is a strong desire to see the United States and Holland brought within the pale of the Convention of Berne, on which international copyright rests, and this subject will receive attention. On the last day of the Congress (Friday, June 9), the delegates, numbering 200, will be entertained by the Master, Wardens, and Court of the Stationers' Company. We are also informed that Mr. Murray has received the permission of the Queen to conduct the delegates to Windsor Castle, where the royal library—not usually shown to the public—will be opened to their inspection.

THE Queen's birthday produced a little burst of song, among the singers being a poet whose voice is now too seldom heard—Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Mr. Myers's first stanza has a fine rhetorical swing :

To her beneath whose steadfast star
From pole to pole, in lusty play,
Her English wander, forcing far
Their world-ingathering way :
Outsoar the Caesar's eagle flight,
Outrun the Macedonian reign,
Flash from the flaming Northern night
Speech to the Austral main.

As a piece of literary dove-tailing, Mr. A. C. Benson's new stanza, appended to the late Bishop of Wakefield's hymn "O King of Kings," is masterly.

THE Sunday papers came and went like a short-lived epidemic. Both of them—the *Sunday Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Daily Mail*—are to be in some measure restored to life in the form of Saturday budgets, which people may keep for Sunday reading if they wish to. But their Sunday publication is done—a fine testimony to the power of the public voice.

SUNDAY having been saved, Saturday is trebly threatened; for the *Daily News*, which opposed the new Sunday papers with consistent energy, is not going to stand idly by and watch its rivals developing Saturday. It announces a special illustrated penny Saturday publication of its own, under the title: the *Daily News Weekly*. We do not wish to say anything discouraging about legitimate journalistic enterprise, but really the prospect of three new Saturday budgets is rather disturbing.

YET there is one class of people, at any rate, that must look with favour on the new papers—those who have a commercial connexion with the Arts. There lies before us, for example, the balance-sheet of a company which makes process-blocks for illustrated periodicals. The profits have risen from £1,637 in 1889, when the company was formed, to £4,628 last year.

M. JUSSERAND's *Shakespeare in France* was published just too soon to take note of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's extraordinary performance of "Hamlet," which is now exciting Paris and has indirectly almost caused the death of one of the actress's principal admirers, M. Catulle Mendès. The translators, MM. Morand and Marcel Schwob, have made certain cuts, among them being the famous speech of Polonius to Laertes, without which Polonius cannot be fully apprehended by the audience. The number of scenes has been reduced to fifteen. We are glad to see that Madame Sarah Bernhardt will include "Hamlet" in her next London repertory.

IN succession to M. Sarcey, M. Gustave Larroumet, who is ex-director of the Department of Fine Arts, is writing the dramatic *feuilleton* in the *Temps*. M. Larroumet contributed a warm appreciation of M. Sarcey to the *Figaro* last week.

AT the next meeting of the Dante Society, the Italian Ambassador will read a paper on "Dante as a Business Man." This opens out an attractive vista of subjects. May we suggest to other lecturers that they should consider the claims of

Sir Thomas Lipton as a Mystic.
Count Tolstoi as a Sprinter.

FIONA MACLEOD's protest against speculations concerning her identity would seem not yet to have reached Hampstead. A correspondent informs us that in the catalogue of the Public Library of that parish is the following entry :

Robins (E.), *Miss F. Macleod*. "The Open Question."

A WRITER in *Le Journal* has discovered to his surprise, and doubtless to the surprise of his readers, that the adoption of the phrase "high life" by Parisians was anticipated by Victor Hugo. In *Toilers of the Sea* the master wrote: "Un jour, une belle dame de la 'high life.'" It will be observed that Hugo endows "high life" with the feminine gender, following the French *la haute vie*.

THE centenary of Thomas Hood's birth occurred on Tuesday—he was born on May 23, 1799. In selections he will be read probably as long as any English poet not of the first rank, and much more often than several who are of the first rank but who lacked his power to touch the



THOMAS HOOD.

heart. His best short lyrics, "Ruth," "The Death Bed," and "Twas in the Time of Roses," have an enduring simplicity and tenderness. His excursion into the grimly picturesque—"The Dream of Eugene Aram"—is very good indeed; and in the sardonic, in "Miss Kilmannsegg" and the "Ode to Rae Wilson," he

touches a high mark. But probably in the distant future it will be "The Death Bed" by which Hood will be known. Of his comic work people are already tired. Fun which is dependent upon puns cannot long make an appeal. No return to it is possible. But Hood's best puns were almost miraculous.

IRONISTS must always expect to be misunderstood. Mr. Whiteing's satire, *No. 5, John Street*, was last Sunday referred to in a sermon in the Abbey by Canon Robinson, who failed with extraordinary completeness to take the author's point. Said he of Mr. Whiteing: "He leaves much out of sight, but he sees what he sees; and he is amazed and horrified, and he cries for a Redemption. His 'Epilogue' is Christianity without the name. It could not have been written if Christianity had never been; though he writes as if he were wholly unconscious of what Christianity is. He cries for a Prophet to proclaim the truth of Brotherhood. He cries for a Church to realise Brotherhood in a visible and tangible form. Has he never read the Gospel? Has he never read the Acts of the Apostles? Has he never read St. Paul? Has he never seen that the Prophet and the Church, and the Philosophy of both, fill the pages of the New Testament?" We fancy that Mr. Whiteing has read all these. It is possible that his familiarity with some forms of inoperative Christianity inspired his Epilogue.

THE sale of the Wright collections of portraits and autograph letters will occupy a whole week, beginning on June 12. The catalogue which Messrs. Sotheby have issued is in itself a very worthy and unique volume. We quote three short extracts. This is Dr. Goldsmith:

Mr. Goldsmith's best respects to Mr. Craddock, when he asked him to-day, he quite forgot an engagement of above a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him, he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday, when if Mr. Craddock would come and afterwards take a bit of mutton chop it would add to his other obligations.

This is Dr. Johnson (September 29, 1784):

It is a great pleasure to a sick man to discover that sickness is not always mortal, so for age, yet living for a greater age. This, however, whatever Rochefaucault or Swift may say, though certainly part of the pleasure, yet not all of it. I rejoice in the welfare of those whom I love, and who love me, and surely should have the same joy, if I were no longer subject to mortality.

And this is David Garrick:

The little ingenious Mr. Garrick and the ingenious little Hogarth will take the opportunity of the plump doctor's being with you, to hie away to the Rev. Rigdum Funnidos, Old Alresford, there to be as merry, facetious, mad, and nonsensical as liberty, property, and old October can make 'em. Wants no kickshaws, nothing but laugh and plumb-pudding.

MARK TWAIN is intending to return to America at the end of this year and settle in Florida. He will be in London for a short time in the summer and then stay in Scotland for a while. He has lately been at work on a book which is, he says, a portrait gallery of the remarkable people whom he has met from his childhood upwards, including, like *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary*, monarchs and desperadoes, poets and lawyers.

BUT this new book is not to see the light of day for one hundred years; which is writing for posterity with a vengeance. The portraits therein, Mark told a *Times* representative, are drawn solely for his own pleasure in the work, and with the single object of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without malice, and to serve no grudge, but, at the same time, without respect of persons or social conventions, institutions, or pruderies of any kind. These portraits of men and women, painted with all their warts, as well as with every attractive feature which has caught his eye, will not be written in the style of Mark Twain's books, which their author anticipates will be forgotten by the time his gallery is published. Any humour they may contain will be entirely unsought. It must be inherent in the subject if it is to appear in the portrait.

IN Mark Twain's own words, "a book that is not to be published for a century gives the writer a freedom which he could secure in no other way. We have lost a great deal in the past through a lack of books written in this way for a remote posterity. A man cannot tell the whole truth about himself, even if convinced that what he wrote would never be seen by others. I have personally satisfied myself of that and have got others to test it also. You cannot lay bare your private soul and look at it. You are too much ashamed of yourself. It is too disgusting. For that reason I confine myself to drawing the portraits of others." Mark Twain is simply doing of deliberate intention very much what Pepys did by accident.

THE humourist would seem to have more faith in the permanence of books than Mr. Wells has. In the glimpses of the future given in his new story, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, we see printed stories superseded by elaborate kinetoscope pictures, in which the characters move and

speak. Mr. Wells's list of the books of this generation which will be preserved two hundred years hence is interesting. He fastens on Mr. Kipling ("The Man Who would be King"), Mr. Conrad ("The Heart of Darkness"), and Mr. Henry James ("The Madonna of the Future") as three authors whose fame will endure at any rate as long as that. But not in books—in double cylinders.

IN an age of odd and seemingly irrelevant revelations nothing more odd has come under our notice than the



M. ZOLA AS A CHILD.

pamphlet entitled *A Psycho-Physical Study of Zola's Personality, with Illustrations: his Physical and Mental Peculiarities, Nervous System, Finger Imprints, Morbid Ideas, &c.*, which reaches us from Chicago. Zola, whose passion for truth governs his life, expresses himself interested in the document; but exactly how it is valuable to others we cannot determine. That the mental idiosyncracies of a man of notable intellect may be worth putting on

record we can believe; but his "anthropometrical measurements"! Thus: length of left foot, 262 mm.; width of right ear, 31 mm.; sitting height, 890 mm.

THIS is a little better:

Another morbid idea is arithmetical mania. He says this is a result of his instinct for order. When in the street he counts the gas-jets, the number of doors, and especially the number of hacks. In his home he counts the steps of the staircases, the different things on his bureau; he must touch the same pieces of furniture a certain number of times before he goes to sleep.

From this desire to count arise superstitions; certain numbers have a bad influence for him: if by adding to the number of a hack he obtains a superstitious number, he will not hire the hack; or if he is obliged to, he fears some evil will befall him, as not to succeed on the errand he is upon. For some time "3" was a good number; to-day "7" reassures him: thus in the night he opens his eyes seven times to prove that he is not going to die. But the number 17, which reminds him of an important date that fate has willed, disturbs him.

We reproduce from the pamphlet a photograph of Zola as a child. And for the benefit of any English novelist who may wish to be the subject of a similarly exhaustive inventory we may add that the author's name is Arthur MacDonald.

THE first number of the *Chord*, a new quarterly devoted to music, lies before us. The little work proceeds from the Unicorn Press. The contributors belong to the new school of musical criticism, among them being Mr. Vernon

Blackburn and Mr. J. F. Runciman. Tchaikowsky finds in "Israfel" a glowing eulogist.

MR. BURNAND's chapters of autobiography in the *Pall Mall Magazine* reveal two unexpected circumstances. One is that Mr. Meredith gave him his first start as a literary man—but how is not explained; and the other that that excellent chapter in *Happy Thoughts* describing the hero's difficulties in the library of the wrong Frazer's house, had foundation in fact in the library of Thackeray's house. A *Punch* dinner was "held" under Thackeray's roof, and afterwards the great man asked Mr. Burnand to get him a book from the shelves. Mr. Burnand did his best, but he could not dislodge the volume. It was a dummy. Thackeray then asked him to try in the next room for it. "Certainly," I said, eager to show my readiness, and to put myself on the best possible terms with the great man. So I turned to go to the door in the direction he had indicated. No door; all books. Then, on looking round, it seemed to me that there *was* no door: books everywhere. Yet we must have entered by some door, out of the dining-room; and here we were! and others had gone out by another door; but where? Were we in a room without any doors? 'I'll show you,' he said; and then, intensely enjoying my puzzlement, he put his hand in among the books in the case—all dummies, every one—and, turning a handle, opened the door leading into the dining-room."

AUTHOR and publisher can be at variance without rancour, perhaps without knowing it. The prospectus of a new book of verse called *An Epic of the Soul* illustrates this difference. Says the author: "This cycle of eighty short poems, of a new form, records the experience of one who has sounded the depths of doubt and despair, and emerged into light on the further side." Says the publisher: "Printed in best style, on feather-weight paper, with deckle edges, and bound in white vellum, gilt top, with title on back and on cover in gold."

LISTS of errata can be amusing. A little pamphlet collection of stories reaches us from America with a quite disproportionate list of errata at the end. Here are some:

- Page 7, line 22, "depths" should be "debts."
- „ 12, „ 28, "streak" should be "stream."
- „ 17, „ 20, "loud, maddening" should be "land-maddening."
- „ 22, "To Mary E. Wilkins" should be "C."
- „ 23, line 27, "irritableness" should be "inevitableness."
- „ 25, „ 37, "did not know" should be "did know."

WE erroneously stated the price of Messrs. T. & T. Clark's *Dictionary of the Bible* in reviewing the first two volumes last week. The volumes are 28s. each; not 14s.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Some little time ago you had a competition for books that are wanted. Might I suggest the desirability of a dictionary of early printers—say to 1600 or 1650—giving their trade marks, peculiarities of style or matter, and more important or rare works? Possibly such a work exists (? in French); if so, I should be much obliged if you could tell me of it."

PERHAPS the curious fate of Lord Curzon's unpublished book is not generally understood. It was ready when Lord Curzon was appointed Viceroy, and its forthcoming publication was announced in the *Times*. The paragraph was seen in "high quarters," and an intimation was given that the appearance of a book on India by the Viceroy of India was not desirable. The fact that Lord Curzon's book referred to travels on the frontier in years gone by did not prevail; and the result was that Lord Curzon gave instructions that publication should be put off indefinitely, and sailed for India. The book now lies in type. "The next step," says the New York *Critic*, "will probably be the taking down of the type, unless, indeed, Lord Curzon cares to rent it until he ceases to be the Indian Viceroy, five years hence."

To the "William Black Lifeboat Memorial Fund" the sum of £330 has now been subscribed. The Committee has lately been strengthened by a number of American literary men, and all over the United Kingdom the interests of the Fund are in good hands. The figure of £2,000 is aimed at.

JULES CLARETIE says that a "well-informed" diplomatist said to him recently: "There are four people in the whole of England who do not wish for a war with France: the Queen, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and sir John Morley."

Bibliographical.

THE centenary of the birth of Thomas Hood has brought with it a gratifying, yet rather amusing, amount of erudition on the part of the daily and the weekly press. The fuss made is a little diverting, for as a rule we have heard little of poor Hood. He is not among those from whom the *literati* habitually quote. The "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" are naturally voted trite; and there has never been anything to show that the average writing man had ever read the "Midsummer Fairies" or the Sonnets. In the *Golden Treasury* Hood is represented by three pieces only—"The Bridge of Sighs," "Past and Present," and "The Death Bed" (which, in his first edition, Mr. Palgrave deprived of its third verse!). Mr. Austin Dobson, too, when he came to "select" Hood for Mr. Ward's *English Poets*, chose only "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Death Bed," and "A Parental Ode" as representative examples of Hood's work. From the critics, in fact, Hood, as a poet, has never received any assistance worth speaking of.

If Hood's verse, both "serious" and "comic," is not well known to the lieges, it certainly ought to be. Books, of course, are usually bought as furniture or for decorative purposes; still, a good many people probably have dipped into the many editions of Hood's rhymes which have been produced within the last decade or two. It is quite a long time—some fourteen years—since Messrs. Routledge put the "serious" and the "comic" verse into their cheap and handy Pocket Library. About the same time the Poems

were included in Messrs. Cassell's Red Library. There were other editions in 1890, 1891, and 1893, the last-named year witnessing a reprint of Hood's novel, *Tylney Hall*. Two years ago Messrs. Warne included Hood's verse in their Albion Library, and Messrs. Macmillan gave to it two volumes in their "Eversley" series. Last year, again, Messrs. Routledge issued cheap editions of the Poems. By the way, *Hood in Scotland*, which has just been re-reviewed, came out originally in 1885.

More than one reference has been made these last few days to Landor's tribute to "the witty and the tender Hood." It is, of course, by no means the only tribute of the kind. There is Leigh Hunt's in "The Feast of the Poets":

... a right poet also was Hood, and could vary
His jokes with deep fancies of Centaur and Fairy.

There are Lowell's lines "To the Memory of Hood," and W. C. Bennett's in his *Verdicts*:

Thou by whom equal humour and pathos were shown,
Thou heart with a tenderness all woman's own,
Thou finest of spirits thy thronged age has known!

Very enthusiastic, too, is Gerald Massey's testimony to his brother bard:

The world may never know the wealth it lost
When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb,
So mighty in his undeveloped force.

The announcement of a new book by Mr. Hamlin Garland—to be published in this country, which he has just visited for the first time—reminds one that his work is already pretty familiar to English readers. We have had, for instance, in tolerably quick succession, his *Little Norsk*, his *Spoil of Office*, his *Prairie Songs*, his *Prairie Folks*, his *Main-Travelled Roads*, his *Crumbling Idols* (essays on art, literature, and the drama), his *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, and his *Wayside Courtships*—all within half a dozen years or so. This seems to indicate a certain measure of popularity on this "side."

I see Dr. Andrew Wilson has been quoting in the *Illustrated London News* some stanzas which he "thinks he is right in attributing to the late Lord Neaves." Lord Neaves certainly did write "The Leather Bottel," but not quite as Dr. Wilson quotes him. Of the three stanzas which Dr. Wilson prints, the first two differ pretty considerably from the authorised text as given in "Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific," to which the readers of the *Illustrated London News* may be advised to make reference.

In the June number of the *Cornhill*, a writer reproduces from "The Shotover Papers" (Oxford, 1874-5) two stanzas of the Swinburne parody entitled "Procuratores," and beginning:

O vestment of velvet and virtue!

He adds: "The author of this parody was, I believe, Mr. Ivan Müller, then of New College." This is quite true; and "Procuratores," along with other verses by Mr. Müller, may be found, with Mr. Müller's name appended to them, in a volume, published by Routledge, called *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century*.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Liddell of "Liddell and Scott."

Henry George Liddell, D.D. A Memoir. By the Rev. Henry L. Thompson. (Murray. 16s.)

IN the Oxford of ten years ago Liddell loomed large. The memory of a distinguished Vice-Chancellorship, the prestige of "the House," the already ancient fame of the great Lexicon, gave him a position and authority second only to that of "little Benjamin, their ruler." And even in a mostly celibate society the fine bearing and handsome demeanour of the man, which the portraits we reproduce abundantly illustrate, added to the impression. For sixty-two years, from his matriculation in 1830 to his resignation in 1892, with the exception of the decade which he spent at the closely related foundation of Westminster, Liddell's career was bound up and identified with the fortunes of what is in some respects the *doyen* of Oxford colleges—Christ Church. Mr. Thompson's memoir is naturally somewhat academic and reserved, but it furnishes the material for a fairly lifelike portrait, differing in

great joy to the Sixth Form boys of Westminster to find a weak point. Story had it that on such occasions Liddell would say: "I can't think what Mr. Scott meant by saying that." And an audacious wag once showed up to the headmaster the following epigram:

Two men wrote a Lexicon, Liddell and Scott;
Some parts were clever, but some parts were not.
Hear, all ye learned, and read me this riddle,
How the wrong part wrote Scott, and the right part wrote Liddell.

Between 1833 and 1846 Liddell became successively Tutor of Christ Church, Reader in Greek, and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy. In the latter year he married and was appointed by Gaisford Headmaster of Westminster. Here he did good work, for the school had fallen into the hands of incompetent ushers and sorely needed wise steersmanship. During his tenure of office Liddell found time to write an excellent *History of Rome*. He was not sorry, however, on Gaisford's death, to come back to Christ Church as Dean, and with the exception of the inevitable work on the Lexicon, the rest of his life was devoted to the service of the College and the University.



AT TWENTY-EIGHT.
By Cruikshank.



AT FORTY-SEVEN.
By G. Richmond, R.A.



AT SIXTY-FIVE.
By G. F. Watts, R.A.



AT EIGHTY.
By H. Herkomer, R.A.

THE LATE DEAN LIDDELL AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE.

more than one way from the traditional Liddell of undergraduate legend.

The reminiscences of his early life which Liddell himself preserved do not paint his schooldays in bright colours. At his first school an ingenious form of torture was in vogue:

We little boys were made to sit at the long desks with our hands over our eyes, and certain big fellows, having needles fixed in little balls of sealing wax, blew these missiles through pea-shooters, so as to pin our ears to our heads.

Charterhouse, to which Liddell went on, was almost equally rough. The boys seemed to have "pigged it" a good deal, and to have learnt less than might be expected from the reputation of the headmaster, Dr. Russell, who was something of a faddist. Liddell, personally, after three years' experience, still dates his letters from "Beastly Charterhouse." At Christ Church, and under that really great scholar Gaisford, he found himself more in his element. The Lexicon, in which his colleague was Robert Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol, was begun soon after he took his degree, and was completed in about ten years. But he was at work upon it, revising and improving, up to the end of his life. It was really a credit to English scholarship, and, in a letter written shortly after its publication, Liddell records with some pride how the famous Dindorf had now relinquished his intention of doing similar work. Of course it is not infallible, and it was a

On the inner life of Liddell Mr. Thompson is, perhaps, more chary of throwing light than could be wished. In his youth, like most of his contemporaries, he came under the influence of Pusey and Newman. He writes as follows of the great opponent of the Tractarians, Dr. Arnold:

Arnold came, saw, and, of course, did not conquer. I am sorry to say that his physiognomy by no means counteracts the extremely unpleasant notion I had been led to form of him from the "Malignants" article. A more savage, truculent expression than that day sate upon his brow I think I never saw.

This naïve fashion of painting your adversary as a devil is not uncharacteristic of theological controversy, but the portrait will come as a surprise to the readers of Stanley's *Life of Arnold*. In another letter of the same date he appeals to Vaughan, afterwards Professor of Modern History: "I hope you have already signed a petition against admitting Dissenters to the Universities. If not, you will find one either at Rivington's or Hatchard's, whither instantly repair, and enrol your name among all the good and wise of the land." These polemical utterances are singularly at variance with Liddell's later attitude on the question of University Reform. The real fact is, that with Liddell the Tractarian phase was even more transient than it was with Mark Pattison, or with Froude. The bent of his mind was not theological, and his interests, outside scholarship, were mainly con-

cerned with matters of art. Of the Martyrs' Memorial he very characteristically writes:

There are, and will be, many difficulties about it, arising from the disturbed state of the theological opinion, both generally in the country and particularly at Oxford. However, I hope the thing may be got successfully forward. If so, when the architectural question of what is to be comes to be discussed I shall take a very lively interest in the business.

This detachment from theology, and indeed from speculation generally, seems to have lasted throughout Liddell's life. Abstract ideas had but the slightest attraction for him; he was at heart a "practical" man. Mr. Thompson quotes some interesting extracts from letters written after his resignation of the Deanery to Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Acland:

I fear I share Mountague Bernard's opinion that, after forty, Metaphysics become distasteful. I have so long discontinued any study of Speculative Philosophy, and am so ignorant of what has been said or written by moderns, such as Herbert Spencer, Lotze, &c., that I *could* not give any judgment worth a farthing. I fear the present generation care little for such things, and that any attempt to popularise them would meet with small encouragement. I only wonder at your energy in continuing to pass speculative thoughts through the filter of your brain.

And, again:

As to faith, I suppose you mean that the *old* provinces of faith are being invaded by conviction of new facts inconsistent with their maintenance. Must this not be so. It is a question whether, *after a certain age*, it is worth while, as a matter of duty, to go into such questions. I, for instance, do not feel the least inclination to read the Gifford Lectures by (I forget his name), if he attempts to solve transcendental questions by abstract reasonings. The *history* of religion *must* be interesting. The *philosophy* of religion *may* be barren and provoking.

We have referred to Liddell's taste for art. He was an excellent draughtsman, as some examples from the Christ Church Common-Room blotting-paper, gathered up by a friend after a committee meeting and reproduced by Mr. Thompson, show. He was a close friend of Mr. Ruskin's, who in a well-known passage of the *Præterita* speaks of him as "one of the rarest types of nobly-presented Englishmen, . . . a man sorrowfully under the dominion of the Greek ἀνάγκη—the present Dean." Ruskin regretted that one who could draw should give himself up to business and lexicons. And Liddell, in his turn, describes the Ruskin of undergraduate days as "a very strange fellow, always dressing in a great-coat with a brown velvet collar and a large neckcloth tied over his mouth, and living quite in his own way among the odd set of hunting and sporting men that gentlemen commoners usually are." Mr. Thompson prints two long and interesting letters from Ruskin, written in 1844, and replying to criticisms of Liddell's upon *Modern Painters*.

Dean Liddell's is a worthy figure to stand in the long line of rulers of the "House," which includes such names as Fell, Aldrich, Atterbury, Jackson, and Gaisford. A certain sternness and austerity of demeanour which marked his relations with undergraduates was due to shyness and reserve; and in later life became softened—so his biographer declares—into something approaching geniality.

The Prince of Critics.

"JULES JANIN, who has been dubbed the prince of critics, would be completely unknown to the present generation if he had not called the lobster, which he had only seen after it had been boiled, 'the cardinal of the seas.'"

From the *Times*, May 25.

The Hymn and the Hymnist.

The Hymn Lover: an Account of the Rise and Growth of English Hymnody. By W. Garrett Horder. Second Edition, Revised. (J. Curwen & Sons.)

Hymns and Hymn-Writers of the Church Hymnary. By Rev. J. Brownlie. (Henry Frowde.)

Of the two books cited above, the second is a series of brief notices, critical and biographical, of the hymn-writers whose work appears in the Presbyterian Church Hymnary. It is well done, and very useful within its necessarily limited scope. At the same time, the Church Hymnary casts so wide a net that Mr. Brownlie's book is really more comprehensive than the mere title would lead one to expect. Mr. Horder's work, on the other hand, is really a history of English Hymnody, and well deserves the second edition into which it has gone. The criticism is good, and it does excellent service by its copious quotations of hymns good but little known.

There is a general and a conventional sense of the term "hymn." In the general sense it may signify elaborate poems, including litanies—poems quite unfit for congregational use. The Orphic hymns, for example, are litanies. Of the purely poetical class we may take Catullus' hymn to Diana. A free translation of the first stanzas will show how unfit it would be for general use:

Diana's servitors are we,
We girls and boys in chastity;
Diana, boys in chastity
And girls go we a-singing.
O rich-haired Leto's progeny,
Great offspring of great Jove on high,
When did the olives canopy
Thy Delian forthbringing;
The mistress of the heights to be,
And have the woods in sovereignty,
And groves' recessed secrecy,
And streams' unravished springing.

That is no hymn in our narrower sense. In the accepted conventional sense, a hymn should be a metrical composition addressed to a higher power than man, and at the same time characterised by certain special limitations. It must be a *song*, in the strictest sense of that word—singable and sufficiently brief. It must, like all songs, be in a metre light and unintricate enough for musical setting; and, above all, it must be direct enough in expression for popular comprehension. This last qualification explains why there are many successful hymns, but few good hymns.

Hymns, in our signification, are almost, perhaps quite, unknown in pagan religions. The Orphic hymns, we have said, were litanies; so were the Egyptian hymns to Osiris and others as they have reached us; they are a string of the god's titles and attributes. The reason is that there was no public worship except on festival anniversaries; the services were and are conducted by the priests and their assistants in the privacy of the temple—often at night. The multitude might go in if they pleased and make their solitary individual prayer; but there was no organised public ritual, therefore no congregational prayer. So it is to-day in India. As for Buddhism, it has no prayer; a man may meditate on divine things, and try to make himself better thereby, but there is no help from the *devas*, who are at most but powers of the universe. You might as well pray to the Lord Chief Justice to keep you out of Clerkenwell. It is a religion of pure self-help and unbending fate.

From the Hebrew psalms is the origin of Christian hymnody. Yet the Assyrian hymns show whence the Jews got the model of their psalms. Read but this:

My Lord, in the anger of His heart, has punished me;
God in the strength of His heart has taken me;
Ishtar, my mother, has seized upon me and put me to grief.

God, who knoweth that I knew not, has afflicted me;
 Ishtar, my mother, who knoweth that I knew not, has
 caused darkness.
 I prayed, and none takes my hand:
 I wept, and none held my palm;
 I cry aloud, but there is none that will hear me;
 I am in darkness and hiding, and dare not look up.

This is sufficiently Hebraic; but the hymn in its modern conventional sense was developed in the Middle Ages; and the finest hymns ever written are unfortunately in Latin. English hymns really begin with the seventeenth century. Then later Dr. Watts inaugurated the prolific period of hymn-writing, and yet later in the eighteenth century the two Wesleys flooded the land with hymns and hymn-writers. Finally, about the middle of this century, there has been a fresh outbreak of hymns, the result of the diffusion of modern poetry; and this still continues. The hymns of the seventeenth century are few, and, with the exception of an occasional piece, such as Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, they have been surpassed in popularity; but in quality they are among the best of the language. They have a terseness, a freshness of idea and expression, which more recent writers too often miss. Let us quote one, not only because it is fine in itself, but because it is the work of a famous master of English prose, whom few people are aware to have left any verse at all. We mean the Evening Hymn of Sir Thomas Browne:

The night is come, like to the day,
 Depart not Thou, great God, away.
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
 Keep still in my horizon; for to me
 The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
 Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep;
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.
 Let no dreams my head infest
 But such as Jacob's temples blest.
 While I do rest, my soul advance;
 Make my sleep a holy trance:
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake into some holy thought;
 And with as active vigour run
 My course as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death;—O make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to die!
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with Thee;
 And thus assured, behold I lie
 Securely, or to wake or die.

This is probably the germ of Bishop Ken's well-known Evening Hymn, and it seems a model of what a hymn should be. The simplest may understand it, the most cultivated delight in it. We need only point to the few true hymns of George Herbert or of Herrick, whose reputation is established; but we may note one or two excellent hymns by John Austin, which are but now emerging from an undeserved neglect. "Jerusalem, my happy home," belongs to this time, and is anonymous—like many good things, from Westminster Abbey downwards.

John Mason preceded Watts, also in the later seventeenth century, and one very fine hymn of his is quoted by Mr. Horder. He, too, is regaining his due place nowadays. Of Watts we need not speak, or the Wesleys. All of them were epoch-making as hymn-writers; and if Watts be somewhat overrated as regards the intrinsic value of his work, that cannot be said of Charles Wesley. After them the soil yields scanty fruit. There is an occasional hymn deservedly remembered, such as Toplady's famous "Rock of Ages." But, on the whole, it was a fallow period, down to the middle of our own century.

Then came the influence of the great modern poets. Cowper had, indeed, written, with John Newton, the

celebrated *Olney Hymns*, but he produced no followers. Now everybody was writing verse, and hymnody shared in the revival. Thomas Kelly, James Montgomery, Bishop Heber, lead off the way. Montgomery is really an apostle of the present-day hymn, and the excellence of his work needs no comment. Heber did good service also in raising the standard of taste. And then comes Keble, with *The Christian Year*, and we are in the full tide of the revival. To mention individuals is impossible, so numerous are those with claims to attention. Let us consider the general character of present-day hymnody, and quote a few of the less-known specimens.

Modern hymn-writing is much more refined than that of the eighteenth century—aims much more at artistic merit. It is also more various in form and metre. But, on the other hand, it tends to diffuseness. Compared with the seventeenth century this is very noticeable. Keble himself, with all his merits, sadly lacked compression. His friend Newman beats him here; compression is the great merit which makes amends for much defective in the artistic finish of Newman's verse. Yet, in an occasional stanza, Keble can be striking and compact. Mr. Horder justly cites the following:

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the earth and sky.

That is admirable and rememberable. But if this fault mar Keble, what shall we say of Faber, whom Mr. Horder lauds to the skies? His translations are his best; and doubtless some of his original hymns are less faulty than those which are most popular. But those hymns, such as "O Paradise!" are almost more than diffuse, they are *gushing*. Only a richer imagination than Faber possessed as a poet could carry off such loose flinging of one's emotional arms abroad. Diffuseness, either emotional or gently sentimental, is the characteristic fault of the modern hymn. There are exceptions. Such is an excellent hymn by Anstice, which the reader will find on p. 167 of Mr. Horder's book. But we quote in preference Samuel Greg's really fine hymn on the Transfiguration—finished, compact, direct in utterance, without triviality:

Stay, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill:
 A little longer, let us linger still;
 With these three mighty ones of old beside,
 Near to the Awful Presence still abide;
 Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
 And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;
 This life is not the life that waits us there:
 Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go:
 We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know;
 Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
 The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

"No!" saith the Lord, "the hour is past,—we go;
 Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
 While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
 The plough lies waiting in the furrow there!
 Here we sought God that we might know His will:
 There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still."

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
 O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
 He who best does his lowly duty here,
 Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
 At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
 And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

Dean Stanley imitated this hymn, but certainly fails to equal Greg. His hymn is much more artificial—*flamboyant*, in fact.

The name of Neale is eminent as a translator of the mediæval and Eastern hymns. He stands with Faber and Casswall as the three who have done the most valuable work in such translation. Neale especially is remarkable

for the number and general felicity of his renderings. But with Bonar, Rawson, Gill, Ellerton, and a hundred others each having his right to consideration, the modern field is too crowded for separate reference. Yet take these hardly known lines by Sarah Williams, compact, sincere, and clear, which we may thank Mr. Horder for quoting :

Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

There is a hymn by Mrs. Charles, also excellent in a different way; antithetical, but having the same unfeminine quality of compression. And that is what we need. The national quality of our extensive hymn literature is terseness, firmness, gravity, dignity, weight. The more we aim at restoring that quality, the better the prospect for the future. We have gone far enough in the direction of modern freedom—too far. "License they mean when they cry Liberty" should not be true of hymn-writers.

A Budget of Kindliness.

Reminiscences. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus. 24s.)

MR. MCCARTHY has a good word for everybody. Out of the friendships, the rivalries, the innumerable acquaintances of forty-seven years he distils not a drop of gall. Faults and weaknesses which have acquired a traditional acceptance have no lodgment in his memory. Thackeray an inordinate admirer of rank, a snob worthy of his own collection of snobs? "So far as I knew or could observe Thackeray, I had no reason to believe that he had any defect of the kind. I had known him to be on the most friendly terms with men and women who had nothing whatever of rank or station to recommend them to his notice." Mr. McCarthy tells, with admirable point, a story of a real tuft-hunter who claimed to be of good family, and who "was always boasting of the fact and telling you of his high connections, bringing out the names of his first cousin the marquis, and his second cousin the duchess," &c. This man made the acquaintance of Thackeray, and was proud of it. One day, says Mr. McCarthy,

I met him at the Garrick Club, and he suddenly began to talk to me about Thackeray. "Now, look here," he said, "you always refuse to believe that Thackeray worships the aristocracy. I'll give you a convincing proof that he does, a proof that I got only this very day. Do you see this cigar?" He held one out between his fingers, and I admitted that I did see it. "Well," he said, "that cigar was given to me by Thackeray; and do you know what he said when he was giving it to me?" I had to admit that I could not form any guess as to what Thackeray might have said. So he went on with an air of triumph. "Well," he said, "Thackeray's words to me were these: 'Now, my dear fellow, here is a cigar which I know you

will be delighted to have, because it is one of a box that was given to me by a marquis': Now what have you to say?" I had nothing to say. I could have said: "I really didn't know that Thackeray was as well acquainted with you as all that," but I controlled my tongue, and the conversation dropped.

Under the warm rays of Mr. McCarthy's recollection the men and women of yesterday show the best sides of their characters. George Eliot, an "overbearing" hostess, "filled with intellectual pride"? "I can only say that the opinion I formed of George Eliot's manner as an intellectual hostess was, curiously, the very reverse." Cardinal Manning acrid in his talk of eminent men? "I cannot say that I myself ever observed any peculiarity of this kind." Yet even to the Cardinal's trivial detractors Mr. McCarthy is kind: "I think Manning could not always resist the temptation to throw in some brief descriptive remark, which showed in the lightest and most passing way that he thoroughly understood some one or two of a great man's little weaknesses." Browning "a mere chatterer in society, and a devotee of rank and fashion"? Not as Mr. McCarthy knew him:

As to Browning's manner of talk. Was it only the idle chatter of society? I have met a great many brilliant talkers in different countries in my time. I do not know that I have ever met a talker more brilliant, or who could, when he pleased, go more deeply into the heart of a subject than Robert Browning. I shall never forget an account which he gave me once of his early recollections of Edmund Kean's acting. Browning, of course, was very young when he saw Edmund Kean, but he had carried away in his mind a perfect picture of the great tragedian's style and manner; and I must say that with all I had read of Kean nothing ever impressed me with such a comprehension of his genius and of his style as did that rapid description by Browning given, not to the company in general, but to me at a London dinner table. There was not in his description the slightest straining after effect, not the faintest suggestion of the clever talker talking to show his cleverness; it was simply the outpouring of a man filled with his subject, and anxious to make his listener feel as he felt; and the subject itself was started by the merest chance, and without any premeditation whatever on either side.

Just as triumphantly does Freeman emerge from these most entertaining pages. Many of Freeman's visitors had been led, like Mr. McCarthy, to think of him as an overbearing man, brusque in his manner to intellectual inferiors. Mr. McCarthy found in him only "a sort of rough heartiness." Freeman, as everyone knows, was a grand talker, humorous, exuberant, and prodigiously well informed. Mr. McCarthy makes his literary industry concrete and interesting:

I was particularly interested in the working arrangements of his study, which he showed and explained with a certain degree of natural pride. One important part of the arrangement consisted of a very long, narrow table, stretching midway down almost the whole length of the long room. The convenience of this arrangement consisted in the fact that he could have all the particular books he was likely to require for each day's work laid out, on their backs with open leaves, along the table, so as to spare him the trouble of incessantly running to his shelves and taking down each time a new volume, and then, when he supposed he had done with it, putting it back into its place and out of his way, only perhaps to find, a few minutes later, that he wanted to refer to the book again, and must drag it from its shelf anew. Freeman himself expatiated with great delight on the advantages of this plan, and showed how the books that he wanted for each day's work could find ample space to lie outspread without encroaching on each other. . . . He dwelt with amusing and humorous exaggeration on the priceless simplicity of his method, and on the extraordinary vagueness of mind which induced so many authors to pile one book upon another.

It is hardly necessary, though it would be absurdly easy, to adduce other instances of our author's generous

estimates of the daily side of men and women of note. Perhaps we ought not to call them generous; they must be temperamental. What McCarthy looked for he saw; what he saw he records. And so with anecdote and talkative ease we move on through the vast crowd, and are presented to Huxley, and Mill, and Mr. Spencer, and Tyndall, and Jefferson, and Bright, and Cobden, and Parnell, and Mr. Sexton, and Lord Randolph Churchill, and Gladstone, and Carlyle, and Dickens, and Lowell, and Holmes, and Trollope, and Reade—and to many, many more: even to Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Kipling. It may be that some readers who love a shindy, and lust for a little detraction, will find Mr. McCarthy's pages too smooth and benevolent. They may contend that justice is dull without its miscarriages, and that charity vaunts itself if it *never* faileth. For such there is a grain of comfort: Mr. McCarthy almost hustles Charles Kingsley. It is a surprise, but it is so. For while allowing that Kingsley had an honest heart, and "tried to do the work of a man," Mr. McCarthy says: "I hardly remember, in my practical observation of politics, a great public question of which Charles Kingsley did not take the wrong side." And again—is it really Mr. McCarthy?—"Nothing for long years, I think, has been more repulsive, and in its way more mischievous, than the cant about 'strength' which Kingsley did so much to diffuse and to glorify." Here, and here only, this broad and gliding stream of memories stays its rippling music, and seems as though it were about to roar in in a strait channel.

Even the shindy is not quite lacking, for, in lieu of one of his own making, Mr. McCarthy treats us to a gay passage of arms between Charles Reade and Charles Mathews:

Reade's hot temper once got him into serious trouble with so awkward an antagonist as the late Charles Mathews. As most of the elders will remember, Charles Mathews was not only the most brilliant light comedian of his day upon the English stage, but he was a master of bright talk and keen sarcasm. He was performing at one time in Drury-lane Theatre, then under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, a very well-known personage of that day. Charles Reade had once written a play called "Gold," which, it seems, was acted at Drury-lane Theatre, but which I confess I never saw, never read, and, indeed, never heard of until the occurrence of the little controversy I am about to record. Reade, one night, presented himself for admission at the door of Drury-lane Theatre and was refused; and, thereupon, he wrote the following letter to Charles Mathews:

Garrick Club, Covent Garden: November 28.

DEAR SIR,—I was stopped the other night at the stage door of Drury-lane Theatre, by people whom I remember to have seen at the Lyceum under your reign.

This is the first time such an affront was ever put upon me in any theatre where I had produced a play, and is without precedent unless when an affront was intended. As I never forgive an affront, I am not hasty to suppose one intended. It is very possible that this was done inadvertently; and the present stage-list may have been made out without the older claims being examined.

Will you be so kind as to let me know at once whether this is so, and if the people who stopped me at the stage-door are yours; will you protect the author of "Gold," &c., from any repetition of such an annoyance?—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

Mathews's reply must be counted immortal:

T. R., Drury-lane: November 29.

DEAR SIR,—If ignorance is bliss on general occasions, on the present it certainly would be folly to be wise. I am therefore happy to inform you that I am ignorant of your having produced a play at this theatre; ignorant that you are the author of "Gold"; ignorant of the merits of that play; ignorant that your name has been erased from the list at the stage door; ignorant that it had ever been on it; ignorant that you had presented yourself for ad-

mittance; ignorant that it had been refused; ignorant that such a refusal was without precedent; ignorant that in the man who stopped you you recognised one of the persons lately with me at the Lyceum; ignorant that the doorkeeper was ever in that theatre; ignorant that you never forgive an affront; ignorant that any had been offered; ignorant of when, how, or by whom the list was made out, and equally so by whom it was altered.

Allow me to add that I am quite incapable of offering any discourtesy to a gentleman I have barely the pleasure of knowing, and, moreover, have no power whatever to interfere with Mr. Smith's arrangements or disarrangements; and, with this wholesale admission of ignorance, incapacity, and impotence, believe me, faithfully yours,

C. T. MATHEWS.

It is impossible not to envy Mr. McCarthy his innumerable fine contacts with men and women whose names will not quickly die, and with men and women who had their unimportant day. But our admiration of the qualities Mr. McCarthy depicts extends to those he possesses. For, certainly, this is a budget of kindness.

The Vext Philippines.

The Philippines and Round About. By Major G. J. Young-husband. With Illustrations and Map. (Macmillans. 8s. 6d.)

THE Philippines were discovered in 1521 and at once became a bone of contention. For though by the award of the papal Solomon the world had been divided, east and west, between Spain and Portugal, it was not always easy to determine where east left off and west began. In the end Spain had the better of the dispute, and settled down steadily to misgovern the Filipino race for the next 300 years. With a brief interlude: for from October 6, 1762, to February 10 of the following year the islands were British property. The Government of George III. handed them back, like small change across the counter, under the terms of the Peace of Paris; and the Spaniards put up a merry monolith to celebrate their triumph and the prowess of Simon Anda.

The insurrection of 1896 is attributed to three causes. They are: (1) the system of extortion practised by the Spanish officials; (2) the unequal incidence of the burden of taxation; and (3) the gross lives and intolerable tyranny of the clergy (with the honourable exception of the Jesuits). With the leader of the insurrection, the self-proclaimed first president of the Philippine Republic, the author had the privilege of an interview.

Aguinaldo is a young man of only twenty-nine years of age, stands about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, is slightly built, and was dressed in a coat and trousers of drab tussore silk. He is a pure Philippine native, though showing a slight trace of Chinese origin; of dark complexion, and much pock-marked. His face is square and determined, the lower lip protruding markedly. On the whole, a man of pleasant demeanour, even-tempered, and with strong characteristics. Slow of speech, and perhaps also of thought, his past career has hall-marked him as a man of prompt decision and prompter action.

Against the insurrection the Spanish authorities took stern measures. Martial law was proclaimed, and at Manila 169 persons suspected of disaffection were thrust into a dungeon that had its one air-hole boarded over to keep out the rain. Fifty-four died in the night, and the survivors were shot in the morning. Such drastic remedies proving ineffectual, General Polavieja was superseded; and on Christmas Day arrived Primo de Rivera with his pockets full of money—\$2,000,000. He distributed it among the insurgent leaders, except some two-thirds, which went by way of commission in other directions; then "with great pleasure" he announced to the authorities at home that "the principal leaders of

the insurrection had laid down their arms and cheered three times for Spain, the King, and peace," upon which he made his smiling way home. A pacification arranged upon this basis was not likely to last; and under Davila the old methods were employed to suppress a new rising. And then a side wind from Cuba brought Dewey in search of the Spanish fleet.

When Major Younghusband arrived at Manila on October 10 of last year the place was in the hands of the Americans, and the newcomers were busy in cleaning up after three hundred years of neglect, corruption, and squalor. The author's outspoken description of the domestic habits of its former occupants for the last three centuries leaves no doubt as to the horrors of the task which the new municipality found themselves called upon to undertake. Indeed, that the place should not have been laid desolate long since suggests that the boastful bacillus is, after all, but a feeble folk. (But that is not sufficient to justify a self-respecting major in such a comment as this: "Poor old Peter up aloft must have a heavy job with the Dons before they are fit for admission through the golden gates.") The force in occupation has already four newspapers of its own, and Major Younghusband often "found the paragraphs and advertisements very amusing":

"Holy Gee!" exclaims one organ, "200 new subscribers in one hour! Walk in, boys; beer ain't in it with newspapers! Dump down your dollars, and secure an intellectual feast for one month anyhow." But the beer man is not to be defeated, for on the back of the same paper he holds out most inviting suggestions of celestial bliss to those who drink his beer, thus: "Beware of microbes! The little demons that down a strong man! There's NO MICROBES in S——'s beer, and don't you forget it. If by accident a microbe should fall into S——'s beer, he would reform and become an ANGEL. Who would not be an Angel?"

Together with their spirit of journalistic and commercial enterprise, these citizen soldiers have brought with them, from the sacred presence of their "souvenir girls," that spirit of chivalry by which their nation is distinguished among the nations of the earth. From these unwashed tatterdemalions Mrs. Younghusband received a kind of homage as she passed along the streets. Various of them from whom she accepted aid in her quest of photographs were proud men that day. And a remarkably successful search it was.

Of the native population the author has but a low opinion. He ranks them below even the Dyaks of Borneo. His recommendation, therefore, as to the future government of the islands is that the Americans should adopt a system of forced labour, modelled upon that which, with excellent results, the Dutch employ in Java; for, says he, by way of justification of the proposed infringement of the principle of free labour, "compared with the European or American standard of intelligence and civilisation, the inhabitants are but as infants alongside a grown man." As a preliminary step—oblivious, apparently, of the scorn he poured out upon poor Rivera's policy of doles—he recommends, as likely to prove cheapest in the end, the buying off of Aguinaldo and other leaders of the insurrection.

Upon the whole, the book, as a bit of journalism, is bright and readable. Major Younghusband has a sharp eye and a nimble pen; and by his military training and wide experience he is qualified to judge both of the nature and the circumstances of the problem. It is one upon the solution of which, at the present moment, a good deal is thought to depend.

A King's Favourite.

Piers Gaveston. By Walter Phelps Dodge. (Fisher Unwin. 12s.)

WE agree with Mr. Dodge that his study of "one who had been practically Dictator of England" forms an interesting and valuable "footnote to history." Politically, Piers Gaveston was a butterfly crushed on the wheel of the long struggle between the King and the Barons of England. Personally, he is a brilliant and picturesque figure on the mediæval page. Mr. Dodge's careful portrait of the man, drawn from the contemporary records, will afford useful material for the future historian of the fourteenth century.

Piers Gaveston was in all probability the son of one Arnold de Gaveston, a Gascon knight in the service of Edward the First, whose tomb has been quite recently identified with that in the cathedral of Winchester formerly supposed to belong to William de Foix. The lad was brought up in the household of the young Prince Edward of Carnarvon, "upon whose affections in tract of time," says Dugdale, "he so much gained by humouring him in such sensual delights, whereunto youth is naturally inclined, that he guided and governed him according to his own vile humour." He seems to have been from the beginning an unscrupulous adventurer; but he had the temperament that fits for courts, was handsome, witty and accomplished, and easily acquired an influence over the weak and luxurious prince. The accounts of the comptroller of Edward's household show that the two led a gay and luxurious life, travelling to the Scottish wars with a lion and a troupe of Genoese fiddlers, and a sumptuous equipment which included "three silver forks *pur mangier poires*" for the especial use of the dainty Piers. Edward, however, had his father, one of the greatest of English kings, to reckon with, and these boyish revels were broken in upon by a stern order excluding Gaveston from the princely Court. He found his way back, but soon led Edward into fresh trouble. Apparently the two broke into the Bishop of Chester's park. Edward is said to have been imprisoned, and Gaveston was certainly banished from the realm. In a few weeks the old king was dead, and one of the first acts of his successor was to recall the favourite and to make him Earl of Cornwall. He became, says a chronicler, "noble, liberal and gentil in summe fashions, but often ful of pride and disdayne, of the which the nobles of England tooke great dispite." The King married him to his niece, the "elegant virgin," Margaret de Clare, and from 1307 to his final fall, in 1312, he was practically the chief man in the country. This period was, however, broken by intervals during which the growing anger of the Barons compelled Edward to go through the form of sending him into a brief and perfunctory exile. During one of these periods he was made Governor of Ireland, and, as he was by no means a coward, achieved real success in arms. It does not appear that Gaveston made any attempt to upset, for the King's benefit, the constitutional settlement arrived at by Edward the First. The problems of government interested him little. His desire was only to live wantonly, and to feather his nest for the inevitable day of disgrace. He succeeded in sending some £100,000 out of the country to a place of security, and induced the King to give him not only his father's royal jewels, but also a sum of £32,000 set aside for the succour of the Holy Land. The hostility of the nobles to him must be ascribed partly to the strain which his extravagance and greed put upon the finances of the country; partly to the fact that he was a foreigner, and filled the Court with Gascons like himself; and partly to the insolence with which he personally treated them. His French wit found a ready butt in the great dignitaries of the Council. He gave them all nicknames. Thomas of Lancaster was "the Buffoon," the stout Earl of Lincoln was "Burst-Belly," and the swarthy

Earl of Warwick "the Black Dog of Arden." Now, an English noble cannot stand ridicule, and at last Gaveston's victims took the matter into their own hands. In 1311 Ordinances were passed by the Parliament, taking the government out of the King's hands, and once more expelling the favourite. These were reluctantly signed by Edward, and Gaveston left England. After Christmas he had the audacity to return. The Barons raised an army, and Gaveston surrendered to them at Scarborough Castle. Pledges were given him which his captors had no intention of keeping. It does not seem certain that he ever got a trial. He was beheaded "by a certain Briton" at Gaversyk, near Warwick, and buried by the Dominicans of Oxford. An inscription on a rock marks the place of his execution, and someone has erected an unnecessary monument. Mr. Dodge sums up his narrative thus:

So died Piers Gaveston, faithful to his King, but faithful to naught else. Forgetful of his station and its duties, execrated by many, he remains, in spite of grievous faults, a fascinating personality. There are few instances in history of such wasted opportunities and talents so misused.

This appears to us to be taking a common *chevalier d'industrie* somewhat too seriously. The graces of the ante-chamber and a certain knack at the sword-play are hardly sufficient to make up "a fascinating personality." Station or duties, in England at least, Gaveston had none, except such as he had wormed himself into; and, although there may be something to be said for the fidelity of Edward to his favourite, the fidelity of the favourite to Edward was but that of the horse-leech to the vein.

Other New Books.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY, 1795-1895.

BY RICHARD LOVETT.

This work, consisting of two very thick volumes, is the record of a century's work by the greatest missionary society in the world. The author has had a long and wearisome task. He says with much frankness: "Friends of the Society have from time to time expressed to him their gladness in anticipation of the volumes. If their joy in studying them is but a tithe as keen as his in saying farewell to them he will be amply repaid for all his toil."

An enormous and impressive budget! The pedigree of the London Missionary Society goes back to 1788, when Carey began his endeavours to rouse the Baptists. Five years later he succeeded, and was himself sent to India. The seed thus sown fell on good ground. Meetings were held, pamphlets written, and there was running to and fro. At length, on September 22, 1795, at Spa Fields Chapel, belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, more than two hundred ministers assembled to constitute the new society, which was called "The Missionary Society." Mr. Lovett recounts the origin and the early aims and administration of the Society with great care, and then proceeds to detail its work in Polynesia (whither its first missionaries went), South Africa, Matabeleland, Central Africa, and Madagascar. This closes the first volume. The second is devoted to India, China, and some almost forgotten missions in Canada, Malta, Mauritius, &c. Lastly, the later home administration of the Society, from 1821 to 1895, is carefully described. With justice we are reminded that the work of the Society has been frequently interwoven with great political movements, and that "the work of Vanderkemp, Philip, Moffat, and Livingstone in Africa has profoundly influenced the colonial policy of Great Britain toward native races."

One, and that a trifling, criticism we shall make. Mr. Lovett says that "the first quarter of the eighteenth

century was one of the worst periods in the religious history of the English people." True, but Mr. Lovett adds: "Men like Swift and Sterne could find a place in the Anglican Church." Which is not a felicitous remark. It remains to say that this book is indispensable to every student and well-wisher of missionary enterprise. Its numerous portraits of missionaries are an interesting feature. (Frowde. 2 vols. 17s. 6d.)

CROMWELL AS A SOLDIER. BY LIEUT.-COL. T. S. BALDOCK.

We have here the fifth volume of the "Wolseley" series. The military side of Cromwell's genius is hardly recognised by the ordinary Englishman; yet in Germany it has found a student in Captain von Hoenig, whose biography of Cromwell is so good that it was at first proposed to translate it for this series. It is well, however, that Captain Walter James decided to commission an English military expert to write a new and original study of the fighting Cromwell. Lieut.-Col. Baldock has spared no pains to make his book complete. His subject is, indeed, one to inspire an ardent industry. Who could write carelessly of Cromwell—above all, of the Cromwell who, being himself an untrained civilian, turned farmers and shopkeepers into soldiers, into the finest army of his age, and led it through campaigns of organised victory? In his last chapter Lieut.-Col. Baldock gives us a masterly summary of Cromwell's whole military achievement. We have space for only a short extract from the pages in which Cromwell's self-acquired generalship is under discussion:

Even when surrounded by all the turmoil of a cavalry fight Cromwell never lost his presence of mind or his control over his troops, and in conducting a campaign he never lost grasp on the situation of affairs. With unerring judgment he suited his strategy to the conditions of the case. He knew when to dare, when to forbear. Possessing the utmost confidence both in his army and in himself, he seldom stayed to count heads if the circumstances of the case were favourable to attack. And his blow was struck with his full force—no uncertain sparring, no half measures. Yet he was no rash, reckless Hotspur, driving headlong against his enemy whenever met. When in 1648 he advanced to meet Hamilton's invading army the fate of the Parliament was trembling in the balance. All England watched with eager eyes the result of the conflict. Defeat or even delay meant the ruin of the Independent party. Opposed by odds of two to one, Cromwell, without a moment's hesitation, flung his small force against his enemy's flank and rear, forcing him to fight a decisive battle. When in 1651 Prince Charles brought another Scottish army across the Border Cromwell knew that the danger was comparatively small. Having brought the Prince to bay by a vigorous pursuit, he deliberately waited till all avenues of escape were closed before advancing to the attack. So, too, in the Dunbar campaign, so long as Leslie refused him a fair chance of fighting, he restrained his impatience for battle. But the moment the opportunity offered for closing with his enemy, no thoughts of inferior numbers checked the swiftness and force of the blow.

The book, like its fellows in the "Wolseley" series, is admirably produced, with maps and index. Decidedly it will fill a gap in English libraries. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)

A BRITISH RIFLEMAN. EDITED BY LIEUT.-COL. W. VERNER.

This book is a very striking human document. The twenty-seven letters it contains reveal to us the private and soldierly qualities of Major George Simmons, a British officer who passed through the Napoleonic wars. It is also a valuable record of the early work of the regiment of Rifles (the 95th) which saw more fighting in the Peninsula than any other in the British Army. To the Peninsula young George Simmons went in May, 1809. His first letter to his parents was written at Hythe, and it began:

The long-wished-for day has come at last. I am this morning marching, with as fine a body of men as ever left England, for Dover, where we embark. I believe a great

army will accompany us. Our destination is a profound secret, and as I am not inquisitive it gives me little concern; I daresay I shall soon enough see some diversion. The rumour goes, Austria or Portugal. Our men are in very high spirits, and we have a most excellent band of music and thirty bugle-horns, which through every country village strikes up the old tune, "Over the hills and far away."

The young fellow who wrote this was not, as might be imagined, joining the army solely for love of glory and gunpowder. George Simmons was a steady-minded youth in a large family, and he took his commission in the Rifles with the idea of supporting his parents and assisting the education of his brothers and sisters. As Lieut.-Col. Verner remarks, such an enterprise would be laughable nowadays; but in those days it was practicable to an unselfish and vigorous young fellow like George Simmons. And so we have in these letters, so long withheld, a wonderfully human mixture of statements and emotions; accounts of wounds, and comments on sister Ann's spelling; opinions of generals, and advice to his parents to see to Charley's Latin. In his direst extremities George managed to send money and good counsel to his people at home. Of stirring battle-talk there is plenty. Thus after Badajos:

I saw my poor friend Major O'Hare lying dead upon the breach. Two or three musket balls had passed through his breast. A gallant fellow, Sergeant Flemming, was also dead by his side, a man who had always been with him. I called to remembrance poor O'Hare's last words just before he marched off to lead the advance. He shook me by the hand, saying, "A lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours."

No portrait of Simmons is given—perhaps none exists. (A. & C. Black. 10s. 6d.)

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS. BY MRS. BRIGHTWEN.

Mrs. Brightwen's new book is divided between the months. Out of her abundant and delightful knowledge, she tells her readers what birds and buds and insects and flowers to look for in their country rambles. She pleads for Eyes against No-Eyes. And she tells her readers to put aside the idea that nature is remote and inaccessible. Her own residence, the centre of all her minute studies, is but twelve miles from Charing Cross, and she justly points out that there is a peculiar pleasure in finding treasures in unlikely localities. Thus, Mrs. Brightwen writes:

Having on one occasion to wait a whole hour on a pouring wet day at Bedford railway station, I determined to see if I could collect anything to while away the time. Things looked very unpromising outside the station; new houses in the act of being built, heaps of sand and mortar, and plenty of mud everywhere, seemed hopeless enough; but a bare patch of common, across which ran a newly gravelled road, caught my eye; there might be possibilities in the gravel, so I made my way to the new road, and before long I had the pleasure of finding there several rare fossils, pieces of chalcedony and jasper, a shell impression, and sundry other treasures; so, in spite of rain and wind, my waiting hour passed, not only without weariness, but in positive enjoyment.

There we see the true naturalist. For each month a number of observations are suggested. An admirable little book for mothers wishing to guide their children to the love of nature; indeed, an admirable little guide for all who are weary of bricks and mortar. (Religious Tract Society.)

MY ROSES AND HOW I GREW THEM. BY HELEN MILMAN.

Miss Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton) is known for her pretty book *In the Garden of Peace*, and by certain short stories of children. Here she is more practical. The little manual, however, does not fill any particular place, for the author's knowledge of roses is limited to a very

few varieties, and those almost entirely tea-roses, and her counsel has not the practical ring which one looks for in a horticultural guide. Miss Milman states that she wrote this work because all books on the subject are "very long and difficult to understand, and so technical." She has not, we fear, superseded them. (John Lane. 1s. 6d.)

A COCKNEY IN ARCADIA.

BY H. A. SPURR.

This is a work of resolute facetiousness. To us it never succeeds in being funny; but that is, perhaps, because we have been spoiled by better things. Upon a virgin palate it may strike gratefully. This is the kind of humour:

Just look at that bee, bumbling and grumbling round and round the shrubs. See him go to a cup, and, with unsteady legs clinging the while to the surrounding furniture, drink off its contents at a gulp, then clamber recklessly over leaf and stalk until he can get another drink. The shocking condition of his nerves can be seen by the trembling of the leaves. Note, please, how he lurches across the way, sideways and staggering, to have "just another cup."

"Hallo, Clemmy, my boy!" you can hear him stammer with a hiccup, to a passer-by in as disgraceful a condition as himself; "mornin'. Jus' (hic) going t'bizness."

"No'sense," says Number Two; "if you don't take weaklass whiskynwor before beginning day's work (hic), when do you take weaklass whiskynwor?"

And they go off together to the nearest blossom.

Late in the proceedings of a smoking concert selections from this work might, we can believe, be popular. The book is illustrated in a becoming manner. (George Allen. 3s. 6d.)

INTERLUDES, THIRD SERIES.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Every now and then it is Mr. Smith's agreeable custom to collect his stray verses and pertinent thoughts into a slender volume. Three such volumes already exist—*Interludes, First Series; Interludes, Second Series; and Poems*. Now we have *Interludes, Third Series*. The new book is as sage and genial as its forerunners. The essays on "The Employment of Leisure" and "The Possibilities and Vicissitudes of Man" are wealthy in good stories and historical parallels. Most of Mr. Smith's verses are reprinted from *Punch*. His parodies are sometimes very happy, this treatment of "Who is Sylvia?" being one of the best we have met with:

THE LAY OF THE BIMETALLIST.

Who is Silver? What is she,
That all our swells commend her?

Very bright and fair is she—

The heavens such grace did lend her,
That adopted she might be!—
That adopted she might he!

Then if Silver plays such tricks,
Or Gold is always changing,
So that none their price can fix,
From par to premium ranging,
Let us both together mix!—
Let us both together mix!

Altogether, Mr. Smith's volume makes for pretty amusement. It is an excellent example of work done by a gentleman who writes with ease. (Macmillan.)

THE "TEMPLE" EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

To this convenient and dainty series *The Talisman* and *The Betrothed* have just been added. The frontispiece of the former is a view of John Knox's house in the Canon-gate, Edinburgh, in which, says the editor, it has been proved that Knox could not have lived. In the latter we have Raeburn's 1808 portrait of Scott. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Mandate. By T. Baron Russell.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THERE is much merit in this novel, which is as good as sincerity, dexterity, and high literary conscientiousness can make it. Mr. Russell is a realist, and he has an artist's careful regard for the dignity of fiction and of his native tongue. We look upon him as at the beginning of a career, with his imagination scarcely yet at full heat and his style still in the making. That he has distinguished promise, and that that promise will not be sterilised by the mere carelessness which seems to be so rife in modern letters, is quite certain.

The "mandate" is hypnotic. Mr. St. Kelvin, a financial journalist, and his wife, were an ill-assorted pair: the husband a mere glutton, the wife a refined woman of strong individuality. Horace Massie, novelist and critic, was a man of culture and delicacy who could and did appreciate Mrs. St. Kelvin. At the journalist's request, Massie tried the experiment of hypnotising him, and succeeded. Presently Mrs. St. Kelvin was on such terms with her husband's acquaintance that she could ask him to "suggest" hypnotically to St. Kelvin that the latter should give up alcohol. The plan succeeded to a marvel, and St. Kelvin was saved from being a drunkard. But, missing the accustomed stimulus, his nerves fell to pieces; he grew morose and violent, and ill-treated his wife till she was compelled to leave him. By this time the lady and Massie had avowed to each other a mutual passion. St. Kelvin discovered that Massie had "influenced" him, and demanded ferociously that his influence should be removed. Massie complied; he put the man into a hypnotic trance and lifted the ban against alcohol. He did more; he said, "You will die to-morrow," and St. Kelvin died. Then Massie married Mrs. St. Kelvin, but the Nemesis of remorse was upon him, and continual hallucinations of St. Kelvin's presence drove him into lunacy.

The plot, so stated, appears luridly melodramatic, but it is treated with fine restraint and admirable truth to life. The characterisation is firm, original, and within the modesty of nature. There are no inexpensive "effects." Indeed, Mr. Russell, in one crucial place, boggles at his own deeds. Having brought about St. Kelvin's death, in a manner perfectly convincing, he proceeds to suggest to the reader that perhaps that death was after all a mere coincidence. Such artistic timidity, we need hardly say, is gravely wrong, and it imperils the whole force of the book.

In conclusion, we should like to warn Mr. Russell against certain mannered familiarities towards the reader. What is to be said, to take an instance, of an author who addresses us thus: "I have mentioned, *probably*, Massie's instinctive repudiation of friendship"? The adverb is an impertinence—minute, but inexcusable.

A Semi-Detached Marriage. By Arabella Kenealy.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

DR. ARABELLA KENEALY'S new book is a problem-novel naked and unashamed. What will happen when a husband and wife elect to keep separate establishments, meeting each other occasionally as impulse dictates? The question is somewhat distant from the actuality of life, but it was capable of serious treatment, and we quite believe that the author meant to treat it seriously. She has, however, so obscured the main issue with accidental circumstances that the effect is, practically, to destroy it. Between Sir Latimer Cozle and Celia no sort of marriage, semi-detached or otherwise, could have been successful. Sir Latimer displayed himself as a cad from the start, and

in failing to perceive his deficiencies Celia acted not as a woman, but as the conventional heroine of fiction. Further, the mechanism by which Celia is freed from Sir Latimer and enabled to marry her late father's partner in the dynamite business is, to be polite, antique. Such a terrific coincidence and such apt melodramatic punishment as are here employed have become impossible even in library fiction.

Not that we would class *A Semi-Detached Marriage* with library fiction. It is surprisingly good in places. The early relations between Celia and the partner are admirably clever, and the elaborate ritual of precaution practised in the dynamite factory is several times used with real ingenuity and excellent dramatic effect. The style is alert, piquant, and clever, especially in portraiture. Here, for instance, is a little picture of Celia:

Celia, having breakfasted early, descended the steps of her handsome home and, seating herself in her neat dog-cart, drove off briskly, with that disregard for the nimble limbs and entirety of her groom characteristic of smart driving.

She wore a loose coat and a tight skirt, and a general air of emancipation. Nevertheless her hair was dressed charmingly, and the pretty crape toque, perched amid its ruddy coils, together with the knot of mourning chiffons at her throat, proclaimed the fact that her emancipation did not stand for mannishness.

Her cheeks were painted with the red of resolution, the curves of her mouth were straightened in a line of firmness, though they parted at intervals upon a breath which in spite of her panted from an agitated bosom. Her eyes radiated sparkles as of pleased anticipation struck on a tinder of diffidence. She drove with a somewhat nervous hand and appeared to be in a hurry, though, in point of fact, she had abundance of time.

Celia is attractive; so is the partner; but Sir Latimer is offensive without being alive. The other characters are neatly sketched.

Following a deplorable and inexcusable modern custom, Miss Kenealy takes a scene from the middle of her story, sticks it at the beginning, and labels it "Prologue." Why? This particular scene should occur somewhere after p. 165, and to put it elsewhere is merely to mystify the reader.

Unholy Matrimony. By John Le Breton.
(John Macqueen. 6s.)

THE hero of Mr. Le Breton's novel was an East End curate named David Collier, who married a barmaid because on the occasion of a school treat he and she had lost themselves together and missed the last train home. Rose took to drink, brought about the death of their child, and with an inebriate's sullen obstinacy set herself to ruin David's career. He was forced to leave the Church, and became a minor clerk in the shipping firm of which the principal members were his own father, his brother, and one Richard Gurdon. The last was an old man, the passion of whose life was his daughter Anne. Anne and Rose are brought into contact to the detriment of the former, and then Gurdon, in a mood of murderous resentment, takes Rose out to sea in a boat, and that is the end of those two and of the book. What happens to Anne and David is not stated, but the reader may guess.

Unholy Matrimony is a sombre story, with a prevailing atmosphere which discloses the influence of Mr. George Gissing upon the author. Regarded technically, it is a creditable and even meritorious performance; but it has weaknesses: the worst of these lies in the opening crucial incident. That affair of missing the last train, with its consequences of scandal, has been a stock feature in English fiction for forty years. Some novelists (for example, Mrs. Humphry Ward) have contrived, by a lavish expenditure of ingenuity, to make it pass muster. Mr. Le Breton has not done so.

The book is well written, with the exception of the dialogue, which lacks verisimilitude. Here is one instance from scores :

I have been intending to have a quiet talk with you for some months past ; but then, again, I have tried to hope that, after all, it might be unnecessary, and I could not bear to darken your young life.

The modern father, even when announcing total ruin, does not talk to his son in that way. Of course the average novel is made up of such conversations ; but Mr. Le Breton's is not an average novel. Mr. Le Breton has aimed at truthfulness, and it appears to us that he has genuine possibilities.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

GERALD FITZGERALD.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

A belated story by the gay Irish novelist, the author of *Harry Lorrequer*. The publisher accounts for the delay by the fact that the tale was running as a serial in the *Dublin University Magazine* at the time of the editor's death and the transfer of the periodical, and Lever's wish to save trouble and complications led him to disregard republication. But why he did not include it in his collected works some years later is not known. *Gerald Fitzgerald* is a Jacobite story, with Italy for background. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

I, THOU, AND THE OTHER ONE. BY AMELIA E. BARR.

A love-story by this popular writer. Mrs. Barr has gone chiefly to Scotland for her local colour, but here we have Yorkshire and the dales. Here is a sentiment from this pretty homely idyll : "'Mothering' is a grand old word for a quality. God can teach man as well as woman." The book is illustrated. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE DAY OF RECOMPENSE. BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

The latest fruit of Mr. Hocking's prolific pen is a love story, with adventures, a missing heir, and various little villainies. But at the last "Kitty sang, while Roger turned over the leaves." (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

CROMWELL'S OWN. BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

Mr. Paterson, who once used to describe ranche life realistically, seems to have taken to historical romance. His new book is a novel based on Oliver Cromwell's private and public life, and it opens in June, 1640. The religious and military sides of the Protector's character are brought into relief. (Harpers. 6s.)

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE RANKS.

BY H. B. FINLAY KNIGHT.

A bright story with a flavour of soldiering. The heroine, Georgie Lepel, is a very engaging young person, full of surprises, and her adventures and misfortunes dominate the book, which bears as its motto Mr. Kipling's stanza :

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,
'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,
But—I learned about women from her.

(A. & C. Black. 6s.)

NORRINGTON LE VALE.

BY J. G. LYALL.

The author of that very horsey and rollicking book, *The Merry Geo-Gee*, noticed by us some months ago, has broken the "violent but well-intentioned promise" which he then made not to "inflict," &c. But as the public were kind, and the author was not on his "Bible oath," he "wafts" this racing novel to his readers. Another horsey, rollicking work it is, in which moneylending and racing go hand in hand with better things. (White & Co. 6s.)

MARIANNA, AND OTHER STORIES. BY GEORGETTE AGNEW.

In the Prologue, Paris. A distracted mother lays her baby daughter at the door of a convent. The love story which explains and expands this action is sunny reading. The characters are young and are both French and English, and the smell of roses and the chime of convent bells accompany the action. Two other stories follow ; but *Marianna* is almost long enough to stand alone. (Burleigh. 6s.)

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. BY FRANK MATHEW.

The Defender of the Faith is Henry VIII., for this is a historical novel. On the third page the Duke of Northumberland is seen on his way to arrest Cardinal Wolsey ; and subsequently we meet Anne Boleyn, here called Bullen. The author, who has for the time being abandoned his Irish subjects, confesses to having read up a number of contemporary documents ; and he gives three illustrations after Holbein. (Lane. 6s.)

FRIVOLITIES. BY RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Marsh's *métier* is melodrama, but to "Those Who Are Tired of Being Serious" he offers these twelve short stories. In the one we have chanced to read a green-grocer's man acts as a waiter. He imagines that all high hats are collapsible, and carefully squeezes some dozen or two silk "igh 'ats" flat by pressing them against his chest. This story would hardly dissipate one-twelfth of our own seriousness ; but there are better things in the book. (Bowden. 6s.)

A LASS OF LENNOX. BY JAMES STRANG.

This novel is laid in the Vale of Lennox, on the West Coast of Scotland. Love and murder and ministry. "The carrion crows of gossip perch patiently on every house and cottage ridge in the Vale of Lennox. Their food comes oozing up the chimneys with the smoke." The story is well packed and alive, and the dialect, though plentiful, is not difficult. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

ROBESPIERRE. BY ANGE GOLDENMAR.

This is M. Sardou's play novelised. M. Sardou approved the design ; and the novel will be read with pleasure for its own sake, and because it makes an excellent guide to the play at the Lyceum Theatre. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

A DASH FOR A THRONE. BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT.

The hero, Count von Rudloff, is a dead man. That is to say, his death has been announced and his funeral conducted with the pomp of a German court. He had struck his future emperor, and had begged his friend, Dr. Mein, to give him death, and the doctor had deceived him and the world. With this initiatory complication we set out on a tale of political adventure, intrigue, treachery, and love. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

LESSER DESTINIES. BY SAMUEL GORDON.

A novel of East End life by the author of *A Handful of Exotics*. The hero, who is not a hero except by reason of occupying a prominent position, is Joshua Jupp. "What I looks for in a man fust go," says Josh, "is shivlry ; open hand comes second, and the rest of the virtues can toss for it." Joshua himself is neither chivalrous nor open-handed—and hence the story. (Murray. 6s.)

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Francis Adams.

SOME five years after his death the posthumous *Essays in Modernity* of Francis Adams are at length published. The volume waited, I understand, for an Introduction by Mr. Frank Harris, who was intimate with its author; but apparently it waited in vain, and the long delay has been futile. This is a pity, for had it been issued promptly the book might have gained the attention which its intrinsic merits deserve. Now, I fear, it will obtain but scant regard. The general public cares little to be reminded of names which it has forgotten. As for the other public, the public which is not "general," possibly it may be induced to make the appearance of these *Essays* the occasion of a last glance at a wistful and tragic figure already dipping below the horizon of fame. For the most ardent admirers of Francis Adams—and with some he was a creed—must reconcile themselves to the fact that, despite his superb promise, despite his passionate endeavour and noble sincerity, despite the esteem and praise of distinguished critics, his fate will be oblivion. Posterity reckes nought of promise or of distinguished critics: it will take nothing but actual masterpieces as the price of its notice. And Adams, through little fault of his own, achieved no masterpiece. A short poem here and there in *Songs of the Army of the Night*; a few excerpts from *Tiberius*, his poetical drama; marvellous chapters in that extraordinary first novel, *A Child of the Age*—these are fine; these might live if they had something to live with, as a small coal will live in a fire. But they are alone, and their own heat is insufficient for them. It seems incredible that all the high and desperate artistic energy of Adams should result, ultimately, in nothing. Yet so it will be; there is no extravagance like Nature's.

High and desperate—these are the adjectives which his energy deserves.

Bury me with clenched hands
And eyes open wide,
For in storm and struggle I lived,
And in struggle and storm I died—

he wrote before he was six-and-twenty. He knew that he could not last, and his activity was feverish accordingly. Proud in his bitterness, scornful of the fate which pursued, he defied the forces arrayed against him. He had his brother's disease, and he had seen his brother expire in agony. "With me," he said, "it shall never come to that." He kept his word, and shot himself when *that* approached; and a coroner's jury sat upon his corpse. He was incapable of compromise—there lay his chief characteristic. Either he loved or he hated, fiercely. Some things he both loved and hated. Upon England, for example, he heaped every epithet of abuse which his ferocious fancy could invent; and yet, in that impassioned lyric "England, the land that I loved," he answered the question whether he could love her again in some of the grandest lines ever written to a native land:

Never, till expiant
I see You kneel,
And, brandished, gleams aloft
The foeman's steel!
Ah, then to speed, and laugh,
As my heart caught the knife:
"Mother, I love you! Here,
Here is my life!"

He was of the invincible temper which perishes for a cause, the great soul for which no sacrifice is too great. It seems to me, who never knew him, that he must have forsworn art in favour of reform, in one sudden and tremendous determination. That he began solely with the aspirations of the artist, is fairly certain. In the preface to *Songs of the Army of the Night* he refers to himself as "one who was (unhappily) born and bred into the dominant class, and whose chief care and joy in life was in the pursuit of a culture which draws back instinctively from the violent and the terrible." Before he was eighteen he had conceived an English *Comédie Humaine*, and written the first instalment of it, the book now called *A Child of the Age*, a work so surprisingly excellent that later on, even in his coolest moments of self-criticiser, he was wont to call it "damned good." And then, shaking under the most powerful impulse of his life, he turned aside from that ambition and sprang head foremost into "the violent and the terrible." With him regret was impossible, though he could see well enough the pathos of his act—pathos arising from his racial inability ever to become one with "the army of the night." Read his verses "To a Unionist," full of satisfaction and yet of unsatisfied longing:

If you only knew
How gladly I've given it
All these years—
The light of mine eyes,
The heat of my lips,
Mine agonies.

If you only knew
How little I cared for
These other things—
The wide clear view
Over peoples and times,
The search in the new
Entrancing climes,
Science's wings
And Art's sweet chimes.

Oh, my brother, you would not say:
What have you to do with me?

But you would take my hand with your hand,
O my brother, if you only knew;
You would smile at me, you would understand,
You would call me brother as I call you!

In this, the most intimate and the saddest of all his poems, is displayed, I imagine, the real tragedy of Adams's career. His sacrifice was never accepted by those for whom he made it. Nor could it have been, seeing that every instinct of his and of theirs forbade such a coming together. He could vanquish difficulties, even disease, one might say even death, but he could not get over his birth. That remained, and when he yearned to become a brother, he was doomed never to be anything but a friendly alien. At the back of his brain that thought must always have lain in wait for him. One wonders whether he clearly foresaw at the beginning, before he had taken the step, that it would lie in wait for him. Probably so; and if so one's respect for him increases, and in the contemplation of such a splendid and heroic failure one may properly forget the loss which Art sustained when he took up the cause of labour. In Art he could not have failed: he was a born artist, and he was a born critic; he had the critical balance, the critical distaste for extremes; and one can be sure of this, though the bulk of his work is marred by the very defects of violence and terror. *Tiberius*, which he held to be of his best, is distinguished by an exquisite restraint; and the essays on Tennyson, Swinburne, and Kipling in his posthumous volume show the dispassionate, clear-seeing vision which underlay a character apparently tempestuous and wayward.

A frightful existence, judged by common ideals! But one does not pity it. Pity! The idea that he had our

pity would have fatally disturbed him. He stood too high for pity; and high as he stood, he looked higher. Let me finish with the closing sentences of *Democracy: a Dialogue*:

"Oh, no," he cried, "I don't falter, I don't repent—I, with the narrow ideals and the bewildered vision of a desperate hope and a despairing faith. Onward, onward, and upward! Who am I? What am I? What does it matter? The idea is the greatest of our time—the hope the most superb, the faith the most intense. That is enough for me."

Then suddenly:

"Look!" he said, stretching out his hand, his eyes lit, his mouth smiling.

At one steady impulse the sun had surged above the clear horizon line, and soared, huge, round, blazing and glorious, into the thrilling blue of the heavens. . . .

Symbol trite yet magnificent!

E. A. B.

A Great Journalist.

WE translate a portion of an article on Francisque Sarcey, from the pen of M. Theuriet, which appeared in the *Journal* of last Friday:

"*Les jeunes* are becoming ferocious. They have not even waited till Sarcey's bier was lifted to speak their minds, and declare that he hated 'all that is generous and heroic,' and that he ignored the literature of his time.

But who says too much says nothing; and all this wrath savours of spite. The truth is that, in his long career as a critic, Sarcey always showed himself a genuine man of letters, who loved beautiful works, and who strove to understand them even when they disconcerted him at first sight and were repugnant to his palate. His mind was truly French; it was all for clearness, for the light of nature; he detested the jargon that is foisted on the public under the name of "artistry." He wanted the French language to keep those qualities of frankness, brightness, logic, and of wholesomeness that are its glory and raise it above its rivals. He had a weakness for a well-constructed play, and therein he was not wrong. He did not believe in foreign importations, and he only half liked 'the fogs of the Ibsen drama.' Despite the admiration of snobs, he did not believe that these dramas were masterpieces. . . .

M. Sarcey did not hesitate to go back on his opinion if he feared he had been misled. When, after seeing a new work several times, he perceived that his treatment of it had been less than just, he would admit his error with a fine good humour that disarmed the grumblers. That, it will be admitted, was not the mark of a spirit that lacked largeness and generosity. But, it is said, his mind was closed to purely lyrical poetry. He admitted it himself with perfect modesty. But a dramatic critic who has exclusively lyrical sympathies would be a dangerous and untrustworthy judge. At the theatre lyricism is the exception, and the majority of dramatists would have good right to bring against such a judge the accusations levelled by certain poets at M. Sarcey.

As to M. Sarcey's style. It was what it ought to have been, neat, firm, agile, familiar; with flashes of humour that relieved it and seasoned it with Gallic salt. It recalled the manner of the eighteenth century writers, but it had more flow and archness. It was Sarcey. It was healthy, natural, quick, and honest like the man himself. For this critic, who was so smitten by the theatre and good writing, was before all things a good fellow and a loyal journalist. He loved his profession, and, in order that he might have the fullest liberty in his calling, he disdained all trammelling honours and those worldly satisfactions which restrain the expression of the naked truth. He did not aspire to be an Academician, or a *légionnaire*, or a member of any literary society. His sole pleasure was the play; his sole care to satisfy the literary need of the week."

Things Seen.

The Queen.

THE rain had fallen. I arose, passed through the town, and into Hyde Park. The drops still glistened on the tender green of the many trees, and as I walked the sun cast dancing lights on the sward. Then I met the crowd—their backs—for their faces were set towards the ribbon of road along which the Queen would pass. At first the stragglers, nursemaids and their charges, then those who were timorous of the heart of the crowd, and beyond, the black mass—dense, surging, impinging on the ribbon of road. A long line of waiting carriages stretched on my right, for the traffic was stopped till the royal procession should have passed, and there, seated there, was one I knew. "So you saw the Queen on Tuesday!" I said. "And were you nervous?" She shook her head. "It was delightful. I really kissed her hand. As I advanced she looked so tired, I felt quite sorry; but after I had kissed her hand I looked up, our eyes met, and she smiled. It was thrilling. I was *en rapport* with the Queen. Oh, it was a great moment. And you," she added, "have you seen the Queen." I nodded and smiled, for the green of spring was on the trees, the sun was shining, and the gift of life was plain. I said: "It was at the opening of the Imperial Institute. They had given me a seat high up in the high marquee. There I stood—the occasion was too exciting to sit—and for an hour watched the alluring panorama. The place was a blaze of colour. The uniforms, the garments of the Indian princes, the flags, the gay decorations, the dresses of the women—captivated the senses. And all the while a band played joyously, and voices rippled in laughter and talk, and the roar of the multitude outside drummed through all. But it was the eye that captained the senses that day. Never has my vision been so surfeited; and as the place filled, and the Body Guard ranged themselves on either side of the throne, I felt that the appearance of Her Majesty must form a kind of anti-climax, for the tale was told, the eye could hold no more. Whatever of pride, of birth and splendour, of show and richness the world could produce, was there. The ripest stage management could do no more. Then a roar from outside broke into my reverie, trumpets fan-fared, the doors were thrown open, and on the threshold appeared a little old lady in black, who walked with difficulty along the path that led to the throne. In deepest black—a little old lady—quite simple, the simplest body there—Victoria R.I. Oh, it was immense—the effect! The idea! Think of it!"

Enigma.

THE gate opened into a small paddock, and I leaned on it and looked in. It was filled with young creatures: there were colts, gay and graceful, trotting across the grass and flinging their heels for joy of living; there were calves, with mild eyes and moist muzzles, sedate and comfortable; there were hens in the midst of little coveys of yellow chickens. Everything was young and beautiful and rapturous. While I leaned over the gate there drifted into the paddock at the far end a little idle boy. He had a dirty face and dirty, torn clothes. His hands were in his pockets, his look was sullen, and as he passed among the animals he frightened them with shrill noises. And it seemed odd that he alone of this company had a soul.

AH HA!—"When Miss Rhoda Broughton publishes a novel, the right sort of reader cries 'Ah ha!' and prepares to be entertained. *The Game and the Candle* is good enough for me, and for the French, who give Miss Broughton her proper place among our novelists."—*Mr. Andrew Lang* in "*Longman's*."

Sancho the Proverbialist.

It was Taine who said that there was no volume which he could not reduce to a page, and that page to a sentence, and that sentence to a word. This was extravagant; but there is something in it. Most of us, for example, know of certain obscure books which, in their original form, have had their day, but may by the exercise of compression be made serviceable for a second brief existence. A correspondent, for example, writes:

"Your recent Sancho Panza competition, and the paragraph this week about the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, lead me to note a sort of 'coincidence' that I have among my books, in the shape of a dingy little volume, entitled '*Sancho; or, the Proverbialist*. Second Edition. 1816.'

The story of Sancho the Proverbialist is anonymous, and was written to show 'that a large proportion of the most popular maxims are exceedingly unsafe—that many of them have a strong tendency to create a sordid and selfish character; that our principles of action are to be sought in the Bible; and, finally, that if anyone desires to be singularly happy he has only to pray and to labour to become eminently good.'

The hero of the story is brought up by an old aunt, Winifred, an admirer of the Deists, and 'passionately addicted to proverbs.' Sancho is named after 'at least one half of the title of the illustrious squire of Don Quixote—he being, next to the oracle of Delphos, the greatest originator and promulgator of those sententious sayings in which her heart delighted.' When Sancho is sent to school Aunt Winifred fits him out with a basket of cakes, and a guinea, that is wrapped in a paper inscribed with the priceless maxim: 'Take Care of Number One.' He determines to let his schoolfellows see that he is a boy with a guiding principle, and proceeds to enjoy a solitary banquet of cake before their hungering eyes, while he supports his own dignity, and his aunt's proverb, by devouring three times as much as he would have done under 'less arduous circumstances.' But soon he is surprised 'to hear, as a sort of watchword, the inelegant phrase of "greedy brute" vociferated on every quarter'; they set upon him, thrash him, and carry off the cakes in triumph to the playground. He next exemplifies his maxim by beating a very small and feeble boy. Finally, 'Number One' covets his neighbour's penknife, and is detected in the act of acquiring it unlawfully. The master sends him back to Aunt Winifred with some uncomplimentary remarks on her system of education. Her faith in proverbs remains unshaken, however, and Sancho is sent to another school, with a new proverb to supplement the operation of Number One: 'Do at Rome as they do at Rome.' His careful observance of this rule leads in due course to 'the very honourable appellation of *Sneak*' being conferred upon him by general agreement. The time comes for him to go to the University, and his worthy aunt presents him with a moral code, consisting of four proverbs on religion: 'Many men many minds,' 'Seeing is believing,' 'Never too late to repent,' 'The nearer the Church the further from God'; two on character: 'Nullum in unum abest,' &c., which she translates: 'Where prudence is no divinity is absent,' 'An honest man's the noblest,' &c.; and two on the choice of friends: 'A warm enemy makes a warm friend,' 'He is nobody's enemy but his own.' One of his first proceedings on reaching the University is to select a friend accordingly. This acquisition is notoriously idle, vicious, rowdy, dishonest, extravagant, and heartless; but, then, he is also said to be 'a fine fellow, a spirited fellow, a real good fellow, a good-hearted fellow, the best fellow in the world, and (bringing him within the code) "Nobody's enemy but his own!"' The other proverbs are similarly reduced to absurdity. About one-third of the book is devoted to burlesque of this not very artistic sort, and the remainder to expounding the needfulness of religion and the Church of England in particular. Who is the author?

Kipling (Limited).

[A SYNDICATE, it is said, has been formed in America to get complete control in that country of all Mr. Kipling's writings. In commenting thereupon a contemporary asks, Why not Kipling (Limited)? Why not, indeed? The prospectus, we imagine, might run somewhat on the following lines.]

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(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.)

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Arrangements have been made with the Biograph and Mutoscope Company to take living pictures of Mr. Kipling in a variety of daily actions, such as sitting down to his writing-table, alighting from a steamer, reading press

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In addition to such ordinary literary work as novels, short stories, and verses, Mr. Kipling, it is hoped, will agree to write every year no fewer than six strictly private letters on debateable public questions, which shall, in due course, find their way into the public press.

KIPLING (Limited).

A private wire will be affixed between Potsdam and the Company's offices, to facilitate the transmission of telegrams to Mr. Kipling from the German Emperor.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Duke of York is about to pay a visit to Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; and there seems to be an echo of ancient days in the announcement. A very close bond united two of their forerunners; for the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, were both of them "reconciled" to the Church of Rome at about the same date—a date at which that "reconciliation," so easy to-day, meant proscription, fines, imprisonment, and, if Titus Oates so willed it, death itself. When the Test Act was passed in 1673, men who had suspected the Duke of York and Lord Clifford of being secret Papists had their suspicions confirmed: the Duke of York sacrificed his command of the Navy, and Lord Clifford—despite the entreaty of the King—resigned his post as Lord High Treasurer. As to Clifford, even his friend Evelyn was taken at last by surprise. "I am confident," he wrote, after many talks with Clifford, "that he forbore receiving the Communion more from some promise he had entered into to gratify the Duke than from any prejudice to the Protestant religion." But, a little later, Evelyn knew the truth, for "the test ousted Clifford of the place of Lord Treasurer of England, and of being any longer a Privy Councillor; who, though a new convert, generously preferred his conscience to his interests." There are a number of documents at Ugbrooke Park bearing on these intimate relations between their ancestors.

A VERY different link between the Cliffords and the Royal House is more familiarly remembered—that, of course, of the intimacy between "Fair Rosamond" Clifford and Henry II.

UNDER the somewhat mixed heading of "The Queen's Favourite Authors and Animals," a daily paper makes the confidence that Her Majesty is an admirer of the Brownings, numbering among her particular pets the verses Miss Barrett wrote at the time of the Accession, "She wept to wear a crown." That admiration, had it been expressed sixty years before, would have given a rare pleasure to the invalid woman in Wimpole-street, who, seven years later, found it in her heart to write of Louis Philippe in a letter to a friend: "He is the noblest king, according to my idea, in Europe—the most royal king in the encouragement of art and literature, and in the honouring of artists and men of letters. Let a young unknown writer accomplish a successful tragedy, and the next day he sits at the king's table. See how different this matter is in our own Court, where the artists are shown up the back stairs, and where no poet, even by the back stairs, can penetrate unless so fortunate as to be a banker also." The allusion is to Rogers, of course, who, all the same, had to lend his Court dress to Wordsworth

before he died. "What is the use," asks Mrs. Browning in conclusion, "of kings and queens in these days except to encourage arts and letters?" The answer is her own, and is unsportsmanlike. "Really," she says, "I cannot see. Anybody can hunt an otter out of a box—who has nerve enough!" So to authors and animals one comes round again by chance at last.

WHILE naming the Brownings, a record may be allowed of a little saying which seems worthy to take its place among the rich store of those recently published to their names. At the time when the son of the poets was beginning his public career as a painter, the surviving parent was full of anxiety as to the effect of his first exhibits. "People expect so much from him, poor fellow," said Mr. Browning to the present writer, "because he had a clever mother."

THE Oratory at Brompton, which has this week kept with semi-private festivities its golden jubilee, is one of the largest churches in London, but it is also, in its way, a centre of activities that have counted something in literature as well as in religious life. Just fifty years ago the Oratory was planted in London—first of all in King William-street, Strand—by Faber, who had already dabbled in verse, had taken the Newdigate prize at Oxford and, when he took orders in the Anglican Church, had called forth from Wordsworth the remark: "He may be right, but England has lost a poet." Newman, though staying in Birmingham, at the Oratory he had founded there, delivered in King William-street a course of lectures which brought Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray, for the nonce, into the congregation. The removal to the present site at South Kensington was soon effected; and there, at popular services each night, are sung those hymns of Faber which find echoes in churches of all denominations—such hymns as "O Paradise" and "The Pilgrims of the Night." There, too, are treasured in the library of the Fathers the manuscripts of devotional books, such as "All for Jesus," which Faber wrote at the speed of one a year, and which, besides becoming the most popular works of their class among his English-speaking co-religionists, have been translated into nearly all the languages of Christendom.

THERE is this sentence in a letter written to a friend by Tennyson in 1852, just after his appointment to be Poet Laureate: "Charles Weld sent my poem to the *Times*, but the *Times* ignores it." Never mind, a fault can be repented of and repaired, for on the Queen's birthday the verses of the present Poet Laureate had their heading as the attraction of the *Times*' poster!

THE prediction, made last week, that the *Daily Telegraph* would speedily follow the *Daily Mail* in the withdrawal of its Sunday edition, has been rapidly fulfilled. It is a great victory, partly, no doubt, for the people called Sab-batarians, but most of all for the Six-workdays' party. The *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* go on, unmolested by threats, boycottings, or hostile resolutions. They had a fight, no doubt, when two papers were sent forth by millionaires to be not merely their rivals, but the rivals of each other. For that fight they are now likely to be rewarded by the patronage of a certain number of persons who have now learned to read a Sunday sheet.

MR. F. C. GOULD'S "Political Natural History" series in the *Westminster Gazette* contains some happy drawings and legends. This week we have "The Great Seal" (Phoca Halsburya). Beneath the caricature is this legend: "The Great Seal, although so called, is really small; but he is round. He is very intelligent, and is extremely kind to all his kin. It does not matter whether the water is hot or cold; he is always cheerful."

Correspondence.

St. Paul and Sir Alfred Lyall.

SIR,—I fear lest, like Robespierre, I become *embêtant avec mon Être suprême*, among savages and barbaric peoples. The least unlikely theory of his origin, as I think, is that of St. Paul. Having the idea of "making" and of "a maker," many races hit on the idea of a maker in general, though to that idea they were far from constant. It is only a guess, like another; and the problem can never be settled, because we can never know what man's mental powers really were when he hit on a conception which is not monotheism, but may be the germ of monotheism.

However, I may call a more recent witness than St. Paul, and a witness who has paid more attention to anthropology than did the Apostle: I mean Sir Alfred Lyall. In the second volume of his *Asiatic Studies* (just published), Sir Alfred speaks of Miss Kingsley's observations on the African god "who originally created the world and all that it contains," but who is now otiose, as is usual in barbaric theology. Sir Alfred says: "He is evidently the Final Cause invented to explain phenomenal existence, as a house implies an architect." He is not a deified ancestor. "We must accept Miss Kingsley's conclusion . . . that West Africa has not deified ancestors" (ii., pp. 245, 248). Thus St. Paul and Sir Alfred Lyall seem at one on this point: "things made" suggested the idea of a maker. How early, in what mental condition, the idea arose we cannot know; but certainly savages far more archaic than Miss Kingsley's West African middle barbarians have the idea. Miss Kingsley's observations, of course, only corroborate those of Wilson, Mungo Park, and many other explorers. A number of these witnesses may be found in Waitz and Gerland's *Anthropologie* (vol. ii.), and in Mr. Max Müller's *Hibbert Lectures* (pp. 106-113). Sir A. B. Ellis, reporting similar African facts, leans to the theory of borrowing, against which, in this case, I have argued in *The Making of Religion*. As to the origin of the belief, Sir Alfred Lyall, St. Paul, and myself are agreed, in opposition to your reviewer. I do not say that man evolved the idea of a maker "before he began to develop animistic notions," though this may have been the case. Nobody can know that. But man certainly, in known cases, has the idea full-blown, before he has begun to worship ancestral ghosts. We should try to confine ourselves to facts: as to what lies behind the facts, we are left to "the taste and fancy" of the theorist, who may select a "magnified elemental spirit" instead of "a magnified non-natural man," like Baiame in Australia. Orthodoxy has little to gain, if I am right, except another proof that science has, once more, been in much too great a hurry, both as to her theory of the origin of Theism, and as to her "cock-certainty" that she is acquainted with the limits of human faculty.—I am, &c.,

1, Marloes-road, W. : May 23.

A. LANG.

A Hard Case.

SIR,—I do not demand your sympathy, but I ask for it in all humility. A gentleman who, I believe, hails from California is possessed of a very ready wit. He loves children; so do I. He writes nonsense; so do I. He is fain to have kinship with the Fairies; I am already one of their best friends; free of their craft.

Sometimes, in various periodicals, I sign my name; so does he. We have even clashed in the same issue of the same paper. His name—one must be courteous in these matters—is GELETT BURGESS. Mine is horribly similar—GILBERT BURGESS.

I recently wrote some signed art criticisms in a daily paper concerning the pictures that should never have been

painted at the Academy and New Gallery. To him, in many quarters, was accorded the discredit. He, telling monstrous child-tales in a paper devoted to the interests of women generally and fashion-plates in particular, has made a great success. But part of this has been accredited to me.

What am I to do?

Shall I go to California and become a humorist under his name, or shall I persuade him to stay in this country and become a critic under my name?

I respect him; but I fear him, seeing that he gets the credit of all my worst work and I get the credit of all his best. And he is bound to have his revenge.

Perhaps you, sir, can arrange a meeting between us, so that we may be able to effect a compromise. For instance, a bond might be drawn up thus: I, in future, will sign Harold Brown; he, in his turn, will inscribe himself John Smith.—I am, &c.,

GILBERT BURGESS.

"Was Bacon a Poet?"

SIR,—In regard to your article on this subject in Mr. J. Addington Symonds's essay, *Elizabethan Song-Books*, occurs the following: "Thos. Campion, with his religious and philosophical soul, was abundant in such strains of poetry. I will select one little piece, which illustrates the loose, but genial, manner of translation common at that time. It is modelled upon Horace, and has generally been ascribed, but without sufficient reason, as I think, to Lord Bacon." Then follows the poem in question, commencing: "The man of life upright."—I am, &c.,

ARCH. GIBBS.

13, Gloucester-place, Cheltenham.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 33.

Last week we asked for an English version of the following poem of De Leyre :

LE ROSIER.

Je l'ai planté, je l'ai vu naître
Ce beau Rosier où les oiseaux
Viennent chanter sous ma fenêtre
Perchés sur ses jeunes rameaux.

Joyeux oiseaux, troupe amoureuse,
Ah ! par pitié ne chantez pas ;
L'amant qui me rendait heureuse,
Est parti pour d'autres climats.

Pour les trésors du nouveau monde
Il fuit l'amour, brave la mort,
Hélas ! pourquoi chercher sur l'onde
Le bonheur qui trouvait au port.

Vous, passagères hirondelles,
Qui revenez chaque printemps,
Oiseaux voyageurs, mais fidèles,
Ramenez-le moi tous les ans.

In spite of the allurements of Whitsuntide, a great many of our readers have attempted this translation. Altogether a high level of excellence has been reached, although we cannot quite say that any translator has added a new poem to the English store, to do which should, of course, be the aim of all who turn foreign verse into another language. It has been very difficult to decide, but, altogether, the following version by A. J. Eliot, 12, Woronzow-road, St. John's Wood, N.W., seems to be the most satisfactory :

THE ROSEBUSH.

I planted it, I watched it grow,
That beauteous Rose, where all day long
Birds from its tender boughs below
My window warble amorous song.

For pity's sake, you joyous quire,
Ah, sing not in these love-lorn times,
When he who is my heart's desire
Has sailed away for other climes.

He flies from love, and death would brave
In treasure-quest new worlds to roam—
Alas! why seek across the wave
The happiness he found at home?
You roving swallows, who return
So loyally each springtime here—
Your constancy, ah, bid him learn,
And bring him to me every year!

We quote some of the more unconventional translations:

THE ROSE-TREE.

I planted and I watched it spring,
My fair rose-tree, my green rose-tree;
Where birds now, perching, come and sing
Under my window—sing to me.
Hush! joyous birds that throng my tree,
In pity, peace, ye loving bands!
Once we were happy, I and he—
My love, who's gone to other lands.
For the New World's wealth he braves
Death, and from true love turns to roam.
Alas! why seek upon the waves
The happiness which lies at home?
Oh! swallows that with every spring,
Faithful, tho' fugitive, return—
Oh! bear him with you—each year bring
My lover back, for whom I yearn.

[A. G. L., Inverness.]

THE ROSE TREE.

I planted it, and watched it grow—
The rose-tree at my window—now
The gay birds perch on each young bough,
And make sweet love in music flow.
O birdies birdies, sing not so!
Be pitiful!—my grief allow!
My love—my all of bliss, I vow—
For gold to far-off climes must go!
Alas! though he hath wealth eno',
He flies from love the wave to plough—
To darksome death, maybe, to bow—
And leaves his bliss in port to woe.
O birds of passage—swallows dear!
Bring me him home with you next year!

[R. M. L., Liverpool.]

I planted yonder rose-tree fair,
I've watched its young shoots spring,
And birds beneath my window there
Come carolling.
Thrice happy birds! Love's quire, be still,
In pity cease your strain;
He who with joy my heart would fill
Has crossed the main.
He seeks the New World's golden lure,
Flouts love, and e'en death braves,
Ah me! with bliss in port secure,
Why roam the waves?
O swallows! all! who, each springtime,
Return, your wanderings o'er,
Still year by year from that far clime
My love restore.

[M. T. P., Chester.]

Replies received from: J. B., Plumstead; F. G. C., Hull; C. S., London; S. G., Grimsby; B. B., Stourbridge; A. M., London; W. W. G., Birkenhead; J. J. P., Oswestry; C. B. F., Bagshot; A. E. M., Berks; M. B. J., Berks; E. M. P., London; O. E., London; E. F. A., London; P. S. W., Surrey; G. N., Bristol; K. F., London; E. S., Brighton; T. J., Lincoln; E. S. C., London; F. R. G., Cheltenham; "Ivy Leaves," Liverpool; Capt. S., Surrey; H. E., Devon; M. M., London; J. L., Aberdeen; F. E. W., London; J. G. B., Liverpool; J. C. S., Birmingham; F. B., London; L. S., Cambridge; A. A., Edinburgh; F. M., London; A. H. M., Dundee; E. M. C., London; E. M. R., Surrey; C. S., Salisbury; R. M. H., Eastbourne; T. C., Buxted; H. B. H. R., Bradford; F. S., London; M. D., Cardiff; F. F., Leicester; A. B. C., London; N. A., Kent; M. G., Reigate; G. H., Uddingston; V., London; L. E. H., Surrey; J. H., Devon; Mrs. G. S., Aberdeen; R. L., London; C. J. P. C., Cambridge; F. C., London; H. al-R., London; M. T., London; R. C., Birmingham; N. P. W., London; L. M. L., Stafford; E. R. C., London; W. B. R., Glam.; L. C. J., near Berwick; H. J., Crouch End; J. L., Staffs; A. C., London; C. W. T., London; G. K. D., Attleboro'; A. R., Kent; A. K., London; J. M., Glasgow; C. M. W., Yorkshire; D. A. W., Gloucester; F. B. O., Torquay; M. A. W., Watford; B. H. M., Andover; J. G. L., Norwich; A. E. T., London; G. C. P., London; W. G. F., Preston; C. T. O., London; P. L. B., Cambridge; Mrs. R. M., Glendevon.

Competition No. 34.

Translations seem so much to the mind of competitors that we ask this week for a version from the German. Heine has been called untranslatable; none the less, let the impossible be attempted or triumphed over. We offer a prize of one guinea for the best translation of this song from the *Buch der Lieder*:

UND WÜSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN.

Und wüsten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüsten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüsten sie mein Wehe
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

At least two English translations of this poem already exist; our contributors will not, of course, make any use of these.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, May 30. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 592 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, May 25.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Swan (H.), Our Lord the Comforter (Baxter) 1
Meyer (F. B.), "I Promise" (Sunday School Union) 1/0
Bugakoff (A.), The Question of Anglican Orders (S.P.C.K.)
New Light on the Bible. Vol. I. (Macquenn) 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Ten Brink (Dr. J.), Robespierre and the Red Terror (Hutchinson) 12/0
Keane (A. H.), Man, Past and Present (Camb. Univ. Press) 12/0
Fletcher (J. S.), A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part 3. (Dent) net 1/0
The Autobiography and Diary of Samuel Davidson, D.D. Edited by His Daughter (T. & T. Clark) 7/6
Tschudi (C.), Eugénie, Empress of the French. Translated by E. M. Cope (Sonnenschein) 6/0
Laughton (J. K.), From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors (Lawrence & Bullen) 10/6
Windt (H. de), True Tales of Travel and Adventure (Chatto & Windus) 6/0
Milne (J.), The Romance of a Pro-Consul (Chatto) 6/0
Hiley (R. W.), Memories of Half a Century (Longmans) 15/0
Williams (L.), The Children's Study: Spain (Unwin)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Thomson (J.), Through China with a Camera (Harper)
Rumney (A. W.), Sprogues on the Fells (Iliffe, Sons & Sturmer, Ltd.) net 7/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Dejob (C.), Les Femmes dans La Comédie (Fontemoign, Paris)
Nietzsche (F.), The Case of Wagner. Translated by Thomas Common (Unwin)
An Epic of the Soul (Whittaker)

EDUCATIONAL.

Fasquelle (L.), Cassell's Lessons in French. Part I. (Cassell)

JUVENILE.

Cule (W. E.), Sir Constant (Melrose) 3/6
Dawson (E. C.), Comrades (Melrose)

NEW EDITIONS.

Green (S. G.), Jennifred, and Other Verses (Stock)
Carter (E.), The Moral Discourses of Epictetus. 2 vols. (Dent) each 1/8

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harries (M.), <i>The Secrets of the Hand</i>(Digby, Long & Co.)	2/8
Hole (S. R.), <i>Our Gardens</i>(Dent) net	7/6
Warren (W. J.), <i>A Handbook of the Platinotype Process</i>(Hill) net	1/0
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Little's Annual Pleasure Diary, 1899.....(Simpkin, Marshall)	12/0
Baker (Sir S.), <i>First Steps in International Law</i>(Kegan Paul)	6/6
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Stephens (W. W.), <i>Higher Life for Working People</i>(Longmans)	1/3
Cradwick (H. M.), <i>The Cult of Othin</i>(Clay)	6/0
O'Bill (Rex), <i>The Morals of John Ireland</i>(Burlingame)	1/0
A Beckett (A. W.), <i>The Modern Adam</i>(Hurst & Blackett)	1/0
<i>Catalogue of Fulham Central Libraries</i>	

* * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Announcements.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. propose to issue in the autumn a limited *édition de luxe* of Canon Ainger's well-known edition of the works of Charles Lamb, together with the memoir which appeared in the "English Men of Letters" Series. The whole work will be carefully revised by the editor, who will be able to incorporate some important new letters, and also make interesting additions to the notes. Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. to include the letters from Lamb to Charles Lloyd, which they published last year in a volume edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish Mr. W. Edwards Tirebuck's new romance, *The White Woman*, at the end of May.

MISS E. M. CLERKE, who contributed some of the translations contained in Dr. Garnett's recent work on Italian literature, has in the press a volume entitled *Fable and Song in Italy*, tracing out the evolution of the chivalric poems from the street ballads, the repertory of the itinerant minstrel craft.

THE second series of Dr. Edward Moore's *Studies in Dante* will be published at once at the Clarendon Press. The dedication of the book was accepted by Mr. Gladstone in the last year of his life. The Clarendon Press is also preparing for early publication a large-type edition of the *Divina Commedia*, reprinted from Dr. Moore's "Oxford Dante."

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will shortly issue at a popular price a new work entitled *China and the Chinese*, translated and edited from the French of Edmund Planchut by Mrs. Arthur Bell. (N. D'Anvers.)

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be elected for the ensuing year, the President will give his
Address, and the Gold Medals and other Awards of the Society
will be presented.

The ANNUAL DINNER of the Society will be held on the
evening of the Anniversary Meeting, at the HOTEL METRO-
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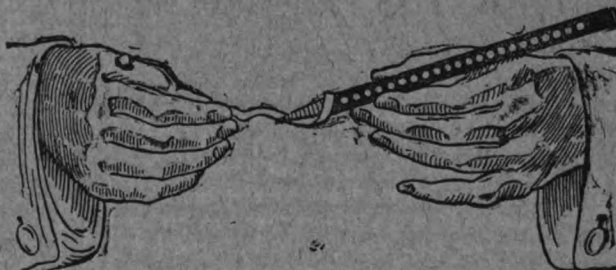
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Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

We are fully as conscious of the beauty of this passage as Dr. Nicoll can be; but there is nothing impressive in the spectacle of a critic crying in the market-place that roast beef can never be whipped cream.

GOOD prices were realised at Sotheby's for the copies of R. L. Stevenson's works which he gave to his mother and which have just come to the hammer by order of her executors. A *Father Damien*, Sydney edition, with MS. corrections and the author's autograph, £40; *Not I, and Other Poems*, £22; *Moral Emblems*, with the two advertisements, £30 10s.; one of these advertisements (very humorous) £6; and eleven copies of *The Pentland Rising*, £75 5s. These family copies of Stevenson fetched altogether £610 14s. 6d.—a figure which gives those most interested in maintaining Stevenson values no cause to grumble.

MR. J. B. BROWN, of Selkirk, who has received a grant of £150 from the Royal Bounty Fund, was born in 1832, and a number of years ago was a frequent contributor (over the signature "J. B. Selkirk") to *Blackwood* and the *Cornhill*. In 1862 his *Bible Truths and Shakespearean Parallels* was published; seven years later he gave to the world a volume of poems; his *Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry* appeared in 1878; and *Yarrow, and Other Poems* in 1883. In a review of the last-named volume in the ACADEMY, it was stated that, "If there be any man who could read 'Death in Yarrow' unmoved, we neither covet his imperturbability nor feel disposed to congratulate him upon that godlike gift." Over this volume Mr. Andrew Lang admits "that I have shed tears"; and by the *National Observer* "Death in Yarrow," "Retreat in Yarrow," and the "Song of Yarrow," were characterised as "spotless, all of them." Mr. Brown has for some years been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and his friends and admirers are endeavouring to raise another £150, in order to make the testimonial worthy of the recipient.

MR. TCHERKOFF, Tolstoy's agent in this country, has reason on his side in the protest he makes against the treatment of Tolstoy's new novel in America. We do not know what arrangements were made between the *Cosmopolitan* and the author, but if no right to excise was stipulated for, the author is entitled to feel aggrieved at the excisions which have been made. But according to Mr. Tcherkoff the liberties taken by the *Cosmopolitan* do not end at the excision of passages, but go on to alterations and modifications of a nature quite unnecessary from even an extreme puritanical standpoint. Tolstoy does not mince his words nor choose his incidents with too much regard for family reading; but the editor must have known this before he accepted the serial. In this country the novel has been printed as it was written.

THE series of sixpenny copyright books to which Messrs. Newnes have just added *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* offers extraordinarily catholic reading. Every taste is considered. Side by side we find *Sherlock Holmes* and *What Would Jesus Do?*; *Ships that Pass in the Night* and *Departmental Ditties*; *She and Robert Elsmere*; *A Yankee Boy's Success* and *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*. And now comes Mr. Meredith's masterpiece.

FROM Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the American publishers, comes a handsome catalogue of publications, with a frontispiece containing a group of portraits of the six great American authors with whom the firm had "long-



EMERSON.



HOLMES.

continued and exclusive relations." The catalogue is made more interesting by an account of the beginning and rise of the firm, from its foundation by Mr. Henry Oscar Houghton to the present day. Mr. Houghton, who was



LOWELL.



WHITTIER.

born in 1823 and died in 1895, chose for his motto *Tout bien ou rien*, and the principle has held good in whatever the firm has undertaken.

THE authors who figure in this catalogue are provided



LONGFELLOW.



HAWTHORNE.

each with a concise biographical notice. As specimens we quote those appertaining to the three James' :

James, Henry. (2 June, 1811—18 December, 1882.)

Born in Albany, N.Y., of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was graduated at Union College in 1830. His father's death left him in independent circumstances, and he gave his time to the study of theology, first at Princeton and then abroad. On a second visit to Europe, in 1843, he became acquainted with the doctrines of Swedenborg,

and he adopted them in the main, though he had no sympathy with the New Church as an ecclesiastical body. He lived many years in New York City, and for some time in Newport, but after 1866 made Cambridge his home. He made frequent visits to England, and enjoyed the acquaintance of Carlyle [? Carlyle] and other thinkers there, as well as of the Transcendentalists in America. He wrote a number of books on theological and metaphysical subjects.

James, Henry. (15 April, 1843 —)

Born in New York City; son of Henry James, *supra*. He was educated chiefly in Europe and at the Harvard Law School. He began to contribute to the magazines in 1865, and he has made literature his profession. Since 1869 he has lived abroad, chiefly in England, and his present home is in London. He has made two or three visits to the United States during this time.

James, William. (11 January, 1842 —)

Born in New York City; son of Henry James, senior, *supra*. He took the medical degree at Harvard in 1869, and his official connection with the University began in 1872, when he became instructor in physiology there. He was then, successively, assistant professor of physiology, assistant professor of philosophy, and professor of philosophy, and since 1889 he has held the chair of psychology. He received the degree of Ph. D. and Litt. D. from Padua in 1893, and that of LL.D. from Princeton in 1896.

The catalogue is, in its way, a biographical dictionary of American authors.

THE success of the *Daily News* edition of Dickens is a proof of the place which the novelist still holds in the people's hearts. Sir John Robinson has been telling an interviewer about the number of letters received from subscribers and the affectionate tone of them. "They refer to Dickens more as a loved friend than as a man whom few, if any, of them can have known." It is also noteworthy that the edition has drawn not a single letter of objection, "as if the author were regarded as almost too sacred for petty and malignant criticism."

IN connexion with the Thomas Hood Centenary, Mr. Algernon Ashton, the Old Mortality of literary men, suggests that No. 17, Elm Tree-road, St. John's Wood, being the house wherein "The Song of the Shirt" was written, and the house wherein the poet died, a tablet should be affixed to it. The project is for the Society of Arts to consider.

APPROPOS an article last week on an old book, *Sancho; or, the Proverbialist*, a correspondent informs us that the author was the Rev. John William Cunningham, born 1780, died 1861. He wrote also several works on foreign missions, &c.; but the most popular of his writings was *The Velvet Cushion*, first published in 1814. This work, our correspondent adds, might be worth reprinting at the present time, as it gives an account of the different sections of the English Church since the Reformation, from an Evangelical point of view. One of the characters in the tale, "Berkely," is a portrait of the Rev. John Venn, vicar of Clapham, under whom the author was curate.

IN spite of the appearance of Joseph John Gurney in the pages of *Lavengro*, one does not exactly expect to meet with George Borrow in a work entitled *Quaker Campaigns*. Yet in a book of that name, by Mr. William Jones, a member of the Society of Friends well known all over the world, the sturdy figure of "Six-foot-three" is seen. Mr. Jones is great grandson of Jonathan Hughes, the bard of Llangollen, whose grandson it was, Jonathan Hughes the third, who showed Borrow the bard's chair at Pengwern Farm, and whose conversation is reported in *Wild Wales*. In later years, says Mr. Jones, the famous chair was

disposed of at a sale of farm effects, and thus lost for ever to the bard's descendants. Dr. Knapp, however, we doubt not, could find it again.

It has been generally held that, beyond five unquestioned signatures of his name, we have no specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting on which to pore in reverence. But Mr. A. Hall, of Highbury, has just laid before the public, in facsimile, a lengthy specimen of handwriting which he submits may be Shakespeare's. It is from the play "Sir Thomas More," which Mr. Dyce edited in 1844 from the original MS. The author of "Sir Thomas More" is not

down. He doesn't know what he is talking about!" We hope that Mr. Austin's opinion will not subject him to a challenge.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Dial* says some hard things about poets. The poetry of the future, he holds, will be written by women. Not that men will cease to be poets, but they will cease to let anyone know it. Because: "Our age is practical. The sensibility that men used a hundred years ago to pride themselves on is nowadays looked on as a weakness—in men at least. Prose is felt to be the essentially masculine form of expression, and the

A CONJECTURAL SPECIMEN OF SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

known; but the history of the play is less obscure. It is known that it was submitted to the Master of the Revels, who disapproved of it on the ground that its motive was suggested by a civic outbreak of the London apprentices. The examiner wrote: "Leave out the insurrection wholly, and the cause thereof," &c., &c. Thus there were large gaps to be filled, and Mr. Hall's suggestion is that Shakespeare, who was then engaged in copying and tinkering plays, filled them out of his own head, and in his own handwriting. Mr. Hall has selected two passages which had both been written out on separate scraps of paper and pasted over the deleted matter. We reproduce eight lines out of the thirty-nine reproduced by Mr. Hall in his brochure. They read as follows:

Why, this is cheerful newes: frends goe and come:
Reverend Erasmus, whose delitious words
Express the very soule and life of witt,
Newly toke sad leave of me [and] with teares
Trubled the silver channell of the Themes,
Which, glad of such a burden, prowdlie sweld
And one her bosom bore him toward the sea:
Hees gon to Rotterdam; peace goe with him!

The questions raised by Mr. Hall are for experts to answer; but the riddle is an interesting one, and we hope it will not be lightly "given up."

MR. L. F. AUSTIN, who, through the changes on the *Illustrated London News*, still, we are glad to see, contributes the weekly "Note Book" article, comments amusingly on the recent French duel. "Personally," he says, "I incline to the opinion that Hamlet was not fat and scant of breath, but lean and long-winded. How otherwise could he have spouted those soliloquies? Moreover, Ophelia calls him 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' which is not consistent with corpulence. Perhaps Shakespeare wished to distinguish between the standpoints from which a man is seen by two women—a querulous mother and an adoring sweetheart. Mothers, you know, can say disagreeable things of their sons. The mother of a very eminent peer, listening to one of his speeches in the House of Lords, remarked: 'I wish my poor boy would sit

more prosaic the prose the more masculine it is felt to be. The old lurking popular notion that there is something unmanly, or unmasculine, in the make-up of the poet has gained ground." . . . People accept a poet "grudgingly as a man, an all-round manly man, only on condition that his poetry is essentially good strong prose, virile prose cut up in lengths, like Mr. Kipling's. Their gorge rises at the notion of a big, brawny, bearded he-creature like Tennyson, with the frame of a coal-heaver and the face of a buccaneer, chirping about 'Airy, fairy Lilian,' crooning cradle-songs, or caterwauling in erotic strain over love and the moon."

THE critic does not mince his words. But his argument is not sound. Men will continue to write poetry in spite of any growth of silly popular prejudice; only, possibly, if the prejudice becomes too strong they may resort to hiding their identity. And while the tendency of woman is to be masculine, she is not likely, if the prophet's reasoning is accurate, to do anything so unmanly as write verse.

THE Sixth Annual Report of the Kilburn Public Library, just issued, gives a list of the occupations of the new borrowers enrolled during the past year. These include:

1 Authoress.	1 Horse dealer.
3 Clergymen.	1 Journalist.
109 Clerks.	9 Merchants.
3 Dentists.	1 Nitrate expert.
1 Director.	1 Teacher of telepathy.
1 Farrier.	1 Turncock.
2 French polishers.	1 Valet.

The information stops too soon. We want to know what books the Nitrate expert read.

THE Neapolitan animal painter, Signor Filippo Palizzi, some time ago, although within sight of his eightieth birthday, promised a picture to the Church of St. Peter in his native town of Vasto. The work is now completed. It is entitled "Ecce Agnus Dei," and it depicts John the

Baptist pointing to the figure of Christ. The old painter has written in a corner these words: "To-day I complete the age of eighty years and am cheerfully working at the picture 'Ecce Agnus Dei,' which I promised as a gift to the Church of St. Peter in my native town Vasto. I execute the work with great joy, and hope to bring it to a happy termination. I hope that my fellow-citizens will favourably accept it, and that it will remind them of the great affection of their old fellow-townsmen, Filippo Palizzi."

THIS is the pleasant epilogue appended by Prof. Fiske to his new book *Through Nature to God*:

L'ENVOI.

Yesterday, when weary with writing, and my mind quite dusty with considering these atoms, I was called to supper, and a salad I had asked for was set before me. "It seems then," said I aloud, "that if pewter dishes, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of vinegar and oil, and slices of eggs, had been floating about in the air from all eternity, it might at last happen by chance that there would come a salad." "Yes," says my wife, "but not so nice and well-dressed as this of mine is!"—KEPLER, *apud* Tait and Stewart, *Paradoxical Philosophy*.

A CORRESPONDENT, "J. H. K.," who has been comparing the Sam. Johnson signature in the ACADEMY for May 20 with one of the signatures of Dr. Johnson given in Bohn's edition of Boswell, is of opinion that the one which we reproduced from the flyleaf of *Hudibras* is not genuine. At the same time, the years intervening between 1747, the date of the *Hudibras* signature, and the Bohn signature might account for much discrepancy.

MR. EDWARD ALMACK, the author of an elaborate bibliography of the *Eikon Basilike*, published a few years ago, has issued a leaflet giving particulars of copies of various editions which have been brought to his notice since the publication of his work. This is one entry in the leaflet: "Mr. Hamon le Strange, of Hunstanton Hall, Norfolk, has a copy in old black morocco, gilt edges, with crown and 'C.R.' on the covers, and gives the following interesting particulars:

It has been in the library here since it was purchased on publication. It bears the autograph of 'ALICE LE STRANGE,' the wife of Sir Hamon le Strange, who died in 1656, and also epitaphs in Sir Hamon's hand. According to the Hunstanton Household Accounts of the period, in the hand of Alice le Strange, no less than six copies were bought in the summer of 1649:—"July 1649 for 2 of Our Blessed King Charles his Bookes, one at 2 & 6^d. & one at 3 & 6^d. for 2 of Our Gracious King Charles his Bookes, for his Apothegms & Henderson's Papers 6^d. 6^d. for 2 of our Gracious King Charles his Bookes 4^s. 9^d."

SIMULTANEOUSLY a sixpenny edition of *Adam Bede* and an illustrated edition of *Scenes of Clerical Life* reach us from Messrs. Blackwood. The artist of the latter, Mr. H. R. Millar, has treated the stories sympathetically and intelligently.

Bibliographical.

WE are promised a *Life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt*, translated into English from a French original. If this is published during the actress's forthcoming season in London, it will doubtless have a certain vogue here. It so happens that Mme. Bernhardt is one of the few leading players of to-day of whom there has hitherto been no biographical celebration (in book form). There are at least three full-blown memoirs of Sir Henry Irving, in addition to an elaborate account of his first American trip. Miss Ellen Terry was lately "biographed"; Miss Gene-

vieve Ward was "biographed" long since—some eighteen years ago; Miss Mabel Collins has written the *Life of Mme. Modjeska*; someone has done the same for Miss Ada Rehan; and Mr. Edgar Pemberton has told the story of Mr. John Hare's career. Mr. Hatton has recorded the reminiscences of Mr. Toole; and Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, as well as Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Emily Soldene, and Mr. Albert Chevalier, have recorded their own. From Mrs. Kendal we have had a book made up partly of autobiography and partly of general discourse. Of Mme. Bernhardt the *Life* has not till now been written, and for many, no doubt, it will have interest, whether it be a bare record of professional doings, or whether it have in it the spice of anecdote and gossip.

The appearance of a sixpenny edition of *Lady Audley's Secret* naturally leads the reading man to "reminisce." One recalls the sensation that the story made, nearly four decades ago, in households hitherto unaccustomed to such disturbing literary fare—how the British matron and the British maid found themselves suddenly interested in the literature of murder and mystery. Few novels of our time have made so immediate and deep a mark as this one did. Nor has the public been permitted to forget this distant triumph. I believe I am accurate in saying that Miss Braddon has always announced herself in print as "author of *Lady Audley's Secret*," although that work cannot be accepted as, in a literary sense, her best. In the same way, Miss Yonge has always described herself, on her title-pages, as "author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*"; and, no doubt, in both cases the ladies have been guided by a trustworthy instinct.

The Miss Clerke from whom we are to have by and by a book on *Fable and Song in Italy* is, I take it, the Miss Ellen M. Clerke from whom we have already received two little works on *Jupiter and his System* and *The Planet Venus*. This Miss Clerke is not to be confounded with the Miss Agnes M. Clerke, author of *A Popular History of Astronomy*, volumes on *The System of the Stars* and *The Herschells and Modern Astronomy*, and some *Familiar Studies in Homer*. It is a pity when two writers have names and initials so similar as in this instance. Of initials, I fear, the great bulk of the public takes but little account.

Mr. Andrew Lang informs the readers of *Longman's* that he has not read the Browning Love Letters. "I do not think that another person's love letters are entertaining, except in breach of promise of marriage cases now and then." But nobody asked Mr. Lang to find the Browning letters "entertaining." Whether they should have been published is at least a matter for argument; but now that they are in type, Mr. Lang, by neglecting to read them, is neglecting an opportunity of understanding more completely than he does two remarkable individualities—deliberately remaining ignorant, in fact, of a notable episode in the history of Victorian literature.

I see we are to have a new biography of that very worthy person, Robert Raikes, philanthropist. The announcement, however, does but carry my thoughts towards a very different Raikes—that Thomas Raikes to whom Count D'Orsay addressed so cruel a *mot* (recorded by Frederick Locker), and whose *Diary*, published originally in 1856-7, is a storehouse of interesting matter. Will no one republish that *Diary*, or, at least, reprint the best bits of it (as R. H. Stoddard did for the American public)? It seems to be not so well known as it ought to be.

The reprint of Philemon Holland's translation of Suetonius has recalled to the mind of a correspondent of the *Spectator* the epigram aimed at that much-translating gentleman. The correspondent's version of the epigram is, however, not that which is generally accepted. Here is the couplet as it appears in authoritative collections of such things:

Philemon with translations so doth fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Amazing China.

Intimate China. By Mrs. Archibald Little. (Hutchinson. 21s.)

The Break-up of China. By Lord Charles Beresford. (Harper & Bros. 12s.)

AMAZING titles! In each "China" stands for three hundred and eighty-five million human beings. These millions have been hitherto a sort of reserve of humanity, shut in from the rest of the world by a high wall and profound traditions. Deep in the recesses of their vast country millions and millions of men and women have been reared to know no other country, laws, or religion than those to which they were born. And now this enormous cistern of humanity is about to lend its universe of quiet waters to the turbid and angry channels of Western progress. A spectacle more singular and tremendous has never been offered by history. This destiny is the more singular and tremendous because it may be taken for granted that millions of Chinamen, wrapt in their village concerns, know nothing whatever about it.

Even now it is probable that China could "get along" very well without Europe, which it exceeds in area and population. But either as customers or subjects the Chinese are to be dragged into the arena. Their fate depends on many things; but it appears that the real asset, the vital element in China, is the industry and honesty of its common people. These qualities emerge from all the corruption, superstition, supineness, and exclusiveness which are the clouds overhanging the country. By their industry, if by anything, the Chinese will be saved and turned to the service of humanity as a whole. If only their work could be put before them and regulated, these backward children would astonish the world. Ages ago they discovered the principle of co-operation. Mrs. Little tells us:

In a Chinese business, be it large or be it small, pretty well every man in the business has his share; so that you are sometimes astonished when a merchant introduces to you as his partners a set of young men who in England would be junior clerks. Even the coolie wrapping the tea-boxes says: "We are doing well this year," and works with a will through the night, knowing he, too, will have his portion in the increased business this increased work signifies. The way, indeed, in which Chinese work through the night is most remarkable. Men will row a boat day and night for four or five days, knowing that the sum of money gained will thus be quicker earned, and only pausing, one at a time, to take a whiff at a pipe or to eat. They will press wool all through the night, to oblige their employer, without a murmur, if only given free meals while doing the additional work. The truth is, the habit of industry has been so engendered in the Chinese as to be second nature, their whole system tending to encourage it.

It is said—and the figure will serve—that a man may hypnotise himself by looking at his own image in a mirror. This seems to have been China's fate; and the mirror has been left whole so long, and the looking into it has been so steadfast, that it is not clear how or by whom China's trance is to be dispersed. Neither is it clear how the benefits of its awakening are to be shared and regulated. Vast empires have broken up before now; but they have broken up when their strength was expended and their hearts eaten out. They have broken up under the pressure of inferior peoples, animated by the unscrupulous joy and energy of rude health. But China, with its genius for reversing the usual order of things, has conserved its vigour, has refused the contest, and is now like to be the prey of full-grown and superior nations. Europe is stupified by the problem thus presented. Verily, if it be an error in a nation to hold aloof from

the human family, China, which has done this thing has been overtaken by Nemesis. "Tai shan, ki tui hu!" ("The great mountain is broken") were almost the last words of Confucius. "Liang muh, ki hwai hu!" ("The strong beam is thrown down") he added. And his last utterance was: "Chi jiu, ki wei hu!" ("The wise man withers like a plant"). One asks, Is the great mountain the Chinese Empire; the strong beam the Manchu dynasty; and the wise man Confucius himself?

These may seem vague and unprofitable questions; but one is thrown back upon them. Even Lord Charles Beresford's book—an exhaustive and businesslike inquiry—leaves one oppressed by the broad enigma. The gallant admiral tells us that China is sound at the core, but that its administration and army are rotten, and that except along the coast there is no security for British trade and not much for life. Now it is only through the army and administration that the Western Powers can operate at present upon the dumb millions of China, and what these authorities are like may be gathered from Lord Charles Beresford's reports. Take two statements:

As the generals, like all authorities in China, only have a nominal salary, they make large profits or squeezes during their command. In order to report an instance, I questioned one of those in command when in Peking. He informed me that he commanded 10,000 men. I ascertained that all he actually commanded was 800. His method is common to China. He receives the money to pay and feed and clothe 10,000 men. If his army was to be inspected, he hires coolies at 200 cash (5d.) a day to appear on parade. This is well known to the inspecting officer, but he receives a *douceur* to report that he has inspected the army and has found it in perfect order.

As for equipment, Lord Charles Beresford found twelve different kinds of rifles in use, besides gingals and bows.

A gingal is a weapon between 9 ft. and 10 ft. long. They are different lengths in different armies; some of them are breech-loading, others muzzle-loading. Their weights vary from 40 lb. to 60 lb. Three men are required to handle them. When in action, the gingal is laid along the shoulders of two men, while the third man fires it. I also saw bows and arrows. . . . It seems incredible, but some of the soldiers are still practised in shooting with bows and arrows at a target. When at Peking I saw them practising in an open space near the observatory. Hitting the target is a detail of minor importance; the real merit consists in the position or attitude of the bowman when discharging his shaft.

Bad and mulish as is the administration, it is not the only obstacle to the awakening of China. The solidarity of a people who make the family, not the individual, the unit of society, has to be reckoned with. The family and the trade guild are all-important, and everyone is guaranteed by someone else. As Mrs. Little says: "It is the eldest man who directs the family councils. Thus, when a man dies, the deciding voice is for his eldest brother, not for his eldest son; than which, probably, no custom could tend more to conservatism, for there never comes a time when the voice of youth makes itself heard with authority."

And thus China becomes a huge problem, which one hardly dare survey as a whole, but which will vex and puzzle us in instalments for many and many a day. Alas! for the China of our dreams, the China that pleased us long ago, when the tea-cups were set in the nursery, and the firelight played on the figures and flowers which were the emblems of that mysterious and delightful land. Have our statesmen considered how the occidentalising of China touches English children? What gorgeous myths will be dulled and exploded! What prosaic blight among the pagodas, what a withering of the jasmine flowers, what fading out of lotus lakes and skies immaculate; even the tea-fields will be no more elysian. China will become real. Alas, too, for that dim city life—how one used to see it!—with processions pouring over strangely built bridges, with silken robes, silken flags; with high-

borne lanterns, and devilish masks, and images under red pavilions, and weird music controlled by dreadful gongs. For fear was mingled with those dreams, such fear as De Quincey magnifies to awful proportions in his *Opium Eater*, declaring that he would go mad among the men and scenery of China, among its birds and snakes and crocodiles, and other "unutterable monsters and abortions." Land of childish aversions, land, no less, of little bridges and temples, and cock-boats shining in the soup-plate, or glowing in the rare and splendid lantern! And then, like a comic commentary on it all, the Chinaman in England, alone with his pig-tail, and sighing for a meal of birds' nests—the undefended butt of boys from school! All that is doomed. Our children will not think so of China, for China will become real.

In these two volumes that dream-China is to seek. Only once or twice does it shimmer in Mrs. Archibald Little's pleasant, but, oh, so practical, pages. It is sweetly captured in this rendering of a drinking song, written by a bard of the eighth century, and still a favourite in China:

ON DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT.

Here are flowers, and here is wine;
But where's a friend with me to join
Hand to hand and heart to heart
In one full cup before we part?

Rather than to drink alone,
I'll make bold to ask the moon
To condescend to lend her face
To grace the hour and the place.

Lo! she answers, and she brings
My shadow on her silver wings;
That makes three, and we shall be,
I ween, a merry company.

The modest moon declines the cup,
But shadow promptly takes it up;
And when I dance, my shadow fleet
Keeps measure with my flying feet.

Yet though the moon declines to tinkle,
She dances in yon shining ripple;
And when I sing, my festive song
The echoes of the moon prolong.

Say, when shall we next meet together;
Surely not in cloudy weather;
For you, my boon companions dear,
Come only when the sky is clear.

This has the stillness, the grace, the antiquity of the willow pattern. Although English children are to be given geography where we had "the glory and the dream," it is pleasant to know, on Mrs. Archibald Little's authority, that "to Chinese children life in a Chinese city must be very pleasant." And for these surviving reasons:

There are the great festivals: the Chinese New Year, with all its countless crackers; the Dragon Boat Festival, when each district of the city mans a boat shaped like a dragon, and all paddle like mad, naked to the waist, and with a strange shout that must be very dear to children. Then there are the visits to the graves, when all the family goes out into the country together; and the long processions when the officials are carried through the city in open chairs and long fur gowns, hundreds of umbrellas of gay colours going before them, and their retainers also riding in pairs and in fur coats of inferior quality. All the beggar-children of the city have a high-day then. With fancy dress of various sorts over their rags, they walk or ride or are carried round the city, sometimes as living pictures, sometimes representing conquered aborigines, sometimes even Englishmen in short square coats and tight trousers.

In the spring-time a procession goes out to meet the spring, and sacrifice an ox in the river bed in its honour; and, strangely enough, the day in February on which this is done is always the most genial spring-like day, though after it is over winter sets in with renewed severity. At other times it is the image of the fire-god that is carried round, to show him the buildings he is honoured to protect.

Then, again, one evening there will be about four miles of little lanterns sent floating down the great river in honour of the dead. Or there will be the baking of the glutinous rice-cakes, accompanied by many curious ceremonies. And in it all the child takes his part.

This is pleasant, but it is no longer remote. The Englishman in his "tight trousers," the camera aimed at the fire-god, make all the difference. The picture becomes definite as Western daylight slowly suffuses the scene.

Poems and Verses.

Ballads and Poems. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). (James Bowden. 3s. 6d.)

Second Book of London Visions. By Laurence Binyon. "Shilling Garland." (Mathews. 1s. net.)

Poems. By Eva Gore-Booth. (Longmans & Co. 5s.)

AGAIN Ireland, which is to-day finding its voice in song with a plentifulness to make amends for past silence. One can understand the fascination of Ireland for her poets—a fascination which laid hold even of Lord Tennyson, Saxon though he was, when he wrote *The Voyage of Maeldune*. The cry of modern poetry is for subject-matter. So many singers, most of them deftly trained in the art of utterance, and most of them with nothing to utter: a hard case, best met by silence, which the modern poets, nevertheless, will in nowise observe. For the Irish poet there is no such difficulty. In Ireland herself, in the treasury of her traditions, her legends, her superstitions, in the remains of her ancient bards, there is a full treasury of poetic material, where every man may dip his hand if he have wit to make use of what he takes from it. It is a treasury seemingly inexhaustible; how many volumes of prose and verse it has furnished forth is an incalculable matter; and all this substance is of a rare picturesqueness, a rare fancy, which prompts to poetry of itself. The merest peasant's tale has a poem in it, "would men observingly distil it out"; and there is now no lack of distillers. Each has his own "private still," unseizable of Excise officers, and the produce pays tax only to publishers, so that to the manufacture of potheen Ireland seems like to add the manufacture of poetry as an indigenous industry. Moreover, she steadily improves in this latter manufacture, and will hardly suffer long the reproach of lagging in it behind England. No longer does she appeal for witness of her bardship to the eternal and most questionable Moore, to come then with a plumb drop straight down on the other Thomas—Davis, maker of second-hand Macaulay ballads, and many other rhymers of more diffuse patriotism and waste sentiment than inspiration. She has discovered her neglected Mangan, she has her modern Yeats, and a throng of other hands from which her ancient poetic wealth is passing into circulation anew.

Mrs. Clement Shorter is already familiar as a maker of ballads in other than the Davis fashion. Here we have a further volume, partly ballads, partly lyrics; but through all run the superstitions and legends of her country: they serve her well. She has none of the dream-quality of Mr. Yeats; her method is very direct and simple; but the legends which form her subject-matter make their own poetry, and are poetic under the simplest treatment—poetic, and often pathetic. The first poem of the volume, "My Lady's Slipper," is not a legend, but purely a story, though, she assures us, a true story: but it has a strong dramatic appeal, though of the saddest. It tells the story of an O'Rourke, who meets his lady-love, married to his rival, and obeys her appeal to rescue her from her husband's ill-treatment. He bears her away to his own house, sees her trip up the stair, and sees her never more. Next day O'Rourke visits a friend whose

house joins his own, seeking consolation and advice. The friend, too, has vanished—departed, he is told, on a journey. Years later, when O'Rourke is a grey and broken man, his dog brings him a red slipper: it is the lady's. He follows the dog upstairs, and is led by it to a secret chamber, which, unknown to him, has all these years existed between the two houses. There lie two skeletons—the lost lady and the lost friend. To that hidden trysting-place he had unawares conducted her, and there the two unsuspected lovers had drunk poison together.

Wrapped in death's silence, safe from my scorn;

He was my friend:

It was *his* love whom I bore home that morn,

His to the end!

Was it the woman who plotted and spied,

Using my heart

Just for a stone there to step where the tide

Kept them apart?

Was he a coward, lying lowly to wait,

Giving me blame?

Vain do I strike him, avenging my fate.

Cursed be his name!

She was my love: did she bid him believe

I for his sake

Cast away honour to stoop and deceive,

Bore *him* the stake?

He was my friend: dare I doubt him and know?

What if it be

Nothing he knew of her coming—the blow

That fell on me?

Knowing his honour, it might be she came,

Since he was still.

What did she care for my torture or shame?—

I served her will.

Knowing his weakness under her eyes,

Boldly she flew

Into his arms, hushed his blame and surprise,

If this be true.

Speak to me once, for God's sake, till I know

What was the worst!

My friend, my beloved, did you both plan the blow

Made me accurst?

Speak to me once, O dead voices, for I

Wait to forgive!

Tell me your secret: the echoes reply—

I alone live.

Only the bark of my dog in the tower,

Glad in his play;

Red was her cloak, and her face like a flower;

Hide it away!

Even from this brief description and extract it will be seen how dramatic is the poem. But most, as we say, are based on legends and superstitions. Take this lyric, based on the peasants' fancy that the dead return on All Souls' Eve, and stay if you set a chair and food for them. The other observances alluded to in the poem are well known—some are referred to also in Burns.

THE ONE FORGOTTEN.

A spirit speeding down on All Souls' Eve
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sung softly and yet sweet.

"So gay a wind was never heard before,"

The old man said, and listened by the fire;

And, "'Tis the souls that pass us on their way,"

The young maids whispered, clinging side by side,
So left their glowing nuts a while to pray.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door
Where crouched the whining dog, afraid to bark,
Tapped gently without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring:
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire:

"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night;

Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,

For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."

And then his daughter's daughter with her hand

Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,

Said low: "The old need fire, but ah! the young

Have that within their heart to flame and sting."

And then the spirit, moving from her place,

Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,

Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair;

But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.

Then crew the black cock, and so weeping sore

She went alone into the night again,

And said the greybeard, reaching for his glass:

"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age

He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear:

"Alas! I have forgot—and have you gone?—

I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."

And said the maidens, laughing in their play:

"How he goes groaning, wrinkle-faced and hoar,

He is so old, and angry with his age—

Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door."

We prefer these poems to the genuine lyrics, where Mrs. Shorter seems to us less successful than in her ballads, or such a semi-narrative poem as that just quoted. She is on her own ground among the wild and teeming fancies of peasant belief or traditions from the Irish past. Apart from them she is merely an English poetess, not distinguishable from a store of others. And before we quit a book which will certainly find a welcome with all who were charmed by her previous volumes, we will make one suggestion: it is that Mrs. Shorter is not always sure in her metre. There are poems where the versification is needlessly rough—though this is not visible in those we have quoted. It is an occasional blemish which she might look to.

Mr. Binyon's little pamphlet of *London Visions* betrays more of the intimate stuff of poetry than any save a very few numbers of his still recent *Porphyryon*. It is as the singer of wayfarings in London streets that so far he has attained to his most unhesitating and most individual utterance. Others, indeed, have not been slow to see certain qualities of material beauty which this grimy city, of all cities, possesses. Mr. Whistler, for instance, taught us long ago something of the atmospheric charm, at morn and eve and night, of a smoke-laden and moisture-laden heaven. Others have sung the exceptions, the *rus in urbe*, the flaming sunsets along the river, the lilac-buds in the square. This note of visible beauty Mr. Binyon also catches. How sensitive he is to the influences that strike the sense let this fragment of a Thames poem show:

I walked beside full-flooding Thames to-night
Westward; upon my face the sunset fell:
The hour, and spacious evening, pleased me well.
Buoyant the air breathed after rain, and kind
To senses flattered with soft sound and light
Of many waves that leapt against the wind,
Where, broadly heaving barge and boat at rest,
The River came at flood: from golden skies
Issuing through arches, black upon the west,
To flame before the sunset's mysteries.

Far-off to-night as a remembered dream,
That different Thames, familiar as a friend,
That youthful Thames, to whom his willows bend
With private whisper; where my boat would come
Heaped with fresh flowers, and down the cool, smooth stream
Follow his green banks through the twilight home.
Far from these paven shores, these haughty towers,
Where wave and beam glorying together run,
As though they would disown those cradling bowers,
And gushed immediate from the molten sun.

But he will be the poet of more than the face of London: of her heart. To interpret something of her humanity, to

touch her living pulse, that is the task he has set himself. In the derelict, the waif, the stray, the outcast, he reads the half-effaced legend of a human soul, and would touch the palimpsest into rendering up its secret with the magical lotion of art. And as he seeks and sees, the husk of the commonplace and the sordid falls away, and outlines beautiful in the strength and simplicity of very life disengage themselves. You see a gang of navvies somewhat blasphemously mending the road o' mornings. Mr. Binyon sees a sculptor's vision of ordered and rhythmical motion.

Now, with the morning shining round them, come
Young men, and strip their coats
And loose the shirts about their throats,
And lightly up their ponderous hammers lift,
Each in his turn descending swift
With triple strokes that answer and begin
Duly, and quiver in repeated change,
Marrying the eager echoes that weave in
A music clear and strange.
But pausing soon, each lays his hammer down,
And, deeply breathing, bares
His chest, stalwart and brown,
To the sunny airs.
Laughing one to another, limber hand
On limber hip, flushed, in a group they stand,
And now untired renew their ringing toil.
The sun stands high, and ever a fresh throng
Comes murmuring; but that eddying turmoil
Leaves many a loiterer, prosperous or unfed,
On easy or unhappy ways,
At idle gaze,
Charmed in the sunshine and the rhythm entralling,
As of unwearied Fates, for ever young,
That on the anvil of necessity,
From measureless desire and quivering fear,
With musical sure lifting and down falling
Of arm and hammer driven perpetually,
Beat out in obscure span
The fiery destiny of man.

Or again, you see a tattered street-walker at dawn idly bestirring herself before the policeman comes to clear the benches of unlicensed sleepers; and Mr. Binyon sees an unforgettable thing, Virgilian in its pathos, and as large and serene in the shaping as a Greek bronze:

Then one, a woman, silently arose,
And came to the broad fountain, brimming cool,
And over the stone margin leaning close,
Dipped hands and bathed her forehead in the pool.
Now as the fresh drops ran upon her brow
And her hands knotted up her hair, the ways
Of old lost mornings came to her, and how
Into her mirror she would smile and gaze.

And the curious part of it is that Mr. Binyon is throughout an alien from the life he describes. The London rhythms do not throb in his veins. He lays his finger on their pulses, notes them down with genuine sympathy; and is all the while aloof, an interested observer from another world, where life is not lived feverishly, and things can be viewed *sub specie aeternitatis*. He carries his poetry with him; he does not find it. Like all true questers after beauty, he projects it from his own imaginings upon objects which do but reflect it back, and is thus a true creator, making what is not as though it were. What romance is there, until it is put there, in some mean dwelling half dismantled by the pick of the housebreaker, such as the foot of Whitehall has presented for months past? And yet, if the poet says so, the romance is there.

So in some street
Stirred with the rushing feet
Of life that glitters and that thunders past,
An aged house, broken and doomed at last,
Ere yet it vanish quite,
Abandons helpless to the cruel light
Spoiled sanctuaries, filled with emptiness,
Where late the weary harboured, and young fears
Were cradled into peace,

And sacred kisses kissed, and private tears
Were dried, and true hearts hid their close delight.
But now the fires are ashes, all is bare,
The torn gay papers flutters old,
And a phantasmal stair
Climbs into floorless chambers, and hearths cold.

You will always see it so in future. It is this gift, of creating permanent and enduring illusion, that is the heart of real poetry. Mr. Binyon indisputably has it, and as he shows signs of strenuously and patiently cultivating his powers, we prophesy a future for him. His is not an insistent talent, does not cry aloud in the streets. Probably he will never be popular, and we fancy that that will matter as little to him, as it could to any man. Which is the right spirit to take poetry in, after all.

There is a good deal of carefully wrought verse in Miss Gore-Booth's book—verse showing tact, a little humour, and a little epigrammatic force. But tact and humour forsake the author at intervals rather too frequent. They forsook her when she styled her work "Poems." There is not a line of poetry in the book, nor much trace of an intention to write poetry. In one piece she says:

I wrote eight verses late last night,
And slept, and lo! a wondrous sight,
There came eight funerals instead
Marching slowly past my bed.
As they went each nodding plume
Swayed and rhymed across the gloom.
In the twinkling of an eye,
The whole procession passed me by,
And every verse—became a hearse
To carry murdered poetry.

This nocturnal experience could not have been her own. For her title to attention exists precisely in the fact that she has *not* murdered poetry. She has been content to write verse. And verse may be fine—may even be enduring literature—without being poetry. Miss Gore-Booth's verse is not fine, but sometimes it is good, and often it is agreeable. The book is small; it ought to have been smaller. It contains a number of exercises in the obvious which should never have been disinterred from the magazines. For example:

ASPIRATIONS.

Eels in the mud of the garden pond,
Do you ever think of a life beyond,
Do you ever see that the sky is blue,
And wish that the moon was nearer you?
Do you ever sigh when the skylark sings,
And dream of wings?

Such questions have been asked too often, and by this time everyone should be aware that the answer to them is "No."

Further, Miss Gore-Booth has a trick of pulpitering, which should be checked. Four lines of mediocre verse, alone in the middle of a vast white page, addressed "To the people on earth," are merely comic, reminding one of the famous exhortation to the terrestrial ball to roll on. Miss Gore-Booth does best in the versified fable sort of thing, as this:

AN OLD STORY.

A maiden loved Diogenes,
Well she thought the sage to please;
But he did not understand her,
Treated her like Alexander;
To all her blandishments replied,
"Gracious maiden, stand aside,
When your pleasant talk is done.
I would see the blessed sun."
After such cross words as these,
Still she loved Diogenes.

A trifle, perhaps, but neatly done and worth doing. It is when the author seeks to rhyme her meditations upon life, the universe, liberty, and immense ideas of that kind, that she goes wrong, and loses her qualities.

Literature and Fishing.

Fly-Fishing. By Sir Edward Grey. "The Haddon Hall Library." Edited by the Marquess of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

SIR EDWARD GREY would be a good contributor to our "Things Seen." He has the gift of seeing things as they really are, and of conveying what he has seen to the reader. Let us give an instance :

One burn I used to fish which flowed through a wood of high trees down a steep rocky channel. Here it was possible, at least for a small boy, to keep out of sight by walking up the bed of the burn itself, stooping low, jerking the worm up into little pools and cascades above, and lifting the trout out down-stream on to the bank. This was very pretty work. I remember once getting several trout quickly one after another in this place, and then they suddenly stopped taking. One little favourite pool after another produced nothing, and a fear of something unknown came over me; the gloom and stillness of the wood made me uneasy; everything about me seemed to know something, to have a meaning, which was hidden from me; and I felt as if my fishing was out of place. At last I could resist the feeling of apprehension no longer; I left the rod with the line in a pool to fish for itself, and went up to the edge of the wood to see what was happening in the open world outside. There was a great storm coming up full of awful menace, as thunder-clouds often are. It filled me with terror. I hurried back for my rod, left the burn and the wood, and fled before the storm, going slow to get my breath now and then, and continually urged to running by the sound of the thunder behind me.

That is literature of a high order. Although entirely lacking any ornament of phrase, it is absolutely right. It is a revived recollection of a boy, and boyhood has no gaud with its words. Beyond that, it is an accurate interpretation of nature in one of her moods. The atmosphere sickening for a thunderstorm, there comes a moment when sentient creatures are overcome or startled: human beings, lacking oxygen, are sluggish, or have headache; cattle, in fright, cluster under the trees; the sheep move fitfully about in unfamiliar ways; and the trout, which may have been feeding ravenously, drop to the bottom of the water. It was this panic fright which caused Sir Edward Grey to run to the open world, to see what was ado. He would not have fled if all that he were conscious of was that the trout had ceased to feed. He fled because he felt that some mysterious general menace was in the air. It is all very truthfully and prettily put; and, instead of endeavouring to explain the grace of the passage, we will only say that if the boy had waited for the storm, instead of running away, he would have found the trout on the feed again very soon after the first streak of lightning had cleared the air. We ourselves, fishing on a lake, or on some river far from shelter, have often been caught in a thunderstorm from which retreat was impossible, and have found, to our great astonishment, that, although the trout invariably sulk when the storm is gathering, they rise joyously when the storm is in full blast.

It will be observed that we are inclined to be reminiscent over Sir Edward Grey's book. That is the best tribute we could pay to it. Every page in it revives some memory of our own, and that is what the author conceived to be his task. "If books," he says, "are to be written about a pursuit like fishing, it should not be to preach, or to convert, or to dogmatise. Books about sport and country life should be written and read, partly perhaps for the sake of hints, information, and instruction, but much more in the hope that the sense of refreshing pleasure, which has been felt by the writer, may slide into a sympathetic mind." That is absolutely true. Sport is joy; an essay in the literature of joy must naturally, as Sir Edward Grey says, convey some intelligent message; but the informatory character of the essay must be subordinate

to its sensuous attractiveness. If the writer is intent on teaching and preaching, he will fail. Cotton failed, although he knew much more about fishing than Isaac Walton knew; Isaac is immortal because, though equipped with but a meagre knowledge of the art of fishing, he was a supreme artist in another sense. Cotton could not write, and strove to teach. Isaac could not teach; but he could write, and it ought to be well known that, "of all the arts in which the wise excel, Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well." Walton seems never to have had more than two or three brace of trout in his creel. A skilled angler, with the equipment of these modern days, could easily, in Walton's time, have had twenty brace on any fresh summer morning. That, however, has nothing to do with the matter. Walton was a master of Things Seen, and the joy he had in seeing things he had the art to communicate by pen and ink. He was a great artist. He was the first great artist of his kind. He was the founder of a school. Since *The Compleat Angler* came into our hands we have read hundreds of works on Angling. Some small incidental essays—such as those of Mr. Froude, Mr. Blackmore, and Mr. William Black—have been beautiful; but hitherto all the attempts to write a book on Fishing have been a weariness. Sir Edward Grey is the only writer on Angling who approaches Walton.

Elizabeth Again.

The Solitary Summer. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Macmillan. 6s.)

ALL who enjoyed *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* will read this volume, which, in a way, may be taken as a continuation of that pleasant study in egoism. Elizabeth is still mistress of the same garden; she is ingenuously garrulous as ever; nature is still her delight; her chatter has lost none of its freshness; and she has still the power of persuading us, for the moment, that the ideal life is to live through a long summer in a garden with a few books, and that visitors and punctual food are a nuisance.

The pattern of the book is of the slightest. Practically, it is a monologue. A few characters make a few cursory remarks, but they are sketched in so lightly that the even tenor of the narrative (it ambles from May to October) is not disturbed. It amounts to no more than an exposition of the authoress's preferences in flowers, books, and people, and yet it is readable from cover to cover. Elizabeth is blessed with a sunny, open-air temperament, an easy style, and an acceptable sense of humour. She lives in a delightful house, surrounded by a delightful garden, somewhere in North Germany; and, in the opening chapter, obtains her husband's consent to her proposal that they should spend a solitary summer. They shall be free from visitors. The world shall be kept at bay. Her husband is sceptical; but Elizabeth carries her scheme triumphantly through. Here is a specimen of her matter and manner:

The sight of the first pale flowers starring the copses; an anemone held up against the blue sky with the sun shining through it towards you; the first fall of snow in the autumn; the first thaw of snow in the spring; the blustering, busy winds blowing the winter away, and scurrying the dead, untidy leaves into the corners; the hot smell of pines—just like the blackberries—when the sun is on them; the first February evening that is fine enough to show how the days are lengthening, with its pale yellow strip of sky behind the black trees whose branches are pearly with rain-drops; the swift pang of realisation that the winter is gone and the spring is coming; the smell of the young larches a few weeks later; the bunch of cowslips that you kiss and kiss again because it is so perfect, because it is so divinely sweet, because of all the kisses in

the world there is none other so exquisite—who that has felt the joy of these things would exchange them, even if in return he were to gain the whole world, with all its chimney-pots and bricks and dust and dreariness?

Feminine, no doubt! Slight and unsubstantial, if you will; but what a relief, amid the solemn and portentous volumes that crowd the reviewer's table, to find a book that aims at nothing more than an attempt to express the joy that a happy, healthy nature finds in the mere routine of a country life. This sunny person, who loves the sunshine and the flowers so well, has also a serious side to her nature. If her moralising be slight, it is none the less true:

No one can possibly love the summer, the dear time of dreams, more passionately than I do; yet I have no desire to prolong it by running off South when the winter approaches, and so cheat the year of half its lessons. It is delightful and instructive to potter among one's plants, but it is imperative for body and soul that the pottering should cease for a few months, and that we should be made to realise that grim other side of life. A long hard winter lived through from beginning to end, without shirking, is one of the most salutary experiences in the world.

The Solitary Summer is a book to read in a garden. Summer shimmers through its pages, and it has power to cheer.

Dr. Daudet.

Alphonse Daudet. By His Son, Léon Daudet. Translated by Charles De Kay. (Sampson Low. 5s.)

THE literary career is not an absolute career: it is always a kind of adaptation. We mean that the literary man can only be understood or explained by relating him to men of a different stamp. One literary man leans to the poet, another to the farmer, another has some of the equipment of a lawyer, a fourth is a soldier at heart. In Alphonse Daudet one discerns the doctor. Again and again this is brought home, and that in ways more subtle and conclusive than by the statement of his son that the notes he made on his fellow-patients at the Lamalou baths astonished the physicians. The prompt note-taking is the significant fact. In Daudet an almost animal quickness of vision and hearing was the servant of a most human and penetrating mind. "When a man stood before him with his face in a strong light he divined him and summed him up with a precision which was like magic; but he was chary of words, and only used his eyes, so soft, veiled, and yet so penetrating!" And again we read:

Very few people duped or abused his confidence, for he knew how to uncover lies with extraordinary sagacity; but even that did not irritate him: "The poor wretch," he often said to us, with his delightful smile, "the poor wretch thought that he was deceiving me; but I read falsehood on his face and divined it from the trembling of a little muscle down there in the corner of the mouth which I know very well; it was made known to me also by the 'winkiness' of his eyes; there was a moment when I was on the point of betraying myself. Pshaw! he's an unhappy creature all the same."

Thus, like a doctor, would Daudet survey a passing specimen of humanity—keenly, kindly, even indulgently, without a shade of professionalism. He examined in order to comfort and hearten. One sees that he could minister to minds diseased. He would often say: "When my task is finished I should like to establish myself as a Vendor of Happiness; my profits would consist in my success." But he did not wait till his task was finished. He assisted men and women with his cheeriness, he brought a wind of health and laughter with him even when he walked on the boulevards, where he fraternised

with everybody, offered people drinks, praised the children and bought them toys, plunging into life, playing with the humanities as with pebbles. He was a mighty hunter of facts and explanations. His first question of a stranger or a beginner was: "Where were you born?" He would then forage in his memory for the qualities native to the region.

Changes of temperament along a given river or a given valley excited his curiosity to the highest degree: "The Norman is the Gascon of the North."—"Lorraine finesse is a clear and sometimes dry observation of men and events."—"You must not confound Provence with the stony South, the Hérault and Languedoc. Provence has a touch of Italy, but Hérault and Languedoc prepare one for Spain."—"The logical imagination of the Touraine country (Rabelais, Descartes) differs profoundly from the intellectual wine of Bourgogne and from the Mediterranean flash-in-the-pan."—"Anger of a woman, anger of the Mediterranean; all on the surface. Ten feet of calm water under one foot of foam!"—"Panurge, the type of the Parisian, has not changed since *Gargantua*. I have him, exactly like himself, in at least ten of my comrades!"—"The lie in the North, heavy, tenacious and gloomy, is very different from our lie, which runs about, changes a subject, laughs, gesticulates—and ends all of a sudden in sincerity."

This highly developed knowledge of local temperament is interesting in Daudet, whose best work is so Provençal. His belief in the influence of early environment was quite doctrinal; and he loved to see a man revert to his birth-place for literary material, still more to send him packing thither. He would say:

"When some young man comes to me in his arrogant or timid way, with his little volume in his hand, I say to him: 'From what part of the country?' 'From —, Sir.' 'A long time since you have left your home and the old people?' 'About so long.' 'Are you thinking of returning?' 'I don't know.' 'But why not right away, now that you have had a taste of Paris? Are they poor?' 'Oh, no, Sir, they are comfortably off.' 'Then, hapless one, flee! I see you there, undecided, young and impressionable. I do not believe that there is actually in you that energy of Balzac which boiled up and fermented in his garret. Listen to my counsel and later you will thank me. Return to your home. Make a solitude to yourself in some corner of the house or the farm. Stroll back through your memories; recollections of childhood are the living and unpoisoned source for all those who have not the master's power of evoking thought. Besides, you will see. You have plenty of time. Make the people who are about you talk, the hunters and village girls, the old men and vagabonds, and let all that gradually settle in your mind. Then, if you have any talent, you will write a personal book which will have your own mark on it and will, in the first place, interest your comrades and then the public, if you are able, or if you have the chance, to find some odd piece of intrigue, well carried out, to put inside this frame.'"

Daudet did not follow his own prescription—another proof of the doctor in him. But his books do it honour. It is not by his little-Dickens transcripts of Parisian life, his expert surface-readings of boulevard character and the vices of exiled monarchs, that he will live into the twentieth century. It is by his *Numa Roumestan* and his *Tartarin* books, wherein you find the man and the poet ousting the doctor, and poetry rounding off keen observation, and humour and pity and laughter flooding the picture. But Daudet chose to live in Paris, and in three-fourths of these pages he is revealed in his Parisian moods. In these he is more intelligible, but less charming to English readers than in his outbursts of Provençal feeling. But the whole Daudet is here; and the book is a fine study in that sensibility which is at once the treasure and the burden of a creative writer. Mr. De Kay's translation is accurate, but we should not call it a highly finished or notably graceful rendering.

Fighting on the Frontier.

The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80: Its Causes, its Conduct, and its Consequences. By Col. H. B. Hanna. Vol. I. (Constable & Co. 10s.)

THIS volume is described as the first of a "History" of the Second Afghan War, but Col. Hanna uses the word "history" somewhat loosely, as it implies impartiality. This is merely a prolonged pamphlet, an expansion of the controversial tracts with which the author has already favoured the world on Indian Frontier matters. As it is wholly partisan, and in no sense of the word judicial, it can at best only be considered as part of the material of some future historian, and not as history itself.

Col. Hanna's diligence is not to be denied. He has gone through papers, documents, and despatches; but it is easy to see that he has done so with a preconceived bias, and with a determination to find proofs in support of his theories. For Col. Hanna writes from that most extraordinary standpoint, which is happily far less common now than it was twenty years ago, that whatever England does is wrong, that Shere Ali was an immaculate person, and that Russia's word is to be depended upon. So unhappy a point of view naturally leads to strange results. In his preface the Colonel says that a study of the official publications forced upon him the conviction that the war of 1878 had sprung out of no change of attitude on the part of the Ameer of Afghanistan, but out of a change of policy on the part of the British Government. That the Ameer, however, was not altogether satisfied with the proceedings of the retiring school was shown when Nur Mahomed in 1877 declared that the Ameer had lost his confidence in the British Government since Lord Northbrook meddled in the matter of his son, Yakub Khan, and sent presents, without his consent, to the Governor of Wakhan. In reality, Shere Ali, so far from being an injured innocent, was a wily Oriental chief who merely held his throne by force of arms—all rulers of Afghanistan governing not by right, but by might. In these circumstances it was both impossible and undignified for the Viceroy of India to crouch behind the wall of the Hindu Khoosh and to profess no interest in the affairs of Afghanistan. The life of an Ameer is at the mercy of any fanatic, and whether we like it or not, the turbulent state is, and must always be, a source of anxiety and annoyance to us. It is absurd to argue from the policy of the statesmen who ruled India before the conquest of the Punjab. Then a warlike race separated us from the Afghans; now only a range of mountains lies between us, and turning away one's face will not alter the fact.

But to the Rip van Winkles of India anything is good enough to advance against what has been nicknamed the Forward Policy. As is usual with the opponents of England's mission, Col. Hanna overdoes it; he has painted his picture too monotonously sombre, and discounts the value of his work by his attacks on great Englishmen. He sneers at Lord Roberts, calls Lord Lytton an "inexperienced visionary," girds at Sir G. P. Colley and Sir Peter Lumsden, and decries the gallant Major Cavagnari as "a man of rash and restless disposition and overbearing temper, consumed by the thirst for personal distinction, and as incapable of recognising and weighing the difficulties, physical and moral, which stood in the way of the attainment of his ends as the Viceroy over whom he was thenceforward to exercise so pernicious an influence." The ordinary Englishman will consider that it is hardly in the best of taste for a colonel in the Indian Service to write in these abusive terms of a Viceroy and of great Indian soldiers, some of whom lost their lives in the Queen's service. What India needs is a strong and steadfast policy placed above party politics, and carping works such as this do not in any way help to the realisation of such a desirable end.

Wordsworth's Nephew.

The Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews. By John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury. (Longmans.)

AT Oxford Charles Wordsworth, nephew of the poet, was an elder contemporary of Gladstone, Stanley, Merivale, and Manning. For eleven years he was second master at Harrow. Then came the call from the Northern Kingdom, and he must take his place in the struggling hierarchy of that shadow of a shade, the suffering and episcopal Church of Scotland. He emerges with his book on Shakespeare and the Bible, and in 1866 his Greek Grammar is accepted for general use by the headmasters of England. Again, he is found upon the Revision Committee of the New Testament, very dissatisfied with things as they are going, and only with much ado to be held in leash by Scrivener. But for the most part his hand must be to the parochial hammer (*manus ad clavum* was his motto, *oculus ad calum*), and his will bent to the mastery of difficult colleagues. In these matters he showed himself ever sanguine and resolute. Twice he used his casting-vote to secure his own preferment: than which is no better evidence of his moral courage. He was ubiquitous within the wide bounds of his sparse flock, and was beyond hope successful in his set purpose of cultivating friendly relations with the pastors of the national Kirk. Withal he found time for literary work—much of it ephemeral, indeed—of which the bare catalogue stuffs ten pages of appendix. He could keep his friends. The late Cardinal Manning was not an expansive person, but in writing to his "very dear old friend" he is both affectionate and playful. As thus:

And now for your letter. It brings back many happy memories of Harrow. I can see you in your broad-brimmed white hat and green cut-away coat, the admiration and envy of all beholders. It reminds me of how much I owe you in my books; and of your original ingratitude, for you know that I coached you in logic. I have also other memories—as to how, the Bishop of St. Andrews and the Bishop of Lincoln preventing me, the Grape House at Coombe Bank was entered by the roof and robbed.

Of Manning another glimpse appears in a letter written to the Bishop by Dean Merivale:

I liked him [at Harrow], notwithstanding his singular affectation. I just now recall to mind how once, in playing cricket, he hit a ball with a very pretty curve to the off; and thereupon, instead of making his run, threw his bat over his shoulder exclaiming: "I say, Merivale, what a mysterious thing a cricket ball is!" And so he has gone on [moralises the Dean], and *sibi constat*.

Nevertheless, Bishop Wordsworth did not like "perverts"; their books were the "black sheep" of his shelves; the incense offered to Newman "proved that we were living in an age of indifference to truth."

The man must have possessed a store of youthful spirit that still endured while, eyes heavenward, he awaited the end. He was a great skater; it is an accomplishment very proper to the episcopal order—and costume. To Mr. W. Earl Hodgson, with reference to an article on this art, he writes:

I venture to speak with some authority, as I was one of the best—if not the best—of the skaters at Oxford in my day. . . . At Berlin, in the winter of 1833, I made quite a sensation; no one could come near me in cutting figures. . . . I was the first man at Oxford to have a pair of skates made without "the curious up-curling thing in front," . . . and with the blade curved at the heel; which is essential to skating backward with ease and safety. I had the advantage . . . of being equally strong and steady on both feet, which enabled me to do the outside edge backwards as easily as I did it forwards; and I was master of the "cross-cuts" in both. . . . I rather demur to a remark that follows: the curved blade has certainly "much revealed the gymnastic possibilities of skating."

but I doubt whether it ought to "go further." There are such figures as the "Flying Mercury"—one of the grandest of all—which could scarcely be performed without a considerable portion of the blade being in contact with the ice. So in this, as in other more important matters [here we come back to theology] . . . the wisest plan is to keep to the "via media."

In such correspondence, and in such scholarly recreation as the composition of Latin versions of hymns, he awaited the end, "*puer centum annorum*." It is seven years since he died; and many people will be thankful for this history of his diligent and blameless life.

Other New Books.

OUR GARDENS.

BY DEAN HOLE.

Whatever the Dean of Rochester has to say about gardens must be listened to with respect, for is he not the author of *A Book about Roses*, and do not people travel from afar for a sight of the Dean's garden by the cathedral in the old Kentish town, a picture of which in colours forms the frontispiece to this book? Although, as a practical adviser, the Dean has serious rivals, he is alone in personality: his cheery bonhomie is the same as ever, his pleasant garrulity and discursiveness, his tendency to puns and other quips, his expansive English geniality, reminiscent of the palmy days of the middle of the century, when Leech drew and Thackeray jested. We do not now write like this to intending competitors at a rose show: "If under these conditions, and with these anticipations, you resolve to exhibit; if, like young Norval among the Grampian hills, you have heard of battles, of the Wars of the Roses, and have determined to fight, then let us hope that

Wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.

If you succeed, be thankful. If you fail,

Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;

and remember Luther's message, 'Tell Philip Melancthon to leave off thinking that he's going to rule the world,' and enjoy your roses, large and small, in all their beautiful diversity at home." Dean Hole (who tells us that, like the gardener who was asked his age, he will soon be an "octogeranium") can achieve this style better than anyone. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

A THOUSAND DAYS IN THE ARCTIC. BY F. G. JACKSON.

We have here the record of the Jackson-Harmsworth Arctic expedition, which sailed from the Thames in the *Windward* in July, 1894. Mr. Jackson describes it more closely as "an unvarnished tale of a thousand consecutive days spent in the Arctic, printed word for word as it was written—while the facts and impressions were fresh in my memory—in our hut or tent, when on sledging and boating journeys in Franz Josef Land." This method has the advantages and disadvantages of the Englishman's famous work on the camel, in the old story. Indeed, for camel substitute bear, and the analogy is only improved. This is the book of the Arctic Bear. Bear-flesh was the all-needed food, and when Mr. Jackson set up his hut, called "Elmwood," in Franz Josef Land he placed the following notice in the fore-castle:

NOTICE.

In the event of a bear being seen, information should be immediately given to me, either by night or day. Should I be able to fire a shot at it, 2s. 6d. (two shillings and sixpence) reward will be given for each bear on arrival in London to the person who first brought the information.

The same reward will be paid for walrus on the ice or for foxes.

A written order will be given by me for the payment of the rewards.

FREDERICK G. JACKSON.

N.B.—A rifle will be kept in the cabin for the protection of persons against bears while carrying the information to "Elmwood."

November 18, 1894.

The results of this offer and of Mr. Jackson's vigilance are set forth in the diary with a minuteness which we think is often overdone, and are also tabulated in an enormous "Game List."

Mr. Jackson was tenaciously industrious, and each member of his party was kept employed on special work. The chief result of the expedition was the determination of the geographical limits of Franz Josef Land, which was discovered to consist of numerous islands, divided by rapid currents. These currents kept the ice almost always in motion, and were a source of much danger and difficulty.

Mr. Jackson's dramatic and wholly unexpected meeting with Nansen, on June 17, 1896, is again described, and his greeting to his brother explorer—"By Jove, I'm d—d glad to see you"—is finally authenticated.

We confess we are rather wearied by the growth of Arctic literature. In this field one is tempted to reverse Tennyson and cry: "Wisdom comes, but knowledge lingers." One becomes a little impatient, too, of that minuteness of detail to which the old dangers and the old exposures no longer lend interest. Such an entry as this, in Mr. Jackson's diary, might have been spared the dignity of type: "*December 8th, Saturday.*—The mate came up to ask if I can let them have a little paraffin, as they have run out at the ship. I gave him ten gallons to go on with." There are many entries of which the same might be said. As a matter of tone, too, we should have preferred that Mr. Jackson did not speak of his companions as "the chaps" or "poor chaps." Of the minuteness of photography we cannot have too much, and these volumes are profusely illustrated. Indeed, outwardly they could not be more satisfactory. (Harper & Bros. 32s.)

FROM HOWARD TO NELSON. BY JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON.

This volume companions *From Cromwell to Wellington: Twelve Soldiers*. The twelve sailors chosen are Howard, Drake, Blake, Rooke, Anson, Hawke, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, Hood, St. Vincent, Nelson. Each biography has been placed in the hands of a naval man, and although "there is no pretence at original research," we are enabled to see how the work of early commanders strikes the trained naval intelligences of to-day. We note that Admiral P. H. Colomb, who writes on Nelson, does not countenance the attempt, which has been recently made, to set Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton in another light. Like most other authorities, he attributes Nelson's waywardness to the unsympathetic character of Lady Nelson.

Almost evidently she was a lady of that calm and equable temperament, governed by utilitarianism and common sense, which has no sympathy with, and is almost incapable of understanding, the waywardness of genius. It is surpassingly sad to think that probably for want of this touch the death at Trafalgar was the most satisfactory ending possible to the wonderful career. We cannot doubt that such a touch would have nipped a mad passion in the bud. Tender and really appreciative letters from a wife he worshipped, reaching him before and after the Nile, must have kept his sense open to the instability and frivolity of Lady Hamilton's nature.

That is the traditional view, which will probably never change. The book contains as many portraits as lives, and is well supplied with maps. (Lawrence & Bullen. 10s. 6d.)

Fiction.

The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock.
(Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THE title would seem to indicate a novel with a philosophic basis. But, so far as we have been able to discover, there is no philosophic basis to *The Individualist*. It is the story—or, rather, it is a haphazard series of scenes in the life—of a wealthy young man who was too bored to pluck the fruit of that success which his talents had won for him. What those talents were the reader will never know; for Mr. Mallock is content merely to tell us that Tristram Lacy was clever. He does not, in any form, show us the cleverness. To all appearance Lacy is precisely the ordinary facile pessimist. He moves aimless amid the social splendours of London and the Riviera—splendours which Mr. Mallock describes ingeniously, but with rather too fervent a gusto—as a girl might describe her first ball. By way of contrast, a group of Socialists (whose ignorance of the ritual of drawing-rooms appears to lie heavy on the author's mind) is introduced, and made to run side by side with the clan Lacy. It is characteristic of Mr. Mallock's methods that there should be absolutely no vital connexion between the two sets of characters. It would seem that he has a contempt for the art which he condescends to practise. To speak more directly, the book is exceedingly unskilful. The plot is nearly everything that a plot should not be. In complete lack of cumulative effect, it vies with the picaresque fiction of two centuries back. It does not cohere. It is complex with a complexity quite futile. Its progress is always towards obscurity instead of elucidation; and the climax (if one may use the term) is the mere clearing up of a childish genealogical mystery. The technique of the narrative is clumsy. It is often of the "a-young-man-might-have-been-observed" order—reminiscent of G. P. R. James. Mr. Mallock seems unable to distinguish between the essential and the inessential, and accordingly the story is overloaded with trivial observation. Of sheer maladroitness the introduction of the long extract from a lady's diary, beginning on page 157, is perhaps the most astounding example. Further, the writing is far from irreproachable. Mr. Mallock, to do him justice, makes no pretence of a distinguished style. But he might achieve neatness and literary good form. Such a sentence as, "His figure appeared to swell as he announced himself the proprietor of an acquaintance with her," seems to us to fail in these qualities. We should like to know what is the precise significance of "a sure, but gentle delicacy"; and whether a writer is any longer justified in putting "daughters of Eve" when he means "women." For a change, "daughters of Adam" would be better.

We have brought rather grave charges against Mr. Mallock, and we have not overstated them. But the gravest charge yet remains. He has combined realism with caricature in the same book, to the utter destruction of its verisimilitude and persuasive effect. The curious thing is, that he has (we think) done this unconsciously. His predilections have been too much for his artistic sense. The aristocrats of the story he has portrayed with sympathy, and often with an appreciation finely sensitive. But to the drawing of his Socialists he brings an observation ferocious in its blind hostility. The result is sometimes amusing, but more frequently grotesque. It is difficult, in a hundred passages, to believe that he has not thrown up his rôle of serious novelist and abandoned himself to the wildest farcical satire:

"Well, Lizzie and Louise," said Mr. Bousfield, nodding cheerfully to them, "both your articles finished, I suppose, by this time?" These two," he said to Lacy, "are the brightest little bodies imaginable. One is a Christian Socialist; the other, who is writing some papers on the 'Abolition of Class Distinctions,' devotes herself in London

to introducing among the female employees of the Post Office a proper independence of manner when dealing with the general public. Look, Mr. Brandon—that man's our tailor-poet. A capital head of hair—eh?"

The tailor-poet is called Squelch. Mrs. Norham, the lady novelist, is unaffectedly preposterous from beginning to end, and we wonder that Mr. Mallock did not emphasise his attitude by calling her Mrs. Barebones FitzSerag, or some such name. The whole business of the Auxiliary Motor Syndicate is farce of the crudest description. The semi-religious service in Chap. xxvii. is another instance of mere unbridled facetiousness—facetiousness of which the sole object is laughter. Such sketches would be perfectly legitimate and very funny (they are distinctly funny) in a proper environment—a book avowedly humorous; but as part of a novel pretending to be a serious study of modern manners, they seem to us inept and inexcusable.

Two in Captivity. By Vincent Brown.
(Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a strong and moving book. It narrates the tragedy of two guilty lovers in search of ease: how they would have fled from themselves, but were withheld by fear of each other, sheltering beneath sophism and stupefaction and excess until they could compass, without physical pain, their end. Stated thus, the story may seem to be in need of justification; but the justification is in the manner of presentation. For Mr. Brown is one that understands. By a thousand little signs he ranges himself on the side of his wretched many-times-punished sinners, and a novelist who does this is in a position to do more than relate events.

The "two" are Lewis Krehl—artist, sensualist, egoist and hesitator—and Kate, Lady Bir, his love. The power to which they are captive is compact of sensualism, moral anarchism, pessimism, guilt. Mr. Brown has taken an extreme case, but it is full of strokes that tell home. He has overstated, but he knows. Trimmed of exaggeration, this sad, pitiful pair, the product of an agnostic age, are wofully real and credible and pitiful.

The book has faults. There is throughout it a tendency to melodrama, which might well be chastened; Lady Bir is never fully realised by the reader; and it is quite likely in real life that the law would have intervened and locked up the wanderers as lunatics. But these are unimportant matters. What is important is, that Mr. Brown has conceived a terrible moral tragedy, and has developed it so bitingly that it dominates the mind. We quote part of the scene following upon the death of Lord Bir, to which, though Krehl did not actually cause it, he was accessory. Lord Bir lies dead at the foot of a long flight of stone steps; Krehl has sought out Lady Bir to tell her:

"No one can ever know!" he exclaimed. "Kate, our hands are clean. We shall be as one henceforth."

"Call the servants," she murmured. "Call—the—servants."

She would not look at him. In moments she seemed to grow old, deformed.

"We must share the remembrance of this night, Kate."

On a sudden she slid towards the door, but stopped, and, returning to the sofa, reclined upon it in a fainting attitude.

Krehl sat beside her. He kissed her hands and her hair.

"All the future is ours, Kate."

"But this will be with us always," she muttered.

"No, no," he cried in emotional stress. "You speak of slavery, and we have done with that once for all. The door stands open, and love calls. Kate," he said, "I have made a discovery to-night—there is no such thing as conscience. We must be natural, and nature knows nothing of conscience. It is one of the delusions that afflict humanity. I could prove that to you! And remorse—remorse!—that is another name for weakness." His arms were about her. "Ah—ah—we shall be strong together!"

And they shivered in abject wretchedness. She started up and ran across the room. But she got no farther than the door. There, her face towards it, she sank in a kneeling posture, her head bowed low, her hands on the floor.

Krehl raised her tenderly, led her back to the sofa. "He was not fit to live, Kate! And now I must tell you the name he called you—an adulterous rag! 'And,' he said, 'I meant to set her up as a gazing-stock!'"

Her face assumed a shocking tranquillity. She sat rigid. And then the grimace of despair came to her features.

"Now," Krehl said, "I shall go to his room. No one must know that I have been at Bir to-night. You will wait here till I return."

Mr. Brown never loses this fast hold on his theme. We commend to young writers the way in which he marshals his evidence and compels progression.

Ma Mère. By Vicomte Jean de Luz.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

In a somewhat mysterious preface the Vicomte, after stating that his novel is founded on fact, says that "recent events" have removed the objections to its publication which previously existed. There may, accordingly, be more in the book than will meet the eye of a reader unacquainted with the *coulisses* of French official life in the sixties. But of this we cannot judge. Regarded merely as a novel, *Ma Mère* has the mild inoffensiveness of mediocrity. How Yvonne was married from her convent to a marquis; how she loved another man; how she became acquainted with Legitimist intrigues; how the Emperor made dishonourable love to her (perhaps some dreadful secret lies hid here); how her husband was killed in the war; and how she then said to her true sweetheart: "I am yours for ever"—these and similar matters the Vicomte relates with a simplicity which is at once naïve and ineffective. Here is an example of the style:

The Tuileries was again brilliantly lighted. The Empress was giving one of her *Petits Lundis*. The rooms were thronged with ladies and gentlemen.

"By what miracle, Madame, are you sitting alone, without your usual *cortège*? Have you dismissed your Court in order to give me, the humblest of your slaves, the chance of telling you how beautiful you are to-night, and how well that simple dress becomes you?"

As the Emperor spoke he sat down beside Yvonne de Bersia, whom we last saw going to change her dress after her wedding lunch. Few would have recognised the awkward, shy convent girl in this much sought after Mme. de Bersia, now one of the most brilliant stars amid the galaxy of renowned beauties at the Court.

Apropos of the italicising of the word "lunch," we are reminded that throughout the story the Vicomte uses italics for certain proper names in a curiously erratic way.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE WHITE WOMAN. By W. E. TIREBUCK.

A new novel by the author of *Miss Grace of All Souls*. It is not in the least like *The Woman in White*. Here Druida, the heroine, wins her title-colour from the circumstance that the women around her are black, for the story has Africa for background. The central situation is the request of the king of the Dooba tribe that she should become their queen. (Harpers. 6s.)

BEARERS OF THE BURDEN. By W. P. DRURY.

Mr. Jacobs's *Many Cargoes* has founded a sea library, of which this is the fourth volume, the author being Major Drury of the Royal Marines, and his matter being founded on incidents which in that service have come within his cognisance. The result is a bundle of fourteen breezy yarns. (Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d.)

'POSTLE FARM.

By GEORGE FORD.

This story by the author of *Larramys* will repay reading. In it we follow two lives from childhood and Devonian rusticity through shadows and passions to a *dénouement* which we shall not reveal. (Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

RONALD AND I.

By A. PRETOR.

This is a disjointed story, or series of studies, grim and humorous, fanciful and pathetic, by a new writer. The pleasant mixture is dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Hardy. (Deighton & Bell.)

A PAUPER MILLIONAIRE.

By AUSTIN FRYERS.

The millionaire was Reuben Pownceby-Smith. He came to England in the *Livania*, and angrily discussed Socialism with a labour orator on board. In England, where no one knew him, he lost the bag containing his money, and straightway was as poor as you or I. The rest of the book details his adventures in London and the hardships he was compelled to undergo. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

NOOTKA.

By GRANVILLE GORDON.

A story of adventure in Vancouver—camps and trappers, rifles and Indians, coyotes and stockades, all spiritedly fused. (Sands. 6s.)

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

Here we are introduced to the asylum of Clankwood, which "bore the enviable reputation of containing the best-bred lunatics in England . . . beneath one roof were assembled the heirs-presumptive to three dukedoms, two suicidal marquises, an odd archbishop or so, and the flower of the baronetage and clergy." Probably this opening will commend itself to some readers. Others— (Blackwood. 6s.)

HENRY MASSINGER.

By MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN.

The hero has "the gift of touch, electric power, or whatever it is," and the author—whose output of novels has been large—explains that, so far as this gift goes, the story is founded on fact, her grandfather having possessed, "in a marvellous degree," the powers attributed to Henry Massinger. A large hunting element enters into this story of mesmerism and Mudshire. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE GODS SAW OTHERWISE.

By F. H. MELL.

A good title. The story concerns the identity and career of Muriel Granton, who, in the first chapter, is asking her solicitor to tell her who she is, even emphasising her question by "tilting herself a little further back in her chair, and crossing her knees to show a finely arched instep," and exhibiting a hieroglyphic mark on her arm like unto the letter B. In the next chapter we meet a poor maniac who with two bites could impress on a soft substance a rude resemblance of the same letter. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE LITTLE LEGACY, &c.

By L. B. WALFORD.

Eleven short stories, all sunny and social, by the author of *The Baby's Grandmother*. The titles tell as much: "My Stupid Husband," "Lord Hudibras' Experiment," "Jemima: a Metamorphosis," "A Carrier of Parcels," &c. (Pearson. 6s.)

LIKE THEM THAT DREAM.

By W. B. BIRT.

Those readers who survive Mr. Birt's portentous, allegorical prologue, in which Conscience is described as a vast palace with a Hall of Peace, a Hall of Burning, a Hall of Shame, &c., may enjoy this story of the Cotswolds. It begins: "To stand in the peaceful Market-square of Woldchester on a quiet, moonlight night is a unique and pleasant experience." Pleasant, but surely not unique. (Simpkin. 3s. 6d.)

THE ACADEMY.

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C. S. Calverley.

"ALL the Muses, as usual, seem to be at Cambridge," wrote Mr. Andrew Lang when reviewing some time ago a volume of undergraduate rhymes. Flattering although, as a Cambridge man, one may feel this opinion to be, in the interests of truth it must be modified. Not all the Muses find in Cambridge their fittest home; serious poetry, one inclines to think, is better done at Oxford, while "light verse," as it is generally termed, does seem to thrive more by the Cam than by the Isis. In fact, when the authorities in time to come institute an Inter-'Varsity Eisteddfod, Cambridge, on public form, should easily carry off the light verse event. Excellence in that particular field of literary art has become a Cambridge tradition, a tradition built up and sustained by such writers as Praed, Sir George Trevelyan, C. S. Calverley, Hilton (whose *Light-Green* parodies are some of the most brilliant in our language), J. K. Stephen and Owen Seaman. Oxford, despite some admirable work in this medium by, among others, Mr. C. L. Graves and Mr. Lang himself, cannot match such a list as that.

And of all light-verse writers Calverley is surely the king. Some may have approached him nearly in technical skill, others may have had an equal fund of humour; but the perfect union of the two qualities is found in him alone. For the expression of a sparkling wit, free alike from boisterous exuberance and any trace of cynicism, he brought a perfect technical equipment—a classic taste, an unflinching ear, and a consummate mastery of rhyme and metre. The very facility which in Calverley's work constitutes so great a charm is a gift which to some others has proved fraught with danger. Praed's verse, for instance, is delightful if taken in small quantities, but to read much of it at one time is a weariness to the flesh; so mechanical become his stanzas with their recurring cadences, their inevitable antitheses, that you seem as you read to be listening to the music of a well-oiled barrel-organ. But Calverley never offends in this way. His fluency is controlled by his keen sense of style. He works up cunningly to his point, he makes it, and the piece is finished. Praed, having reached his climax, is unable to end, he re-states it over and over again, thence he wanders off to fresh ideas, he adds another five or six stanzas of twelve lines each, until the whole point is forgotten, or washed away in the overflow of facile superfluous rhymes.

Of Calverley's technique, of his wonderful command of rhyme, every page of his *Verses* and *Fly Leaves* bears witness.

But why did we two disagree?

Our tastes, it may be, did not dovetail;

All I know is, we ne'er shall be

Hero and heroine of a love-tale!

No disyllable rhyme could be happier or more natural, but to what other versifier would it have suggested itself? Or, take a stanza at random from the historic poem on "Beer":

Coffee is good, and so, no doubt, is cocoa,

Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen:

When "Dulce est desipere in loco"

Was written, real Falernian winged the pen.

When a rapt audience has encored "Fra Poco"

Or "Casta Diva," I have heard that then

The Prima Donna, smiling herself out

Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

Doesn't this seem almost to write itself? One would think that to make such verse was as easy as talking—until one sat down with pen and paper, and tried.

Of direct parody Calverley wrote little, but his parodies of Browning and Tennyson make us regret that he did not attempt more in this direction. How excellent, though a little unkind, was his treatment of Miss Ingelow, in "Lovers, and a Reflection":

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter

(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;

Meaning, however, is no great matter)

Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Thro' God's own heather we woun'd together,

I and my Willie (O love my love):

I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,

And flitterbats wavered alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,

(Boats in that climate are so polite),

And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,

And O the sundazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,

(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers;

I must mention again it was glorious weather,

Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours!

Cannot you almost hear the author chuckling over these lines as he wrote them? Yes, it is, after all, the radiant, good-humoured fun, the sense of intimate companionship with a man brimming over with honest laughter, that endears Calverley to his readers, few of whom perhaps are even conscious of his amazing technical skill.

No notice of Calverley, however brief, would be complete without some reference to his translations. No one could appreciate the beauties of the classic poets more fully than he, and his own power of writing Latin verse was wonderful. Perhaps one may safely assume that to his close study of the classics he owed that crispness and succinctness of style which are so evident in his English verse. Among the many translators of Horace he is rarely mentioned, and yet, so far as any translations can be adequate, some of his deserve the epithet. His version of Theocritus is curiously unequal, and his Homeric translations, it must be confessed, are not remarkable. He rendered the first two books of the *Iliad* into rather pedestrian blank verse, neither much better nor worse than Lord Derby's. He also attempted to turn the First Book into English hexameters; and the less said of this attempt the better. But, for the limited number who care for such things, his Latin versions of English poems are a pure delight. Under his magic touch "*Lycidas*," for instance, seems to slip of itself into Virgilian hexameters. "*En iterum*," it begins:

En, iterum laurus, iterum salvete myricae

Pallentes, nullique hederæ quæ ceditis ævo.

Hæc venio baccas, quanquam sapor asper acerbis,

Decerptum, quassumque manu folia ista proterva,

Maturescentem prævortens improbus annus.

Causa gravis, pia causa, subest, et amari deum lex;

Nec iam sponte mea vobis rata tempora turbo.

Nam periit Lycidas, periit superante juvena

Imberbis Lycidas, nec par manet illius alter.

Quis cantare super Lycida neget? Ipse quoque artem

Norat Apollineam, versumque imponere versu.

One thinks with shuddering how the ordinary schoolboy would render "build the lofty rhyme"—perhaps "altum ædificare poema," or some equally dreadful phrase!

To conclude. It is pleasant to learn from Cambridge booksellers that there is still a steady demand for Calverley's verses in the place where most of them were written. We may well believe that Calverley will become a classic, and that his verse will be read as long as a union of genial humour and masterly skill have power to charm. Light verse, it is true, is not very popular with the general public, but some there will always be to appreciate it. And of all writers of light verse the greatest is C. S. Calverley.

The Humorist and the Jester.

THE Humorist sat at one end of the library, facing a portrait of a jester. He had confessed to himself that his last book had failed, and he was in a discontented mood. Even the portrait of the jester annoyed him.

He closed his eyes, and thought. Why had the book failed? It was not so funny as his others. True; but what of that? The critics and the public should have accepted it, if only in gratitude for its forerunners.

"A humorist nowadays is treated very unfairly," he said aloud. "He works harder than a bishop or a judge, but he is not rewarded so well. And if he become tired and less funny, he is dismissed in favour of another. A bishop or a judge, on the contrary, may become tired and less serious with impunity."

"Nonsense!" said a voice.

Indignant at the interruption, the Humorist opened his eyes and leaped up. On the floor before him was a jester, and on the wall beyond an empty frame. He looked from the one to the other again and again. At last, convinced of their separate existence, he bowed, and remarked to the Jester: "Did you say 'nonsense'?"

"I did," replied the Jester, returning the bow.

The situation began to appeal to the Humorist's sense of humour. "Shall we sit down?" he said.

"Thank you, yes," replied the Jester.

The two sat opposite to each other. In dress there was a contrast between them. One wore a cap and bells, red and blue doublet and hose, and white shoes; and one a frock coat, grey trousers, and black boots. In face, however, there was a resemblance. Both had the sad mouth and eyes common to those who live by making others laugh.

"And now," asked the Humorist, "will you please tell me why you said 'nonsense'?"

"I shall be delighted. You are a jester, and——"

"No, I am not."

"Oh, yes, you are! It matters not that you call yourself a humorist, and dress like that instead of like this. You are a jester, and——"

"But I am not one."

The Jester smiled, and said: "I will convince you that you are. The difference between the conditions of work of the jester five or six centuries ago and to-day is your difficulty. I will account for that difference. Some years after the invention of printing a certain jester lost his situation. While travelling one day in search of a new one, he overtook a printer, and entered into conversation with him. The printer happened to say he wanted material to print. The jester at once conceived the idea of a book of jests. He mentioned the idea, and the printer thought it good. Before that day ended, they decided to prepare such a book together, and to share the profits. On the next, the jester began to write and the printer to print. The book sold well. Little men, who did not keep a private jester, bought for entertainment. Great men, who did, bought for purposes of comparison. So evident was its success that other jesters became envious, resigned household appointments, and joined with printers. Their books, too, sold well. As often occurs, a supply had created a demand. More and more jesters resigned household appointments. Their incomes did not always improve, but their conditions of work did. They no longer, for instance, had to be in constant attendance on a master, or to wear a motley dress. There came a time when great men found difficulty in hiring jesters; indeed, only those who had been rejected by the printers as of poor quality offered themselves. The inevitable happened. Great men ceased to keep jesters, and read funny books instead. From then until now the jester has worked for the printer only. He has discarded his distinctive dress. He has called himself humorist, wit, satirist, and kailyard novelist. Yet essentially he is still a jester. Have I convinced you?"

For some moments the Humorist remained silent. Then he said: "Yes, I admit I am a jester. And now why did you say 'nonsense'?"

"You were comparing yourself with bishops and judges."

"Why should I not?"

"Because jesters are little men, and bishops and judges great men. Your comparison was nonsense—wild presumption."

For the first time in his life the Humorist felt doubtful of his importance. Struggling against the feeling, however, he said: "A clever jester is the equal of a bishop or a judge."

"Look here!" exclaimed the Jester. "I was once as clever a jester as you. Did I consider myself the equal of a bishop or a judge? No! Then why should you? Answer me that!"

"Our profession has gone up in the social scale," replied the Humorist desperately.

The Jester frowned. "Have I stepped out of my frame for this?" he said. "Do you dare to tell me the unchangeable social scale has changed? The triumph of my career was a jestership to a bishop. Yet you argue—oh, nonsense!"

The Humorist decided to surrender. "I was wrong," he said. "I am sorry."

"That is sufficient," said the Jester, ceasing to frown. "I have spoken strongly, because I felt strongly. At the very moment you expressed dissatisfaction I was envying you."

"Envy me?"

"Yes. Our profession is but a humble one. It is not a great thing to make people laugh. You are treated very well. What can you be dissatisfied about?"

"My last book has been rejected by the critics and the public."

"Because it is not funny?"

"Yes. But they might have accepted it in gratitude. My previous books were funny."

A fit of laughter seized the Jester. So violent was it that it shook him from side to side and set the bells on his cap tinkling. "What do you think," he gasped, "happened to me when my jests were not funny?"

"I don't know."

"Whipping! And if I had pleaded in excuse that I had once made funny ones, what would have happened then?"

"I don't know," repeated the Humorist nervously.

"Perhaps a week in the stocks without food or drink. Perhaps——"

"I am ill," interrupted the Humorist.

"Headache?"

"Yes."

"Ah! often when my head ached I had to stand up and be funny. Yes, I envy you. Why, if I used the same jest twice I was whipped."

"Whipped for that!"

"Yes, and for——"

"I can bear no more," cried the Humorist. "I am ill. Please leave me."

"Cheer up!" said the Jester rising; "you won't be whipped or put in the stocks even if your jests are bad or old."

"Please leave me," said the Humorist faintly.

The Jester walked to the mirror, which hung next his frame, and adjusted his cap and the lace at his neck. Then he said: "Good-bye. Don't forget what I have told you," and stepped into the frame and became a portrait again.

A moment after the change the Humorist awoke. The portrait hung on the wall, motionless and silent. Looking at it, he considered the dream and its lessons. Presently he smiled. He had confessed to himself that he had been born in a pleasant century, and he was in a contented mood.

Things Seen.

Conversion.

I stood in the crowd and watched them change the Guard at St. James's Palace. When the Queen's Colours passed a man near me removed his hat. His face was young and brown and worn.

"What d'you do that for?" asked his neighbour curiously.

"The Queen's Colours. I'm in the Service," he explained briefly.

"Ah!" said the other, "when we gets our way, there'll be an end of all that nonsense."

"I don't think there will ever be an end of it in London," said the soldier.

"Why, it's London as 'll make an end of it first!"

"Not it. You all of you like it, really, you know, though some of you pretend you'd rather listen to a chap perched up on a chair shouting. What are you here for if you don't like it?"

"I was passin', and I watched 'em to despise 'em."

"Well, I hope you've enjoyed it. I have, and I must go. But, take my word for it, in all this London of yours there's nothing better than that. Go to Central Africa for four years and you'll know!"

"Oh, listen to the band!" blared the trumpets as the detachment broke into quick step. The soldier moved off, but the other man stood still, and, jerking a thumb in his direction, remarked to nobody in particular: "I'm thinkin' he ain't so far out neither!"

Interference.

THE sound of a small voice raised in lamentation drew me to the window. A little girl danced on the footpath in an agony of woe, while two small boys, evidently her brothers, played football with her doll. To and fro, from one to the other, flew the straggly, untidy puppet: the inhuman deed was skilfully done, for the doll seldom touched earth. Down the road, with swinging steps, came a "colleger," slim and clean-looking, clad in flannels. He was just about the same age as the football players, but he had evidently been brought up with a proper respect for dolls, and the tears of beauty in distress moved him. He stopped, exclaiming: "I say, what a shame! Give the kid her doll!"

"Who be you?" ironically demanded the bigger of the aggressors, so amazed at this unwarrantable interference that he ceased his sport, and the doll dropped with a dull thud on the pavement. The little girl stooped hastily and seized it, pausing in the very middle of a wail to await developments.

The two boys squared up to one another; various insults were exchanged, when the "colleger," performing what seemed to be two steps of a break-down, cried, "Take that!" and the persecutor of dolls fell over on his back.

The third boy, who had taken no part in the dispute beyond inciting his brother to battle, ran away; the vanquished one continued to sit upon the ground abusing his adversary; but the little girl, taking up her wail just where she had left off, fell upon the squire of dames, and beat him vigorously—with the doll.

He submitted patiently for a full minute; then, red and dishevelled, disengaged himself with an almost apologetic "I say—you know—!"

But he was evidently puzzled.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MIDLE. ROSA BONHEUR had few of the familiar attributes of French women of fame. From first to last she was eminently respectable. The Frenchman who said of the women of France that they must have either four walls or the Four Evangelists, must be frankly imprisoned in harems or must be devotees of religion, did not reckon with the race of Rosa Bonheurs. She gave herself full liberty in her mode of living, suiting her environment to the career which conferred seriousness on her character as well as glory on her name. Respecting herself, she had the respect of all others. No slave to convention, she, nevertheless, was no friend of social or other eccentricities. She wore her usual masculine attire—her short hair and her trousers—because those fashions saved her temper as an animal painter and her time as a woman of inveterate industry. But when girls, even among artists, imitated her she discouraged their pose and laughed not altogether indulgently at their pranks. Midle. Rosa Bonheur knew her London pretty well, and, one may suppose from her characteristics, felt very much at home among its citizens. Patriot as she was, and full of honours conferred by France, she ranked as almost the most precious recognition given her the placing of her "Horse Fair" in our own National Gallery—a picture round which a respectful crowd has constantly gathered since the day of her death.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England was once described by a great authority as "a sportsman in the custody of a lawyer." His favourite pastimes have been kept in strait bounds, not by his profession alone, but also by his serious purposes as a politician. All the same, he had the other day a little luck in his diversion as a horse-breeder; for a horse of his own training, the ownership of which was cloaked under a *nom de sport*, was the victor in a respectable race. The event of this week has recalled the "superb groan" (no other groan has been so adjectived in all our literature) given by Lord George Bentinck when Disraeli told him that a horse he sacrificed to politics had won the Derby. Blue-books in place of the "blue ribbon of the turf"! Lord Russell of Killowen is not likely to groan, superbly or otherwise, if no horse of his should win the Derby; but, if one ever does, a "superb" cheer will certainly express the public admiration at once of his sportsmanlike qualities (at their best and fairest the very qualities that make a judge respected on the bench) and of the balance of mind which preserved the good tradition of sport as the pastime and not as the whole business of existence.

EVERY reason except the right one has been given for the increase in the number of votes recorded on Tuesday at Southport. Over five hundred more Liberals and nearly half that number more Conservatives went to the polls on that day than went there at the last election. And why? The reasons given concern themselves with the exceeding gravities of this public question and that, with the issues of religion even, and with nothing lighter than the extreme personal popularity of the two candidates. The real cause of the increase is not so flattering, perhaps, to the political seriousness of the occasion. The simple truth is, that Tuesday was the first summer day in Southport. "All things that love the sun were out of doors," and, where they happened to be men and electors, they strolled, while passing, into the polling booths to give a vote that was not recorded on a former occasion, when the day happened to be cold and blustering. The British climate, it seems, has been really accurately made responsible for the British Constitution.

Mr. LANG and the art students ought by now to have quite made up their little quarrel. Mr. Lang, who

is frankly a personal friend of Sir William Richmond first and a critic of the St. Paul's decorations afterwards, has spoken of the art students as pardonably conceited and as having an "egregious plan for removing the decorations." The art students reply to this master of phrasing that what he really ought to have said was their "egregious plan of removing the decorations"—they, like everybody else, asked only for the removal, and have not any particular plan of their own for effecting it, "egregious" or otherwise. It is that "egregious" which has nettled the young men of the Slade School. But what do they really think it means? "Eminently bad; extraordinary" is the definition given in the first dictionary that is taken up. But in Italy they reckon differently. "L'egregia Signora" is a term that imputes particular charms to the lady. The phrase does not indicate a lovers' quarrel even, but a lover's compliment; and as such it makes the most proper footnote to the letters recently exchanged on this subject.

Two laggard letters of importance have been received by the students as to their protest. Mr. Henley and Mr. Robert Bridges, at the time of writing, knew the decorations only by description, but the correspondence in the papers was enough for them. "I like your protest," wrote Mr. Henley. "In fact, I have nought but praises for it. But I fear it will avail you nothing. I fear, too, that unless you can get rid of the 'artist' and his supporters in the Chapter-house, our Paul's is doomed. 'Tis a heart-aching business, of course, and it makes one long for a benevolent despotism."

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES, writing in the same spirit, says: "I have no doubt that your protest is quite necessary, and you have my sympathy beforehand. I do not think that the precedents which classic or Eastern art give us for the decoration of buildings are of much weight. We certainly have come to prefer a greater simplicity. No one would wish the North Transept of Winchester Cathedral to be stuccoed and painted; and I doubt if we should admire a Greek temple as much in its full colour as we do in its plain stone." Passing from this interesting personal expression of taste, Mr. Bridges adds: "I am very glad that you are making a stir. It was the younger men who, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, prevented Burges's horrid scheme for veneering all the interior with jasper and alabaster." Mr. Bridges, since he wrote this letter, has been in town, and has visited St. Paul's, where he found that the descriptions of others, however unfavourable, had ill prepared him for the impression made upon him by the literal defacement of the dome.

THE will of the late Lord Esher will not be proved for some little time. When it is, it will not show him to be the accumulator of the vast fortune which some people have extravagantly put to his credit. On the other hand, he had no outstanding debts, being a most methodical paymaster, his very tomb having been paid for long in advance. When the new Lord Esher married some years ago a lady who had every charm, but had, in her father-in-law's eyes, the overwhelming disadvantage of being a Roman Catholic, an exasperated threat of disinheritance was passed by the father to the son. When, however, the contents of the will are published they are likely to exhibit the dead Master of the Rolls in a more judicial frame of mind.

ONE of the most familiar frequenters of the Reading Room in the British Museum will be seen there no more: a cleric by his face no less than by his attire, and an enthusiast as anyone could discover who caught the light in his particularly shining eye, this was the Rev. Luke Rivington, a member of the family of publishers, and at

one time a famous revivalist preacher of High Church principles in the Establishment. A memory of the great nave of York Minster crowded by a Sunday night audience whom he succeeded in thrilling remains, after the lapse of thirty years, with the present writer. That was when High Church habits were hardly those of the cathedrals, and deans with High proclivities selected preachers who combined "sound views" with an Evangelical manner that disarmed criticism. Luke Rivington was just their fancy. At a later date he joined the "Cowley Fathers," and went on the mission to India, whence, however, he returned a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Going out to convert others, he himself was converted. Henceforth his pastorate lay in the pulpits of Roman Catholic churches, principally in London, but also in the provinces. He became a student of ecclesiastical history, hence his diligent days in the Museum. The rôle of historian was not the one best suited to his eager spirit; and a newspaper of his own communion, reviewing a book of his the other day, ventured to hint as much to the intrepid controversialist. One of his last letters was written to request that his name might be omitted from the list of contributors to that paper; and death comes to give a sort of permanence to an emotion merely transitory, a sort of grotesque gravity to an act in itself the most trivial of his blameless and essentially self-annihilating life.

A Monster.

ON the farther side of Blackfriars Bridge there is a spot where the rush for trams at certain hours is so tremendous that a charge of one half-penny is made to the astute folk who, to secure seats, board a car before it completes its Cityward journey. Here, islanded in the current of clerks, dressmakers, fagged fathers, and shop-weary women, a weak-voiced youth was kneeling on the pavement selling boys' literature.

He said, rather wearily: "Something to read, gents? Well, 'ere's a lib'ary! You know the goods. *The Boy's Monster Weekly*. I have it in monthly parts. Will you just look at that picture; bit of all-right, ain't it? What? 'Back!' cried Rachel; 'do you think Lord Wroxham hinvites Footpads to his Ball?' Does that fit yer? Here's 'Peter Podger and Sam Slocum, the Two Comical Ventriloquists of the old Academy.' Don't go away, sir. I require for this monstrous budget of adventure, includin' of 'The Larst of the Hincas,' 'Daring Dick,' and 'The Danger Signal,' bein' a story of the Hupper Thames—I've the confidence to arsk—sixpence—fourpence-halfpenny—threepence—twopence—three-half-pence!—I arsk a Penny?—thank you, sir!"

I have looked through the *Monster*, and I do not think that the youth on the pavement exaggerated the variety and luridity of its contents. These, I fear, must be described as a surfeit of sensation. Turning over the leaves in the tram-car, interrupted by the entries of passengers, and assailed by story after story, my final impressions must have nearly resembled the nightmare of a romance-devouring errand-boy. If I give them, it is because in these days of book-hunger it is interesting to inspect every kind of reading that is offered to the public, old and young. This is what I *seem* to have read:

Peter Podger and Sam Slocum were bad hands at reading up, and entered the schoolroom looking as if they were being led to execution and did not like the idea of it.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Chickeleer, in his most persuasive manner, "in order that you may be prepared for the examination by Mr. Pedagogue, I think it is only right that I should put a few puzzling questions to you by way, we will call it, of coaching you up."

"You must imagine that I am the examiner himself, and that like him I am a——"

A wild laugh, that was almost a shriek, interrupted him.

Then something flashed through the air, and a dagger aimed at his heart buried itself in his left arm.

"Stop!" cried a loud sepulchral voice; "slayer of the innocent—stop!"

Tom Bowden had his head out of one side of the carriage and the judge out of the other.

Neither, however, saw anything, though both heard the voice.

"What is the matter?" cried one tall, well-built man in the dress of a huntsman, who advanced to the front rank with a young girl, dressed as a bayadere, clinging to his arm.

"Why, sir," Smudge replied, "the heggeups is in the boiler, the rollin' pin is in the oven, the dishes is piled all of a heap on the floor, the covers hang on the hatpeg in the hall, the cook's bonnet is on the top of the pump, all the brooms is up the chimley and the pails piled in each other till they reach the ceiling. There never was anything like it, and as for the women, sir, don't you hear them screeching like howls?"

Stifled cries for help from one of the boats in tow could be distinctly heard, but this time the cries were genuine.

"Listen!" said Peter. "I think I heard the cry of fire."

"Fire!" screamed the bargeman, turning deathly pale and rushing to the stern of the tug.

"See, see!"

"Fire!" said Peter excitedly, at the same time following him. "The second barge is on fire. You can see the smoke."

"Great heavens! as I live," said the bargeman, "the boat is on fire, and it is loaded with benzoline."

As usual, however, our hero proved himself quite equal to the occasion.

Sinking upon one knee with a grace that was truly astonishing, considering the weight of his fetters, he knelt at her feet.

She elevated the lamp a little, so that its light fell fully on his face.

"Maiden," he cried, "deem me bold if you will; I come of a bold race. My sires have ever distinguished themselves alike in love and war. Chance threw us together, and my misfortunes have warmed your heart towards me. To perfect yourself in the study of mathematics, you should commence with the ordinary school arithmetic of some progressive series, going from one book to the other as each is mastered. What constitutes a lady or gentleman is not determined by their position in life, but by their manners. Money, dress, or social position can make neither if the parties are not possessed of that innate sense of refinement and good breeding to be found in many cases under the shabbiest garments."

He then took his place behind the throne, and amidst renewed shouts of "All hail to the long-promised messiah!" the subordinate priests advanced and prostrated themselves in turn and in order of precedence before him.

The great body of the Inca nobility followed, and, amidst the wildest enthusiasm, the assembly broke up.

Although the above disjointed narrative does not seem to be the clearest in the world, Moiselet swallowed it all as gospel; he saw well, or thought that he did, that Vidocq had fled with his master's portmanteau, and hidden it in the Forest of Pondy.

Let us hope that when the errand-boy has recovered from this hot-spiced or frivolous diet he will be attracted by nobler viands. As I correct the proof of this article, there lies before me a new sixpenny edition of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. It awaits the errand-boy, and is truly a "monster" for the money.

Correspondence.

From Samoa to Chancery Lane.

SIR,—I was surprised to notice in your issue of April 22 a few lines of a Samoan letter addressed to myself. It must have gone astray owing to my absence from Samoa at the time when it was written (January 28, 1895). It is from an old friend of mine named Tuimaleali'fano. I presume you would not mind letting me have the letter back, for it can scarcely be of any interest to anyone save myself. Might I ask at the same time how it came into your hands? It seems such a far cry from Falelatai to the editorial offices of the ACADEMY!

In view of the general bewilderment of the public with regard to the Samoan embroglio, it may, perhaps, interest you to know that my sympathies and those of Mrs. Stevenson are entirely with the Germans. The British and American officials tried to force a Protestant divinity student of seventeen on the Samoan people, 90 per cent. of whom first voted and then fought for Stevenson's old friend, Mataafa. The "war" has been distinguished on the Anglo-American side by an inexplicable ruthlessness and brutality, which, when the proper time arrives, will require a great deal of explanation on the part of the naval officers and other officials engaged. Contrary to all expectation, the Samoans changed what was at first regarded as simple "nigger-potting" into a pastime much more serious and deadly for white people. The Germans were throughout the advocates of peace and conciliation, and if the matter had lain with Consul General Rose not a life would have been lost nor a dollar's worth of property destroyed.—I am, &c.,

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

70, Porchester-terrace, W.: May 31, 1899.

[We have explained to Mr. Osbourne that the letter was lent to us, for the purpose of reproduction, by Mr. Charles Baxter, one of R. L. Stevenson's literary executors.]

Re Burgess versus Burgess.

SIR,—I can only advise my namesake either to consult the fairies, whose friendship he boasts, or to send his portrait to the ACADEMY that the public may Beware of Imitations.—I am, &c.,

GELETT BURGESS.

3A, Queen's-road, Chelsea, S.W.

Heine in English.

Our Prize Competitions.

RESULT OF No. 34.

MORE than sixty replies have been received in response to our request for a translation of the following song of Heinrich Heine:

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüßten sie mein Wehe
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

We have decided to give the prize to Mr. Nigel Playfair, 38, Grosvenor-street, W., for the following version, which has a limp

simplicity unattained by any other competitor. The last stanza is, unfortunately weak; but, on the whole, it pleases us best:

Could the little flowers know
How my heart is filled with woe,
Surely they would weep with me
Comforting my misery.

Could the nightingales divine
All the anguish that is mine
Of their pity they would give
Healing songs that I might live.

Could they know, my grief would move
Golden stars in Heaven above
From the sky, to speak to me
Tender words of sympathy.

None of these can ever guess;
For the depth of my distress
One alone may sound indeed—
She who caused my heart to bleed.

Among the best of the others are these:—

Ah, could the little flowers know
The wound within my heart,
Their tears in sympathy would flow
To soothe my smart!

And could they know, the nightingales,
My lot the sad day long,
They'd solace it with countervails
Of joyous song!

And could yon little golden star
But know my bitter grief,
'Twould hasten from its heaven afar
To bring relief!

But they, alas! They cannot know:
And none can know—apart
From *her*, ah me! who dealt the blow—
That broke my heart!

[A. J. E., London.]

Did they but know, the flowers,
The deep wound in my heart,
Their tears would fall in showers,
So they might ease the smart.

Did they but know my sadness,
The weariness and pain,
The nightingales to gladness
Would sing me back again.

Did they but know that river
My soul is rack'd with fear,
The stars would stoop from heaven
To whisper words of cheer.

They know not: I am lonely
In unobserved pain:
One only knows, one only
Who broke my heart in twain.

[A. H. B., London.]

[F. F. (Leicester), the author of the following version, writes: "I don't know a single word of German (or French), but with the assistance of my wife and the aid of a dictionary I managed to 'hammer out' a prose translation, which I have versified."]

Could but the little flowers divine
My heart is rent in twain,
Their tears, I know, would flow with mine,
And ease my bitter pain.

If e'en the nightingales could tell
My unavailing sadness,
To cheer me now their songs would swell
In sweet notes full of gladness.

And if the little stars could know,
From heaven they would descend,
They would understand my woe,
And comforting, befriend.

None, none of these may e'er divine,
One only can, 'tis she
Who pierced this bleeding heart of mine
And wrought my misery.

Replies received also from: E. C. W., Oxford; M. I., Cheltenham; H. C. B., Newbury; C. B., London; V., London; A. K., London; W. B. U., London; E. K. P., Middlesex; E. Le B. M., London; "Kappa," Ealing; F. E., no address sent; R. A. B., Cheshire; A. H.,

New Wandsworth; K. J., Leeds; M. R., London; L. M. L., Stafford; E. M. C., London; M. B. W., Ramsgate; W. G., London; J. A. B., Birmingham; J. D. H., London; H. N., London; M. P., London; T. C., Buxted; M. A. W., Watford; H. B. M., Cambridge; W. E. T., Clifton; B. G., Yorkshire; A. T., Scarborough; M. T. P., Chester; G. W., Cornwall; F. R. C., Cornwall; F. P. W., Somerset; N. H., London; A. M., Fulham; C. L. F., Bath; G. W. S., London; E. J. R., Cheshire; M. Z. H., London; M. P. W., London; E. G. S., Brighton; "Jeanne," no address; C. R. S., Salisbury; R. M. M., Cardiff; I. G. L., Norwich; W. W., Salisbury; F. J. C., London; C. Ireland; I. G., London; C. M. W., Yorkshire; A. E. C., Brighton; P. S. W., Surrey; M. P. F., Birmingham; H. D. H., Croydon; F. E. W., London; E. K. P., Southall; J. H. S., Liverpool; M. M., London.

Competition No. 35.

A sonnet has been sent to us in honour of Her Majesty, but, unfortunately, in opening the letter, the sheet of paper on which the poem is written was accidentally torn right across, and one half was lost altogether. We took steps at once to have that half restored; but, meanwhile, it occurs to us that, both as an exercise in loyalty and as a novel form of competition, we might ask our readers to complete the lines. To the competitor whose attempt comes nearest to the original sonnet a cheque for a guinea will be sent. The rhyming scheme, we should add, is: 1, 2, 2, 1, 1, 2, 2, 1, 3, 4, 5, 3, 4, 5.

VICTORIA.

"Queenly as woman, w
Though foreign were
Englishmen gladly ma
So fit to keep their mona
For 'mid the stress these
Nights of affliction a
This Lady, meeting a
Queenly and womanly

Yes, though beneath he
Though gloriously we d
And Britain's flag is ho
This is her crowning pride
*'T have been as mother
As Queen and woma*

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, June 6. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 616 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, June 1.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Krausse (A.), *Russia in Asia: a Record and a Study, 1588-1899* (Richards) 25/0
Boissier (G.), *Roman Africa: Archaeological Walks in Algeria and Tunis* (Putnam's Sons) 6/0
Neilson (G.), *Annals of the Solway* (Maclehose)
Jones (W.), *Quaker Campaigns in Peace and War* (Headley Brothers) 6/0
George (H. B.), *Napoleon's Invasion of Russia* (Unwin) 12/6
Ball (Rev. C. J.), *Light from the East* (Eyre & Spottiswoode)
Hogarth (D. G.), *Authority and Archaeology, Sacred and Profane* (Murray) 16/0
Haldane (E. G.), *James Frederick Ferrier* (Oliphant) 1/6
Tyrrell (B. Y.), *The Correspondence of Cicero. Vol. VI.* (Longmans) 12/0
A Country Schoolmaster, James Shaw. Edited by Robert Wallace (Oliver & Boyd)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Nietzsche (F.), *The Case of Wagner.* Translated by Thomas Common (Unwin) 5/0
Crawford (V. M.), *Studies in Foreign Literature* (Duckworth)
Goody (A. D.), *Esther* (Simpkin), net 3/0
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"Nomad," *Lyrics* (Jarrold) 1/6
Moon (G. W.), *Poems of Love and Home* (Longmans) 2/6
Hall (W.), *The Way of the Kingdom* (Sonnenschein), net 2/0
The City of the Soul (Richards), net 5/0

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Nicol (Rev. T.), *Recent Archaeology and the Bible*..... (Blackwood), net 9/6
A Guide to Sunday School Union..... (Methuen)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Rawnsley (H. D.), *Life and Nature at the English Lakes*..... (Maclehose)
 Law (E.), *Kensington Palace*..... (Bell)
 Ball (J.), *Hints and Notes for Travellers in the Alps*..... (Longmans, net 3/6)
 Bradshaw (R.), *Directory of Bathing-Places, 1899*..... (Kegan Paul) 2/6
 Brown (Major R. H.), *The Land of Goshen and the Exodus*..... (Stanford)

JUVENILE.

- Byles (J.), *The Legend of St. Mark*..... (Unwin)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Ninet (M.), *Three Plays by E. Souvestre*..... (Dent) net 1/6
 Fortier (Alce), *Précis de l'Histoire de France*..... (Macmillan) 4/6
 Campbell (W. W.), *The Elements of Practical Astronomy*..... (Macmillan) 8/6

NEW EDITIONS.

- Dickens (C.), *Barnaby Rudge*..... (Dent) each 1/6
 Dunne (F. P.), *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War*..... (Richards) 2/6
 Ruskin (J.), *Preterita*, Vol. I..... (Allen) net 5/6
 Storr (F.), *Hints on French Syntax*..... (Rice) 1/6
 Moon (G. W.), *Elijah the Prophet, and Other Sacred Poems*..... (Longmans) 2/6
 Sewell (A.), *Black Beauty*..... (Jarrold) 7/6
 North (T.), *Temple Classics: Plutarch's Lives, Vols. V. and VI.*..... (Dent), each net 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Mackenzie (A.), *The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer*..... (Mackay)
 Dames (E. L.), *The Earth Life*..... (Redway) net 5/6
 Dresser (H. W.), *Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing*..... (Putnam's Sons)
 Picture Taking and Picture Making..... (Eastman Kodak Co.)
 Price (Rev. E. D.), *The British Empire Dictionary of the English Language*..... (Newnes) 3/6
 The Art Portfolio, Part 3..... (Simpkin Marshall) net 1/6
 Transactions of the Hampstead Antiquarian and Historical Society (Mayle) 2/6
 Selater (W. L. and P. L.), *The Geography of Mammals*..... (Kegan Paul)
Odd Rhymes..... (Ideal Publishing Co.) net 1/6

*** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Announcements.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP'S new book, *Silence Farm*, will be published this month by Mr. Grant Richards. It is a tragic romance, which is mainly a study of a woman, half peasant, half woman of refinement.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, are about to publish, under the title of *The Book of Cricket*, a new series of cricket pictures, in about fourteen sixpenny weekly parts. The illustrations will consist of full-page photographs of every cricketer of note, supplemented by snapshots taken on the field. The descriptive text will be by Mr. C. B. Fry.

THE publication in Great Britain of the *Art Amateur* will be resumed this month by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co.

MR. F. C. CONSTABLE, the author of *The Curse of Intellect* and *Aunt Judith's Island*, has a new novel almost ready for publication, entitled *Morgan Hailsham*. It will be issued by Mr. Grant Richards early in June.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will also publish this month the first of a series of four volumes of a work by Mr. H. Croft Hiller, entitled *Heresies*. In this work Mr. Hiller attempts a fresh statement of a thesis of first principles in religion, ethics, sociology, and metaphysics. The author maintains that genuine objective standards for belief by which every important issue may be measured are now available, and one of his objects in writing *Heresies* is to show what these standards are.

AMONG Messrs. Longmans' announcements we note: *Queen Elizabeth*, by the Lord Bishop of London. New and cheaper edition. Two new books by the Right Hon. Prof. Max Müller: in the press—*Auld Lang Syne*. Second series. This will be devoted entirely to recollections of Indian friends and correspondents. *The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy*.

ANOTHER bookseller's mistake is sent to us by a correspondent. In checking his quarterly accounts he found the item, "More on top of it." Inquiry revealed that on the date given he had purchased More's *Utopia*.

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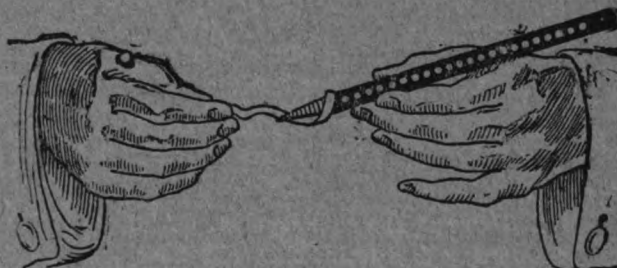
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The Literary Week.

THE International Congress of Publishers began its sittings on Wednesday. We propose next week to deal fully with the proceedings; but, meanwhile, it may be said that one of Mr. Murray's points, in his presidential address, was the danger now menacing literature by the gradual encroachment of journalism upon it. While readers had increased enormously in numbers, said Mr. Murray, their knowledge of what to read remained undeveloped. Hence the inundation of worthless ephemeral matter.

At the banquet at Stationers' Hall on Wednesday evening Mr. Lecky returned to the charge. "The danger to literature to-day," he said, "struck him to be that of over-production, and the condition of modern life was not altogether favourable to the best things in literature. His own idea of the way in which the best books were made was very simple. It was that a man should devote long months to a single task, and to concentrate on it all his energies and devote all his thoughts, and the result would probably be something of enduring value." This is perfectly right, but in order to be able to bear the loss on such kinds of literature publishers must also issue inferior and more saleable literature.

THE most popular books in America during the past month have been:

David Harum. Westcott.
When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden.
Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne.
Red Rock. Page.
The Day's Work. Kipling.
Cruise of the "Cachalot." Bullen.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.

Of these all have an English edition except *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. This is an historical romance, with the love story of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary Tudor for motive. A play has been made from the book. Of course it does not follow that because a book is successful in America it will be successful here. *David Harum* is a case in point. The author of *When Knighthood Was in Flower* is Mr. Charles Major, but he has taken the pseudonym of Edwin Caskoden, an imaginary descendant of the imaginary Tudor Caskoden from whose papers the story is compiled.

WE are asked to say that the statement that Mr. Meredith Townsend has ceased to write for the *Spectator* is based on a misunderstanding. Though Mr. Townsend has gone to live in the country, he will continue to write for the *Spectator* as before.

THE publishing firm of Copeland & Day, of Boston, have decided to give up business. English bibliophiles who possess some of the pretty and well-considered books issued from this well-known house will regret the decision.

WITH the first week in October the *Speaker* enters on a new career, as the organ of a group of young Oxford Liberals, whose political views, unless they have lately changed, may be found in a volume entitled *Essays in Liberalism*, which was published two or three years ago. Among those specially interested in the new *Speaker* will be Mr. J. L. Hammond, Mr. Philip Comyns Carr, Mr. Belloc (the author of *Danton*), Sir George Trevelyan's son, Mr. C. Trevelyan, M.P., Mr. Simon, and Mr. F. W. Hirst. The *Speaker* may therefore be expected to become more seriously a political organ than it has ever been. Sir Wemyss Reid, the present editor, who is retiring from journalism altogether in the autumn, will retain a proprietary interest in the paper.

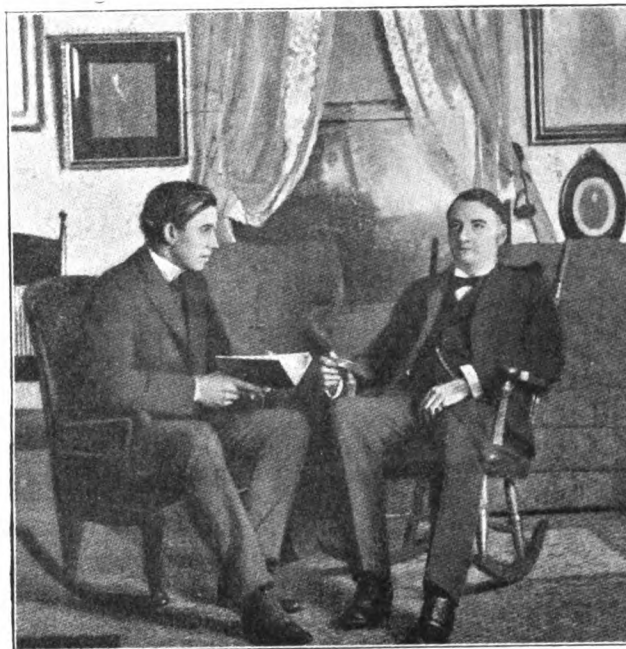
M. ZOLA is returned like Ulysses to his home in Paris. That home has been invaded by bailiffs and brickbats in his absence, but, says the special correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, "not a single *bibelot* has changed its place." The fine cathedral carvings on the staircase stand where they did, and the whole house is spick and reposed. Enter M. Zola. "It is my intention to write a book upon the Dreyfus affair." Of course. Now one thinks of it, that is just what M. Zola would do. The book will be a novel, and it will be the first-fruits of M. Zola's exile. And what of England? Have we interested or inspired M. Zola during his stay with us? "You know," said M. Zola to his interviewer, "that I am above all things a worker, an observer. I took advantage of my forced residence in England to glean as many facts as I could about the industrial conditions of the country, and my notes on the subject will form the basis of a future volume. Industrial questions have always interested me intensely. . . . I have gathered material together for a great book on England." So much for France and England. And then? Then "I shall resume my old habits of regular daily work—*nulla dies sine linea*—and become again the mere *littérateur*, without any political ambitions, just the artist absorbed in the accomplishment of an artistic aim." A brave man!

WE regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Massingham, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. He has been ordered complete rest for three months, and has gone to Norway for that purpose. Mr. Fisher is in charge during his absence.

A LITTLE while ago a book was announced for publication under the title *The Choate Jest Book*, which was to be a collection of the good sayings of the new "American Ambassador" at St. James's. The publishers have now informed us that in deference to Mr. Choate's wishes on the subject they are suppressing the book.

WE are glad to see the success of *The Cruise of the "Cachalot."* Mr. Bullen and his publishers must regret that that spirited book was not copyrighted across the Atlantic.

THE play which has been made from Ian Maclaren's Scotch idylls under the title "The Bonnie Brier Bush" has had so successful a *début* in America that we may be



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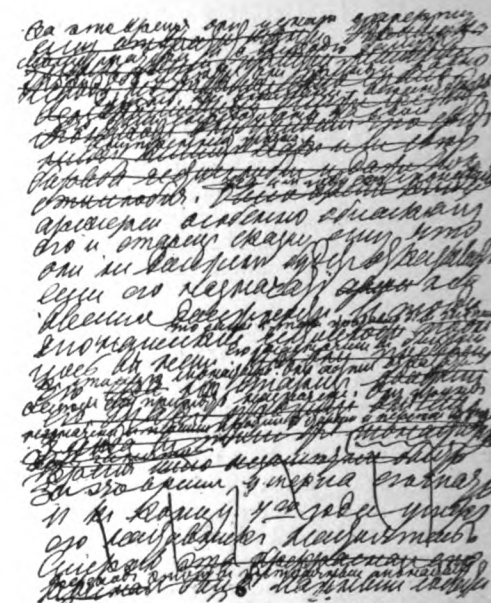
sure of seeing it here. The dramatisation was the work of Mr. James MacArthur, of the *Bookman*, in whose hands Archibald McKittrick, the postman, has been shaped into a humorous figure of the greatest value, capable almost of alone making the play. But the principal figure is Lachlan Campbell, whose daughter Flora contracts a Scotch marriage with Lord Hay, already affianced to Kate Carnegie. Misunderstandings riot until the end, when happiness is complete. Ian Maclaren himself witnessed the drama, and expressed himself quite satisfied. We reproduce a portrait of Ian Maclaren, taken in America.

THE celebration of the first centenary of the birth of Poushkin, the Russian poet and novelist, has been held all over Russia this week, and in this country a volume of translations from his poems, by Mr. Charles Edward Turner, English Lector in the University of St. Petersburg, has been issued to mark the event. English people know very little of Poushkin—much less than of Tolstoy, Turgenev, and even Dostoieffsky; but in Russia his is almost a hallowed name. As some commemoration of the centenary large sums of money have been raised to found scholarships, libraries, and schools in Poushkin's name.

WINSTON CHURCHILL is a sufficiently uncommon name, and yet two writers bearing it are now at work—one in America and one in England—and confusion seems likely to follow. Our own Mr. Winston Churchill is the brilliant son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill—a man of action, a politician, a special correspondent, and now, as a glance at *Macmillan's Magazine* shows, a novelist. The American Mr. Winston Churchill was originally intended for the Navy, but after graduating with distinction at the Naval Academy at Minneapolis, he turned to journalism and has since become a novelist. His first published book was an amusing satire, *The Celebrity*, which has gone into eight editions; he has now followed it with *Richard Carvel*, a historical romance of Maryland in the last century, which

promises to be very popular. Lord Randolph's son must write his name Winston Spencer Churchill, to avoid confusion.

TOLSTOY's new novel, *The Awakening*, has been pronounced by good judges his best work for many years. In the Continental countries, where it is running serially in translation, it is followed with the deepest interest. It is causing also a vast deal of hostility in the Russian papers—the critics are at war on the subject. One of Tolstoy's most zealous supporters is Bourenin, who writes in the *Novoye Vremya* of St. Petersburg: "As elsewhere,



A PAGE FROM TOLSTOY'S NEW NOVEL.

L. H. Tolstoy in this work tells the plain, fundamental truth about our life. This truth is felt in the very first pages, and it has caused uneasiness among some. Truth is not loved anywhere, in Russia least of all; we prefer lies, especially lies wearing a liberal mask. The deeper, the more sincere the truth, the more forcibly it is expressed, the stronger is the opposition it arouses."

AN interesting letter appears in the *Westminster Gazette* as a commentary on the statement in Dr. Knapp's *Life of Borrow* that Borrow despised sherry. Therein we read: "It was in the early '60's, I think, that Borrow was a constant visitor to a family wine merchant's establishment in Bond-street (now out of existence), where I was then an assistant. He always had his order written out on a small piece of paper, from which he read, holding the paper very near his face. I believe his order was stereotyped, and I have a very distinct recollection of two of the invariable items, viz.:

- 1 dozen of Bass (pronounced base).
- $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen Golden Vos (pronounced voss).

The latter was one of our brands of sherry, and should be V.O.S." Of course, as the writer of the letter remarks, there is no proof that Borrow drank the sherry, but the inference is that he did. Perhaps he confined his objections to other people's brands.

MR. H. C. SHELLEY, writing in the *Fortnightly* upon Thomas Hood's first centenary, hints at a rich collection of his letters still unpublished. From the specimens given they should certainly make a very charming volume. They are not great, but fresh and gay, and very happily

turned. Here is a piece of sheer domesticity, written by Hood on his honeymoon at Hastings to his wife's sisters :

I shall leave Jane to explain to you why we have not written sooner, and betake myself at once to fill up my share of the letter; Jane meanwhile resting her two sprained ankles, worn out with walking, or rolling rather, upon the pebbly beach; for she is not, as she says, the shingle woman that she used to be. This morning I took her up to the Castle, and it would have amused you, after I had hauled her up with great labour one of its giddy steepes, to see her contemplating her re-descent. Behind her, an unkindly wall, in which there was no door to admit us from the level ridge to which we had attained; before her, nothing but the inevitable steep. At the first glance downwards she seemed to comprehend that she must stay there all the day, and, as I generally do, I thought with her. We are neither of us a chamois, but after a good deal of joint scuffling and scrambling and kicking I got her down again upon the *Downs*. I am almost afraid to tell you that we wished for our dear Marianne to share with us in the prospect from above. I had the pleasure besides of groping with her up a little corkscrew staircase in a ruined turret, and seeing her poke her head like a sweep out at the top. The place was so small methought it was like exploring a marrow bone.

MR. SHELLEY gives also two specimens from Hood's letters in later life to children, which are delightfully tintured with nonsense. We quote one of them :

I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze bushes to prick one at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn'orth of mixed pins at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prick. My legs, in particular, are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles; and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor, and right through the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate you could carry me to the post-office and fetch my letters.

We hope that a volume of such letters may come.

APROPPOS of new letters of notable writers, the annotated edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, which Mr. C. K. Shorter is preparing, will contain forty or more hitherto unpublished letters from Charlotte Brontë to Mr. George Smith.



GERHART HAUPTMANN.

HAUPTMANN'S play, "*Führmann Henschel*," which has been recently played in German, in New York, with great success, might well be tried here in an English translation. The theme is very gloomy, but that is no objection whatever, provided the human nature of the drama is credible. The hero is a teamster, who, after promising his wife on her death-bed not to marry a certain woman, marries her, distrusts her, believes her guilty of the death of his child and first wife, and finally kills himself as an escape from his suspicions and wretchedness.

APROPPOS of C. S. Calverley, a criticism of whose works was printed in last week's ACADEMY, a good story is told in the *Life and Memoirs of the Rev. R. H. Quick*, just published. Calverley was examining at Cheltenham. At the proper time he did not appear. There was a dead pause for a long time; nobody knew what had happened. At last Calverley walked in, and remarked to the headmaster that he should have been earlier, but that "after breakfast he had inadvertently lighted a cigar." Yet, as has been pointed out, Calverley omitted the after-breakfast cigar from his ode in praise of tobacco. "Sweet when the morn is grey, Sweet when they've cleared away Lunch, and at close of day Possibly sweetest."

MRS. ATHERTON'S lecture on Literary London, which is printed in the *Bookman*, is sprightly but not very informing reading. The address, says Mrs. Atherton, was prepared for a Washington club where speech is as free as at an afternoon tea: hence in making a transcript for a London periodical she has had to omit many passages. Considering what remains those passages must have been very piquant. It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton's knowledge of literary London is extensive. She has attended, it seems, dinner at the Authors' Club and the Vagabonds' Club, and has accepted the hospitality of certain tiny flats. But what of the literary Londoners who do not dine together and who do not live in tiny and talkative flats? There is too much readiness in our visitors to assume that where there is most noise there is most activity. When it comes to criticism Mrs. Atherton puts herself out of court. A writer who admits to having read and re-read Mrs. Meynell's essays "without receiving the slightest intellectual impression" is hardly to be taken seriously when she pronounces judgment on Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Henley and Lucas Malet.

In the new instalment of Stevenson's letters in *Scribner's* there is a criticism of *The Egoist*, in a letter to Mr. Henley in 1882 :

Talking of Meredith, I have just re-read for the third and fourth time *The Egoist*. When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh time, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book. Willoughby is, of course, a pure discovery; a complete set of nerves, not heretofore examined, and yet running all over the human body—a suit of nerves. Clara is the best girl I ever saw anywhere. Vernon is almost as good. The manner and the faults of the book greatly justify themselves on further study. Only Dr. Middleton does not hang together; and *Ladies Busshe* and *Culmer sont des monstruosités*. Vernon's conduct makes a wonderful odd contrast with Daniel Deronda's. I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality.

STEVENSON continues :

Talking of which, Heywood, as a small immortal, an immortaleet, claims some attention. *The Woman Killed with Kindness* is one of the most striking novels—not plays, though it's more of a play than anything else of his—I ever read. He had such a sweet, sound soul, the old boy. The death of the two pirates in *Fortune by Sea and Land* is a document. He had obviously been present, and heard Purser and Clinton take death by the beard with similar braggadocios. Purser and Clinton, names of pirates; Scarlet and Bobbington, names of highwaymen. He had the touch of names, I think. No man I ever knew had such a sense, such a tact for English nomenclature: Rainsforth, Lacy, Audley, Forrest, Acton, Spencer, Frankford—so his names run.

MR. COLVIN also prints some very characteristic and amusing verses from R. L. S. to Mr. A. G. Dew Smith, written at Davos in 1880, in return for a present of cigar-

ettes. This passage is particularly good—Stevenson is enumerating the dull features of the place, and comes in time to the river:

A river that from morn to night
Down all the valleys plays the fool;
Not once she pauses in her flight,
Nor knows the comfort of a pool;
But still keeps up, by straight or bend,
The self-same pace she hath begun—
Still hurry, hurry, to the end—
Good God, is that the way to run?

If I a river were, I hope
That I should better realise
The opportunities and scope
Of that romantic enterprise.

I should not ape the merely strange,
But aim besides at the divine;
And continuity and change
I still should labour to combine.

Here should I gallop down the race,
Here charge the sterling like a bull
There, as a man might wipe his face,
Lie, pleased and panting, in a pool.

A VERY able and sympathetic account of the late Dr. Wallace, M.P. for Edinburgh, appeared in Wednesday's *Chronicle* from the pen of its Parliamentary representative: a specimen of what the obituary notice of an interesting man should be. This description of Dr. Wallace's oratorical manner is very good:

What was it that gave to all these speeches their tone and style—which made them so distinct from anything else one hears in the House of Commons? It was the unique combination of influences that went to make up the speaker's character. First, underlying all, there was the training of the pulpit—the note of the preacher, with his tendency to moralise, to improve the occasion; then there was the intellectual independence and curiosity of the philosopher grafted on the subtlety of the theologian; and over all these strata there was the rich vegetation of this passing world—the epicurean pleasure in life, the passion for a rich phrase or a good story.

"He was," the writer sums up, "the true 'freethinker' of the House of Commons, for his thought was unbiassed by party. . . . The last the House of Commons saw of one of its most versatile sons was as he was carried out by Mr. Burns, crumpled up in his stalwart arms, like a sick child."

ONE of the many stories told of the late Dr. Wallace, M.P., is to the effect that when the editor of a local paper in the North asked him "if he would kindly furnish an article on a 'light theological topic,'" Wallace responded with one bearing the title, "The Relations between the Presbyterian Churches and Modern Thought." When set up the article made forty columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor: "We've got no leader," the reply was: "Eh, mon, just sneek off about a column and a quarter o' Wallace." In this way the contribution was being used, first working down from the beginning, then upwards from the end. And, says the *Westminster Gazette*, "they are at it still."

THE Dante Society has listened with pleasure to the Italian Ambassador's discourse on Dante as a business man. Baron de Renzis, speaking in Tuscan, showed that Dante had a supreme contempt for the business man pure and simple, and that he regarded the commercial rise of Florence with indifference. Mr. Alfred Austin also spoke. It was announced that Signor Scartazzini, the greatest living authority on Dante, might probably be induced to deliver lectures in this country in the autumn.

Bibliographical.

APROPOS of what Mr. Meredith Townsend says in the *Cornhill* about the respective literary merits of Mrs. Oliphant and Charlotte Brontë, it is interesting to turn to the judgment on Miss Brontë pronounced by Mrs. Oliphant in one of the last things she wrote for publication—the essay she contributed to *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* in 1897. Therein we find Mrs. Oliphant declaring that the books on which Miss Brontë's "tremendous reputation" is based "are not great books." "Their philosophy of life," she writes, "is that of a school-girl, their knowledge of the world almost nil, and their conclusions confused by the haste and passion of a mind self-centered and working in the narrowest orbit. It is rather the most incisive and realistic art of portraiture than any exercise of the nobler arts of fiction—imagination, combination, construction—or humorous survey of life, or deep apprehension of its problems, upon which this fame is built." Miss Brontë's genius, Mrs. Oliphant admitted, was "unmistakable"; but "the life of which it had command was seldom attractive, often narrow, local, and of a kind which meant keen personal satire more than any broader view of human existence."

By the way, the contemporary which first announced the death of Miss Edith Heraud somehow forgot to mention that not so very long ago she came to the fore again as the biographer of her father, Mr. J. A. Heraud. The memoir was essentially amateurish in style and form, but it had some elements of freshness, containing a few letters by Southey hitherto unpublished.

A correspondent is good enough to inform me of the fact that Miss A. M. Clerke and Miss E. M. Clerke, mentioned by me last week, are sisters. And *apropos* the two Winston Churchills, referred to elsewhere, it is bad enough that there should be an American Robert Bridges as well as an English Robert Bridges. A man has a right to his name, but it is a right which he might well modify when the public good seems to suggest that course.

In Mrs. Atherton's admittedly truncated discourse on "Literary London" I find this passage: "When a new writer appears whose every sentence glitters, they [a certain group] prostrate themselves before him, be he poet or prose-writer, and hail him as a new genius. That he lacks the first essential of genius, the creative fire, does not worry them at all. That variety must be discovered by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, by the *Saturday Review*, or by, possibly, the *Spectator*." Does this last sentence explain how Mrs. Atherton's discourse came to figure in the current *Bookman*?

We have had of late years so many bookfuls of Reminiscences, Recollections, Memories, and the like, that one wonders how future "reminiscencers" will fare for the titles of their works. Any novelty in that direction deserves to be saluted, and so I take off my hat to Mr. E. L. Berthon, who promises us a *Retrospect of Eight Decades*. That is good; but even better is the *Seventy-one, Not Out*, of Mr. William Caffyn, the cricketer, which is at once accurate and *apropos*.

Mr. Clement Shorter, it seems, is to publish, sooner or later, a bibliographical catalogue of his library, which is sure to be of considerable interest to his brother bookmen. Something of this sort, it will be remembered, was done by Mr. Charles F. Blackburn, some five or six years ago, in a little volume called *Rambles Among Books*—the said books being those which he had himself collected.

I understand that "Cosmo Hamilton"—the name attached to two short novels which have met with praise of late—is the *nom-de-guerre* of a son of Mr. H. J. Gibbs, who is not unknown, I believe, in journalism.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sir John Lubbock on Buds.

On Buds and Stipules. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart, M.P. (Kegan Paul.)

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is one of the few men of science who really know how to interest the general public: and in his new contribution to the "International Scientific Series" he has proved himself still as interesting as of old. Unfortunately, however, he has this time chosen as his theme a subject which does not in itself immediately commend itself to the lay intelligence. Most people, I imagine, have very vague ideas as to what manner of wild beast a stipule may be; they are not likely to be attracted at first sight by a discourse concerning so unknown a portion of plant anatomy. But they do know the meaning of the word bud: and I have therefore been kinder to Sir John Lubbock than he has been to his own subject by suppressing the stipules in the title of this article, and giving the buds a proper pre-eminence.

Buds, and especially what are known as "dormant buds," are the vouchers of the plant for future seasons. They are therefore in many cases the subject of extraordinary precaution on the part of the bush or tree which produces them—precautions against frost in cold climates, against the heat of the sun in dry or desert or tropical countries, and against browsing animals or egg-laying insects almost everywhere. The greater part of Sir John Lubbock's excellent and eminently readable treatise is devoted to an examination of these protective devices, many of which turn out to be most curious and unexpected. He shows how in certain tropical plants, such as the begonias, the older leaves arch over and shade the younger leaves and buds, so as to shelter them from the torrid heat of the midday, which would shrivel up and dry their tender tissues. Only in proportion as they become sufficiently hardened to stand the full rays of the equatorial sun do they begin in turn to weave the shade-roof for others instead of sheltering themselves under it. Sometimes, again, it is the apex of the shoot which encloses between its folded outer leaves two or three sets of younger and more delicate leaves, together with the bud which forms the actual growing-point. In the walnut, the base of the leaf-stalk is hollowed out into a sort of cup so as to enclose the bud; in the box-elder, a hump or protuberance actually grows out of the body of the leaf-stalk, and covers the precious hope of the race with a regular umbrella. The immense variety of these protective plans enumerated and illustrated by our observer is extremely striking: as elsewhere in nature, any part which happened to be most convenient in the particular species has been seized upon and modified for the purpose in hand. Sir John mentions among the principal modes of protection an expansion in the base of the preceding leaf, scales which represent modified outer leaves, sheathing stipules, spines, furry hairs, and gums, resins, and mucus. Of all these he gives abundant examples, with numerous figures; his researches into the structure and development of buds, and the varying nature of the scales which enclose them, are probably the fullest yet undertaken.

One curious case, however, very familiar to myself, he does not mention, though I doubt not so careful an observer must at some time have noticed it. The ever-green conifers are specially dependent for their future growth upon the bud at the summit of the principal axis, known to gardeners and foresters as "the leader." If the leader be destroyed, the upward growth of the tree ceases entirely as a rule, though occasionally a lateral shoot will begin to grow vertically instead of horizontally, and so replace the lost leader. This, however, is an exceptional instance; in most cases, when the leader is broken off or

killed by frost, it is all up with the vertical growth of the tree. Conifers accordingly take almost extravagant care of these leader buds, and in cold years or on bleak hills you will see the lateral buds and lateral shoots develop three or four weeks before the timid leader, the main hope of the tree, ventures to push off his outer brown coverings. The peculiarity is specially marked in the spruce fir and the beautiful blue-leaved *Picea nobilis*; but it occurs in other kinds of pine, and on the wind-swept hill where I live—Hind Head, in Surrey—it is common among most of the imported conifers.

Stipules are those little expansions, points, or projections at the base of the leaf-stalk which are present in a great many leaves, and which often undergo peculiar modifications in order to fit them for special functions. Vaucher long ago suggested the inquiry why some species of rock-roses possessed these appendages, while others lacked them. Sir John Lubbock has long engaged in a series of researches to answer this abstruse but pregnant question, and his observations have resulted in the establishment of certain principles of fundamental importance as to the nature and use of stipules in general. They seem to be an ancient portion of the architecture of the leaf which has survived or not in various species of plant according as some sufficient use has or has not been found for it under existing conditions. Sometimes, as in the common edible garden pea, the stipule forms the greater part of the foliar surface, and does most of the work of eating and assimilating carbon which elsewhere falls to the lot of the leaf or leaflets. This, however, though perhaps primordial, is now an exceptional and relatively rare use of the stipules; in most cases they are less expanded and leaf-like in appearance, and are told off to perform some more specialised and derivative work in the plant economy. One frequent use is to protect the buds; and sometimes, when closely allied species differ in the possession or non-possession of stipules, it is shown that where the stipules occur they are needed as a blanket for the bud, but where they do not occur it is because some other organ efficiently performs this protective function. Sometimes, again, the stipules, having lost even this secondary use, are utilised as thorns to keep off animals, or are employed as extra-floral nectaries to attract a body-guard of ants—friendly and well-disposed ants, which repel the attacks of their leaf-cutting congeners. Occasionally they are metamorphosed into hooked spines, which assist the plant in climbing, or they lengthen themselves out into tendrils, or they act as food reserves or tanks for water. All these modifications are admirably traced in detail by our author; and all of them illustrate well that infinite plasticity and multifariousness of nature which astonishes us the more the more we know of it.

On the question of the general philosophy of leaf structure however (if one must be critical), I can hardly believe that the last word has yet been said by Sir John Lubbock. I, for one, cannot see eye to eye with him. He says, in effect, the typical leaf may be considered to consist of four parts—the leaf-base, the stipules, the petiole or leaf-stalk, and the blade. But surely this, though still the accepted official account of the matter, is a view which descends to us from a pre-evolutionary age. Is it not more philosophical—because more historically true—to say that the typical leaf consists essentially of a blade, with midrib; that portions of the blade may be so narrowed down to the bare midrib as to produce a naked petiole or leaf-stalk, either continuously, in which case we have petiole and blade, or discontinuously, in which case we have petiole and leaflets, or petiole, blade, and stipules? Do stipules differ essentially, in short, from leaflets? Are they not just that portion of the more or less interrupted blade which adjoins the base, and has not their special liability to modification for special functions arisen from their position alone, which gives them, so to speak, liminal importance? Do we not see the practical identity

of stipule with leaf or leaflet in the Galiums, in the pea, in the pansy, in herb-bennet? Are not the simplest and most primitive leaves composed of blade alone; does not blade merge often into stipules; and do not stipules and leaflets show their community of origin in those numerous cases where blade and stipule are all but continuous? Among monocotyledons, again, do not stipules or analogues of stipules occur most of all in those rare cases like *Richardia africana*, where the blade has assumed a less ligulate shape, and closely approached the dicotyledonous type? These are questions of the deeper philosophy of leaves which one would like to ask Sir John Lubbock; and I have many more of the same sort, but this, perhaps, is hardly the place to pursue them. Suffice it to say that for the evolutionist, at least, stipules may be just portions of the general blade process separated more or less distinctly from the main mass—sometimes, indeed, very slightly separated—and often modified for special functions, though often also retaining the central and original function of the assimilation of carbon.

I have only touched here upon a few main points in a profoundly interesting and suggestive volume. I can promise that even those who take it up without an idea what stipules are will lay it down with a new-born desire to know more about the fascinating subject with which it deals. Spring is the one perennial romance—the romance that recurs as fresh as ever with every year. This little book is a key to the romance: it gives us the reason of many things we all observe in spring in such a way that what was before delightful, but mysterious, becomes now more delightful because comprehensible and instinct with plot interest.

GRANT ALLEN.

Prophet v. Novelist.

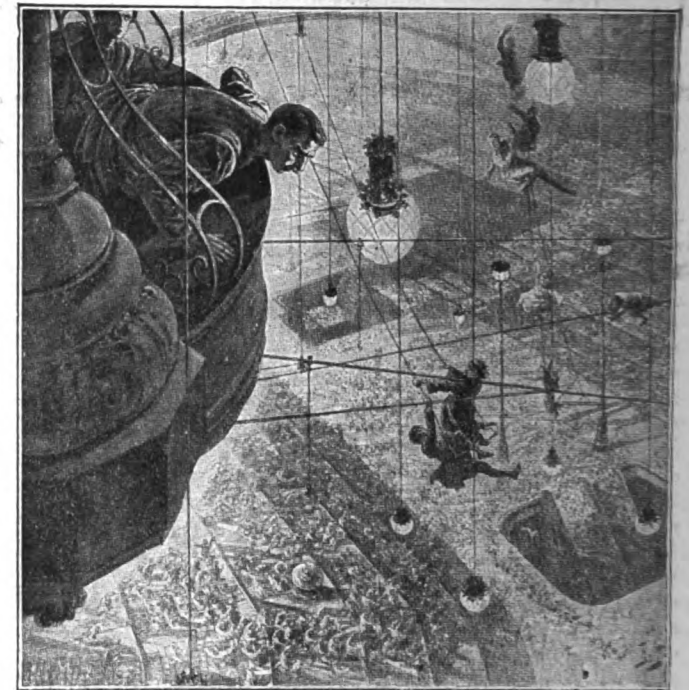
When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. (Harpers. 6s.)

MR. WELLS'S new book does more to lay emphasis on his cleverness than to entertain his readers. It resembles the intellectual pastime of a brilliant man: others may like it if they can, but the fact that its creator has been amused is really sufficient. Mr. Wells is a brilliant man, he is intensely interested in scientific developments, and somewhat interested in social problems. What more natural than that he should try his hand at the game of prophecy? The mistake he has made, we think, is not in prophesying, but in combining a story with his forecasts, and in labelling the result fiction. Because *When the Sleeper Wakes* thus becomes neither one thing nor the other: the reader who naturally expects another *War of the Worlds* will be disappointed, the reader who expects another *Looking Backward* will be disappointed; there is here neither the interest of the one nor the social fervour of the other.

Personally we are Anti-Vaticinators, we care nothing whatever for speculations concerning the future, nor can we believe that such vast changes as Mr. Wells describes could be effected in so short a time; but for good stories, such as Mr. Wells can tell, we have an appetite. Hence we rank ourselves with the disappointed too. But the disappointment does not blind us to the ingenuity which Mr. Wells has exerted to make his book credible and engaging. The details concerning Graham the Sleeper go as far towards persuading us as it is possible to go. Indeed, the first few chapters are practically convincing. The invention of the proverb, "When the Sleeper wakes," and its bearing upon the popular imagination, was an inspiration. And up to the point when Graham's escape from the Council House is managed, all goes well. Thenceforward, however, chaos reigns. To the end of time we shall not be clear as to how he made his entry into the theatre, or, indeed, how anyone could go anywhere in the cable-cradles which are to convey our great-great-grandchildren from one part of London to another. At this stage in his

book Mr. Wells is continually making too large a demand upon his readers. We doubt not that he himself visualised everything as he went on, but we completely fail to. The result is chaos. The reader must not be blamed: for he is asked in one moment to realise the new covered-in London of the twenty-second century, with its moving streets and stationary wayfarers, its electric daylight and phonograph newspapers, its gigantic edifices, its flying machines and net-work of cables; and the next instant the whole city is plunged in darkness and remains dark for several important chapters. Darkness in a novel is always confusing, but it is trebly so when the conditions are abnormal. Mr. Wells should have given us a map instead of the bewildering drawings which he does vouchsafe. A map might have saved us. As it is, the most careful perusal leaves the great fight a nightmare.

It is, however, in the middle chapters of the book that the argument is unfolded: hence it is well to persevere. Stated briefly, the Sleeper, by virtue of accumulated interest, has become the richest inhabitant of the world and therefore the master of it (for the new age is plutocratic), ruling through a Council of Twelve, who, while he



THE SLEEPER SURVEYS THE NEW LONDON.

sleeps, manage his affairs. They have not, however, absolute rule, for Ostrog has the control of the wind vanes, and the wind vanes supply London with air and motive power for all the complex machinery which governs daily life. Both the Council and Ostrog are for grinding the faces of the poor, but for political reasons Ostrog promises them (and they form an enormous proportion of the population) relief and consideration, and "When the Sleeper Wakes" has become, with them, a proverb signifying a variety of millennium. Well, the Sleeper does wake. Ostrog captures him from the Council and displays him to the people. The people rise, attack the Council House, and overthrow the Council. Ostrog then, having won supreme power, turns his back on them and proceeds to a worse tyranny even than the Council. Graham, urged on by Helen Wotton, Ostrog's niece, a relic of practical Christianity in an age of a blank materialism, attempts to defeat Ostrog's power, and in his endeavours the book closes, rather than ends.

If these things were set forth with the straightforward directness which Mr. Wells applied in his narrative of the invasion by Martians, all would be well.

But we have a thousand interruptions in order that the prophet in him, as well as the romancer, may have an innings. We are shown the men of the future eating and worshipping, gambling and working, dancing and flying. We are told about decimals and the new spelling, kinetoscope novels, and pleasure cities, and a thousand other matters of more or less interest, which have no positive relevance to the great adventure in which we are prepared at the outset to be interested. Possibly Mr. Wells's pessimistic speculations concerning the trend of civilisation are right, possibly they are mistaken. We hope with all our heart that they are wrong, although the conditions of the future, its slavery and machinery, are not likely to trouble us, personally. Perhaps it is enough to say of this part of the book that it reconciles us completely to life in the present era and the prospect of death in due course.

Fortunately, however, the romancer vanquishes the prophet just in time; and the end crowns the work—as a story. The last chapter narrates a battle royal in the air above the South London suburbs between the Sleeper, alone in an *aëroplane*, and a fleet of gigantic *aëroplanes*, bringing the Black Police from Africa to London. The Black Police are coming by the order of Ostrog, and Graham the Sleeper devotes his last energies to preserving his people from their merciless rule. The fight is superb. Exactly how it is waged we cannot determine, or how an *aëroplane* is navigated; but the mid-air sensation is there, as it is there in the earlier chapter describing Graham's first flight:

In a moment he was throbbing with the quiver of the engine, and the shouts dwindled swiftly behind, rushed down to silence. The wind whistled over the edges of the screen, and the world sank away from him very swiftly.

Throb, throb, throb—throb, throb, throb; up he drove. He fancied himself free of all excitement, felt cool and deliberate. He lifted the stern still more, opened one valve on his left wing, and swept round and up. One of the Ostrogite *aëroplanes* was driving across his course, so that he drove obliquely towards it, and would pass below it at a steep angle. Its little *aëronauts* were peering down at him. One he saw held a weapon pointing, seemed prepared to fire. What did they think he meant to do? In a moment he understood their tactics, and his resolution was taken. His momentary lethargy was passed. He opened two more valves to his left, swung round, end on to this hostile machine, closed his valves, shot straight at it, stern and wind-screen shielding him from the shot. They tilted a little as if to clear him. He flung up his stern.

Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb—he set his teeth, his face into an involuntary grimace, and crash! He struck it! He struck upward, beneath the nearer wing.

Very slowly the wing of his antagonist seemed to broaden, as the impetus of his blow turned it up. He saw the full breadth of it, and then it slid downward out of his sight.

He felt his stern going down, his hands tightened on the levers, whirled and rammed the engine back. He felt the jerk of a clearance, the nose of the machine jerked upward steeply, and for a moment he seemed to be lying upon his back. The machinery was reeling and staggering, it seemed to be dancing on its screw. He made a huge effort, hung for a moment on the levers, and slowly the engine came forward again. He was driving upward but no longer so steeply. He gasped for a moment and flung himself at the levers again. The wind whistled about him. One further effort and he was almost level. He could breathe. He turned his head for the first time to see what had become of his antagonists. Turned back to the levers for a moment and looked again. For a moment he could have believed they were annihilated. And then he saw between the two stages to the east was a chasm, and down this something, a slender edge, fell swiftly and vanished, as a sixpence falls down a crack.

At first he did not understand, and then a wild joy possessed him. He shouted at the top of his voice, an inarticulate shout, and drove higher and higher up the

sky. Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb, throb—“Where was the other *aëroplane*?” he thought. “They, too—.” As he looked round the empty heavens he had a momentary fear that this machine had risen above him, and then he saw it alighting on the Norwood stage. They had meant shooting. To risk being rammed headlong two thousand feet in the air was beyond their latter-day courage. The combat was declined.

That is the Mr. Wells we value in sensational scientific romance. He alone can do it with real mastery. But for his speculations we cannot care, except when they are on the grand scale, as at the end of *The Time Machine*. The laborious reconstruction of London two hundred years hence is no matter for a novelist with such powers of vivid narration.

Irish Literature.

A Literary History of Ireland. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A HISTORY of Irish literature! What a subject! Vast and absorbing for the student of history, for the philologist, for the Celt lover, for the specialist in folk-lore, for the historian of paganism and early Christianity, for the ethnologist and archaeologist, for the writer on romance, for the Irish patriot! The study of Irish literature pursued ardently by a handful of German scholars, the life-work of a few devoted Irishmen, sneered at by Trinity College, discouraged by latter-day English governments, made penal by Elizabethan and Cromwellian legislators, pooh-poohed by Lord Macaulay, the study of Irish literature opens to us the chief door by which we may penetrate into the non-Romanised pagan culture of Western Europe. The fate of Ireland—to be isolated from the rest of Europe, to be never Romanised, feudalised, never thoroughly conquered, but to preserve right into the seventeenth century the spirit and genius of the early primitive civilisation that prevailed at the coming of Christianity in the fifth century—this fate of the nation it is that gives Irish literature its unique place. Christianity coming in contact with Irish Paganism, and compromising, as is its wont, with its converts, was to assist later at a grand efflorescence of Celtic culture, and the five centuries of Irish literature that preceded the coming of the Normans was devoted to chronicling with immense wealth of detail the *life* of pre-Christian society, and all the mass of concepts, superstitions, manners, laws, and the arts of aristocratic life, that the world of Europe elsewhere absorbed and overlaid with Romanised culture. Always the Irish remained sufficiently outside the European ring of influence to absorb whatever foreign spirit invaded them, and yet sufficiently near Europe to be torn, distracted, and decivilised by the irruption of invaders with civilisations later and more perfected than their own. Thus Ireland has had to pay the heavy penalty of remaining primitive in spirit and organisation, and her spiritual bitterness it is to have had her language proscribed, her literature denied her, her great men made felons, her civilisation, arts, genius derided by a dominating country which owes its greatness to the three successive waves of conquest—Roman, Saxon, and Norman. Small wonder that the Irish poets called the English settlers *churls*, for the Englishman came into Ireland in search of gain, scorning all the traditions of an ancient aristocratic system. Irish learning, hospitality, honour, and courage—the four strongest instincts of the race—were but the possessions of “the Irish savages” in the eyes of the English yeomen. And with the passing of the Irish aristocracy, with the confiscation of their estates, with their emigration to the Continent to take service in foreign armies, with the creation of an anti-Irish upper class, the last hope of Gaelic literature's blossoming anew was cut off. To-day the Irish language is rapidly becoming extinct, killed by the “modern” spirit, after thirteen

hundred years of Irish letters! This is the melancholy end to the story that Dr. Hyde has traced for us in his *Literary History of Ireland*.

What are the distinctive characteristics of Irish literature? Is it for an English critic to say? Can anyone go much further with generalities, in view of the immense bulk of the material half-explored and ill-understood, than did the late Matthew Arnold in his cautious and delicate essay on Celtic literature? The fact is, the day, the task, the opportunity is still for the specialist, so large is the field, so intricate are the problems that ancient Irish literature presents to the critic. Dr. Hyde, in his *Literary History*, has shown great learning, industry, patience, and ingenuity in summarising the conclusions that the ablest scholars have hitherto put forward, and he would be the last man to deny that not till several generations of specialists have come and gone can the literary critic have his say. Yet where Dr. Hyde, himself the chief authority on Irish literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has trusted himself to the deliverance of certain generalities we may safely follow him, and we accordingly quote some of his most interesting conclusions:

I am very much mistaken if, in their early development of rhyme alone, in their masterly treatment of sound, and in their absolutely unique and marvellous system of verse-forms, the Irish will not be found to have created for themselves a place alone and apart in the history of European literatures.

One of the things which has most forcibly struck me is the marked absence of the purely personal note, the absence of great predominating names, or of great predominating works; while just as striking is this almost universal diffusion of a traditional literary taste, and a love of literature in the abstract among all classes of the native Irish. . . . An almost universal acquaintance with a traditional literature was a leading trait among the Irish down to the last century, when every barony and almost every townland still possessed its poet and reciter, and song and recitation, music and oratory were the recognised amusements of nearly the whole population. That population in consequence, so far as wit and readiness of language and power of expression went, had almost all attained a remarkably high level without, however, producing anyone of a commanding eminence.

What, then, are the most striking characteristics of this traditional literature, we may ask, if we shrink from interrogating Irish literature in general as to the secrets the specialist is day by day slowly unlocking? Certainly, an extreme romanticism, an excessive imaginativeness, a love of nature, an intensity of feeling, a passion for elaborate detail, join in its spirit to give its characteristic Irish traits. And thus the literature of the pagan spirit seems strongest and finest when inspired by contact with, or by memory of, its ancient glory: it is, indeed, a traditional literature—the Irish—which has become slowly weakened by the misfortunes of successive ages of invasion, suppression, and the break-up of the tribal system. The finest things in Irish literature are the ancient poems, romances, and sagas. The story of Deirdré and the Epic of the Táin Bo Chuailgne—these products of Irish pagan society, does anything correspond to them in European literature? Nothing. They are unique in their flavour, in the spirit of their poetry; delicate and chivalrous, yet wild, free, and savage in the ideals of the society they represent; there is nothing so unspoiled, so romantic, as these in early European literature. And it is evident that the society which originated and cherished this romantic literature for ages had a sense of beauty which is by no means to be found among all “more advanced” European peoples. Just as the life concepts of a primitive society may be much finer than the life concepts of a commercialised society, so the early literature of a race may contain fine ideals which are crowded out by later developments in its history. Thus to-day the wretched democratic newspaper, the issue of a “practical” age, has driven from Irish house and cabin the flower of Celtic poetry, the romances

and sagas of the old bards. What Irish peasant poetry *was* can be learned by anyone who reads Dr. Hyde's delightful translations of *The Connacht Love Songs*. Delicacy, natural refinement, and passion breathe in every line of these peasant poems. And the “practical” race that has left no music, no oratory, no poetry among the “people”—the practical race that has ever made material prosperity the outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual culture—that race has never let its love of art and letters be very apparent in man's eyes. But with the Irish, with the “mere Irish,” as Dr. Hyde tells us, “the love of literature of a traditional type, in song, in poem, in saga, was more nearly universal in Ireland than in any country of Western Europe.”

A Poet of Mark.

The Field Floridus, and Other Poems. By Eugene Mason. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

OF Mr. Eugene Mason, whose second appearance this is, let it be said at once that there is the poet in him. Few of the pieces in this volume, *The Field Floridus*, are without the touch which lifts them above the commonplace. The question one first asks oneself is, Why he set in the forefront of his book “The Two Tentmakers,” which is nowise the best poem in it? But the answer is soon visible when one has read the volume through. It summarises pithily the whole note of these poems—the double skein which is tangled throughout them. Mr. Mason is ever asking himself, in effect, if the Tentmaker Omar be right, or the Tentmaker Paul, or, indeed, both, or, peradventure, neither? He inclines strongly, one would say naturally, to the doctrine of Omar as understood and expounded by FitzGerald; yet every now and again with a glance towards the other, the poetic-religious view of the world, and a half-wish that it might be true. So that one has strange contradictions, pieces full of sensuous naturalism jostling others of religious fervour—the contrast, more accentuated, which exists, with less contradiction, in Rossetti. Nevertheless, Mr. Mason is not likely to be among the prophets. The very power of him is an eye for external, pictorial beauty, with a palette of words capable of glowing representation. Sensuous, in his most striking poems, he is. In one, to our feeling, he gets beyond the boundary, and produces a distressing sensation of the sensual—which may, perhaps, be an accident of art, a slip of excess in handling his colours upon a theme needing a nice sense of abstinence. The best example of his most characteristic style is “A Satyr.” There is something of Keats in the colouring; in the way, also, that the theme is *felt* and imagined, with fulness of illusive phantasy. Mr. Mason has got *into* his satyr; makes us see through his eyes, and experience through his senses. Let us pick a few stanzas:

Within this chilly woodland place,
This maze of tangled stem and shoot,
In rough green moss I hide my face
And couch upon the sinewy root.
So thick the leaves, so gross the dark,
So thin the day that filters through,
The peering sun can hardly mark
How snug I lie perdu.

So close I lie, that overhead
From bough to bough the squirrels leap;
Shy, furry creatures lose their dread
And o'er my prostrate body creep.
The dryad and the oread pass,
They flit between the aged trees,
Their rustling footsteps stir the grass,
They vanish—no one sees.

At times a hurrying rumour thrills
 The startled land at eventful,
 A glow of fire on distant hills,
 The murmur of the Bacchanal.
 They come, they come! loud grows the din,
 The choric song, the tipsy shout,
 The conch and beaten tambourin,
 Silenus and his rout.

All night, with torches, round the vat
 Dance reeling satyrs, drenched with wine;
 They rend the kid and burn the fat,
 They twist the maenad's hair with vine.
 And when the stars grow pale above,
 And all things shiver to the dawn,
 They mingle in their rustic love
 The goat-foot and the faun.

That lives to its finger-tips, and might hang as a minor pendant to the magnificent Bacchic hymn of Keats in *Endymion*. It is an excellent specimen of a book which has decided poetic mark, and justifies us in expecting from Mr. Mason even better things to come.

A Greater Briton.

The Romance of a Great Pro-Consul. By James Milne. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is not an ordinary biography; Mr. Milne has Boswellised to some purpose: he reports Sir George Grey's talks with himself, describes the man in the flesh, and brings us very near to the solemn and winning personality of his "Great Pro-Consul." "We wrote things," says Mr. Milne, "he inspiring, I setting down, and . . . 'Oh, well,' quoth he, 'let's try and gather together what may be fresh or suggestive in my experiences, and yours be the blame. Whatever you do you must have a certain spirit of action—you know what I mean!—or nobody will look at it. You'll need to whisk along.'" It is, perhaps, in the effort to "whisk along" that Mr. Milne drops into a style which we find occasionally open to objection. It is often vivid, and always terse; but sometimes these qualities are pushed to a point where they result in awkwardness or a trying unexpectedness of phrase. On this fault we will not dwell. It is more to the point to say that Mr. Milne is full of his subject, and that he carves away at his effigy with a certain glowing industry and care which are not lost on the reader.

Sir George Grey sailed from Plymouth in a sailing ship on the day that the Queen succeeded to the throne, and returned, finally, to the same port, fifty-seven years later, in a New Zealand liner. In New Zealand, in Australia, in Cape Colony, Sir George Grey had wrestled with the half-taught peoples; and it was Froude who saw those fifty-seven years as "a romance." Nor could Sir George have been blind to the purple streak in his career. Mr. Milne says:

The poetry of Sir George's nature flavoured his language alike in manner of delivery and turn of phrase. He had a quaint old-world style; it fell slowly, in a low, soothing voice. He might have spent his days in the cloister rather than in the din of hammering up hearths for the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps it was that he had talked so long to the hills of Oceana, catching their simplicity and music. You were reminded of the measured English of an old and lovable book, just as you grew used to read in his face what he was to say before the words had begun to flow. Never was there a face more quick to reflect the mind, more pliable to humour, more luminous at some stirring idea or deed, more indignant at the bare notion of a wrong inflicted, softer at the call of sympathy.

Mr. Milne remarks that "the chief secret of his personality seemed to rest in his eyes, and it was in them that you met the dreamer of dreams." The frontispiece

portrait of Sir George Grey bears this out in a remarkable manner. Mr. Milne continues:

In those depths, blue as a summer sky, were many lights, which caught Robert Louis Stevenson and were comprehended of him. The return observation was: "I never met anybody with such a bright, at moments almost weird, genius-gifted eye as that of Stevenson." Sir George could fire imagination in the most ordinary mortal, carrying him off into enchanted realms. He sailed to strange skies, a knight-errant of a star, and he could tow the masses with him. He lifted them out of themselves, and put a label on their vague yearnings. They had imagination, the instinct upward, and were grateful to have it discovered.

The secrets of Sir George's success are given away royally. His own comment on his "getting always what I wanted in life" was: "It may be because all my life I made it a rule not to let anything turn me aside from what I had immediately in hand. If you set out for a place with some definite object in view, your road should be the most direct one." Referring to his dealings with inferior peoples, he said: "The way to adopt with natives was to show them how to obtain more food. Benefit them in that manner and they will regard you as their friend, and you would have influence over them. I always paid a native for doing unskilled work the wage a white man would have received for the same effort. It was mere justice." The book is full of anecdotes, and the Maori pages are alight with adventure and peril and forlorn hope.

A strong figure, fatherly in its goodness, gentleness, noble in its ripeness—a big, slow man born and sworn to the work of empire-making, loving books and ideas and good talk, but carrying his New Testament with him over land and sea, and reading it—such was Sir George Grey. England easily bred him.

Fiction.

Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. (Harpers. 6s.)

THIS is another of those laboriously minute stories of middle-class American life which Mr. Howells spends his life in narrating, and of reading which we, at least, never tire. It is true that at any moment the book can be laid aside in favour of another occupation; but before the end to drop it altogether would be impossible. A sense of guilt would be ours were we to do so, as though a necessary social duty had been omitted, or an acquaintance unkindly treated. And yet the characters are not very interesting, their conversations are not witty, their actions are commonplace. Why, then, do we persevere? The reason is, the author. Mr. Howells is a master, and the master, no matter what his medium, always commands respect or admiration. In selection of material and in arrangement thereof Mr. Howells never falters. The result may be tame enough, in all conscience, when we compare it with a novel by a great ironist like Mr. Hardy, or a great humorist like Mr. Meredith; and yet Mr. Howells is on an eminence too, and, in his comfortable, patient, undeviating way, as fine an artist as they. The book before us is superb art.

We are convinced that if Mr. Howells took his calling less seriously, he would have in a moment ten times more readers than are his now. In *Ragged Lady*, for example, there are hundreds of openings for the exercise of that dry and genial humour which he possesses in an unusual degree. Another writer would have taken them and made a book of rollicking pleasantry. But Mr. Howells has a literary conscience that will not tolerate any laxity: hence he resisted all such temptations, and the book remains only moderately interesting, and yet an almost perfect story.

Mr. Howells has consciously striven to make himself a great novelist; and one of his steps to that end is the

elimination of himself. The reader of *Ragged Lady* knows nothing of Mr. Howells. He is infinitely obliged to him for presenting the story so clearly, and seeing that nothing in the nature of a hitch shall interrupt the narrative; and that is all. It is this suppression of self, and this choice of plain homespun subject-matter, which conspire to keep Mr. Howells's public in this country a small one. For most of us want in novels something better than life: either an intensity of action and thought beyond normal experience, or normal happenings over which the glamour of a striking personality—the author's—has been thrown. Mr. Howells, by offering neither of these, escapes from everyday affairs, appeals only to two sets of readers, and those not large ones—the readers who admire exquisite craftsmanship, art so perfect as to conceal itself; and the readers who really want a story of commonplace American life.

To us *Ragged Lady* has more attraction than many of Mr. Howells's books. It contains the portrait, most dexterously and delicately painted, of a beautiful New England girl, Clementina Claxon. The book shows her triumphant emergence from relations with selfish and worldly persons, both at home and abroad. That is almost all that there is to say; and to quote is impossible, for Mr. Howells's stories are not a matter of individual pages and purple patches.

The Philosophy of the Marquise. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THIS brief novel, not too coherent in the matter of narrative, is written partly in letters and partly in dialogue with stage directions. Both methods are clumsy when, as here, they are strained to purposes beyond their limitations. Mrs. Lowndes has tried to combine social sketches with a melodramatic story, and we do not think she has made a success of it. The death of Lord Dovemere and the action of the Marquise de Rabutin appear in a light obscure and puzzling, and, indeed, to present them effectively with such means as Mrs. Lowndes has used would demand a far higher technique than hers. On the other hand, the light social sketches are agreeable and neatly mordant. Once or twice Mrs. Lowndes goes somewhat daringly down into Fleet-street, and each time the result is piquancy. Here is a fragment of a dialogue in which the principal speaker is the Cerberus of that great evening paper, the *Trafalgar Flag*:

MR. SPOONER (*pricking up his ears*): Eh, what? What exclusive?

SAMPSON (*mysteriously*): Ah, that would be telling! You wait for our fourth. No copyright in news. It'll be on every bill this afternoon. Still, we'll have made our scoop first. (*Importantly*) We've a reputation to keep up. We ain't swells for nothing. This is where we romps in. Lords and ladies pervide our copy, ay, and gets jolly well paid for it, they does.

MR. SPOONER (*incautiously*): Why, I thought it was a butler who—

SAMPSON (*disgusted*): A butler! Good Lord, ain't you more of a journalist than that comes to? (*With ineffable contempt*) A butler! Don't you believe it. A butler spells something very different, I can tell you. All very well for them 'apenny papers, I daresay. No, Mr. Spooner, sir, I am here to see and not see, to hear and not hear. Would you be surprised to learn that a great many exclusives reaches us *via* the fair sex? Not lady journalists, bless you, no! You gentlemen 'ave nothing to be afraid of there. Not but what they're sharp sometimes. The other day I 'ear one of them saying, "Oh yes," she says, "I 'ave 'eard that printers use dreadful language." "Well," says he (our Mr. Kerr, you know), "they do occasionally swear awful, specially when they've got Sir William 'Arcourt's manuscript. Sich blasphemy would 'orrify 'Arcourt," he says very serious. "Ow," she says, "I didn't know you 'ad much of 'is copy about." Mr. Kerr, 'e didn't 'arf like that. . . ."

It is clever journalism, and that phrase may be applied to the whole book.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.

By A. E. J. LEGGE.

Another lengthy and careful novel by the author of *Mutineers*. In the first chapter we meet with the Reverend John Felsted, "one of those rare individuals who do not make full use of their intellectual credit," and he remarks incidentally that religious novels are often more novel than religion. The book promises well. (Lane. 6s.)

STUFF O' THE CONSCIENCE.

By LILY THICKNESSE.

A long, sober, and well-written story of unhappy loves and the mercilessness of fate. The end is unhappy: Roland, who loved Benita, but loved her in vain, because she was another's, retired from office and went a-travelling. (Harpers. 6s.)

TRANSGRESSION.

By S. S. THORBURN.

The author obligingly places several mottoes on his title-page as a foretaste of his story: "To resist temptation that is virtue." "Husbands love your wives, wives submit yourselves to your husbands." "With the Afghans successful treachery is the whole art of war." (Pearson. 6s.)

ROSE DEANE.

By EMMA MARSHALL.

A posthumous story by the author of so many popular books. This is another simple domestic tale, quiet and pathetic. (Arrowsmith. 5s.)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE LOCUSTS.

By A. WERNER.

The second volume in the "Over-Seas Library." The first oscillated between South America and Scotland; this is of Cape Colony. "And you, Mwalimu—if your mates do not forthwith sit down, and lay aside their spears, I will report them to the Mzungu at Nziza, and they shall only receive half their pay." And so forth, all briskly and brightly and vigorously done. (Unwin. 2s.)

THE "SATELLITE'S" STOWAWAY.

By HARRY LANDER.

The *Satellite* was bound for Hong Kong and manned by the ruffians who always man ships in modern marine fiction. The stowaway was a young woman named Iverna Cargyl, and on her appearance chivalry was born here and there among the crew. A bright but machine-made story, and very free in its language. (Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.)

STARS AND STRIPES.

By J. M. BAIGENT.

The title is symbolical, but not of America. There are italics on almost every page of this undisciplined narrative, which is a blend of piety and sentiment. The end is peace. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

MORGAN HAILSHAM.

By F. C. CONSTABLE.

A story, by the author of *Aunt Judith's Island*, of a clever forgery and its consequences, one of which was the humanising of the heroine. The crime is ingeniously conceived and its detection affords good entertainment, with humorous interludes. (Richards. 6s.)

WILLOWWOOD.

By ESTHER MILLER.

The title is from Rossetti, and the book is an unsparing analysis of the feelings of a woman who has walked in Willowwood. It is tragic, and the author has read Ibsen, but—"They were wiping up the blood in Rutherford's spare room meanwhile. It was very unpleasant. The man's brains had even spattered the Liberty paper on the walls." (Harpers. 6s.)

ANNA MARSDEN'S EXPERIMENT.

By E. WILLIAMS.

A story of journalists, playwrights, and morbid young women. The experiment was donning trousers. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

The Academy, June 10, 1899.

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Tourist Supplement.

SATURDAY: JUNE 10, 1899.

Where to Go

Suggestions for Writers by Writers.

IN view of the holiday season, we have collected a few opinions from writers as to the best month's holiday for a literary man, of average means, who has completed a hard year's work and needs rest and change.

PROF. SKEAT.

I conceive that my opinion on this subject is of no use to anyone but myself, and, speaking for myself, I should prefer to remain quietly at home, where rest is assured, and a sufficient change of employment is perfectly attainable. Absence from home often entails ceaseless wandering or else oppressive boredom in some inconvenient lodging.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY.

A married man will naturally choose the month of August, because it will give him some chance of seeing his children. A bachelor, or a married man with bachelor habits, will choose the month of June, when the days are longest and the country most beautiful.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

I know of nothing more delightful or invigorating than a walking tour in the Italian Alps, given fine weather and good company.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

There is nothing so good as the sea. Take ship and sail to anywhere; a fortnight off and back again. Or potter about the Mediterranean on board a cargo-carrying boat. Either can be done for about £40. Overworked and tired folk should never accept yachting invitations; they involve a sustained course of good manners.

MR. SIDNEY LEE.

I believe in such hackneyed resorts in Switzerland as Zermatt and Maloja, from each of which in past years I have derived benefit. If your holiday-maker be a townsman unaccustomed to violent exercise, any spot on earth in the open country a thousand feet or so above the sea-level, where variety of natural scenery gently invites a stranger to exploration, would serve the turn of the seeker after rest and change. Such spots abound in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as in Switzerland.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

A cycling tour in Normandy, with as little haste and method as possible.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

I find the ACADEMY's problem of the vaguest. It is at least as much a question of the "when" as of the "where." If the gentleman finishes his year in June he could hardly go to Rome; if in November I cannot recommend the Faroe Islands. Then, though I am informed of his means, I know nothing of his tastes. If they are mine, he will go to the North of England and catch (or try to catch) trout. At the end of a week he will begin to write an immortal work. Personally, I have never found it possible to take more than a week's holiday at a time, and have seldom had that. But then I don't look upon literary work as "hard" work. Hard work, to me, is work which I don't want to do but am compelled to do by circumstances.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

Assuming, as I may, that he starts tired, let him first lie for a week in the green garden of a friend. Then, if

one may suppose him to be so far refreshed as to be equal to the superhuman task of meeting people at breakfast-time, let him visit still—but among persons whom he knows less well. In the latter half of his holiday—the third and fourth weeks of the month to which you miserably limit him—he should forget his health altogether, and go exactly where it amuses him to go, and live exactly with the people with whom it amuses him to live.

MR. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

I would recommend Galicia in North-West Spain. It is but comparatively little known to the modern Englishman. There are excellent salmon and trout fishing, very good cycling roads, and the people are most courteous. Galicia can be reached either *via* Paris and the Sud Express, or by the Royal Mail steamers, which reach Vigo in, as far as I remember, two days. Historically, Galicia is most interesting, and the Galliegos are not at all to be confounded with the lazy, unwashed folk of some of the other races of the Peninsula.

MR. BENJAMIN SWIFT.

Let the weary Man of Letters spend the summer beside some lonely sea shore, and try to forget his publisher's existence. Let him bathe in the sea at dawn, and swim and row and sail in it. If he wishes to worship any created thing, let him worship the sun, and live in the open air as in its temple. Let him eat oatmeal, wheaten bread, and fish, and drink mild, soft wine. Above all, let him abstain from the folly of writing, and learn to write less and think more. We are sick of accumulations of mere words.

DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

If he is very much exhausted, he should spend the holiday in one or other of three Surrey villages, which I decline to name. If he is not too much exhausted, let him go to Switzerland.

MR. L. F. AUSTIN.

Let your literary man take a bicycle to France, having first joined the Cyclists' Touring Club and the French Touring Club. He will find himself in a beautiful country, with the most courteous people and the cheapest inns in the world. He will learn that, although Albion is perfidious, every Englishman with anything to spend is heartily welcome. Let him cycle through Touraine (if he can start at once, for later on in the summer it will be too hot), take many a siesta on the banks of the Loire, and read Balzac.

MR. W. PETT RIDGE.

All literary men are of "average means," and every one of them knows best how to make holiday for himself. Personally, I think he seldom requires rest, and London can furnish all the change of surroundings that he wants.

MR. SILAS K. HOCKING.

Get right away from London or from wherever your work lies. Avoid books, newspapers, and all the cult of scribblers. Live on a farm, or, better still, get on the cliffs of North Cornwall or among the fells of Cumberland, or, even better yet, get on the highlands of Norway or Switzerland. Fish, walk, play golf, or climb the mountains every day. Live simply. Go to bed early, and be very moderate in the use of tobacco. Don't touch strong drink.

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The Isaac Walton Inn, Dovedale, Derbyshire.
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MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

A four-post bed in a field of poppies

Books about Places.

A Retrospect.

SINCE last June, when we devoted a Supplement to guide-book and topographical literature, there have appeared many books of this class. A large proportion of them have been noticed by us; but it may serve a good purpose if we rapidly survey the year's output as a whole.

The first guide-book which reached us last year after our Supplement of June 11 was Mr. T. H. Holding's *Cycle and Camp* (Ward, Lock & Co.). This was a clever study in cycling economics. The writer had devised an outfit whereby four men could go on a cycling tour at a total expense of £2 a week for the lot. He told how his plan worked in the wilds of Western Ireland, and although his somewhat prosy moralisings marred the book, it was really informing, and that in an original way.

A few weeks later Mrs. Pennell, in her *Over the Alps on a Bicycle* (Unwin), showed how the Alps may be traversed on bicycles. One recalls her breezy narrative with pleasure; how she pushed her machine up the Simplon even to the blessed Sixth Refuge, and next day "crashed down through the pines, down through the chestnuts, into a land of vineyards and tropical heat, where little more than an hour before I had been shivering." Half trying, half thrilling, the adventures of this Alpine tour were well worth recording by Mrs. Pennell's skillful pen.

These were cycling narratives. Meanwhile, the usual practical guide-books were hatched in the July sun. The Swedish Tourist Club of Stockholm, aided by a Government subsidy, issued its *Guide to Sweden*. It was a very formal, but also very useful, manual, and it contained a chapter on Swedish art and literature. Illustrated guides to Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon were published by Messrs. Dawbarn & Ward, and a guide to the Westerham district of Kent was issued by Messrs. Beeching under the title of *Wolfe-Land*. Mr. Edward North Buxton put forth a revised edition of his *Guide to Epping Forest* (Stanford), to which he had added a new chapter on the management of the forest. In this Mr. Buxton set forth the principles on which he considered the Verderers, of whom he is one, ought to act and do act.

The High Pyrenees (Innes), the joint work of Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, was a notable addition to existing guide-books. The High Pyrenees are not over-run by tourists, and are not likely to be; but one cannot doubt that new travellers will go thither on the strength of this report of a land so remote and interesting. One of the most curious districts covered by the travellers was the "Vallées et Souveraineté Budorre," a tiny state which lies between Spain and France, and recognises both as suzerain and neither as masters.

Mr. A. J. C. Hare added *Shropshire* (Allen) to the many topographical books he has written. Salopian history, antiquities, and folk-lore were richly represented in his pages. Mr. A. G. Bradley's *Highways and Byways of North Wales* (Macmillan) was uniform in appearance and plan with Mr. Arthur H. Norway's *Devon and Cornwall* (Macmillan). Mr. Bradley took his readers into Wales by way of Shrewsbury, and step by step through the great Marches to Beaumaris and Barmouth. The glamour of Welsh history was frequently invoked by the author, and the illustrations by Mr. Pennell and Mr. Hugh Thomson contributed to the charm of the book.

More recently Mr. Stephen Gwynn has contributed a guide to *Donegal and Antrim* (Macmillan) to the same series. Here Mr. Thomson works alone as illustrator. Mr. Gwynn writes on this district with the enthusiasm of an exile, and his book is more than a guide—it is a genuine contribution to local history, though much of that history is "the vague tradition of a defeated race, and a legend-lore which has never been wrought into

poetry." Lonely and storm-beaten, the country is yet an ideal one for the strong open-air tourist, who will always find himself "somewhere between the heather and the sea."

A sound and by no means superfluous piece of work was Mr. John Dickson's study of the ten islands in the estuary of the Forth, of which Inchgarvie, Inchcolm, and the Bass Rock are best known by name. The proprietorship and natural features of the islands are dealt with fully by Mr. Dickson, and the splendid ecclesiastical traditions which cling to Inchcolm, Fidra, and the Bass are revived and corrected. The title of the book, *Emeralds Chased in Gold* (Oliphant), though poetical—it is Sir Walter Scott's phrase—is perhaps hardly calculated to connect the book with its subject in the public mind.

Mr. James John Hissey's *Over Fen and Wold* (Macmillan) takes its place with his accounts of other driving tours. It describes one of the least frequented tracts of England—the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire fens. Mr. Hissey drove from village to village and town to town at his own pace, passing through Stilton, Crowland, St. Ives, Sleaford, and many other small towns whose very names breathe quietness. The plaintive marshlands rolled between, "suggestive of space and freedom, begetful of broad thinking and expanded views." Those who long to see England in its most primitive and unspoiled state rather than show scenery may take the hints here given. Although Mr. Hissey drove, he chooses as the motto of his book Whitman's lines beginning "Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road"; and the country seems to be the ideal ground for a long walking tour with knapsack and sketch-book.

The last three books we have named are full of love of their subjects, an indispensable condition of success in topographical literature. A fourth book keeps them company, Mr. David S. Meldrum's *Holland and the Hollanders* (Blackwood). This is a close study of the country and its people. To run to earth the true character of the Dutch people is the task which Mr. Meldrum sets himself, and this he does by considering the people in every light, in town and country, in their homes and parliaments, in trade and education. A feature of the book is the fine eye for physical features and the lie of the land which Mr. Meldrum shows he possesses when describing scenery. The book is all the more Dutch by reason of the fact that it is illustrated entirely from the paintings of Dutch artists. In its scope and method it stands alone. In *Loyal Lochaber* (Morison Bros.) we have a careful local study. The author, Mr. Drummond-Norie, has addressed himself to the tourist, and has supplied all the popular information about the Lochaber district, the deeds of Lochiel, the terrors of Glencoe, the fortunes of Montrose and Claverhouse, and the drama of "Forty-five," besides much matter relating to Highland heroes of the Napoleonic wars and the Crimea. The only objection to Mr. Drummond-Norie's book, which is abundantly illustrated, is its bulk. The photographs given are excellent.

By the death, a few weeks ago, of Mr. J. Arthur Gibbs a genuine and charming topographer has been lost to us. Mr. Gibbs's book, *A Cotswold Village* (Murray), published last December, stands out as a sincere and vital piece of work. Here, again, we have ordinary English scenery and country life treated by an author who exaggerates nothing, but finds those lasting charms and that enduring fragrance which are the reward of intimacy. Mr. Gibbs gives us plain Gloucestershire, its grey manor houses, its white-walled villages, the names of its fields, the Cotswold words. September is the best month for the visitor, when the kestrel and the heron are seen flying and wheeling above the hushed autumn lands. A delightful book, a veritable piece of England.

Those who wish to study English village life in any part of the country will do well to put on their shelves two books which appeared last November: Mr. Baring-

Gould's *An Old English Home and its Dependencies* (Methuen) and Mr. T. F. Thiselton-Dyer's *Old English Social Life as Told by the Parish Registers* (Stock). Mr. Baring-Gould talks entertainingly about village politics, the church, the village inn, the manor, the village doctor, and the agricultural labourer. With history and anecdote and sage comment he takes us round the English village. Mr. Thiselton-Dyer plunges into the serious private concerns of village life. He produces facts about births, marriages, and deaths; parish scandals and punishments; strange customs and monstrous events. Another English area, the Kent marshes around the little village of Milton-next-Sittingbourne, are dealt with in *Drift from Longshore*, the latest volume of "A Son of the Marshes." Certain parts of Sussex are also included, and the legend of the Devil's Dyke at Brighton is revived. Mr. Harry Speight's *Old Bingley* (Stock) was a close and racy study of the Yorkshire township, written by a native, and full of local feeling. Although not a topographical book in name, the Rev. George Miles's work on *The Bishops of Lindisfarne, Hexham, Chester-le-Street, and Durham* (Wells, Gardner) may be recommended to all who propose to visit the Northumbrian coasts and moors, and particularly to pilgrims to Holy Island. The romance and poetry of Lindisfarne take shape in Mr. Miles's pages. For similar reasons Mr. Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*, with its delightful photogravures of modern Rome, must be mentioned here.

The "Mediæval Cities," series which Mr. Dent is producing, has received several additions, and now includes *Perugia, Rouen, Nuremberg, and Toledo*.

We may fitly conclude this survey by mentioning three books which have a more distinctly literary flavour than any we have yet named. Sir Archibald Geikie's *Types of Scenery* (Macmillan) was an attempt to detect the influences of three types of scenery—lowland, upland, and highland—upon the literature of the British Isles. The subject is a very interesting one, and those who wish to inquire into it should procure the reprint of the Romanes Lecture in which this distinguished geologist and man of letters developed his theory.

Although Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham's book of Morocco travel *Mogreb-el-Aksa* (Heinemann) is outside the scope of this survey, it is proper to mention it as a narrative of observant and temperamental travel. Reviewing this book in February last we pointed out that "only the journeys of a *temperament* survive amid the dark continents of past travellers, for temperament creates fresh values, whereas a traveller's *mere experience* only shakes the world's kaleidoscope." This is the journey of a temperament and the itinerary of a wit. It is full of comparisons between East and West, of ironical and kindly insights. Take this slight digression:

I had a friend who, being for a short time Governor of a province in a Central American Republic, and finding things become too hot for him, collected all the public money he could find, and silently one night abdicated in a canoe down to the coast, and, taking ship, came to Lutetia; and then, his money spent, lectured upon the fauna and flora of the country he had robbed; and, touching on the people, always used to say that it was very sad their moral tone was low.

A keen observation, whimsical fancy, and what we have called "a wise epicureanism of sentiment and philosophy," are the qualities of Vernon Lee's *Genius Loci: Notes on Places* (Grant Richards). Prettier essays in the sentiment and friendship of places could hardly be desired than these. Especially dainty are some of Vernon Lee's Italian pictures. Here is a Mantuan lake:

The pale blue water, edged with green reeds, the poplars and willows of the green plain beyond, a blue vagueness of Alps, and, connecting it all, the long castle bridge with its towers of pale geranium-coloured bricks.

New Tourist Books.

Kensington Palace. By Ernest Law. (Bell & Sons. 2s.)

MR. LAW has described the art treasures of more than one of our royal palaces. Here he assumes the office of general guide to Kensington Palace. This home of British royalty has been for so long out of public view that the recent opening of its interior to the public calls for an authoritative account of the building. This Mr. Law gives us. He has had the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain and the assistance of those officers of State who are connected with the palace. Thus aided, but with qualifications of his own which are all that could be desired, Mr. Law conveys the facts and the atmosphere which are necessary.

Kensington Palace is revealed as the scene of royal domesticities, of days little burdened by statecraft and ceremonial. The palace was originally Nottingham House, and under that name it was purchased by William III. who at once instructed Sir Christopher Wren to enlarge it. William and Mary were quite eager to move into their new palace at green Kensington, and on the day before the news of the battle of the Boyne reached England the Queen wrote impatiently to the King in Ireland: "The outside of the house is fiddling work"; and a day or two later: "I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well—at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to this palace [Whitehall], and see nothing but water and wall." This royal pair were happy at Kensington. The death-bed scene of William the Silent would alone invest the palace with more than common interest. In one of the rooms through which the public now wanders at will the King was told that no earthly power could save him.

He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bedside, bent down, and placed his ear close to the King's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved, but nothing could be heard. The King took the hand of his earliest friend and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a passing cloud over their long, pure friendship was forgotten. It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended William was no more. When his remains were laid out it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk ribbon. The lords-in-waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.

Queen Anne lived much at Kensington Palace, to which she added Wren's noble Orangery. She also laid out the gardens, wherein she loved to potter. Here she "supped too much chocolate and died monstrously fat." George the First lived like a hermit at Kensington, but added the suite of State Rooms which does so little credit to its architect, William Kent. George II. made the palace gay and populous, though he does not cut a very amiable figure there in the annals of the time. Here is his portrait from Lord Hervey's "treacherous, satiric hand," as Mr. Law calls it:

His Majesty stayed about five minutes in the gallery; snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always "stuffing"; the Princess Emily, for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline, for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland, for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey, for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then caused the Queen to walk, and be re-snubbed, in the garden.

Of Queen Victoria's childhood at Kensington Palace we have a pleasing glimpse in Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*. On May 19, 1828, he wrote:

I was very kindly received by Prince Leopold, and presented to the little Princess Victoria, the heir-apparent

to the Crown, as things stand. . . . This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely, that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are heir of England." I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter.

Leaving royal biography, Mr. Law goes on to examine the palace in detail, pointing out the dates and features of its galleries, staircases, wainscottings, &c., and the changes which have been made in the gardens. He seems to score a point over Mr. Loftie, who in his *Kensington Picturesque and Historical* says positively that "neither Queen Anne nor Queen Caroline took an acre from Hyde Park." Mr. Law has found in the Record Office an old report of the state of the gardens in 1713, which distinctly refers to "the Paddock joyning to the gardens taken from Hyde Park in 1705, and stocked with fine deer and antelopes"; and another document states the area of the transferred land to have been "near 100 acres." Certainly it is not easy to suppose that Queen Anne, who once proposed to close Hyde Park to the public, would hesitate to appropriate a portion. Mr. Law has made careful catalogues of the pictures in the various rooms and galleries. Here may be seen West's "Death of General Wolfe," the first English historical painting in which the characters are dressed in their proper costume instead of in Greek or Roman armour. In the room called the Queen's Closet are nine paintings of old London. An excellent guide-book, handsomely produced.

Handbook of Warwickshire. By H. M. C. (Murray. 6s.)

THIS volume worthily completes Mr. Murray's series of English Handbooks. No English county has been more written about than Warwickshire. What a county it is! It has Shakespeare, and it has Edge Hill, and it has Birmingham — and is thus glorious in the annals of literature, war, and commerce. It has legendary towns like Coventry and Banbury; historic castles like Warwick, Kenilworth, and Tamworth; noble old residences like Charlecote and Compton Wynyates; a primeval forest, or what remains of it, like Arden; and it has a great public school at Rugby. Warwickshire is the heart of England, and its annals are the annals of England localised.

Its soil exhales history; there is hardly a hamlet that does not invite a pilgrimage. These historical associations are here dealt with fully, and with the right touches, as when we are told, under "Blacklow Hill," how Piers Gaveston's head rolled down the slope and was picked up by a preaching friar, who carried it under his cloak to Oxford. Small literary matters are not neglected; thus Stockingford's ugly modern church, and its manufacture of blue bricks, are counterbalanced by the entry that "this parish was the scene of George Eliot's 'Janet's Repentance' in *Scenes of Clerical Life*." Johnsonians are reminded that at Aston Hall, now a public museum, may be seen some relics of Dr. Johnson's connexion with the city:

On the ground-floor is a room called "The Johnson Room." It is fitted up with the panelling and mantelpiece from one of the rooms of Edmund Hector, which formerly stood in Old-square, Birmingham, and contains the tablet which was on the house recording that Dr. Samuel Johnson was often a guest of his old schoolfellow. There are also books, engravings, &c., relating to the Doctor and his friends.

Another literary point worth noting is that Warwickshire, so rich in history, has produced two topographers: Michael Drayton (born at Atherstone in 1563) and the great Dugdale (born at Shustoke in 1605). The Shakespeare matter in this volume is as full as could be desired, and it is interesting to notice that Stratford-on-Avon is awarded as much space as Birmingham. Two good maps, of the northern and southern halves of the county, are supplied in pockets, and there are special maps of Birmingham and district.

Pictorial and Descriptive Guides to Cromer; Penzance, Land's End, and Scilly Islands; Inverness; Eastbourne; Teignmouth. (Ward, Lock & Co. 1s. each.)

THE five guide-books which we have received from Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are only a twelfth, in number, of the series to which they belong. Better printed guide-books for a shilling do not exist, and the information packed between each pair of scarlet covers is not only very sound, but it is admirably arranged. Appendices, or special chapters, for Golfers, Cyclists, and Anglers are given wherever needed; and historical and literary associations are dealt with as fully as possible, and usually with references to wider sources of information. Thus, dipping into these volumes at random, we observe that visitors to Cromer are reminded that Nelson spent his school holidays at Mundesley, and that along Mundesley sands Cowper often wandered, finding, as he said, "something inexpressibly soothing in the monotonous sound of the breakers." "To lovers of literature," says the editor, "these sands which Cowper trod will be sacred ground." Certainly; but the lover of literature will remember with a smile that in his poem, "Retirement," Cowper poured gentle ridicule on the then growing craze for seaside sojourning.

Only two miles from Mundesley is the village of Paston, the birth-place, so to speak, of the *Paston Letters*. The editor refers to these in an informing manner, and recalls Herman Merivale's attempt, which he afterwards frankly abandoned, to throw doubt on their authenticity. On the other hand, the literary associations of Norwich, so rich and various, receive but scant mention. In the *Teignmouth* volume a special note draws attention to the association of Drake and Marlborough with Ashe, of Raleigh with Hayes Barton, and of Lady Nelson with Littleham. Ottery St. Mary, easily reached from Teignmouth, Exmouth, or Budleigh Salterton, was the birth-place of the much-travelled Coleridge. And Ottery's "verdant valley" has not only received Thackeray in his holidays from the Charterhouse, but it is the scene of many of the events in *Pendennis*, where the name "Clavering St. Mary" is substituted for Ottery, "Barmouth" for Sidmouth, "Chatteris" for Exeter, &c. Budleigh Salterton shows very alluringly in this guide-book, and the circumstance that Anthony Trollope and the late Mrs. Lynn Linton visited it can only be recommendation to the tired literary man. Particularly full and well done, though not materially very interesting, is the literary note on West Cornwall in the *Penzance* volume. We are reminded that Mr. Eden Phillpotts studied the life of Newlyn for the story of Joan Tregenza as it is told in *Lying Prophets*. In connexion with the Land's End the visitor is warned not to expect a too dramatic promontory; the warning will be needed only by casual visitors, for Land's End, like all great places, grows on those who linger near it. The editor is happily inspired in quoting from Mr. Ruskin's description of the Land's End this oceanic sentence:

At the Land's End there is to be seen the entire disorder of the surges, when every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post from walls of rock on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing all behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, sub-divided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulations of impetuous life, which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire.

The tributes paid by literary folk to their summer resorts have not always been unconscious. Here are two stanzas from a poem in which Prof. Blackie recommended Kingussie to tourists to Scotland:

Tell me, good sir, if you know it;
Tell me truly, what's the reason
Why the people to Kingussie
Shoalwise flock in summer season?

Reason! yes a hundred reasons:
Tourist people are no fools;
Well they know good summer quarters
As the troutling knows the pools.

A feature of Messrs. Ward & Lock's guide-books is the excellence of the photographs they contain. Many really fine specimens of landscape photography might be named. The Old Bridge at Llostwithiel is beautifully given in the *Penzance* volume in a photograph by Frith; Barton Broad, by Mr. Payne Jennings, is a gem of the *Cromer*; and Valentine's Affric River in the *Inverness* is beautifully composed.

Handbooks to The North Wales Coast; The Wye Valley; The Channel Islands; Brighton, Eastbourne, &c; Bournemouth and the New Forest; The Isle of Wight. (Darlington. 1s. each.)

MESSRS. DARLINGTON'S handbooks are very light in the hand, yet are loaded with pleasant information. Indeed, they may be read anywhere and at any time. In *The North Wales Coast* we are pleased to light upon the extempore lines which Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and Tom Taylor wrote at Pen-y-gwryd, taking each his turn with the stanzas, thus:

T. T.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd with colours armed and pencils,
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,
And made successful drawings—of Mrs. Owen's corks.

C. K.

I came to Pen-y-Gwryd in frantic hopes of slaying
Grilse, salmon, 3lb. red-fleshed trout, and what else there's
no saying;
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor'-eastern
skies, sir,
Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and wiser.

T. H.

I came to Pen-y-Gwryd a larking with my betters,
A mad wag and a mad poet, both of them men of letters;
Which two ungrateful parties, after all the care I've took
Of them, make me write verses in Henry Owen's book.

In the *Wye Valley* we have a special chapter on Shelley's connexion with Nant Gwyllt and Cwm Elan. The following passage will bear transcribing, though hardly for the sake of Shelley's prose:

At Cwm Elan, where his "bedroom was over the kitchen," he received the appeal of Miss Westbrook to elope with her. . . . He was, therefore, much preoccupied in mind; he was growling, too, in his letters at the postal delivery "like the waves of hell to Tantalus," and at the forty-mile distance of the nearest doctor. Still, the susceptibilities of Shelley's poetical genius a short time later to burst forth in "Alastor" and "Queen Mab" could not but be influenced during this first visit of his by the beauty of the glen. "This is most divine scenery," he writes, "exceedingly grand; rocks piled on each other to tremendous heights, rivers formed into cataracts by their projections, and valleys clothed with woods, present an appearance of enchantment." "Nature is here marked with the most impressive characters of loveliness and grandeur; rocks piled on each other to an immense height, and clouds intersecting them; in other places waterfalls midst the umbrage of a thousand shadowy trees form the principal features of the scenery. I am not wholly un-influenced by its magic in my walks."

The maps in these handbooks are clear, and many of them pleasantly coloured. Photographs abound, and with these are mingled sketches by the editor which add a personal touch to the pages.

Baedeker's *Northern Italy.—Norway and Sweden.—United States.* (Dulau & Co.)

THESE new (1899) editions of three Baedeker guides are all wonderful products of this wonderful travelling age. The handbook to the United States reaches the acme of compressed information, of multifarious helpfulness. Many pages elapse before the essential guide-book matter is reached, for Mr. Baedeker provides monographs on American Politics, the Constitution and Government of the United States (this is written by Mr. Brice), Aborigines and Aboriginal Remains, the Physiography of North America, Fine Arts, Sports, Education, and Bibliography.

The Atlantic lines of steamships are enumerated and described, the colours of their funnels being also given; and here we note with interest the remark that in the old days the competition among the New York pilots was so keen that the pilot-boat often met steamers hundreds of miles from land. This custom died out with the use of steam pilot-boats. When we come to the strictly topographical pages we are in a world of ordered detail. The thin pages turn by hundreds under the finger, and states, towns, hills, waterfalls, industries, and battlefields pass in silent neatness. One can but exclaim on such a marvel of compression. Now and then we have a long, unbroken passage; thus, the battle of Gettysburg is described with great minuteness and at considerable length, two plans of the field being provided. A feature of the book on which one might dwell at length is its beautiful maps and plans of cities; we have plans not only of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, but also of St. Paul, Denver, Buffalo, Boston, and many other centres.

The *Norway and Sweden* volume contains new descriptions of the Swedish Norrland, and also gives information for a trip to Spitzbergen. The *Northern Italy* has, in its turn, been thoroughly revised.

North Wales. By M. J. B. Baddeley and C. S. Ward. Part I. (Dulau & Co.)

THIS volume is the first of the two parts in which the editors deal with the Principality. It comprises the area bounded on the south by the watersheds of the Clwyd, the Conway, and the Dwyryd rivers. The following sensible remarks are made on the mountain and valley scenery of the district:

Except under peculiar atmospheric conditions the wilder valleys of Great Britain are apt to disappoint expectations based on the glowing descriptions that have so often been given of them. Size has a much greater effect on the eye in this class of scenery than in others. A rocky pass which creates a feeling of awe when looked down upon from the rocks that overhang it often fails to sustain that emotion when the standpoint is the valley itself and the crags are viewed from below. Admitting this, we know no valley in Great Britain that is more wildly beautiful than the Pass of Llanberis, while that of Nant Ffrancon, when entered at its lower end, almost vies with Glencoe in the uncompromising sternness of its features.

The small part which lakes play in Welsh scenery is alluded to; and the editors are even led to bestow praise on Lake Vyrnwy (the "Liverpool Reservoir") as "a wonderfully good imitation of Nature," while, of the rest, "the Birmingham Reservoirs, near Rhayader, are the most promising." Intending tourists to North Wales will find this guide admirable. The Welsh place-names are interpreted, and their pronunciation indicated. Post-office and telegraph hours are given, and the time of the arrival of the London papers. As for the general matter, the tourist who consults it runs no risk of missing any object of importance or exceptional beauty.

Transactions of the Hampstead Antiquarian and Historical Society for the Year 1898. (Hampstead: Mayle. 2s. 6d.)

THE Hampstead Antiquarian and Historical Society held its inaugural meeting in April of last year, and its first report is a very creditable production. Hampstead's eighteenth century history, so voluminous and familiar, can still be sifted and examined with profit. A subject of keener inquiry is the evidence of early British occupation. Prof. J. W. Hales, who is a member of the Society, is of opinion that the barrow on Parliament Hill has not been thoroughly investigated, and that British remains may yet be found in the adjacent woods. It is curious that in charters of Edgar, Ethelred, and Edward the Confessor, Hampstead is not only mentioned, but its boundaries are given just as they are recognised to-day. Then there are the Hampstead Ponds, loved of Mr. Pickwick. Prof. Hales justly remarked at the inaugural meeting that times have changed since the idea of investigating the sources of these waters seemed transparently ridiculous. He hoped that the sources of the ponds would be sought for and discovered. A pleasant hill-top society! Meetings, excursions, and hospitality promise to swell its cheery annals, and if the Society intends to print and bind its *Proceedings* as handsomely as it does this year it will deserve well of librarians and book-lovers. We note that the edition is limited and the copies numbered. Sir Walter Besant is president of the Society, which is worthy of imitation in other districts. The continued rusticity of Hampstead seems to be vouched for in the statement that as recently as two years ago the notice "Beware of Man Traps" was to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Lichfield Cathedral. By Canon Bodington.

Ripon Cathedral. By the Ven. Archdeacon Danks. (Isbister. Each 1s.)

THESE little volumes in white parchment covers are the lightest and daintiest guide-books with which we are acquainted. Each booklet is the work of an authority on the spot and is informed with a certain emotion, without which no performance of the kind has life or charm. Canon Bodington points out that "for ages past all that has been great, noble, good in the life of Mercia has been bound up with Lichfield and its Cathedral. Who can think without emotion of the long line of bishops and others from St. Chad onwards who have toiled and worshipped here?" Is Archdeacon Danks discouraged because Ripon is not famous, or magnificent, has no cloisters fraught with monkish memories, and no old glass save what one window contains? Not a bit of it. "In some respects Ripon Cathedral has an interest and attraction almost unique." One honours these canons and archdeacons for their special pleading. Ripon has been twice a cathedral, and, between times, an abbey, a parish church, and a collegiate church. It has a Saxon crypt of the seventh century. It can show all the styles of English architecture: "here, in a word, is the history of northern England written in stone." And the ground is almost vocal with the war-cries of past ages. Not far away was found "the mummified body of a Roman, his toga still green, his stockings still yellow, his sandals still artistic." After that Cromwell's inevitable "troopers" seem tame, but the altar stone on which a Scottish king's ransom was paid down is an alluring object.

The volumes are well illustrated—*Lichfield* by Mr. Holland Tringham, and *Ripon* by Mr. Railton. They are handy in the pocket and desirable on the shelf.

Hints and Notes for Travellers in the Alps. By the late John Ball, F.R.S. New Edition, prepared by W. A. B. Coolidge (Longmans.)

IN this edition of the late Mr. Ball's standard guide every article has been carefully revised, and some have been practically re-written. Further, two new articles have

been added: "Photography in the High Alps," by Mr. Sydney Spencer, and "Life in an Alpine Valley," by Mr. Coolidge. The last-named paper is a piece of compressed erudition, a little gem of scientific inquiry. Doubtless many climbers and tourists have yet to learn the meaning of an "Alp."

An "Alp" may be generally described as "a mountain pasture, specially fitted for pasturing cows in milk," so that cheese can be made on the spot (there are also special "Alpen" for heifers, sheep, and goats). This is the original meaning of the word, which is now frequently used also of the lofty peaks that overhang the mountain pastures. The term used in the Tyrol is "Alm," which some consider a shortened form of "Allmend" (common land), though it is probably but a mutilated form of "Alp."

The village system of the Alps and the regulations under which cows are grazed, and milk, cheese, &c., divided among the members of an Alp commune, are discussed with complete knowledge, and the whole chapter suggests that a more elaborate work on the subject from Mr. Coolidge's pen would be valuable and interesting.

Hours of Exercise in the Alps. By John Tyndall. New Edition. (Longmans.)

THIS book appeared twenty-eight years ago, ran through several editions, and has been out of print since 1873. The present reprint has been edited by Mrs. Tyndall, who has added an index. The tone of the book is genial throughout; but Prof. Tyndall carried a searching and scientific eye with him, so that adventure and observation, instruction and entertainment, go hand in hand in these pages. Perhaps the scientific mind is occasionally a little too evident, as in the sentence: "To my left was a mountain stream, making soft music by the explosion of its bubbles."

Other Guide Books.

East Country Scenery (Jarrold), by Mr. W. J. Tate, takes us to Southend, Leigh, Aldeburgh, Walberswick, Ipswich, Cambridge, Cromer, &c., and may be recommended to those who wish to gather a general idea of the pleasures of mind and eye which East Anglia can offer to the tourist. It is abundantly and prettily illustrated. In *Mr. Pickwick's Kent* (Marshall), by Mr. Hammond Hall, we are conducted to the scenes which are associated with Mr. Pickwick and his companions. Photographs of the various scenes are given, with the Pickwickian references beneath. Thus Dingley Dell is identified with Sandling, and Cob Tree with Manor Farm, and photographs of these places are given. Even Mr. Winkle's bedroom at the Bull is photographed: "'Winkle's bedroom is inside mine,' said Mr. Tupman"; and sure enough we see Mr. Tupman's room through the open door.

We have received from Messrs. George Philip & Sons excellent district maps, mounted on linen, of Devon, the Bristol and Bath district, and the Truro district. Messrs. Black's *Guide to Harrogate and Environs* has reached its eleventh edition; it includes the beautiful Bolton and Fountains Abbey districts. *Where Shall We Go?* issued by the same firm, has reached a fourteenth edition. It may be recommended as a handy adviser to all who are oppressed by the annual enigma. Bradshaw's *Dictionary of Bathing Places, Climatic Health Resorts, &c.*, is for invalids, and is a mine of information about the curative qualities of air and water all over Europe.

Paterson's Guides (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) may be strongly recommended as handbooks to separate localities in Scotland. They are well mapped and illustrated, and deal severally with Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the Clyde, the southern counties of Scotland, the Trossachs, &c.

In his *Cyclists' Guide to the English Lake District* (Philip & Son) Mr. Rumney offers a complete set of routes for seeing the best Lake scenery. The district covered is, roughly, a circle of a diameter of about thirty miles. Unfortunately for cyclists, their holidays usually fall in late July and in August, when, as Mr. Rumney admits, the weather is apt to be broken. The early summer is the best time for wheeling in the Cumbrian hills. The routes are carefully described, mapped, and illustrated, and the book combines with its cycling information something of the ordinary guide-book. Mr. Rumney gives good advice when he says that the cyclist should not be too tightly bound to his machine, but should "be willing to take evening strolls, and even whole days 'off' on the Fells." *A Pictorial and Descriptive Guide to London*, 1899 (Ward, Lock & Co.), has been brought up to date in several particulars. The disappearance of Furnival's Inn from Holborn and Gosling's Bank from Fleet-street are noticed, and the alterations at the foot of Parliament-street are made in the sectional map of the district. *Cassell's Guide to London* has also been noticed by us before. Here we have an alphabetical arrangement, which is a good one for strangers to London. These two guide-books give no intimation that Kensington Palace is now open to the public; but we have no doubt that information on the subject will be supplied next year.

Of climbing literature there has been no great output in the past year, but Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has sent us, among other sterling topographical works, copies of several important works of this character which continue in circulation. We have already referred to Mrs. Pennell's *Over the Alps on a Bicycle* as a breezy and useful guide to those who intend to discard the alpenstock for the tyre. In Mr. Unwin's list we find Angelo Mosso's *Life of Man on the High Alps*, Sir William M. Conway's *Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas*, Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald's *Climbs in the New Zealand Alps*, and Leone Sinigaglia's *Climbing in the Dolomites*. More recent than these is Mr. E. C. Oppenheim's *New Climbs in Norway*, a bright, well-illustrated account of mountaineering in the Søndmore district, and more particularly in the little peninsula enclosed between the Novang and Sokely fjords. "It proved a perfect Elysium and a mine of virgin peaks," says Mr. Oppenheim.

In Winter.

Oh! for a day of burning noon
And a sun like a glowing ember,
Oh! for one hour of golden June,
In the heart of this chill November.

I can scarcely remember the Spring's soft breath,
Or imagine the Summer hazes:
The yellow woods are so damp with death
That I have forgotten the daisies.

Oh! to lie watching the sky again,
From a nest of hot grass and clover,
Till the stars come out like golden rain
When the lazy day is over,

And crowning the night with an aureole,
As the clouds kiss and drift asunder,
The moon floats up like a luminous soul,
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The Wine of Nature.

"UPON world-altitudes," says Mathilde Blind, "God-intoxicated moods fill us with beatitudes."

"God-intoxicated moods." It is a little phrase that holds within its minute compass the very quintessence of the holiday spirit. You remember that Jar which the fisherman in the *Arabian Nights* found on the seashore? When he unsealed it there rose out of it the huge and terrific form of a Genius. A like marvel, a like mystery, and a most different rapture is contained in, and emanates from, Mathilde Blind's unstoppered words. Out of their littleness we tower to the stature of gods. We expand to the power and the satisfaction of gods. We drink of the wine of nature, draught after deep draught—the woodland wine, stored by George Meredith, when "the sun draws out of hazel leaves a smell of woodland wine"—the "dewy wine" in the musk-rose of Keats; of Browning's golden sunrise-wine, which "boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's rim." We taste of the crystal wine and the spring wine of a host of lesser distillers. And we are rapt out of ourselves, deliciously frenzied with spiritual exhilaration; drunken, dazed with excess of beauty: and that is what a holiday essentially means—a moment of forgetfulness, when care, responsibility, effort, are lost in the flood of primal joy—an "oasis in the dust and drouth of city life," as Tennyson writes; "a feel of heaven," in what were else all earth, as Pippa calls it.

That is why nearly all right invitations to the country run to the form of Rhapsodies. They are the spontaneous expression of some vivid moment; they are the exaltation that comes from the sense of abounding life. Joy is at the root of them, and the soul of laughter. They bubble up, frank, sparkling, bidding you "quit your books or surely you'll grow double," inviting you to come out and "hear the woodland linnet." Though, indeed, books are not entirely neglected by poets when they do but contemplate a day out. Browning, when he "lay on the grass and forgot the oaf over a jolly chapter of Rabelais," was evidently in holiday mood, as witness his holiday fare, "a loaf, half a cheese, and a bottle of Chablis."

Nevertheless, in the invitations to come out, books are, as a rule, explicitly or implicitly discarded. You are to feel that the open has infinitely more to give than the life within doors. The open, note, not the country; which term has been robbed by the Eighteenth Century of all its mystery and charm, and dressed up into an artificial prettiness that it may be weighed in a scale against a fashionable representation of the Town. The holiday spirit which involves the sense of the open with its infinity, its eternity, its bafflement, its satisfaction—Emerson's "pits of air" and "gulf of space"—this holiday spirit is of recent birth within us. There is fresh air in our oldest poets, but what vast tracts of "country" literature parch for a breath of the open! As we read, we long for that "draught" that Henry James invented, and that he has so painfully excluded from his later works. We weary of those forced defences of country life which reiterate that "content makes all ambrosia," and that health and virtue, as Cowper tells us in his "God made the country" passage, are less threatened in fields and groves than in "London, opulent, enlarged, and still increasing London."

John Gilpin, you remember, is Cowper's account of a holiday. But listen to the modern invitation:

Allons! whoever you are, come travel with me!
Travelling with me you find what never tires. . . .
Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements,
Health, defiance, gaiety, self-esteem, curiosity. . . .

The Song of the Open Road.

The poem has infinitely more: but it has the whole spirit of holidays. It is the very rhapsody of invitation. Edward Carpenter, whose verse has a dilution both of Emerson and Whitman, cries to us:

Come up into the fragrant woods and walk with me.
The voices of the trees and the silent growing grass and
waving ferns ascend.

Emerson, Whitman, and—a long way off—Carpenter: they call us to the open—to "inhale great draughts of space"—to "the exhilarated radiant life." An invitation equally modern, equally, though differently, alluring, is given by George Meredith—that divine sort of invitation which is at the same time a challenge. Is there anywhere such poignancy of mystery, such rapture of intimacy with nature—as in his *Woods of Westernmain*?

Quick and far as colour flies
Taking the delighted eyes,
You of any well that springs
May unfold the heaven of things. . . .

But a truce to quotation! It does but mar the orb'd and perfect beauty of the whole. And these woods, enchanted beyond any Eastern tale, this place teeming with a most divine terror, lies at the core of our familiar Surrey.

Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare.

For there are conditions: you must have courage, trust, sanity, sympathy; the robust soul, as Whitman demands the robust and perfect body; but having these, . . . what delight!

Foliage lustreful around,
Shadowed leagues of slumbering sound. . . .

But read, read, and you must needs respond; and whether you refuse or accept the invitation, you cannot but thrill to its call.

If George Meredith stands at the door of the Surrey woods to usher us (warningly) in, Wordsworth has given us a permanent and most irresistible invitation to the Lake District, and Tennyson to our Eastern Counties. The translation of natural beauty into words is in itself an invitation to witness the original; and there is scarce a corner of our island that has not its host to welcome us at the feast. From Clough's Oxford Reading Party in the Western Highlands to James Thomson's Sunday at Hampstead, fervid invitations reach us for shorter or longer periods. Herrick asks us to come a-maying; and Burns to spend the lightsome days at the banks of Aberfeldy. Andrew Lang writes to us to come a-fishing—"to angle immensely for trout," as Praed has it; while Robert Bridges suggests the most supremely delightful boating parties. It is a conflietion of sweet voices.

Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes . . .

—as the author of *The Seasons* remarks. And Browning asks:

O which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap, or the water's breast?

But he helps us by indicating a classification: he gives us the roaming and the resting holiday—that primary division into the holiday that is for tramping and the holiday that is for loafing; and we find that the poets range themselves with manifold enthusiasm into two camps in support of one or the other.

What is the modern cult of the gipsy but a realisation of the joys of tramping under the open sky? "Any

stroller must be dear to the right-thinking heart," says R. L. Stevenson, who has written two of the most charming holiday books in our literature. The Romany girl is beloved by Emerson and Matthew Arnold, not to mention George Borrow, and, in another breath, Mr. Watts-Dunton. Indeed, Matthew Arnold, though you would not have expected it, has written one of the most delightful tramping poems we have. And we can hardly imagine any holiday more ideally employed than in tracking the footsteps of the Scholar-Gipsy in the country about Oxford. Where else shall we find scenes that wear so tender and pure a light; where flowers so delicate as those "pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers"?

The mere occupation of tramping has gathered a romance about it, and in our holidays many of us hope to taste something of the enjoyment of Kipling's Tramp Royal:

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
Speakin' in general, I've found them good
For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

To "go observin' matters." There, perhaps, you have the chief charm of tramping, though to many the mere physical swing and exertion is in itself a rapture. But tramping demands strength and some measure of effort, even in its lesser, delightful forms of roaming, strolling, and sauntering; and there are many, brain-fagged and overdone, who will rather choose that "wise passiveness" which Wordsworth approves:

Think you mid all the mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking?

Carpenter, too, when he lay among the ferns, heard their voices go past him continually. Though, indeed, the Loafer Royal does not trouble about voices or knowledge. What he likes to do is to

utterly lie down
And feel the sunshine throbbing on body and limb,
My drowsy brain in pleasant drunkenness swim. . . .

Or to take a better example from a poem by Mr. Riley that is a very rhapsody of loafing:

But when *June* comes—clear my throat
With wild honey! Rinch my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll get down and waller there,
And obliged to you at that!

But the loveliest of all the holidays in literature—the holiday most fraught with joy and with influence—was a holiday of roaming, wherein Pippa passes:

Oh, day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances . . .
Thy long, blue, solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine minutes, coming, going,
As if earth turned from work in gamesome mood,
All shall be mine! . . .

And Pippa's song is our one supreme holiday song, the song of unshadowed joy, filled to the brim with nature, and with hope, and with youth:

The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Things Seen.

The First of June.

At four o'clock, in a dark office in a narrow London street, a little breeze came through the open window, and called me. An hour later I was striding up the grass hill that rises, raimented with buttercups, towards the Weald of Kent. Soon the woods met me. A copper beech stood out dully amid the shining green march of the vast foliage; trees decked with white blossom offered me their fragrance as I passed; across the valley clusters of gorse flashed their yellow oriflamme; rabbits scurried across my path; a pheasant whirled up on firm wing; patches of tall bluebells moved; dabchicks dived in a pond, the water like a living thing in the temperate wind; a colt kicked out its lanky legs in sheer joy of living, while the mare gazed at her offspring's odd, crimped tail; a busy woodpecker hammered at a tree, and when I paused the air palpitated with the low hum of innumerable bees. All Nature was articulate, gay, and young. Oh, it was good to be with her on the first of June! Overhead a lark twittered in the luminous blue vault, where little, feathery white clouds stood anchored. The hour was fragrant, sweet, and wholesome. It lulled the senses to an exquisite languor, like some opiate of the gods. Then the hill debouched on to a white road, winding between over-arching trees up, up, and lo! at the top a new country lay outstretched—the spacious, pleasant Weald of Kent, aglow with light, stretching through fertile pastures to the haze that hung over the horizon. The day wore on; the bees went home, the birds to nest; bats went in ghostly zigzag through the shadows, and in the quiet sky a great planet beamed mildly. Came up night, with her intricate pattern of stars, and a nightingale singing beneath them. The rest was silence, cut into by the long-drawn screech of an owl. Then sleep in the solemn stillness of the uttermost country—and waking to a new day. So simple!

Trooping the Colour.

WHAT a spectacle! From one window I see a great stretch of shimmering water, punctuated by a rock on which two pelicans stand like statues; beyond, a forest of trees swaying to the near horizon, where houses peep through the greenery; and this is London, the heart of London! I turn to the other window. Suddenly the National Anthem lifts the hats from the dim crowd that sways beneath. Below me is the great, gravelled, water-sprinkled Horse Guards' Parade. Round the square, rigid, immovable as pawns, loom troops—the frame of the picture—guarding the Parade from intrusion. Down one side, in double rank, stand in fine array other of the Guards. At the far end, three spots in the great expanse of ground, are three soldiers, and he in the middle holds the Colour. Suddenly a roar of cheering. Enter the Headquarters Staff—princes, field-m Marshals, officers, and dukes—their plumes waving, their horses pricking delicately over the gravel. Round the ranks of soldiers, in and out, front and rear, march the staff, while the men stand like statues. Then to the brave music of the massed bands the escort for the Colour detach themselves from their comrades and march up the Parade ground. Near the Colour they halt. A lone soldier steps round the escort and advances to the Colour. He salutes. Gravely the Colour is handed to him. He bears it back to his officer. The officer salutes the Colour, receives it, and holds it aloft before the escort. They salute. The band plays "The British Grenadiers." Then follows—but what is this? There is a quick movement in the crowd below, and outside the square of pawn soldiers an undersized, hatless man runs like a hare through the people. A roar of anger follows him, and as he runs the happy crowd (it is June and holiday time) catch at him, tearing

his clothes. He runs through them and out again—this breathless, hunted creature. It is one man against the world, while the band plays the "Highland Laddie" march. Then he stumbles, and a policeman grabs him. He is surrounded. Other policemen pounce on him; two more on horseback encompass him. He disappears from life. The incident is over. The show proceeds. The massed bands crash their music into the still air; the people cheer; the officers stand immovable, with drawn swords pointed at nothing; the drum-majors swagger at the head of their bands; the Princess beams from her balcony; the sun shimmers on armour; the plumes of the field-majors wave; but the thing that drums in my brain and haunts my eyes as I return through the radiant streets is the sight of that hunted creature running for freedom. One wretched man against the world, who came to thief and failed!

Memoirs of the Moment.

THERE are to be changes at Burlington House. The Council of the Royal Academy has decided to enlarge the borders of its galleries. Plans are being considered for the opening-out of a new sculpture gallery, and for the reinclusion of the room devoted of late years to the clay, the bronze, and the marble, in the suite of apartments devoted to paintings. Any attempt on the part of the Royal Academicians to effect reforms will command sympathy; but it must be said, in common candour, that these are changes which are not for the better. Does the instructed art-loving public of England believe that the present premises of the Royal Academy are too small? On the contrary, does not the futility of the greater part of the pictures hung year by year in its exhibitions produce in the minds of many beholders a feeling of indignant despair? The twenty pictures that are fit to be seen have to be searched out from among twelve hundred that are unfit. That is a process of unnatural selection that is tiresome: it inflicts "Academy headaches," and vitiates the faculty of seeing.

UNDER these circumstances, the Council of the Academy would surely do better if they closed old rooms rather than opened new ones; or, at least, made a more judicious weeding of the works offered for their acceptance, and kept a single line of the most meritorious works instead of offering a gaudy patchwork of closely and incongruously packed canvases. That is an old and obvious remedy, which we are weary of repeating. The reply is ready, and it is this—that the bad artist likes his works to have a place in the Academy catalogue, however ill-hung his picture may be; and that the public likes quantity, not quality, in art. Well, it may be so. The ways of the public are difficult to fathom; and ugly facts come to attest to the futility of fastidious fancy. There is a greater proportion of worthless pictures at Burlington House this season than in any shows of recent years; and of this fact the readers of newspaper criticism have been fully informed. And with what effect? Only this—that up to this week the record of Academy attendances has been broken, and that the turnstile has revolved more continuously through the May of 1899 than it did during the May of any previous year.

MR. J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A., is about to become a dweller in St. John's Wood, where he has taken the studio of the late Harry Bates. The artists' colony under Primrose Hill will feel the withdrawal of the oldest and most conspicuous of its residents; but Mr. Waterhouse vastly improves his quarters by his flitting, and he will be able to finish, with new facilities, for next year's Academy exhibition the big subject-picture which Burlington House this year does so ill without.

A MEASURE of ill-luck has of late attached to the historic title of Shaftesbury—a title to which "the good Lord's" services as a philanthropist ought, one imagines, to have drawn down almost visibly the blessing of heaven. Perhaps the present bearer of the title thinks it has been so drawn down since his engagement to Lady Constance Grosvenor was announced. The future Lady Shaftesbury will certainly bring new honour to her husband's name. Inheriting from her mother, Lady Grosvenor, a love of the poor and a loyalty to public and private duty, and having caught from her stepfather, Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., a zeal for art and for letters, she combines in herself interests and qualities not often found in collusion. She is as good a horsewoman as she is an intelligent reader of books, and her social sympathies, as is proper to her time, are wider than those, for instance, of "the good Lord Shaftesbury," who, all philanthropic as he was, frankly complained that Peel, by not favouring Factory Act legislation, threw him into contact with Bright—a contact, he said, very distasteful to a gentleman!

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH will contribute a poem to an early number of the *Cornhill Magazine*—in the pages of which was first published *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, with Du Maurier's drawings. That was nearly thirty years ago. A decade later was published in the *Cornhill* the lines "To a Friend Recently Lost"—the friend in question being Mr. Tom Taylor. Yet another piece has appeared in the same magazine—"The Song of Theodolinda."

SOME of the newspapers speak about Sir Alma Tadema, but only at the sacrifice of the hyphen, which the artist has always used. In fact, he took the name of Alma not merely to soften the sound of Tadema, but to get an early place in catalogues among the A's instead of among the T's. People, therefore, must speak of Sir Lawrence, and not of Sir Alma. The knighthood was very much the artist's due; but the formal offer of it was owing to a suggestion made by the Princess Louise, who greatly admires his work, and has given her friendship to his daughter.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, the most able and enlightened member of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of America, is to arrive in London in ten days' time; and Sir Wilfrid Lawson ought to know it. Cardinal Manning was a teetotaler, and took all his purple dignities with him to Clerkenwell Green, where he stood on a costermonger's cart to address a crowd—the most curious eminence ever occupied by a Prince of the Church. But Archbishop Ireland is a teetotaler and something more. He eloquently advocates not only the renunciation of the habit of drinking stimulants, but also the total abolition of the drink traffic.

Correspondence.

The Real Landor.

SIR,—In a notice of *Letters of Walter Savage Landor* (Duckworth & Co.), your reviewer complained that the injudicious editor—myself—had carefully left out whatever would exhibit Landor in his less placid mood. In a subsequent article, on "Landor and Dickens," the ACADEMY repeats the charge, and adds that it has been admitted. To prevent further misapprehension, I beg leave to say that it has not been admitted, and, what is more, that it does not happen to be true. As I have read the letters in the original—while your reviewer, I presume, has not—I may perhaps be thought to know more of the matter than he can.—I am, &c.,

STEPHEN WHEELER.

Oriental Club, Hanover Square, W.: June 5, 1899.

Shakespeare's Handwriting.

SIR,—The facsimile of what may possibly be Shakespeare's MS., which appears in the current issue of the ACADEMY, calls to mind the suggestion which Tennyson made to the New Shakspeare Society for the publication of some facsimiles of Elizabethan and Jacobite hand-writings, with the special object of showing what letters would be most easily mistaken by the printers. I do not know how far the Society gave effect to this suggestion, but there can be no two opinions as to its importance.

One of the more obvious points in relation to this subject is the fact that the letter "e" in the handwriting of the time was liable to be mistaken for "o" and "a," and *vice versa*. We probably have an instance of such a mistake in "Autony and Cleopatra," I. i. 47, where North's Plutarch confirms the correction, "Without some pleasure new," for "Without some pleasure now" of the Folio; and many similar instances might be adduced.

A reference to the few undoubted specimens we have of the poet's signature will carry us a great deal farther, for a cursory glance at once shows us that the letter "p" was liable to be confused with almost any tailed letter, and that non-final "s" and "f" were easily interchangeable. To apply this let us turn to "Romeo and Juliet," III. v. 150-156, where the Folio reads:

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no proude,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.

Now, if it should be found that "j" was written with a tail, and if we bear in mind what we have gathered from Shakespeare's signatures, and also the fact that "fettle" only appears to have been used reflexively or intransitively, it may perhaps seem legitimate to entertain the view that the poet possibly wrote, not "fettle your fine joints," but "settle your fine points," which would be peculiarly in keeping with "Chopt Logicke," and with the spirit of the context.

The consideration of what may be called the "ductus scriptarum literarum" in connexion with Shakespeare's text seems hardly to have received the attention it deserves, and I am convinced that the thorough treatment of the subject in accordance with Tennyson's admirable suggestion would lead to many remarkable results.—I am, &c.,
JUNE 5, 1899. ALFRED E. THISELTON.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 35.

LAST week we printed the first half of an original sonnet on Her Majesty the Queen, and asked for its completion, the prize being offered to the competitor who came nearest to the sense of the author's own version. This is the sonnet complete:

VICTORIA.

"Queenly as woman, womanly as Queen."
Though foreign were the lips that spake this praise,
Englishmen gladly may accept a phrase
So fit to keep their monarch's memory green.
For 'mid the stress these many years have seen,
Nights of affliction and unquiet days,
This Lady, meeting all with level gaze,
Queenly and womanly has ever been.

Yes, though beneath her sway the realm has spread,
Though gloriously we dominate the wave,
And Britain's flag is honoured everywhere,
This is her crowning pride when all is said:
*'T have been as mother fond, as widow brave,
As Queen and woman great beyond compare.*

The nearest version (and it is quite curiously close) is that contributed by Miss L. S. Gibson, 3, Church Street, Reigate:

VICTORIA.

"Queenly as woman, womanly as Queen."
Though foreign were the lips which voiced that praise,
Englishmen gladly make their own a phrase
So fit to keep their monarch's memory green.
For 'mid the stress these eighty years have seen,
Nights of affliction and long, lonely days,
This Lady, meeting all that clouds life's ways,
Queenly and womanly throughout hath been.

Yes, though beneath her sway God gives us fame,
Though gloriously we dominate in strife,
And Britain's flag is honoured far and near,
This is her crowning pride, her noblest name
*'T have been as mother, daughter, friend, and wife,
As Queen and woman, tender, true, most dear.*

Among the others are:

Queenly as woman, womanly as Queen.
Though foreign were her race in other days,
Englishmen gladly may entwine the bays,
So fit to keep their monarch's memory green.
For 'mid the stress these eighty years have seen,
Nights of affliction and long, weary days,
This Lady, meeting all with steadfast gaze,
Queenly and womanly has ever been.

Yes, though beneath her sway lie empires vast,
Though gloriously we dare in East and West,
And Britain's flag is honoured far and near,
This is her crowning pride, which yet shall last:
*'T have been as mother in her children blest,
As Queen and woman in her life sincere.*

[J. H. S., Liverpool.]

Queenly as woman, womanly as Queen.
Though foreign were her ancestors, *she's ours!*
Englishmen gladly magnify her powers,
So fit to keep their monarchy serene.
For 'mid the stress these sixty years have known,
Nights of affliction, anguish, terror, tears,
This Lady, meeting all that quelled all fears,
Queenly and womanly has aye been known.

Yes, though beneath her rule we dwell in peace,
Though gloriously we dare all things we will,
And Britain's flag is honoured 'neath the sun,
This is her crowning pride, that shall not cease:
*'T have been as mother, our example still;
As Queen and woman both—that glory one!*

[T. C., Buxted.]

Queenly as woman, woman passing sweet;
Though foreign were her noble sires, I ween,
Englishmen gladly mark their grey-haired Queen
So fit to keep their monarchs' mighty seat.
For 'mid the stress these years of frost and heat,
Nights of affliction, and with sleepless e'en,
This Lady, meeting all with brow serene,
Queenly and womanly drives through the street.

Yes, though beneath her "Prince" rests on his bier,
Though gloriously we do and greatly dare,
And Britain's flag is honoured far and near,
This is her crowning pride, our monarch dear:
*'T have been as mother gentle, loving, fair;
As Queen and woman noble and sincere.*

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

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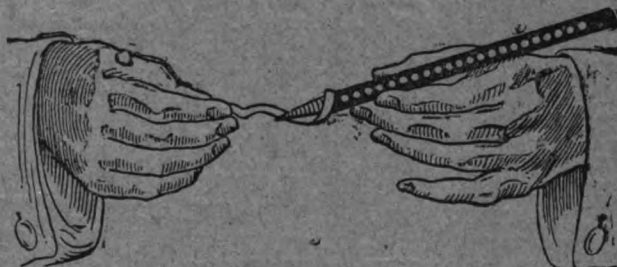
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The Literary Week.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S occasional speeches on literary and social subjects are so wise and witty that we are very glad to note that next week will see the publication of a collection of them. The title of the volume will be *Appreciations and Addresses*, and among the contents will be "Burke," "Burns," "Stevenson," "Gladstone," "Bookishness and Statesmanship," "Scottish History," "Golf," "Eton," "The Happy Town Councillor," "London," "The Work of Public Libraries." Mr. John Lane will publish the book.

THE literary contents of the first number of the new quarterly, *The Anglo-Saxon*, will be as follows:

Introductory, by Lady Randolph Churchill.
Note on the Binding of the Volume, by Cyril Davenport.
Stories by Henry James and Gilbert Parker.
Notes on the Portraits, by Lionel Cust.
A Poem, by A. C. Swinburne.
A Poetical Drama, by John Oliver Hobbes.
An Essay, by Lord Rosebery.
Articles by Prof. Oliver Lodge and Slatin Pasha.
Essays by E. V. B., C. E. Raimond, and Whitelaw Reid.
Letters of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

Lord Rosebery's essay, we understand, is of a political-biographical nature.

WE have received a long letter from a correspondent who, while confessing that he sails under Mr. W. B. Yeats's colours himself, objects to any comparison between writers so dissimilar as his hero and Mr. Kipling. We cannot print his letter, but there is room for the confession of faith with which it ends: "Give me Mr. Yeats's new treatment of the old forms of poesy—the sun, the moon, and the stars, the day and the night, and his impossible mystical women. Give me these, and you may send the whole fleet of Mr. Kipling's ironclads to the bottom; spike all his guns and dip his colours—his eternal Union Jack."

INDEED, our own letter bag and other indications give unhappy proof that the publication of so much Kiplingana has caused a reaction in his disfavour. Even the *Times* cannot record his departure for England this week without stating that he was wearing a "close-buttoned overcoat." What should a convalescent wear when starting on a voyage? The Union Jack? And Mr. Doubleday, we notice, now identifies himself with the Kipling family and speaks of them as "we"—"We go immediately to Rottingdean."

THE critical work on Ibsen, by Dr. George Brandes, which Mr. Heinemann has just published, is a book of a new kind; for Dr. Brandes, who has been studying Ibsen for many years, here brings together three distinct essays on the dramatist-poet, written each at intervals of sixteen years. We thus see, as Mr. William Archer says in his introduction, the progress of two remarkable minds side by side: "not a focussed appreciation of the whole of Ibsen and the whole of Brandes, but a contemporaneously-noted record of the ever-developing relations, throughout more than thirty years," of the two men. Dr. Brandes'

final opinion of Ibsen is perhaps the most favourable, wherein he differs from Nietzsche, whose return visit to the case of Wagner resulted in the retraction of most of his early praise; and Mr. Swinburne, who, many years after a glowing eulogy of Walt Whitman, wrote a recantation entitled "Whitmania."

THE Ibsen revealed by Dr. Brandes is a far completer figure than it is customary to think of: an all-round humorous, laughing critic of mankind. Turning the pages at random, we come upon this full-blooded passage:

On another occasion, I think it was in 1874, Ibsen was loud in his praises of Russia. "A splendid country!" he said with a smile; "think of all the grand oppression they have!"

"How do you mean?"

"Only think of all the glorious love of liberty it engenders. Russia is one of the few countries in the world where men still love liberty and make sacrifices for it. That is why she holds so high a place in poetry and art. Remember that they own a writer like Turgueneff; and they have Turgueneffs among their painters too, only we don't know them; but I have seen their pictures in Vienna."

"If all these good things come of oppression," I said, "we are bound to praise it. But the knout—are you an admirer of that too? Suppose you were a Russian, should your little boy there," pointing to his half-grown son, "have the knout?" Ibsen sat silent for a moment, with an inscrutable expression, and then answered, laughing, "He shouldn't get the knout; he should give it."

MR. HENLEY, who is (we are glad to say better and again working) in his new quarters at Worthing, begins his *Pall Mall Magazine* articles in the July number with a commentary on the Hundred Best Books. In the August number he will discourse on the Gadshill edition of Dickens.

THE thing that struck one at the sale, on Tuesday, of Mr. William Wright's collection of editions and relics of Dickens was the extraordinary grip which Dickens keeps on the affections of the English-speaking races. The buyers really represented those races; and in the heartiness and inhesitancy of the bidding one heard a ratification from far and near of the praise and homage long ago rendered to the master. It was splendid to see the prices go up and up. The little comic burletta by "Boz," called *The Strange Gentleman*, with the frontispiece by Phiz, and with Phiz's original drawing thereof inserted—the whole looking but a slim grey pamphlet—at once commanded a bid of twenty-one guineas. Only at eighty guineas did the hammer fall. A copy of *Pickwick* in the original parts, each part inscribed by Dickens to Mrs. Mary Hogarth, fetched £105; a first edition of *Oliver Twist*, presented to Serjeant Talfourd, £50; a first edition of *Nicholas Nickleby*, with an autograph letter, £69. A great moment arrived when the original MS. of *The Battle of Life* was put up. Bidding began at £205, and within two minutes Mr. Sabin became the purchaser for £400. Forster's *Life of Dickens*, wondrously extra-illustrated, sold for £500. The day's sale produced over £4,000.

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COVER DESIGN, BY W. T. HORTON.

the life and development of one man. In *Sult* hunger material and hunger spiritual both have a place.

MARK TWAIN, who is just now undergoing a rigorous course of hospitality from some of the writing clubs of London, has come to a state of mind with regard to compliments which is very refreshing. The ordinary mock modesty and affected confusion displayed by the recipient of praise or flattery is one of the blots on complimentary dinners. Mark Twain will have none of it. It did not embarrass him, he said at the Authors' Club, to hear his works praised. "It only pleased and delighted him. He had not gone past the age when embarrassment was possible, it was true enough, but he had reached the age when he knew how to conceal it. It was a satisfaction to him to hear Sir Walter Besant—who was much more competent than himself to judge of his work—deliver a judgment which was such a contentment to his spirit. Well, he had thought well of the books himself; but he thought more of them now. He should not discount these praises in any possible way. When he reported them to his family they would lose nothing." And so forth. When the time comes to sum up Mark Twain, it will be found that his humour is largely frankness fortified by good sense—a very rare blend.

MR. F. P. DUNNE, the author of *Mr. Dooley*, has arranged to write a series of articles on English life to appear periodically in this country as well as in America. In an interview with a *Chronicle* representative Mr. Dunne told the story of the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill-fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the "Dead March" in *Saul*. The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear. "Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?"

FRIENDS of the late Gleeson White will be pleased to hear that a pension for life of £35 per annum has been awarded from the Civil List Fund to his widow, in consideration of his services to the cause of applied and industrial art.

A CORRESPONDENT, W. L. D., suggests that the suppressed "Choate Jest Book," to which we referred last week, will be remembered by bibliographers as the "Inchoate Jest Book."

A CLUB to be called "The Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club," is being formed in London for the purpose of encouraging the practice and knowledge of chamber music, both vocal and instrumental, among its members. It is proposed to secure suitable premises in as central a position as possible. The club is under the presidency of Dr. Joachim, and the provisional secretaries are Mr. H. M. Abel (Oxon. Sec.), 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple, E.C.; and Mr. W. B. Knobel (Camb. Sec.), 32, Tavistock-square, W.C.

THE volume which Messrs. Black have published in connexion with the Commemoration of the Thousandth Anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great takes the form of a causerie by several well-known historians, brought together by an ex-Mayor of Winchester, Mr. Alfred Bowker. The Poet-Laureate, himself an Alfred, contributes a poem, from which we take these stanzas:

Some lights there be within the Heavenly Spheres
Yet unrevealed, the interspace so vast;
So through the distance of a thousand years
Alfred's full radiance shines on us at last.

Star of the spotless fame, from far-off skies
Teaching this truth, too long not understood,
That only they are worthy who are wise,
And none are truly great that are not good.

The other contributors are Sir Walter Besant, who, unmindful of Mr. Austin's poem, applies Tennyson to the Saxon king:

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life;

Mr. Frederic Harrison, on Alfred as king; the Bishop of Bristol, on Alfred as religious man and educator; Mr. Charles Oman, on Alfred as warrior; Sir Clements Markham, on Alfred as geographer; Prof. Earle, on Alfred as writer; Sir Frederick Pollock, on Alfred's law; and the Rev. W. J. Loftie, on Alfred and the arts. There seems to have been room for an article by Mrs. Beeton on Alfred as a cook, but it is not included.

MESSRS. BLACK, with business-like instinct, include in their Alfred volume a leaflet containing the biographies of the various contributors from their other publication, *Who's Who*. A collation of the recreations shows us that when their duties in connexion with the Thousandth Anniversary of Alfred the Great were over the gentlemen turned respectively to riding, gardening, fishing, looking on, boating, travelling, walking in mountains, searching for unrestored churches, making topographical researches, collecting coins, playing Kriegspiel, cycling and fencing. The only contributor who declined amusement was the Bishop of Bristol, who has no recreations.

MR. F. C. BURNAND sends us the following letter of advice *apropos* our article on holidays for literary men: "Make short sea trips, giving three or four days to each trip. Up one side of England, canal through Scotland, down the other side of England, and back to starting point. 'Trip it lightly' to Ostend, thence to Bruges. To Dunkirk and Rosendael, to Calais and the parts there about, to Boulogne, Paris-Plage, up to Montreuil and back again. Take no journey for which more than a portable bag—portable by someone paid for the purpose—is essential; and, best of all for those who would entirely shake off responsibility, and would obtain the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of cost, get a friend owning a hundred and seventy ton yacht, 'well found,' to take you for a clear month's cruise. If the owner himself won't, or can't, accompany you, suggest to him that he shall

place the yacht, crew, and 'rations' included at your disposal, and then, with one or two 'jolly companions,' just go *wherever you like*. If you're an indifferent sailor, induce a friend owning a four-in-hand to take you on a driving tour through the Midland counties, putting up at the best hotels *en route*. The above are simple, economical methods, and highly recommended to those whom Providence has not blessed with affluence."

In the Introduction to the last volume of the Biographical Thackeray is given the interesting family portrait which we reproduce. Says Mrs. Ritchie: "Long before



RICHMOND THACKERAY, HIS WIFE, AND CHILD (W. M. THACKERAY AT THREE YEARS OF AGE).

Drawn by Chinnery in 1814.

Raphael's wondrous art was known this particular composition was a favourite with artists and spectators, as I think it will ever be from generation to generation, while mothers continue to clasp their little ones in their arms. This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood; but it gives a vivid, pleasing impression of that first home which lasted so short a time. My long, lean young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair with tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. He was at that time collector of the district called the 24 Pergunnahs." Thackeray would take off his spectacles when he looked at this old water-colour. "It is a pretty drawing," he used to say, but he added that if his father in the picture had risen from the chair in which he sat, he would have been above nine feet high.

UNDER the title *Literary Ideals in Ireland* a number of articles by various writers have been brought together, with the purpose, we presume, of informing general readers of the meaning of the present Irish literary revival. To these essays we shall return; but, meanwhile, we may remark that the general reader is certainly in need of accurate information concerning the difference between Irish poetry and English poetry. To the ordinary mind an Irish poem is an English poem over which the words "wind" and "stars" have been shaken from a pepper castor.

THE "Modern English Writers" series, which Messrs. Blackwood & Sons have projected, begins publication this week with Prof. Saintsbury's *Matthew Arnold*. An interesting analogy drawn by the great critic's critic is worth

detaching. With regard to Arnold's essay on Gray in Mr. Humphry Ward's *English Poets*, Prof. Saintsbury says:

The resemblances between subject and critic were extraordinary. Mr. Arnold is really an industrious, sociable, and moderately cheerful Gray of the nineteenth century; Gray an indolent, recluse, more melancholy Arnold of the eighteenth. Again, the literary quality of the bard of the *Elegy* was exactly of the kind which stimulates critics most. From Sainte-Beuve downwards the fraternity has, justly or unjustly, been accused of a tendency to extol writers who are a little problematical, who approach the second class, above the unquestioned masters. And there was the yet further stimulus of redressing wrongs. Gray, though a most scholarly poet, has always pleased the vulgar rather than the critics, and he had the singular fate of being dispraised both by Johnson and by Wordsworth. But in this paper of Mr. Arnold's the wheel came full circle. Everything that can possibly be said for Gray—more than some of us would by any means indorse—is here said for him: here he has provided an everlasting critical harbour, into which he may retreat whensoever the popular or the critical breeze turns adverse.

At the end of the volume of Jowett's *Letters* which have just been published by Mr. Murray, we find a few pages of detached sayings. These, who can doubt, represent the real Jowett:

The Beginning of Genesis.

I am afraid mankind must contrive to do without a first parent.

The Limit of Scepticism.

There must come a reaction towards religion again: the void will be too great.

English Composition.

If I were a Professor of English I would teach my men that prose writing is a kind of poetry.

Luxury and Plain Living.

You ought not to say "What waste!" when you see a gorgeous dinner. You should rather say, "How much better this is than what I get at home!"

Youth and Age.

I hope our young men will not grow into such *dodgers* as these old men are. I believe everything a young man says to me.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE's work, *James Russell Lowell and His Friends*, with which we shall deal at length in a future number, helps to amplify the portrait of a good man and fine critic. Many very interesting remarks of Lowell's are quoted, among them one more contribution to the long list of testimonies to a belief in immortality which have been expressed by great minds:

I don't care where the notion of immortality came from. . . . It is there, and I mean to hold it fast. Suppose we don't know. How much *do* we know, after all? . . . The last time I was ill, I lost all consciousness of my flesh. I was dispersed through space in some inconceivable fashion and mixed with the Milky Way. . . . Yet the very fact that I had a confused consciousness all the while of the Milky Way as something to be mingled with, proved that I was there as much an individual as ever.

There is something in the flesh that is superior to the flesh, something that can in finer moments abolish matter and pain. And it is to this we must cling. . . .

. . . I think the evolutionists will have to make a fetish of their protoplasm before long. Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the rock of ages, by which I understand a certain set of higher instincts which mankind have found solid under all weathers.

A NEW paper to forward the cause of the Finnish people has just been started in London, under the editorship of Mr. C. Harold Perrott, B.A. The price is threepence, and

publication will be irregular. The first number, which is printed and prepared with unusual care and taste, provides the reader with a clear account of the case for Finland as it now stands.

THE fire at the celebrated American bookstore known as "McClurg's" has temporarily, at any rate, broken up the little company of book lovers who were wont to meet there. The old "Saints' and Sinners' Corner," as their gathering point was called, has, however, been immortalised in some verses by Mr. J. H. Finley, the president of Knox College and a very facile rhymester. We quote the opening stanzas:

Beyond the dread river and hard by the lake
That burneth with brimstone and fire,
There standeth an edifice built for the sake
Of mortals of bookish desire.

'Tis not in high heaven, this book-hunter's haunt,
Nor lies it in Satan's domains,
But midway between them—a moderate jaunt
By slow purgatorial trains.

Here "sinners" and "saints," too, are wont to repair,
When stints for the morning are o'er,
Their bibliognostical notes to compare
And over their treasures to pore.

Queer bibliomaniac spirits are some;
Some miserly bibliotaphs;
Some bibliopoles with a golden thumb;
Some near-sighted bibliographs.

And here through the long labyrinthian aisles,
That open on book-scented bowers,
There wander, abstracted, these bibliophiles
As bees 'mid Hymettus's flowers.

Then follows an account of the fire. If there is ever a new edition of Mr. Lang and Prof. Brander Matthews's *Ballads of Books* the whole poem should be included.

Bibliographical.

MARK TWAIN'S visit to London, and hearty reception there, turns one's thoughts back to the days when his name first became familiar in our midst. It is not easy to give a date to those days. Apparently the humorist was first represented, in book form, in England by a little collection of sketches headed by "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," in 1867. Then, three years later, came *The New Pilgrim's Progress* and *Innocents Abroad*. In 1871 we had from him *Screamers*, *Eye-Openers*, a *Burlesque Autobiography*, and *A Pleasure-Trip on the Continent*—all through the initiative of the late Mr. J. C. Hotten, and therefore, I should fancy, not authorised by the author. These and other things of Twain's appear to have been collected by Hotten in 1873, and called *Choice Humorous Works*. Messrs. Chatto published the *Choice Works* in 1874, and then we had in 1876 *Tom Sawyer*, and in 1880 *Tramps Abroad*, and so forth. Has there been any uniform edition in England of Mark Twain's writings? If so, I am not acquainted with it; and if not, I may add, the sooner we get it the better.

Somehow the name of Mark Twain recalls that of Charles Dudley Warner, perhaps because the two men wrote *The Gilded Age* together. I see a new novel by Mr. Warner is shortly to be placed in our hands. As a novelist, I should say, he is not particularly well-known in this country, though one of his stories was published here in 1889 and another four or five years ago. I fancy the last book of his circulated among us was *The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote*. The first, if I remember rightly, was *My Summer in a Garden* (in 1871). After

this we had *Back Log Studies*, and *Mummies and Moslems*, and *A Roundabout Journey*, and *Their Pilgrimage*, and so on. A pleasant little book of essays was *As We Were Saying* (1891), through which a gentle humour ran. But the *Summer in a Garden* was what first captured the English reader, and it is by that, I suspect, that Mr. Warner will always be most agreeably remembered.

An "elaborate" annotated edition of Macaulay's Essays—that is among the things that the reading world is promised. Can it be that there is to be a revival of interest in Macaulay, at whom the epithets of "shallow," "inaccurate," "rhetorical" have so long been hurled? It is now fifty-six years since the "Essays" were first collected from the *Edinburgh's* pages and issued in three volumes. In 1850 they were issued in one volume, in 1853 in three, in 1854 in two, and in 1872 in one again. A collection of *Reviews and Essays* appeared in 1875. Later popular editions are those of 1887, 1889 (in the "Minerva Library"), and 1891 (among Sir J. Lubbock's "Hundred"). Foreigners thought highly of the Essays, and they were translated into Italian (1859-1866), French (1862-4), and Spanish (1880). Some of the Essays have been published separately or in little groups over and over again. Never was anything of the kind more calculated for wide popularity; and, after all, they have an historic, if not always a permanent, interest—a fact which keeps them on the library shelves.

Now that we are to have a complete edition of the poems of R. S. Hawker, it may be interesting to note the details of their original, separate publication. They seem to have come in this order: *Pompeii* (1827), *Records of the Western Shore* (1832), *Poems* (including a second series of *Records*, 1836), *Welcome to Prince Albert* (1840), *Ecclesia* (1840), *Echoes from Old Cornwall* (1846), *The Quest of the Sangraal* (privately printed, 1864), and *Cornish Ballads* (including the *Sangraal*, 1869). Of course it is not forgotten that Mr. J. G. Godwin edited a collection of Hawker's *Poetical Works* in 1879, and that the same editor did the same kind office for the *Prose Works* five or six years since.

Announcement is made of a new edition of Ulick Ralph Burke's *History of Spain from the Earliest Times to the Death of Ferdinand*, to be supervised by Mr. Martin Hume, who has himself just written an account of *Modern Spain* for a popular "Library." Burke, in his turn, edited three years ago *The Bible in Spain*, and many remember his useful collection of proverbs from *Don Quixote*, and his historical monograph on *The Great Captain*. The titles of his novels—*Couleur de Rose* and *Beating the Air*—are also remembered, if nothing else is recollected.

Another welcome reprint—that of the sonnets of Mary, Queen of Scots. These appear to have been first printed in England in 1790. There was a collection of her "love-sonnets" in 1824, and of her *Poems in French* in 1873.

We are to have a new book—*Saints' Stories for Children*—from Miss Francesca Alexander, one of whose greatest titles to honour, so far, is that she has published her books directly under the ægis of Mr. Ruskin. First came the *Story of Ida*, in 1883; then *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, about fifteen years ago; then *Christ's Folk in the Apennines* (1886-7). Presumably the new book will not have the advantage of Mr. Ruskin's assistance.

It is rather curious that Mr. Joseph Hatton should have written a story on *The White King of Manoa*. I remember that, when Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Outram Tristram brought out at the Haymarket their play called *The Queen of Manoa*, the story of the fabled city had to be told to playgoers before they could grasp the meaning of the play's title. Even then the play was not a success.

Poor Sir Walter Scott! One more playwright has laid hands on him, and in a day or two a dramatisation of *Quentin Durward* will be performed in a theatre not far from London.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Was Shakespeare a Catholic?

The Religion of Shakespeare. By Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. (Burns & Oates. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book, as Father Bowden tells us, is chiefly from the writings of the late Mr. Richard Simpson. Three chapters are pointed out as Father Bowden's own work; the rest is mainly Mr. Simpson's. But this "mainly" does not permit us to distinguish precisely the voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau; therefore, by way of convenience, we shall usually refer to Father Bowden as the author, since he makes himself responsible for the opinions. It is a curious book. Mr. Simpson was a competent Shakespearean, and its scholarship, therefore, is sound. But it is a monument of undaunted special pleading. Its object is to show that Shakespeare—already demonstrated to have been a player, a lawyer, an archer, a Puritan, and things beyond count—was a Catholic too. It has a point worth noting, an amusing side, and a serious side. We shall take the serious side last, and note first the point worth noting.

This one point Father Bowden—or Mr. Simpson—seems to us really to have made. There is a sense in which Carlyle pronounced that Catholicism "gave us English a Shakespeare and Era of Shakespeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism," after Catholicism itself had been abolished so far as law could abolish it. Anything which throws light on Shakespeare's Catholicism in this (nowise Father Bowden's) sense is welcome. It was accountable enough already. The Reformation had been but a few years finally established. During the first eleven years of Elizabeth there were no penal laws, or none to speak of, against the adherents to the old faith: even when the papal excommunication caused such to be promulgated, they were executed according to the temper of the various districts, and with increasing apathy according to the scale of miles from the London centre. The thorough Reformation made sleepy way in many a country district; there, for some time, it was a kind of doubtful twilight, doubtful and dormant, between the old and the new creeds—not yet very differentiated to the rustic eye. Your flower, torn from its root, blossoms excellently in water—for a time; and the old creed, sundered from Rome, seemed still much as it had been in these country places. Here is reason enough for what Carlyle recognises as the Catholic element in Shakespeare: his knowledge of the spirit, ways, ceremonies of the old faith; even his application of much in its ethical and other teaching. England, depapalised, was not yet Puritanised. But Father Bowden does suggest a possible further reason, connected with Shakespeare's parentage. His mother, Mary Arden, came of a still notably Catholic family. It seems quite probable that she should have been herself Catholic; but there is no positive evidence either way. His father is not so probable, but a doubtful quantity. He was a member of the Stratford Corporation during the Marian persecution—likely enough Catholic then. Whether he conformed under Elizabeth no evidence shows. It was quite possible for him to escape conforming, owing to early toleration, and after local lenience. He was presented in a list of neighbouring recusants—under the heading, however, of those who kept from church under excuse of debt, &c. Of course, Father Bowden will have this a mere excuse. But we know that his fortunes were actually falling for some time before; therefore the reason seems fair enough. As to this very failure, sales of property and so forth, Father Bowden contends that it was a device commonly used by recusants to keep their property. They transferred it nominally to others, who really acted as trustees, in order to evade the new laws against the holding of property by Papists. He points, in support, to the smallness of the sums given for considerable quantities of property.

Only an expert could decide whether the sums are really so small as to warrant the suspicion of nominal and unreal sale. Of course, the fact is certain; and such holding of property in the name of others is still practised by Catholic religious communities in the States, for instance—sometimes with the result that the trusted individual absconds with the money (having the windy side of the law) and converts his nominal into real ownership. As for the *Spiritual Will* of Shakespeare *père*, it is too challenged a document for a backbone to any case. Result: young Shakespeare was brought up under a probably Catholic mother; and a father dubious, noways demonstrable as fish or flesh, crypto-Catholic or conforming Protestant—one who in the French Revolution might have been *marquet*; but either way unlikely, it should seem, to have been a Puritan, one of the thorough new-Reforming and iconoclastic spirit. Father Bowden likewise advances the presence in the plays of many Warwickshire recusants' names as showing what company Shakespeare kept in his youth: Gower, Fluellen, Bates, Court, Bardolph, Boult. Now, Gower and Fluellen are honest gentlemen; Bates and Court we should take by the hand wheresoever we met them. But poor Bardolph, bottle-nosed alehouse-sign, of the wheelks and bubucles; Boult, of the infamous function, unnamable—not of good report these, for Catholicism or the youth Shakespeare. Had not Father Bowden better have left this nest unstirred? Or "one Visor," a knave by confession of staunch and little-scrupulous friend Davy—must he too be considered an intimate of young Shakespeare? For he, too, is identified by vigilant commentators with the Stratford environment. Nevertheless, here, we think, is a plausible light on Shakespeare's early training, further explaining why he was a "blossom of Catholicism" in that spacious—if you will, loose—Carlylian sense.

But in this literal, strict Bowden-sense! Shakespearean commentators with a pocket-theory (there should be a licence to carry pocket-theories or pocket-revolvers, both weapons of uncertain and dangerous use) are adepts in bringing surprising meanings out of a Shakespeare text, as you conjure remarkable oddities out of an empty hat. But this Bowden-Simpson union of forces easily surpasses them: leaves them and the reader gasping. At the very outset we are asked to observe, as a proof of Shakespeare's Catholicism (mark you), how he employs Catholic vestments and ritual as symbols of "things high, pure, and true." Why, think you? Because he makes wily old Henry IV. remark that he kept his

Presence like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wondered at.

A phrase which as much recalls heathen as Catholic sacerdotal pomp, which might be drawn by a modern poet from a modern Archbishop of Canterbury, or from reading; in any case, what a casual, unsignifying image for such a portentous conclusion! Unbelievers employ such daily. The speech of Lorenzo about the stars, "still quiring to the young-eyed cherubin," and the rest, must be a proof. We admit it need not have been drawn solely from Montaigne. It was "the tradition of fifteen centuries," as Father Bowden says; and of heathen antiquity before that. Why need Shakespeare have been a Catholic, therefore, because he employed a tradition common to Christian and Pagan? But these are trifles. More remains behind. The monasteries were destroyed through avarice; therefore Simon's tirade against "gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold," must be Shakespeare's protest against the avaricious spirit of the Reformation. Nay, is it not clenched by the detail that "this yellow slave," as Shakespeare says, "will knit and break religions"? Could you desire more significance, better ammunition for your pocket-theory? The theory is all; a true philosopher's stone, it will convert the unlikely-seeming passage into right Catholic gold. Even more curious perversion is that of the Countess's speech in

"All's Well that Ends Well," regarding Bertram's desertion of his wife:

What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband! He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.

"Helen," supposes the ordinary reader, "of whose gracious virtue the Countess has such an enthusiastic conception." "Helen!" answers Father Bowden. "Nay, nothing less than the Virgin! Prayer to the Virgin!" In such manner, it is clear, our surprised Shakespeare may quickly find himself Catholicised out of his own mouth. Thus, again, when it is said that Desdemona could persuade Othello

To renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,

it shows that Othello is represented as a Catholic. Naturally, for he lived in a Catholic country; though we cannot see how the passage demonstrates it. But we are further told that everything of a Protestant or Calvinistic tendency is put into the mouths of Iago or the drunken Cassio—witness the utterance of the festive lieutenant: "Well, Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and souls must not be saved"; and again, "The lieutenant must be saved before the ancient." "Calvinism, predestination!" says Father Bowden. It is not meant for humour, reader, as you might well suppose; it is solemn want of humour. We could pile up such amazing and amusing inferences from the poet's text. "Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!" exclaims Juliet's nurse; and this, with old Gobbo's "My boy, rest his soul!" Hamlet's "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" and a handful of like customary ejaculations, dramatically put into various mouths, are cited as proof that Shakespeare believed in prayer for the dead. Nay, one supreme morsel, and we have done with this extraordinary feature of the book. Portio says playfully to her lover:

"Aye, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
When men enforced do speak anything."

Father Bowden actually demands, with all gravity: "Is not this an expression of contemptuous disbelief in all the evidence upon which so many pretended Papist conspirators suffered the death of traitors in the days of Shakespeare?" Where cannot such an eye spy Catholicism? Could the pocket-theory go further?

For the rest, Father Bowden's first chapter really shows nothing more than that the poet was no Puritan, no conventional Reformation Protestant—which we think undeniable, but it goes no whit to prove him a Catholic. Nay, the author damages his own case by showing that Spenser wrote on similar lines—whom no one, not Father Bowden, ventures to call a Catholic. He goes on to analyse Shakespeare's ethics at length, with much exaggeration and special pleading; seeing in the description of the "solemn and unearthly" temple-sacrifice at Delphi (in the "Winter's Tale") an indirect reference to the sacrifice of the Mass! Stripped of such things, all he proves is that Shakespeare had a lofty system of ethics, especially in regard to love, having affinities with Dante, yea, and Spenser.

It is nearer Catholicism than the conventional Protestantism of his day. We have seen how that should arise, and it no way proves his acceptance of the Catholic creed, any more than in Spenser's case. There was a Renaissance spirit, neither Catholic nor material-pagan, which recognised these high and spiritual ethics. Spenser, for example, is Platonist; and Shakespeare's philosophy might be that of a lofty Greek who had come under Christian influences. Our author has to explain away Pandolph's speech, blessing in the name of the Church any hand that shall take King John's life, by the gratuitous assumption that the poet inserted it through

fear of his life, if he left no Protestant bit to please Elizabeth!

There is no real evidence in fine, but stretched assumption and special pleading. The strongest argument really brought is the absence of attack on Catholicism from the plays, and the fact that the poet, in recasting the old play of "King John," struck out anti-Catholic scurrilities, which merely shows that the poet was a fine artist and a gentleman. It is also remarkable, we might point out, how he distinguishes himself from his fellow dramatists by his handling of the Jew Shylock. Compare it with Marlowe's Barabbas. See how Shakespeare has eliminated mere racial scurrility and humanised his Jew, making the character indeed as much an indictment of Christian persecution as of the individual Jew, made vengeful by incessant wrongs. Nowhere does Shakespeare cast wanton insult on the Jews. Extend Father Bowden's argument and a new solution comes in sight. Was Shakespeare a secret proselyte of Judaism? We confidently await a book to prove it. Surely some faddist is equal to the task!

Eton's Elder Sister.

A History of Winchester College. By Arthur F. Leach. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

THE eminent French ecclesiastic who has lately been studying the English Public School system is reported to have said that Winchester excelled in patriotism: the Wykehamists whom he met, old and young, seemed to him filled with the spirit of *civis Romanus sum*, "a citizen of no mean city." There are many admirable books upon Winchester College, both historical and personal: it is rich in chroniclers and records. But there was room for such a book as the present work by Mr. Leach. It is a concise history in some five hundred pages, which are richly learned and patriotic and sober. Two drawbacks there are to our complete enjoyment of the history. One is Mr. Leach's strange lack of amenity in style and tone when he touches upon Catholicism. Possibly he is not aware that among his living fellow-Wykehamists there are Roman Catholics who will be deeply distressed by his frequent and flippant discourtesy of allusion to their founder's faith. This sometimes leads him into unwarrantable disparagements. Thus, he writes of the illustrious Elizabethan Wykehamist, Stapleton, that he "produced sundry dead controversial works which occupy the disproportionate space of two columns in *The Dictionary of National Biography*." That biographer knew what he was doing. No less famous a scholar than Dollinger has pronounced Stapleton to be the greatest champion of Catholicism in the whole Protestant controversy up to our times. This is not the man for Mr. Leach to dismiss with a brief sneer. Passing from this painful aspect of the book, we turn to the only other flaw of importance. Mr. Leach is very weak in literary criticism. A writer who can speak of being "unfortunate enough to be compelled to read the *Georgics* . . . that terrible effort of Virgil's," puts himself out of court. No one would gather from Mr. Leach that Sir Thomas Browne is simply unsurpassed as a master of English prose; and it is exasperating to be told that the *Religio Medici* is "probably more talked about than read." The same foolish phrase occurs in an amazing sentence upon Otway: "The only first-class poet that Winchester ever produced, but, being a dramatist, no one reads him now." The tender Otway—"Sir, he is all tenderness," said Johnson to Goldsmith—is emphatically not in the first flight of poets; and he is far below Winchester's one great poet, Collins, to whom Mr. Leach assigns a wrong birthplace, and to whose aerial genius he is entirely blind. Mr. Swinburne's essay upon Collins says, in modern style, what Johnson said before him, that Collins is greater than Gray, and among the masters

of English music in verse. Browne and Collins are the two literary heroes with whom Winchester, when challenged, can face the field. We find no appreciation of Bowles as a poetical influence; no adequate recognition of young Russell, so nobly praised by Landor; no notice of Ken's writings. The following are ignored altogether: Spence, author of *Polymetis*, to whose "Anecdotes" we owe so much knowledge of Pope and an host of great men; "Virgil" Pitt; the rather scandalous Bubb Dodington; Flatman, poet, painter, barrister, from whose verse Pope stole; Woodhull, translator of "Euripides"; John Norris, platonist and poet, Henry More's friend, George Herbert's successor; Ambrose Phillips, mocked by Pope, admired by Lamb; the learned, unhappy Lydiat, immortalised in Johnson's line; the delightful and egregious Tom Coryat, of Oldcombe, that notable figure in literature; Serjeant Hoskyns, as much beloved by Ben Jonson and his "sons" as Coryat was ridiculed; that interesting poet Turberville; of earlier date, the eccentric Andrew Borde; the classic Lemprière; Dr. Nott, editor of Surrey and Wyat; Augustus Hare and Richard Ford; these are examples of omissions which a page or two might have supplied. There is no mention of Matthew Arnold's year at Winchester; of Dr. Johnson's visits to Warton at Winchester; of the fact that Cardinal Newman nearly became a Wykehamist. "Ideal Ward" is rapidly dismissed—we are not told, of this great Wykehamical philosopher, that he lived to be acknowledged by Comte and Mill as their ablest antagonist. These are not serious shortcomings, yet they detract from our pleasure in Mr. Leach's work. Among omissions not literary we may note the strange absence of all reference to the Soudanese hero, Sir Herbert Stewart, and his recent memorial at Winchester; to the College Missions, first in London, then in Portsmouth, where Mr. Dolling achieved such wonderful success; to the annual Wykehamist dinner in London, and the frequent similar gatherings in other places, notably India; and to the far-famed Wykehamical motto, "Manners Makyth Man."

Unquestionably, it is in the history of Winchester before the Reformation, and in that of mediæval scholastic foundations or systems generally, that Mr. Leach is at his best and strongest and most at home. Here he has the knowledge of an expert, the interest of a specialist. No blind patriotism leads him to magnify William of Wykeham's achievement at the expense of truth or probability. He thus sums up what Wykeham did for English education, five hundred years ago, in founding Eton's elder sister:

Winchester College, while no novelty in itself, either in being a foundation for secular clerks, and not for monks, or in being a collegiate church with a grammar school attached, or in being a preparatory school for a University college, or even in its designed numbers, or the admission of Commoners and those of the higher ranks, was yet by virtue of its combination of all these characteristics on a grander scale than had yet been seen, a new departure, and the first of Public Schools, as that term is now understood.

Each phrase in this luminous paragraph implies careful research, each is abundantly and, to our thinking, conclusively illustrated in Mr. Leach's earlier chapters. And their conclusions confirm what has always been our view or estimate of the Founder's character. No Wykehamist fails to regard him with reverential gratitude and affection; but can he be regarded as one of the great outstanding mediæval Englishmen who, for good or bad, impressed their genius upon their times? Most wise, most practical, most pious, he is rather a "worthy" than a "genius"—a worthy in Fuller's sense of the word, which was nobler than ours; a man of worth. There is not in Wykeham that strain of strangeness which runs through genius, nothing unaccountable in the last analysis; but he saw the needs of his time, he discerned the best features of existing institutions, and knew how best to combine, transform,

accommodate them to his own purpose. No innovator, but a conservative, he improved upon the materials to his hand, and wrought with so prescient a wisdom that his work lasted and abides, and served for a model to like works done after him. Greater men than he have left nothing behind them. Wykeham's generous common sense and liberality of mind will be working and living in his college when the celebration of its millennium shall have come. Winchester, at the lowest ebb of her fortunes, has had in her, latent but alive, the spirit and inspiring sense of historic continuity, and, if the term be not too strong, of national responsibility. You may be proud to be English, proud to be of such or such a family or county, proud to be of such or such a profession; but if you are a Wykehamist, that is not the least of your prides, and it will never leave you. Mr. Leach admirably brings out the rational source of this instinctive emotion as he passes from age to age; and the public school sentiment is among the best and most vital of English feelings. The corporate life, reaching back into the past and animating the present, which is the soul of nationality, is also the soul of all lesser community, and the Wykehamist has a splendid share of it.

Mr. Leach's later chapters, with their personal reminiscence and happy anecdote, their reproduction of school life, as recent generations have known it, could hardly be bettered. In a book intended not solely for Wykehamists, but for the public at large, he has possibly included too much that can be of little or no interest to the public; but, if so, it is *felix culpa*. He certainly succeeds in suggesting the wonderful *happiness* of Winchester, which makes a Wykehamist's schooldays golden to remember, without any of that touching sentimentality which inclines us to glorify even an unhappy past; and we are largely with him in believing that the Winchester of older days was not the home of brutal misery which it has sometimes been deemed. We have had accounts of it, like

a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of "men. . . ."

but we believe them, in large measure, to be the complaints of those who were wholly unfitted for a public school life, such as Sidney Smith and a distinguished Wykehamist, whom Mr. Leach does not mention, Anthony Trollope. There have been, from time to time, notably in the last quarter of the last century, and the early part of this, "ignorances and negligences" upon the part of authority: inattention to petty details, which caused real and culpable discomfort. But the ultra-Spartan Winchester of torturings and wailings and starvation is a fiction: the College shared with all other eighteenth century institutions and corporations the discredit of gross lethargic abuses, the accumulation of time; but at no period did the boys regard it as a superior Dotheboys' Hall. A few did: but they were out of place, either physically or by temperament unfit for it.

We have done no kind of justice to the special learning of Mr. Leach: an attempt to do that would fill these columns with minute arguments upon a multitude of archaeological and other topics, for which they are not meant. We will but give thanks for a book, which in most points seems trustworthy and impartial, which is a credit to Winchester, and which brings back to us, not only our own Winchester "days that are no more," but the great five hundred years of her history, which are living yet in the heart and soul of every Wykehamist in all that is best in him. A last word: Mr. Leach proposes to abolish the gown worn by "College men." The present writer is ignorant of the present feeling about that among College men to-day; but assuredly, if Mr. Leach had entered Chamber Court some twenty years ago to make that proposal, College men would have risen as one man.

Mr. Laurence Housman's Poems.

The Little Land. By Laurence Housman. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THE joy of youth in the fair world and its own fair dreams is surely an excellent good thing, and right glad are we to have it. But with the passing of youth passes also this young love-light on the world: "Pan, Pan is dead." The question is, Will the poet (as poet) die with him, or will Apollo succeed to Pan? Has the poet—in plainer words—such substantive backbone of intellect as will compensate for the passing of youth's fancies and its unpalled perceptions of outward things? For lack of this, much young poetry does, at thirty or so, run out and leave mere lees or total vacuity. It is a hopeful thing for Mr. Laurence Housman that he has intellect—has, as we say, ideas not frequent, alas! in modern verse! His defect, on the other hand, might well be another poet's strength. Fulness of life and verbal gift united with Mr. Housman's thought would make a very fine poet. Mr. Housman lacks a sufficiency of the poetic fervour; he lacks compelling gift of language and sense of form. We could conceive his lines being worded otherwise than they are, very often, and this should not be. His present book has for us a curious feature of interest. He lately published a volume of religious poems quite striking and individual in its best work. Now he gives us a volume mostly of secular pieces, and we confess ourselves mostly disappointed. The opening section is by way of being young and fanciful. But the fancy is too arbitrary, too wilfully ingenious; it is less like the gambols of a tricky spirit than the cutting of fantastic paper-shapes with a pair of scissors. It is a kite too obviously string-tethered, not a bird. The second section, chiefly sonnets, is thoughtful love-poetry, showing a Shakespearean model. But here, again, the thought is too thin, without body, with no strong wing of emotion to lift it. He has caught rather some echo of Shakespeare's worse sonnet-style, with its conceits (in the modern sense) and wire-drawn ingenuities. There are exceptions—this, "Of Holy Obedience," has a grace:

Dear love, but read me right and reckon true
How love of thee hath featured all my mind;
Till in my will 'tis thine that I pursue,
And in my face thy looks I wish to find.
For having eyes that worship at thine eyes,
And senses all to thy clear guidance bent,
Even as a pool takes colour from the skies
So from thy grace hath grace to me been lent.
Yea, by this test I in my own love stand,
And out of mine own self get touch with thee:
Because my hand hath rested on thy hand
Therefore is its poor use grown sweet to me;
And for my lips, since they thy word obey,
Then I love too, but in another way.

This is what Mr. Housman aims at throughout these sonnets; but he does not often so succeed.

In the later portion of the book, however, Mr. Housman touches the religious note, and falls into the mood of questions deep and eternal. The change is no less marked in the quality of his verse; we at once feel the hand we knew in his former volume. It is a curious phenomenon, as we have said. It would seem that Mr. Housman, contrary to the general law, succeeds in religious poetry, and is unsure of touch in more secular verse. Listen to this individual and arresting "Cupid and Christ":

Quick came Cupid near to Christ,
At His feet laid down his bow:
"See, Thy love hath all sufficed!
Burning in its heat and glow.
Mortal hearts grow fired and iced:
Blunted, now, my weapons show.
Take my arrows, let me go!
Vainly now were hearts enticed."
Christ said, "No!"

"Take thine arrows, take them up!
From My feet take up thy bow!
All that thou hast doffed, now dup!
Little will My people know,
How My love hath drained their cup,
Shoot thine arrows, let them go!
On the hearts I cherish so,
Thou mayst yet break fast and sup."
Cried Cupid, "No!"
"Ah!" spake Christ, "and shall their shame
Shorten-in thy little day?
While I wait, 'tis all the same:
If they yet can make thee gay
Have thy pleasure, play thy game!
Little wounds shall lead the way
Where, at last, My wounds may stay:
Flickering sparks may kindle flame.
Run, and play!"
Cupid, as the Other bade,
Took his arrows back, and played.
Every arrow that he sends
Mars a heart the Other mends.
But, ere forth upon that raid,
Once his heart to Christ's he laid,
Murmuring, yet half afraid—
"After, when the playing ends,
When grow well the wounds I've made,
We'll be friends!"

No less excellent are many of the poems in the latter pages. Altogether, a singularly unequal book, in the way we have indicated; yet well worth the attention of all lovers of poetry.

By Cumbria's Lakes and Fells.

Life and Nature at the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. (Maclehose & Sons. 5s. net.)

Sproques on the Fells. By A. W. Rumney. (Iliffe, Sons, & Sturmev. 6d.)

Annals of the Solway until A.D. 1307. By George Neilson. (Maclehose & Sons.)

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the test of a book of topographical sentiment is its power to annul the necessity to visit the places it describes. It should, in fact, take us thither, fill our lungs with its air, and make its landscapes real to us. And, in the end, it should leave the impression of a criticism of life with a local flavour. Not many books achieve this standard, but Canon Rawnsley's at least comes within sight of it. It is full of love and knowledge, and it does for the natural beauty and rural humanities of the Lake District what his earlier book, fresh in the minds of many, did for its literary associations.

There we consorted with poets and essayists, here we have shepherds and Grasmere wrestlers. In the first chapter we learn all about the rush-bearing at Ambleside, on St. Anne's day, when the villagers take, or used to take, clean rushes with which to strew the church floor. Still the procession goes, the band playing furiously; still the "rush-bearing hymn" is sung, and then there are dancing and wrestling and see-sawing and swinging, "till the last light fades from Windermere, and the clouds come down to rest until the moon rises upon Red Screes and Scandale Head."

Always those glorious environments! Always Nature gently dismissing the revellers! It is so at Greta Side on May Day so soon as the dancing and junketting have a little palled. Then the old folks sum up the day with: "It's auld times coom agean, hooiver," or: "It's finest May Day we shall iver see"; and while the villagers disperse homeward, Nature's sinking pageant goes with them. "The westering sun fills the heaven over Bassenthwaite with gold. Helvellyn lies an unbroken length of half-veiled, half-lustrous light. Skiddaw gleams like 'the flashing of

a shield.' The rooks come cawing over towards the Great Wood merrily."

Canon Rawnsley is hail-fellow-well-met with the shepherds on Helvellyn. Behold, it is Shepherds' Assembly, and from all the dales and fells around the shepherds are meeting to exchange sheep that have strayed into alien flocks. The pastures on Helvellyn have no dividing walls or hedges, but every shepherd knows his "heaf," and the very sheep are taught to know, in the main, these intangible boundaries. The few silly sheep which stray beyond them are instantly recognised, and the honour and freemasonry of the shepherds has decreed this Assembly as a means of rectifying matters. Thither you shall see a shepherd trudging for miles with a lamb on his shoulders; and from all sides the strayed sheep are driven or carried by the shepherds, who meet on some noble height—often above the clouds—to make their exchanges, and to talk, and feast, and hearten each other in the shepherd's life. As their song has it:

Well met are the shepherds from Wythburn and Naddle,
From Matterdale, Patterdale, far, far away;
Well met are the sheep who, in spite of the ruddle,
And ear-bit and flank-smit have wandered astray.

Here's luck to the shepherd of misty Helvellyn,
And joy to the shepherd-lad, trusty and brave;
And life to them all, for there's none can be telling
How soon each may rest in a fell-shepherd's grave.

Thus Canon Rawnsley takes us to the heart of Cumbrian life. Nor does he forget to tell us of the little-known effects which the town-dweller—who must make holiday in the summer—rarely sees. There are two fortnights in the year when there are grand "goings on" in the heavens and few to notice them. One is the last week in April and the first week in May; the other is the last fortnight in October. Concerning the October pageant we read:

Truly there is a witchery over hill and dale at this season. Very softly, as the sun comes rolling over Helvellyn, the vapours swim up from Derwentwater, and the white smoky clouds rise out of the trench of the St. John's Vale and disperse themselves in sunny air. The little town of Keswick breathes up almost straight to heaven its quiet fireside story of the morning meal. Then the fires seem to die down, the mist of the vale and the smoke of the village pass quite away, and are forgot; and over all the landscape, from Blencathra to Skiddaw, to the height of Grassmoor and Whiteside, stands for the rest of the day a steady sky of softest, delicatest grey. Towards the afternoon the sky of pale blue becomes flecked with the fleeciast and curliest of cloud-tresses. The raven circles up and barks like a spectral-winged dog from the far heights of heaven. The buzzard wheels and cries in sheer delight for the sunshine and the calm, and as he whirrs down from Falcon Crag the sun strikes through his wings and turns him into molten gold.

We cannot quote the passages which tell how, "with every shade of hue from emerald to ruby, the pomp of foliage swept down to Derwentwater," or how, when sunset came, "Causey and Grisedale glowed like incandescent amethyst, as though they were not solid earth, but mountain masses of red-hot purple vapour," and "the heron called for joy with his sharp nasal twang as he sailed through the sunset," and "the sound of the ceaseless brook in the Great Wood murmured on through the twilight."

Canon Rawnsley does not make the mistake of giving us too much scenery. Against the passages we have just quoted one can put much local practical stuff; for example, his description of the sheep-dog trials at Troutbeck. We have said enough to show that this is a capital book of its kind.

Mr. Rumney's *Sprogues on the Fells* is a pretty trifle of topography and local lore. "Sprogue" is Cumbrian for a ramble. Perhaps the best "sprogue" is the one in which

Mr. Rumney joined a boundary-riding arranged by a new landowner. There is a deal of humour in such an occasion: the flagman leading the way up hillside and brawling stream, the steward stopping now and then to read documents aloud or quote Chancery suits to his miscellaneous followers whom he persists in addressing as "ancient and disinterested persons." Slight as Mr. Rumney's performance is, it is on the right lines, and its very slightness is a recommendation.

Mr. Neilson's *Annals of the Solway* is an example of unobtrusive work by a local topographer. Not that Mr. Neilson is a novice. His works on the Roman Wall, the Border Peels, and Annandale are valued by antiquaries. Mr. Neilson has now turned to the Solway, and he has amassed a large quantity of sound and detailed information, which he has set forth in a very modest number of pages. No one who has looked across the Solway from, let us say, Silloth, on the Cumberland coast, can fail to catch some hint of the rough and warlike days which have passed over that bare and often desolate estuary. Mr. Neilson has groped in the darkness of Roman and Saxon times for early facts about the Solway, and if he is often forced to conjecture, he conjectures well. No "Solway" was known to the Romans, but the upper part of the estuary was probably referred to under the name of the Itouna. Only in the thirteenth century does the name of Solway occur distinctly. Camden speaks of a town called Solway, yet no such town name can be traced outside of his *Britannia*. Mr. Neilson's belief, which he supports with several reasons, is that the Solway was originally a ford across the mouth of the river Esk. A ford was often far more important to inhabitants than the estuary it crossed; and this character of a ford, a meeting-place between England and Scotland, dominates the whole history of the estuary.

Howbeit, long before the thirteenth century the Solway played its part in the religious drama of Northumbria and Iona. Up its chill waters sailed Adamnan, an emissary of the Irish Christian, to interview Aldfrid of Northumbria. To this day we can read Adamnan's impressions of the Tracht Romra (the shore of the strong tide), as the estuary was called. In picturesque and curiously familiar words he wrote:

The strand is long and the flood rapid, so rapid that if the best steed in Saxonland, ridden by the best horseman, were to start from the edge of the tide when the tide begins to flow, he could only bring his rider ashore by swimming, so extensive is the strand and so impetuous the tide.

This impetuosity of the tide is the familiar fact about the Solway. Mr. Neilson, who is a writer as well as a scholar, describes it well:

As one walks along the marsh skirting the river, a quiet, sibilant, but penetrating sound from the sea is the announcement of a wave racing up the Eden. A line of advancing foam breaks gently on each side of the sandy channel. In a few minutes, where before was a narrow current of fresh water with a wide margin of sand, there is a broad volume of brine, and the estuary of the Eden is flowing from "bank to brae." In the winter the scene, impressive under any conditions, is much intensified, especially if the tide is high and there is a southerly gale behind. Then the sea approaches with great speed, gaining as it goes; the wave is white with tumbling foam: a great curve of broken surf follows in its wake: and the white horses of the Solway ride in to the end of their long gallop from the Irish Sea with a deep and angry roar.

The historic catastrophe occurred in the year 1216, when an army of Alexander II. attempted to re-cross the Solway with the spoils of Holme Cultram Abbey. The tide overtook them and 1,900 men were swept away. Mr. Neilson devotes much of his space to the part which the Solway played in the wars of Edward I.

The now tiny and lonesome hamlet of Skinburness was a busy port and a basis of war supplies when Silloth (Sealath) was a barn. An astonishing catalogue of war-ships which operated in the Solway in the year 1300 is given by Mr. Neilson, whose book, a sound and skilful piece of work, should find many local readers.

Why Bismarck Was Left to Unite Germany.

The Mediæval Empire. By Herbert Fisher. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

In this work Mr. Herbert Fisher offers us neither a history, properly called, nor yet merely a disquisition on history; but, in truth, something which is very much a mixture of both. It belongs to a class quite modern, the outcome of the philosophical method applied to history; and might well take by surprise the confiding reader who purchased under the assumption, fully warranted by its general and outward aspect, that he was purchasing a history of the mediæval German Empire. It blends history with inquiry; enough history to give a basis for the inquiry, enough inquiry to give a *raison d'être* for the history. Or, to drop antithesis and get to business, Mr. Fisher has a thesis with regard to the causes why the empire failed; and he summarises its history sufficiently to afford a groundwork for his examination and the conclusions which he draws from that examination. The book therefore presupposes in its reader a previous acquaintance with the general history of the mediæval empire. And we may be suffered to lament in passing that there is no good and scholarly history of Germany in the English language on a scale adequate to the subject. Why do none of our historical students occupy themselves to meet this want? Why have we no such work, in fact, dealing with the complete history of Austria, or Spain, no less than of Germany? One would think that cultured Englishmen had no historical interest in any nations save France and Italy.

But though Mr. Fisher makes this demand his summary is very able and clear; so that it is quite possible, with a little pains, to follow his views intelligently even without such a previous knowledge. It is excellently adapted to his purpose, entering into detailed statement precisely where it is necessary for the comprehension of his thesis; and he shows, moreover, a knowledge of the difficult art, how to omit and where to omit judiciously, so necessary to special historical treatment of this kind. His view is, briefly, that the Empire failed because it was a huge anachronism, because the emperors were misled by the will-o'-the-wisp of restoring the Roman world-empire. This leads him into a complete reversal of the ordinary estimates which historians have made of the several German emperors. Not Otto the Great, not Henry the IV., not Barbarossa and the mighty Hohenstauffens, but the generally reviled and bemeaned home-keeping emperors were, in his view, the enlightened rulers. The very ability of the others was their ruin, and the ruin of Germany, by tempting them to exercise it in pushing the empire beyond the Alps. This inevitably led to the transference of the seat of empire beyond the Alps, and so postponed for ages the unification of Germany. To support their Italian enterprises they needed men and treasure. These ought to have come from Germany, but Germany was not united. Every duke was a semi-independent prince. There was thus no fixed seat of empire in Germany. One emperor, indeed, attempted to identify the empire with Saxony. But the very steps he took to accomplish this admirable purpose were so injudiciously contrived as to rouse Saxony against him, and begin the long struggle between Saxony and the empire which, through many metamorphoses and under many disguises,

finally passed into the disastrous feud of the Guelphs and Ghibellines (or, as Mr. Fisher, true to the Teutonic forms, prefers to call them, Welfs and Wibelins). There were only two resources left—either a seat of empire might be founded in the Danube provinces or it must be sought in Italy. The emperors left the former ultimately to be achieved by the House of Austria, and ruinously chose the latter. They first tried to seat themselves in Lombardy; and, expelled thence by the defeat of Legnano, established themselves in the Norman kingdom of Sicily. The seat of the Germanic Empire was carried out of Germany; ceased, in fact, to be German. The German princelings were left to strengthen themselves in their independence; and when the Hohenstauffen line, miserably baffled in its Sicilian designs on Italy, ingloriously faded out, there followed interregnum, anarchy, and the stereotyping for ages of a disunited Germany. The true policy of a German emperor was to have stayed at home and worked, as the French kings worked, for the union of his country. He should have left the Holy Roman Empire to go to the devil; he should not have left Germany to go to the devil. But the latter is precisely what Barbarossa and his successors did.

This is the main thesis which Mr. Fisher supports with admirable cogency by a convincing examination of the historical facts, from Otto the Great to the last Hohenstauffen. The political and fiscal system of the chief emperors is investigated luminously, both in Germany and Italy. Excellent and instructive maps accompany the work, the ability and interest of which should commend it to all historical students. To our mind, Mr. Fisher proves his case up to the hilt.

Books under the Cæsars.

Roman Life under the Cæsars. By Emile Thomas. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a fairly competent, though by no means perfect, translation of a book which appeared in French a year or two ago. It is adapted rather for the general reader than for the student. Prof. Thomas has a wide acquaintance with the literature of his subject, and has made particularly good use of the *Historia Augusta* and of Friedländer's *Sittengeschichte Roms*, but he by no means brings to bear either the power of co-ordinating detail or the luminous width of historical conception which characterise, for instance, Prof. Dill's book recently reviewed in these columns. His chapters, though written in a lively fashion, and full of interesting and picturesque archæology, piece together rather into a mosaic than into an articulate social study. And the attempt to include in one survey the Roman life of several successive centuries is hardly consistent with scientific history. Prof. Dill more wisely limited himself to a well-defined epoch. The contents of the book may be briefly summarised. It opens with topographical chapters on Pompeii, the Forum of Rome, and the Palatine Hill. Then come descriptions of various sides of social life, amusements, gifts, funerals, and wills; then studies of the Roman attitude to country life, of education and bookselling at Rome, of the position of art and moral philosophy. Military matters are next considered, and the composition and life of the African legion taken as an example of the rest. A discussion of the barbarians of Germany and a sketch of "a typical Roman of the Empire," Pliny the Younger—not a bad choice—complete the work. The section on book-production contains some interesting facts. It is always a little difficult to realise how numerous the books of the Roman world were. Dictation to a number of slave copyists must have been nearly as cheap a way of multiplying literature as printing. A pamphlet of poetry could be sold for a few pence. Libraries of two thousand books or so were common. A third-century physician, Serenus Sammonicus, had sixty-

two thousand, and the great public library of Alexandria is variously estimated as containing from four hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand. These were, of course, rolls of papyrus or parchment on painted or gilded rollers. The Dryasdust scholar buried under his pile of erudition, and the empty-headed collector of the outsides of books, were as familiar to the Romans as to ourselves. M. Thomas describes the arrangement of a Roman library as follows:

The rolls were placed in cupboards (*armaria*). On the door, or on top of each cupboard, a portrait of the author whose works were contained in it was fixed in a sort of frame or medallion, in accordance with a custom which dated back to the time of Varro or Pollio. In the library itself were placed statues, bearing on their pedestals either summarised catalogues or bibliographical notices or portraits: if the latter, care was taken to secure good likenesses, copies being made either at Rome or in the author's native country. Then there were mosaics (*lapilla*), terra-cotta statuettes, pastels (*ceva discolora*) representing poets and orators. In the great libraries there were separate divisions for Greek and Latin literature. The works were further subdivided according to subject—law, medicine, geography, philosophy, theology, &c.

The three great Imperial libraries, the Octavian, the Tiberian, and the Palatine, were all burnt before the end of the fourth century. Probably the library founded by Pope Damasus in the basilica of St. Lorenzo closely resembles the classical type.

A Recondite Inquiry.

Yule and Christmas, their Place in the Germanic Year. By Alexander Tille, Ph.D. (Nutt.)

DR. TILLE is known in this country as a propagator of Nietzscheanism, but he is also no mean authority on questions of Germanic archaeology. *Yule and Christmas* is really a restatement, with amplified learning, of part of the argument contained in an earlier work on the history of the German Christmas, published at Leipzig. To the historian and the folk-lorist, who can read footnotes and tackle the scientific treatment of philology, every page of the learned and logical volume will be of interest. The evidence as to the evolution of the Germanic year which Dr. Tille has brought together is both rich and well-weighed; but the plain man will probably be willing to content himself with Dr. Tille's conclusions. We do not quite go along with all of these. We doubt, for instance, whether the primitive division of the year into summer and winter was a division into exact halves, so that it would be any use looking for an early seasonal feast about the middle of May, which should correspond to the beginning of winter feast about the middle of November. We take it that the normal agricultural summer covered two-thirds of the year, from February or March to November, and that the remaining third was left for winter. Subsequently a great religious ceremony, intended to secure the welfare of the growing crops, divided the summer into early summer or spring and late summer or summer proper, and of this ceremony, which may have originally taken place at dates differing according to weather and locality, and in any case must have been dislocated under Roman and Christian influences, the peasant celebrations of May are one relic. Those of Midsummer are another. On the other hand, we think that Dr. Tille has abundantly proved his main thesis. And that is, that the belief expressed by Grimm, and still held by Prof. Weinhold, in a Germanic mid-winter feast, at or about the winter solstice, is an erroneous one. He shows that the Germans really knew nothing of solstices until the astronomical wisdom of the East had filtered to them through the Roman Empire. Their year, as Prof. Rhys puts it of the cognate Celtic year, was thermometrical, not astro-

nomical. Its critical points were the day in spring when the snow melted and allowed the cattle to go out to the pastures and the field-work to begin, and the corresponding day at the end of the year's labours when the first snows fell. This latter day began the new year. It was marked by a great feast, at which the cattle for which there was not enough winter fodder were slaughtered, and the domestic hearth was renewed to cook them. Ancestors were remembered in toasts and banquets. This feast survives in Martinmas, a great day in Germany, and once in England. When the Germans took over, in the first centuries of our era, the Roman calendar year, the New Year customs were transferred slowly and partially to the first of January. Finally, in the fourth century, the Christian Church made up its mind to celebrate the birthday of Christ on December 25, the day of the Mithraic *Sol Invictus*, and in the sixth began to count its years from that date. So, after the conversion, the New Year customs went shifting back from January 1 to December 25, and in fact came, in one place or another, to scatter themselves over the larger part of the winter season. Dr. Tille has also a very interesting discussion of the curious list of Anglo-Saxon month names given by Bede, and of some other evidence from which he deduces that before they adopted the Roman calendar the Germans used a division of the year into six tides of three-score days each. The beginning of one of those tides, the origin of which Dr. Tille traces somewhat hazardously to Egypt, probably coincided with the beginning of the thermometric year, and therefore no special dislocation of the winter feast was caused. There is a good chapter on the English mediæval celebration of Christmas, and on the miracle of the Glastonbury Thorn. But we must leave our readers to turn to the book for themselves.

Other New Books.

ROBERT RAIKES.

BY J. H. HARRIS.

This is a belated, but a very thorough, biographical collection relating to the founder of the Sunday-school system. Its principal feature is the evidence collected by the editor's father, years ago, among aged Gloucester people who remembered Raikes's first school. A great deal of information which must be highly interesting to Gloucester people is displayed and sifted, and there is nothing of fulsomeness or partiality in the portrait of Raikes which is evolved. Raikes began his Sunday-school experiment in 1780, and Mr. Harris is at great pains to show that the claims which have been advanced on behalf of the prior action of the Rev. Thomas Stock, of Gloucester, do not rest on any sufficient basis of truth. Raikes himself was a printer when provincial printers were few. He was a prosperous man, and made a figure in Gloucester, and knew his consequence. He took snuff with elegance, and was known for his "buckishness" or style. As a printer and as editor of the Gloucester *Journal* Raikes was criticised and abused; even his piety was questioned by some who pointed out that he printed his newspaper on Sundays. In a chapter entitled "Mr. Raikes the Sabbath-breaker" Mr. Harris deals with this matter. It is certain that the *Journal* teems with evidence of Raikes's philanthropic leanings: his work in connexion with prison reform would alone have secured him a measure of fame. Living to a good age, Raikes became a comfortable patriarch, and we are told that when distinguished strangers came to town their visits were to the Lord Bishop, the Mayor, and Mr. Raikes. He was one of those whose deeds and rewards were alike conspicuous. In an appropriate introduction to the volume, Dean Farrar points out that four Lord Chancellors—Lord Hatherley, Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, and Lord Herschell—have been

Sunday-school teachers. The book is rather formless and imperfectly digested; but it is certainly the last word on Raikes. (Arrowsmith.)

QUAKER CAMPAIGNS IN PEACE AND WAR.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. Jones was one of several members of the Society of Friends who were sent by that body into the war-ravaged villages of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870, in order to carry relief and supply food to the starving, distressed French peasantry. This is the central and most dramatic episode in these interesting pages, but Mr. Jones's humane activity took new shape in the Russo-Turkish war, and to many other parts of the world he has journeyed on some good errand. Throughout these pages we are in close touch with Quakerism, and the broad philanthropy which is its distinguishing mark. An interview which Mr. Jones had with Cardinal Antonelli, in the Vatican, makes piquant and remarkable reading. We are amused, too, by one of Mr. Jones's chapter-headings—"Casual Meeting with the Pope." Mr. Jones met the Pope (Pius IX.) on one of the Vatican staircases. "With his mild aspect and benevolent countenance, arrayed in a white flannel costume, edged with scarlet, and a very broad-brimmed hat, he reminded me of"—whom do you think? of whom?—"of some good old Friend of former times." We were aware that Frederick Lucas, of the *Tablet*, wrote a book maintaining that in essentials Roman Catholicism and Quakerism were identical. Mr. Jones makes the resemblance concrete. His book is full of human interest and kindly wisdom, and is extremely well produced by the official publishers of the Society of Friends. (Headley Brothers. 6s.)

ESSAYS.

BY WRAY HUNT.

We have here the literary remains of a good clergyman and a cultivated man. Mr. Hunt lived a quiet clerical life, and one is reminded of Amiel when one reads: "He was far too void of ordinary ambition, too contemptuous of his own mental power, to dream of seeking for success." Something of Amiel's pensive outlook on nature, too, is found in these quiet essays, mostly lightly-written records of days by river, or sea-shore, or mountain slope. Mr. Hunt sent them to the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Spectator*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and elsewhere; and they are now reprinted as a memorial of a gentle life. Mr. Hunt's choice of subjects reveals a temperament. Any green valley, any quiet corner, will set him musing and regretting; even a Staffordshire valley, with an old broken-down barge as its central object, and the smoke of the potteries in the distance, suffices him. In "A Cotswold Idyll" we visit the village school, not without amusement. To the question out of the Catechism, "Why, then, are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?" a little girl replied—presenting her answer on her slate—"Why, indeed?" This is boating on the "Stripling Thames"—that "baby-river that ripples pure and peaceful through lonely Wiltshire meadows, and then between the westernmost lowlands of Oxfordshire and Berks":

And now, as the evening shadows lengthen, turning to look ahead, we catch sight of Lechlade spire, at first to the right of us, then to the left, as the river windeth at its own sweet will. Before long we are passing under Lechlade bridge, and call a halt for the night. We make our way through a village sad and grey and sleepy—Gloucestershire Lechlade, sleepier even than Wiltshire Cricklade—up to the village inn; and then, while supper is being prepared, turn into the churchyard hard by haunted by the shade of Shelley. Here, on some such evening more than seventy years ago, he watched the

Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

Such writing is inherently pleasant, and there is a great

deal of it in these pages. Mr. Hunt is not a "natural history" writer; his keen enjoyment of nature is allied less with the yellow primrose than with traditions of "old unhappy far-off things," and "battles long ago." (Privately printed by Hatchards.)

SPAIN.

BY LEONARD WILLIAMS.

This little book is the eighth volume in the "Children's Study" series. Mr. Williams has wisely simplified the history of Spain, suppressing a great many bewildering names and facts relating to the thrones, Christian and Moorish, of Aragon, Castile, Navarre, and the Moslem territory. "Now and again, however, a great fighting king stands forth, a head and shoulders above his fellows—a landmark, so to speak, amid the wilderness. Him I have endeavoured to throw into relief, so that even a child may be able to point to him, and say 'Here, at least, I find a fact and figure I can understand.'" One of the figures which the child is helped to understand is, of course, that debatable hero, the Cid. Mr. Williams very properly rejects the poetic legends which surround this outlaw, and represents him as "a robber, the most successful and unscrupulous of his age." The volume follows the traditions of the series to which it belongs, and can be warmly recommended. We should add that it includes the Spanish-American War and the settlement arrived at by the two Powers. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

THE MODERN ADAM.

BY A. W. À-BECKETT.

Mr. À-Beckett reprints in this book a number of his contributions to *Punch*. Therein we learn "How Things are Done" (the sub-title) with "the Voice," "the Sword," "a Pen," and "according to Experts." Mr. À-Beckett's style and humour are alike somewhat old-fashioned; but his advice is shrewd and his reminiscences interesting. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

Fiction.

Gerald FitzGerald the Chevalier. By Charles Lever.
(Downey & Co. 6s.)

THOUGH it was issued serially many years ago (small favour would it find with the editor of a modern popular magazine!), this novel is issued in volume form now for the first time. And to us, who happen to have read nothing of Lever's that belongs to his second and sedater period, it comes, indeed, as a book absolutely new. Approaching it with a certain coldness, and decidedly without enthusiasm, we have been impressed by its dignity, its work, its authentic excellence. It is a sound historical novel, largely and romantically conceived, imagined deeply, and executed with a fine feeling for atmospheres and the poetry of the past, which places it appreciably above the florid gimcrackery of Ainsworth, or the elaborate sterile ingenuities of to-day.

It has faults, and the most obvious fault lies in the style. Lever cared nothing for words. He never considered their values made them the subject of research. Like Dickens and George Eliot always, like Thackeray and the two Brontës generally, he was content to use the worn, common mintage, to do his thinking in ready-made phrases. The miraculous possibilities of language seem scarcely to have suggested themselves to that generation of writers, though they must have had some acquaintance with the past glories of English prose, and though young Ruskin was working the magic under their very noses. It is sufficiently strange; but in any case one would not expect verbal niceties or verbal grandeur from Charles Lever. One may not even rely on him for correct grammar.

Of course this defect of style, emphasised in Lever's case, touches and soils the imaginative quality of the work.

We have said that it is imagined deeply; at the same time one is conscious of a certain conventionality and lack of freshness, especially when the scenes are examined detail by detail. For example:

"Here's the Princess herself, I'll be sworn," said a coarse-looking fellow, as, seizing Mariette's arm, he tried to drag her forward.

With a blow of his clenched fist Gerald sent him reeling back, and then, drawing the short scimitar which he wore as part of his costume, he swept the space in front of him, while he grasped the girl with his other arm. So unlooked-for a defiance seemed for an instant to unman the mob, but the next moment a shower of missiles, the fragments of old Babbo's fortune, were showered upon them. Had he been assailed by wild beasts, Gerald's assault could not have been more wildly daring, he cut on every side, hurling back those that rushed in upon him, and even trampling them beneath his feet.

Bleeding and bruised, half-blinded, too, by the blood that flowed from a wound on his forehead, the youth still held his ground, not a word escaping him, not a cry . . .

Here, as in scores of other passages, each line, each phrase discloses an imagination perfectly content to spend its strength in doing an old thing in an old way, at every turn lazily choosing the hackneyed and the trite—declining, in fact, to be at the trouble to see life anew with individual eyes.

Yet there was strength and there was beauty, and when one finishes the book, and deliberately stands away from the details of it, this strength and this beauty become apparent. One grows conscious of the mournful, wistful charm of the central figure, that reputed son of Charles Edward, who, after a short life of petty intrigue at the courts of Italy and France, found death at the squalid hands of a drunken rascal. One perceives an essential and courageous realism of characterisation, particularly as regards the women, beneath the outer garment of conventionality. One appreciates the firmness and distinction with which historical persons such as Charles Edward, Mirabeau, Alferi, Madame Roland, and Marat are handled. And, speaking broadly of the whole book, if it is not to be called great one may at any rate say that it is big, in the large manner. It impresses. It induces a mood. It has poetry.

A Millionaire's Daughter. By Percy White.
(C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

We do not consider that *A Millionaire's Daughter* is quite the author's best. Though full of Mr. White's gentle and effective satire, it has not the abundant cleverness of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*. Call it witty, sincere, capable—but not brilliant. Lawrence Durward, that needy and honourable aristocrat who became private secretary to a millionaire at a salary of a thousand a year, is scarcely the individual and recognisable figure that Mr. White's heroes are wont to be. And Margaret Blythe, heiress to millions, is a somewhat shadowy and elusive heroine. The sentimental relations of these two begin when the millionaire (a well-drawn character) is dead, and Mr. Durward enters upon his duties as trustee and executor. Had he liked, Lawrence might have married Maggie offhand, but he was over-scrupulous, too nice in his notions; and Maggie coquetted with another and less worthy lover, Lord Bellaton. Mr. White adopts an effete artifice when he makes Maggie engage herself to this second one on the strength of a false announcement of Lawrence's betrothal to a rich American girl. In the end Maggie and Lawrence find each other, and the scarcely-aroused sympathies of the reader are satisfied.

The most satisfactory character in the book, beyond all comparison, is Lady Durward, Lawrence's sister-in-law, a plotting and resourceful matron, to whom the aggrandisement of the Durwards is everything. The excellent dame

fought with a Boadicean valour to break the engagement between Maggie and Lord Bellaton:

Dear Jane looked at me from the height of her magnificent superiority and said, "This is the man who fancies that he understands women! Listen to me, Lawrence! I am about to speak to you on a matter on which I must refuse all explanation, but you know that I am a woman of honour to be implicitly trusted."

"Certainly," said I.

"You know that I am some years older than Miss Blythe." She was fourteen years older, so I said, "Yes."

"But perhaps as a man—a man of the world—you cannot understand the strong sense of duty which one good woman feels for another."

"I think," I said modestly, "that I can."

"I hope you can," she answered, "for then you will not misunderstand me, nor my motives. As a married woman I have felt obliged to give Miss Blythe a serious warning. I, for one, was determined not to speak too late."

And Jane did not speak too late.

The Drones must Die. By Max Nordau.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

NORDAU enjoyed an enormous vogue through his *Degeneration*; but the vogue has passed, and he is now being rated lower than his true level. In fiction it would appear that he is improving, for *The Drones must Die* is a much better book than *A Comedy of Sentiment*. Whether it is quite good enough to merit translation we doubt.

It is a tale of cosmopolitan Paris; of adventurers; of the madness of speculation; of huge fortunes made and lost. With its heaped-up details of business, and its crowd of strange characters, it reminds one now of *Soll und Haben* and now of *Numa Roumestan*, with each of which it has something in common, though, of course, it is vastly inferior to either. It is an orgy of facts crudely observed; it deals chiefly with the inessential, the external, the superficial. Yet it has some fire, some real energy of movement. Henneberg's reception is a difficult bit of narrative skilfully handled. Henneberg is chief financier, and his relations with a certain Baroness make the most lurid and the best part of the story. The Baroness's recital of her early life—that "Odyssey of a girl," to use de Maupassant's phrase—is absolutely brilliant, steeped in colour, and convincing even in its commonness. The later scenes between these two are marred by the author's Teutonic heaviness of hand—a heaviness which not all his laborious absorption of French models has been able to cure.

"And now there is a corpse between us," she murmured dully; "that has been added to the rest!"

"What does it matter?" he answered, with blazing eyes and fiercely contracted lips. "I do not hesitate to step over it. Blood is a good cement—the very best. Whenever, in the time to come, you remember the man in there, you will remember also that I did not shrink from crime to win you for my own. Crime, I say, for had it been necessary I would have used my own hand to kill him as he has used his."

"You are horrible—go—go! I should wish at least to be able to think of you without shuddering." She clasped her hands over her face, and half turned her back upon him.

Henneberg was beside himself. He lost his last shred of self-control. Springing to his feet, he strode to the Baroness, laid his hand rudely on her shoulder—an action she suffered as if she had lost all power to resist—and burst out in a voice he hardly attempted to subdue: "I am to go, am I? I tell you I won't—I must have you. A dead man is lying in there, the roof is crumbling over my head, the end of the world has come for me! At a time like this, all disguises drop from us—our souls stand naked face to face."

Nevertheless, the intrigue of this miserably splendid pair saves the book. For the principal character, the pedagogic Koppel, we do not care in the least.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ARM OF THE LORD. BY MRS. COMYNS CARR.

A hard old man is the central figure of Mrs. Carr's latest story. The conflict of religion and the world in his heart is sternly set forth, and the reader shares the curiosity of the villagers in watching to see whether poignant grief will soften and bend a man given to justice rather than mercy. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

AT A WINTER'S FIRE. BY BERNARD CAPES.

Eleven short stories by the author of *The Lake of Wine*. One does not read half a dozen pages without being reminded that Mr. Capes is a bold seeker of phrase and epithet, and that he is apt to overdo his method. But these stories are vital and interesting, and one, "The Eddy on the Floor," is too weird to read after curfew. (Pearson. 6s.)

ORIENTATIONS. BY W. S. MAUGHAM.

A volume of short stories by the author of *'Liza of Lambeth*. The title is explained by a passage from a French author, who states that for discovering what a young writer is really made of there is nothing like examining his novels, "which are like orientations for the ascertainment of a literary ego." The "novels" are various in character, but none touch the life depicted in the history of "*Liza*." (Unwin. 6s.)

PHILIP BENNION'S DEATH. BY RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Marsh has quickly followed up his *Frivolities*, noticed in this page only a fortnight ago. The new work is fantastic melodrama. Bennion is killed in an entirely new way, which we will not reveal; but which, if Mr. Marsh's story has wide popularity, may have serious effects on the tobacco trade. (Ward & Lock. 5s.)

JESUS DELANEY. BY J. S. DONNELLY.

A story of Mexican life and character. The central figure is a young missionary, whose blood—Spanish, Irish, and Indian—is eventually too much for him and drives him to enlist as a soldier. The author would have been wise to have given his hero another name. We can believe that no thought of impropriety crossed his mind, but some of the sentences have a most unfortunate air, which interferes seriously with pleasure in a worthy book. To read it aloud, for example, would be literally impossible. (Macmillan. 6s.)

PETER BINNEY. BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

Mr. Binney, aged forty-five, having made a fortune from Binney's Food for Poultry, decides to renew his youth by going to Cambridge and becoming an undergraduate. He does so, and his history is here recorded and dedicated to Mr. E. F. Benson, author of *The Babe B.A.* (Bowden. 6s.)

ROSALBA. BY OLIVE PRATT RAYNES.

The full title, *Rosalba, the Story of Her Development; with other Episodes of the European Movement, more Especially as they affected the Monte Berici, near Vicenza*, suggests that the story is historical, or at least political. But it is not. It is sprightly and feminine. The author offers it to the critics who approved of her first book, *The Typewriter Girl*—rather an odd form of dedication. (Pearson. 6s.)

SATAN FINDS SOME MISCHIEF STILL —. BY E. V. BEAUFORT.

This is described as "a character-study." It is a study of a modern, emancipated, fascinating girl and of the ruin she brings on other people's happiness as she advances with sure steps in her brilliant and selfish career. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

THE SHORT LINE WAR. BY MERWIN-WEBSTER.

A railroad story, told with much spirit by an American writer. The short line is the M. & T., a branch of the C. & S. C. Railway from Chicago to the West. Both by finance and muscle is the short line attacked; but Jim Weeks, the hero of the book and the President of the M. & T., is too much for the enemy. There is love, too. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE WINGS OF SILENCE. BY GEORGE COUSINS.

An Australian story of love and revenge and hidden treasure. The end: "He bent and kissed the girl at his side as he spoke, and then again addressing them, said, 'When I remember. . . . ' 'Look here, Clem,' protested Joe, 'don't remember; let's bury the past—' 'Yes,' cried Maud, interrupting in her turn, 'bury it for ever under "The Wings of Silence."'" (Gay & Bird. 6s.)

THE DOLOMITE CAVERN. BY W. P. KELLY.

The author, in his preface, states that his story was refused by most of the firms in the kingdom before the present house accepted it; none the less, he says, it is uncommonly good—in fact, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Without subscribing to this praise, we may say that it is a work of mysterious adventure on well-worn lines. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

A MARITAL LIABILITY. BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

The hero, Murray Voorst, is released from ten years' imprisonment for embezzlement. He is a gentleman, and the reader's sympathies are with him from the first, and, as it turns out, with good reason. The story deals with his new experiences with society and with womankind. A very readable novel. (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

RUPERT BY THE GRACE OF GOD. BY DORA MCCHESENEY.

This "story of an unrecorded plot" is supposed to be told by Will Fortescue, and it deals with an attempt to place Prince Rupert on the throne of England. Such a plot may never have existed, but Miss McCheesney, who has dealt with the period in other novels, and knows it well, considers Will Fortescue's story to be "strictly in accord with Prince Rupert's character and life; and not inconsistent with what is known of the current and counter-currents of the age." (Macmillan. 6s.)

LOVE THE PLAYER. BY HELEN V. SAVILE.

The story is laid among Irish Protestants in an Irish village. There is a good deal of village squalor and village gossip, but through it all strides the figure of John Craigie, a Catholic priest with two missions: "One to save souls from hell; the other, and the main object of my existence, is to destroy the body and soul of Hester's destroyer and of that child's father." (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

BUILDERS OF THE WASTE. BY THORPE FORREST.

"No, nurse," said Brenda, "I do not understand myself, I know; but every time I see him there is a something that repels me—a something that stretches out an arm and holds me off, and says, 'No further.' And I do admire him very much too," she added rather wistfully. The speaker is not a modern young woman discussing her lover, the scene is not a drawing-room. Brenda is a young British maid, the time is the year 545 A.D., and the scene is a small stockaded town in a clearing of the primeval Yorkshire forest. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

RICHARD CARVEL. BY WINSTON CHURCHILL.

As we explained last week, *this* Mr. Winston Churchill is not the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill—also a novelist—but is an American namesake. The novel before us is a romance of Maryland in the eighteenth century. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

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The Congress of Publishers.

It must, we feel sure, be admitted by all that the third International Congress of Publishers was, in every way, a great social success. Its Committee of Organisation worked indefatigably, and deserves the heartiest congratulation on the excellent arrangements made for the reception, entertainment, and comfort of the delegates and members of the Congress: the banquet given by the Stationers' Company was a most interesting literary function; the conversazione at the Guildhall was a brilliant, crowded, and representative gathering. One of the chief aims of the Congress was to promote among publishers of various nationalities an international friendliness. Complete success crowned the effort.

The Congress had its very practical business side. Papers were read dealing with many subjects purely of technical value, but we propose briefly to review one or two of the more important questions of general interest to English literature raised by its discussions.

The gravest problem the Congress had to face was certainly the steady cheapening of books. We confess to considerable surprise at the attitude of most of the speakers on this question—an attitude which seems to us unreasonable and unwise. Mr. John Murray, in his presidential address, spoke enthusiastically of the good old times, the glorious tradition of so many of the leading publishing houses of to-day, when books were prepared with the utmost deliberation, awaited with the utmost eagerness, when competition was almost unknown. He compared this "tradition" with the strain and stress of the present day, with its craving for cheapness, "the constant eagerness for what is new, the contemptuous neglect of much that is often but a few months old; the frequent failure of what is good and success of what is bad," and confessed that he was tempted to wish for a recurrence of the old times. But, in our opinion, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Lecky, who spoke in much the same strain, are mistaken in their premises, and therefore wrong in their conclusions. We admit at once that there is an enormous public that cares nothing for the highest things in literature and is content with "snippets and scraps which are always trivial, often worthless, not unfrequently pernicious." But this public is not the public of the good old times, but an entirely new band of readers. We believe that never before was the number of serious students of literature so numerous or so earnest. We believe that never before was the success of what is bad in literature so short-lived, so ephemeral; that never before was the ultimate success of what is good so certain. Even in the "good old times" much of the best literary work had to wait long for recognition and reward. In these days of much admittedly indiscriminate reading there is, too, a greater and more educated discrimination and appreciation than in the past. We are quite aware that the "public of snippets" is not a good judge of things literary, but we repeat that this public is a new one—a public that does not number in its ranks a single deserter from the old army of book-readers. It is a public nurtured by ever widening education—a public that in the early days of the century could not read at all. Compulsory education is bound to produce innumerable readers. Is it to be won-

dered at that, at first, these infants of letters do not attain to the heights of literary discretion? They are brought up on newspapers, which are more informative and educational to-day than ever before; they progress to the light food of snippets and illustrated magazines, of which, in the inevitable course of things, they are bound to tire. And then? Then they will join, one by one, the ever-increasing band of serious readers. They are joining every day, else what can you make of the success—and the remarkable success—of such series as Messrs. Cassell's "National Library" and Messrs. Dent's reprints? The huge sales of standard works at a popular price is no sign of decadence, but the outcome of the educated discrimination of a public which owes its first introduction to reading to the despised newspapers and "snippets." The publishers at the Congress seemed to wish to take upon themselves the education of readers, the selection of suitable books, the literary enlightenment of the world. It is a noble ideal, but surely a mistaken one. The publisher supplies a demand: does not create a demand.

We are sorry that the whole problem of registration was not raised in the debates of the Congress, for the present system is ridiculous and annoying. Mr. E. Bell read a paper on the exclusive right to titles, and suggested that there should be a separate registry of titles at the Copyright Office at Stationers' Hall, and that the Registrar should have a certain amount of discretion as to whether a title could be appropriated or not. We have nothing against this scheme, which is indeed a step in the right direction; but we are still of opinion that the whole work of Stationers' Hall should be done at the British Museum. The old grievance of presenting five copies of each book to the public libraries was brought up in a subsequent debate, and Mr. John Murray candidly told the meeting that publishers might protest if they liked, but that the Government, though frequently approached, held firm on the question. It is high time that registration became compulsory, and we are at a loss to see why the receipt of the British Museum authorities should not take the place of the receipt of Stationers' Hall. In the British Museum we have a complete and invaluable registry of all books issued, and if this were to be made of practical use to publishers they would have some compensation for the grant of free copies. We commend this suggestion to the Select Committee on Copyright now sitting.

Colonial copyright naturally came in for much discussion. Unfortunately, Mr. Putnam held out little hope of immediate change in the present American laws, for any change would mean a reversion of the protective policy. For the present, at least, all the tiresome formulæ of simultaneous publication, separate printing, &c., will have to be adhered to in order to secure copyright in the United States. It is a great pity that the United States do not see their way to join the Berne Convention, but it must be remembered that under the present system the international rights of authors and publishers can be protected there much more satisfactorily than in Canada. Canada as a country, and Canadian politicians generally, refuse to look upon the Copyright question as one of any serious import. The present writer had a conversation on the subject not long since with a prominent Canadian, who declared that neither Premier nor Parliament were really greatly interested in the matter. The Canadians look upon copyright as some kind of noxious monopoly, and until a better understanding of the question is general there is little chance of satisfactory legislation. The position of Canada was long debated by the Congress—it was at least satisfactory to learn that Canada did not propose to withdraw from the Berne Convention—but seeing that the new Copyright Bill is likely to bring forward some definite proposals only a general resolution was passed. Prof. Mavor was hopeful of improvement, and suggested one or two minor reforms which might be carried out by English publishers,

such as making impossible the simultaneous sales in Canada of the Canadian editions and the English Colonial editions of the same work; but it appears that Canada awaits the clauses in the new Copyright Bill before promising legislation. It is not a satisfactory state of affairs.

We have space only to mention one other discussion. Mr. Arthur Waugh read a paper on the length of quotations in reviews, but it was generally agreed that the present law was strong enough to deal with the question. It is not an easy thing to say whether even the longest quotations damage the sale of a book. If damage can be proved then the law can be brought into force.

Homage to Boz.*

WE can never see the hands of a public clock pointing toward the hour of one—we mean one o'clock in the afternoon, and not by any means one o'clock in the morning—without immediately recalling, and, as it were, expecting, the concussion of the mid-day gun as it saluted our ears in our native town. How often have we laughed in our thoughtless way (boyish and innocent enough, we dare affirm) when we have observed the effect of the unexpected bang on some bewildered old lady who recovered her wits just in time *not* to drop her reticule!

Sometimes the old lady took her revenge—if such an un-Christian idea could enter her head for a single moment—by laughing at our own fright when a cart-horse jumped at the sound, and the sudden jingle scattered our “seven wits,” to use a familiar term, these being already sufficiently confused by our morning’s task in school.

We have grown old and steady and subdued; and it would take much more than this to surprise us out of the mood of philosophical calm in which we are accustomed to take our one o'clock stroll down the Strand, the weather being sufficiently warm or cool. It was in the course of a perambulation of this kind that we found ourselves one day standing at the corner of Wellington-street. We were debating in our mind whether we would proceed to St. Paul’s to inspect the Dean and Chapter’s new wall papers or whether we would saunter towards the river and make a calculation of the speed of the Lambeth steam-boats—such harmless expeditions being much to our mind—when we were almost knocked over by a thin, tall, grey, eager individual, who was evidently swallowing, with some difficulty, the last mouthful of his luncheon, and wishing with all his heart and soul that he had washed it down with the beer he had improvidently left in his tumbler. Something prompted us to follow this hasty person, but we had scarcely begun to do so when *presto!*—he disappeared. He had eluded our sight as quickly, and (it really seemed) with as much dexterity, as the clown who jumps over the riding-master’s head at Astley’s, having previously directed his master’s attention to the charms of Mademoiselle Pittilili.

The mystery was soon explained. Our impetuous friend had popped into Sotheby’s. Now Sotheby’s being familiar by name to everybody, as the place where they dispose of all sorts of books—that is to say, folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos, and many other *mo’s* and *to’s*, some too big for their readers to lift, and some too small for them to see—Sotheby’s being, we say, the emporium of literature and the resort of *literati*, we no sooner discovered we were near its precincts than we felt a laudable desire to become better acquainted therewith; and,

* In another column we touch on the sales of Mr. William Wright’s Dickens collection at Messrs. Sotheby’s last Tuesday. A contributor, after pointing out that “Boz” did not include a Book Auction in his *Sketches*, although the subject must have proved congenial to him, has the boldness to attempt to give what might have been “Boz’s” description of a typical afternoon at “Sotheby’s.”

as the first object of our curiosity was to learn whether an auction was then in progress, we made proper inquiries, and were directed with great civility to the first floor.

The apartment which we entered was a plain, oblong room, at one end of which there was placed a desk which was more like a pulpit than any desk we have ever seen. And perhaps, if the truth were told, many a sermon has been preached from an auctioneer’s rostrum (as it is properly designated) which at least had the merit of not sending its hearers to sleep. Indeed, we have often thought what an interesting autobiography an auctioneer’s hammer could produce if it could only write down its own memories with half the emphasis that it squashes and annihilates other people’s.

Close to the rostrum we noticed a little boxed-in desk, with tiny railings round it, at which there sat, or rather bustled, for he was never at rest for a moment, a very dapper clerk. We have never been able to understand why auctioneers’ clerks are always dapper; but so it is, as you may discover for yourself if you have an atom of observation. As the minutes went on the room filled more and more, until it was full of black-coated gentlemen pushing among each other with pencils in their hands and pencils projecting from their lips, and catalogues in their hands and catalogues under their arms; so that just at first the catalogues and the pencils and the pencils and the catalogues made them all look exactly alike, which of course they were not. Suddenly we were aware that the auctioneer had taken possession of his rostrum. That is another peculiarity which we have noticed all our life at auctions. You are suddenly aware that the auctioneer is in the rostrum. *Whence* he comes, or *how* he comes, or in what manner he edges his way—no easy task, we do assure you, on a day like this—through the crowd of booksellers and connoisseurs we have never been able to discover with any satisfactory degree of exactitude.

But, while we were speculating, the bidding had commenced. If you imagine that there was a great deal of shouting, and disputation, and chinking of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, you are entirely and absolutely mistaken. Anything so decorous and so exceeding quick and soft as the bidding you never saw, or anything so gentle and alert as the auctioneer, who always spoke without excitement, even when he was running a mediæval *Who’s Who* up to £400. “Thirty pounds,” he would say, and someone would say “Ten,” meaning £30 10s. We were much amused by observing one little pale-faced man with a very large forehead and a painfully restricted moustache, who wore a black cravat. This little man said “Ten,” “Ten,” “Ten,” “Ten,” like a bird, without so much as a wink, or even looking at the auctioneer; in fact, a careful scrutiny of his countenance had convinced us that he was a poor, weak fellow, when suddenly there ensued a long silence—“Well?” said the auctioneer, “Well?” and he wiped his spectacles to gain time—all auctioneers wipe their spectacles in their clients’ interest, except when they don’t happen to wear spectacles, and then they drop their pens on the floor and say “Oh dear!”—but no higher bid came, and when the hammer fell with a tap that would not have crushed a reasonably robust moth the man in the black cravat just said “Smithers,” and smiled faintly at a bucolic young man who wore a straw hat with a guard, being afraid of a little “breeze” arising between two rival booksellers, or so we were forced to conjecture.

If time permitted, and if we could support this amazing style of writing, which most willingly we admit is the Giant’s robe enfolding a literary Tom Thumb, we should select as our next portrait a very dear old gentleman of whose proximity to ourselves we had long been aware when he suddenly turned to us, and with a very puzzled and yet amiable expression inquired: “*Pardon my intrusion, but have they finished selling the coins?*” It was in our mind to answer that so far as our own unassisted observation went they had not yet finished *raking them in*;

but our respect for age, and our instant perception of the old gentleman's amusing error—for he held in his hand a catalogue which had as much connexion with mediæval books as a quart pot has with Burgundy—led us to inform him that the sale of coins was probably being at that moment conducted on the next floor. A few moments later, happening to look toward the entrance, we caught sight of a pair of very clean white spats vanishing upward in the gloom of the stair-case. The incident sobered us, and something—we know not what—prompted us to put on our hat and depart. We fell into a train of reflection as we walked homewards upon the curious contradictions of life in this great metropolis; for here, in one building, were men who anxiously contended for the privilege of paying the coins of this age for the books of another, while others desired to obtain the coins of a period still more antique. Continuing our reflections, we soon alighted on the thought that these men were *bidding for possessions* which to the generality of mankind are *for-bidden*.

Things Seen.

The Pariah.

THE chestnut-trees were in full bloom, and something—it was not the chestnuts—took me to Hampton Court. Next to me on the top of the omnibus sat an old man. The conductor was taking the fares, and uttering the usual commonplaces of the district. Bushey Park was looking "just right," I gathered. Of all my fellow-passengers, my neighbour was the only one who appeared unappreciative. Each fresh remark—fresh only, it must be understood, to that load of passengers—made his sad look sadder. I felt that our sympathies were in common.

"You have not come to see the chestnuts?" I ventured.

"No," he answered wearily; "and you?"

"Chestnut-trees, particularly avenues of them, do not appeal to me," I said.

He looked at me with something of distrust at first, but seeing that I was in earnest, his face brightened a little.

"You can't think what it is to meet in this place at this time of year some one who is indifferent about chestnuts," he said. "Most of the people here think me eccentric. A few regard me in the light of a social outcast. 'There goes the man who does not like the chestnuts,' I hear them say. I can't help it though," he continued, gaining confidence. "I have lived among oaks—oaks that grow as nature planted them—and my years refuse to be reconciled to these long files of trees drawn up for all the world like some giant's army fighting for conventionality. And, do you know?" he whispered, laying his hand on my arm as he spoke, "I have a private notion that nature is all the time laughing at them. They are the overgrown babies of the tree world—these chestnut-trees, with their pointing blossoms. Flowers belong to little trees, in the same way that lace collars and curls belong to little children. Don't you think it is so?"

All around me rose a chorus of admiration from the sightseers as the omnibus entered Bushey Park.

Accident.

I HARDLY knew the familiar shop, for the window on either side was wrecked—that is the word—wrecked. The plate-glass was gone, save for jagged edges, that stuck out threateningly from the framework. Three policemen and a gaping crowd stood about the doorway, and against the curb rested what in the morning had been a hansom cab. The points of the shafts rested on the ground. The horse—there was no horse. But the routine of life must go on, spite of accidents, so I entered, and walked

up the stairs to have my hair trimmed. For once, once only, in my life, I was willing that the barber should talk to me. "I was stropping my razor," he began, "when I heard the shouting, and there was the cab coming like mad down Chancery-lane. There was no cabman on the box, but a gentleman was inside, pale, but sitting tight. The horse was spread out like a windmill, and going like—like the wind. The wheel of the cab caught a cyclist and—and he went off his saddle like an arrow. My God! I never want to see another such sight; and there was the horse rushing straight for our door downstairs. Then came the crash; never heard such a thunder in all my life. The whole building shook. We all ran downstairs, some of the gentlemen with their chins all over lather. What did I see? I saw the horse, head and neck in the shop, and the cab sitting in the windows." "And what did the horse do?" "Do? What didn't he do. There was enough hairwash and tooth-powder on the floor to supply a regiment." "What then?" "Well, we got him out of the shop. The gentleman inside was one of our customers. He just walked up the stairs. 'Some cabs are quicker than others,' he said." "And the cyclist?" "Not hurt a bit. Nobody was hurt but the horse. They took him away. It was poor old Holocauste over again." A pause. "Yes," he said meditatively, "a barber's life has its excitements." "True," I replied, "true. Sometimes you cut a gentleman's chin."

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

FOR those who know little or nothing about the Royal house of Sweden, M. Christian Schefer's book on Bernadotte, lately published, will prove instructive and agreeable reading. Bernadotte he shows as a wise if not a great king, with a keen sense of duty and honestly attached to the country he adopted. We would admire him more if, when the moment came to change his religion and acknowledge that of his future subjects, he had made the change with something of Henry IV.'s genial cynicism. *Paris vaut bien une messe* is a frank and delightful way of yielding to circumstances. But Bernadotte, who knew as much about Lutheranism as he did about Buddhism, makes a solemn and hypocritical statement of sentiments he never possessed, to the delight of his easily gulled, solemn subjects. He informs the archbishop that, having had occasion to know some German Protestant ministers, in talking with them he has discovered that the Confession of Augsburg truly contains the word of God and the doctrine of Christ. Further researches strengthened him in the opinion that this is the true profession. And so, by persuasion and conviction, he publicly declares himself a follower of the Lutheran creed, to which at heart he had long been attached. There was not a word of truth in this statement; but as Bernadotte was a Gascon, doubtless before he came to the end of his harangue he believed it all.

Writing of his military career under Napoleon, M. Schefer says:

This man, who had always lived almost exclusively as a soldier, who had taken part in numerous campaigns and who distinguished himself on many an occasion, who was, by the admission of all, if not a superior general, a very able one, and whose bravery in every case was beyond doubt, this man—singular fact—had not, properly speaking, the military spirit. To be resigned to form but a part of a whole, to see only the general interest in making abstraction of his own individuality, to execute with intelligence and exactitude received instructions without wanting to substitute his own conceptions and without allowing himself to be influenced by considerations foreign to the service, these were all so many things he was radically incapable of.

His character had all the surprise and complexity of the Gascon temperament. General Marbot insists on his "nonchalance," and he was indeed extraordinarily indolent, loving to lie in bed until noon, and taking several hours to dress. Nobody could be more energetic than he when an effort was needed. We see him, under the spur of circumstances, ready to rise at four of a morning and stay till late at night in his cabinet, when minister, but the moment circumstances cease to have an imperious claim upon him, he returns to his indolent habits. As M. Schefer points out, he is habitually more restive than active. His temper is unquiet, suspicious; his angers are frequent and formidable in explosion. His wife, Queen Désirée, accustomed to these tempests, used to say: "He talks of killing everybody, and he would not harm a fly." The man was essentially, in all his moods, an actor. He was always on the scene, acting within an hour several parts. Without transition he could rush from fury to tenderness, drop from inflated eloquence into everyday familiarity; now indomitable, then crushed by a deception, a disappointment; now free and easy, then posing as the hero on a pedestal, generous and avaricious, hardened and sensitive, but always relatively sincere in all these various moods and attitudes, duping himself more readily than others, and ever the victim of a passion for applause. In spite of the theatrical emphasis of his moods, and a great deal of tall talk in his eternal harangues, he was never anything but a very mild Liberal without any precise notion of the meaning of Liberalism. "The words and sonorous phrases, which were the fashion of the hour," writes M. Schefer, "no doubt fascinated him, and his 'hatred of tyrants' his 'devotion to the country,' and his 'love of liberty,' must have been all the more sincere and lively in that he never felt any need to fathom their just significance, and his instinct made him always able to conciliate them with what he regarded as his interests."

What astonishes us the most in this life of a republican soldier of France transformed suddenly into a royal prince of a land so different from his own, is the man's perfect adaptability to circumstances so unexpected and so strange. Before his arrival, the Court of Sweden shuddered in anticipation of a coarse, ill-dressed, and swearing corporal. A marshal of Bonaparte, who had lived exclusively in camp and upon the highways of devastated Europe, must naturally, they thought, prove a kind of brute. Bernadotte arrived, a complete gentleman, perfumed, arrayed in fine linen, with boots so dainty and coquettish that the good people of Sweden stared, with manners and habits so fastidious and gallant and graceful that the queen, reassured, exclaimed: "Why, he is a perfect prince!" And so he was. Had he been born on a throne he could not have played the part of prince-royal more bravely, with a more seductive and picturesque show. He was so eminently elegant that even in later years, when he grew lazier and his days of vanity were over, he managed to give an air of majesty to his dressing-gown, which he wore till five o'clock of an afternoon. He could even inspire respect in receiving ministers in bed with his knees drawn up to his chin, while in that attitude he wrote or signed papers. The verdict of his subjects was that he was every inch a king.

M. Schefer tells the tale of his relations with Napoleon, but wisely refrains from making any futile apologies. This much, however, may be said for his disloyalty to his former chief: he had learnt his lesson in the school of the most heartless and unscrupulous of masters. If Napoleon had no faith in Bernadotte, Bernadotte had reason to feel far less in him; and in a fight for a throne, oddly enough it was the lesser man who won.

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

IN the event of a war with the Boers—a war which the party wire-pullers report as likely to be generally popular in the country—General Sir Evelyn Wood would be placed in command of the English forces. It is no secret that he has always thought his turn would come to pay off the old score which the Government at home withheld his hand from wiping out after the death of Colley at Majuba. It is a coincidence which places the biographer of Colley, General Sir W. Butler, in command at the Cape in these troublous times—a coincidence, or else a careful design. To him would fall the second part in any war we might wage against the men he has generously appreciated in his biography of the entrenched General whom, in their own vocabulary, "the Lord delivered into their hands."

THE reception of "Lucas Malet" into the Roman Catholic Church is only another instance of the working out of the laws of reaction. Charles Kingsley hated Popery with all his heart. It was his congenial task to show up the religion of his characters—the manliness of the Protestant, the cowardice of the Catholic. The verse of an English ballad that most commended itself to his sentiments was that which declared of Queen Mary's marriage:

The King of Spain—him
Is a Paynim,
A follower of Mahound;
And pity it were
If lady fair
Should marry a Popish hound.

Mrs. Harrison in becoming a Catholic modifies her father's extremes, and tones down his extravagances. His creations in real life correct the extravagances of his creations in fiction; and that is, perhaps, as he would wish it. Old age, such as were now his had he lived, softens asperities in minds that are still generously receptive. Even Cardinal Newman, the least forgiving of all adversaries, so far softened towards his old foe Kingsley as to suppress in his *Apologia* the most rhetorical passages of his scorn. "Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, and fly into space!" That sentiment he deleted before he died.

THE Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, the Solicitor-General of Canada, will reach London in a few days. The astutest lawyer in the Dominion, and a man, besides, of large sympathies, he is particularly fitted to deal with the vexed question of the copyright laws relating to England and Canada. It is understood that Mr. Fitzpatrick brings over in his pocket a draft of the measure which will be brought before the Dominion Parliament in a few weeks, and which has for its double design the fostering of the printing and publishing trades in Canada (long sacrificed to American push) and the advantage of English authors, with whom Mr. Fitzpatrick intends to exchange views during his coming visit.

THE Venezuela Boundary Commission is likely to remain in session in Paris for some weeks, perhaps for some months. Elaborate as are the details to be discussed, the Commission enters on its labours with the best of hopes that a final settlement of the moot points and lines may be made. Lord Salisbury, it will be remembered, at first utterly refused to consider the English claims as open to arbitration. He talked of the Schomberg line as if it were a definite and easily to be ascertained boundary, by opposing which America would hurl herself against the might of England. A little investigation moderated that attitude, and the Commissioners meet each other with a very different front. They recognise that it cannot be easy to say where a stake was driven into the ground three

hundred years ago, without the aid of recording charts or surveys. Happily the English Commissioner, Lord Russell of Killowen, will bring, first of all, common sense to the consideration of a problem which mere national dogmatism could never solve. Moreover, a happy accident has placed in Lord Russell's hands a certain amount of technical evidence from a quarter the most unexpected,—the Jesuits. That Society, of which a brother of Lord Russell's is a member, had its missions in Venezuela in ancient days; and in the home-letters of the missionaries are to be found allusions which, after the lapse of hundreds of years, serve to "place" a town here, or a river there, within the limits of this jurisdiction or that. Little did these sons of Ignatius Loyola imagine that the England from which they were then exiles would one day by their means be able to establish its remote borders in security and peace.

THE season at Boulogne began this week in sunshine, with the opening of the Casino and the drawing down of an army of bathing-machines to the sea-line. In some ways the most French of all towns—in the familiar costumes of the fisherwoman, for example—Boulogne keeps its integrity against the marks made upon it of necessity by its proximity to England. It is true that "Old England," "The George," and even "The Jubilee Restaurant" are among the signs which distress the eye of the tourist, but quite infrequently; and of real interest is the mixture of English with French in the *patois* of the fisher people—a marriage of dialects dating back to days when Boulogne was colonised by the English. A more modern association between the two countries is suggested by the statue of Jenner which faces England from the coast at Boulogne, and which France erected in grateful remembrance of the inventor of vaccination. Hard by you stumble over a pile of Dickens's reminiscences. In that little habitation he stayed one summer, and there is the dressing-room in which he finished *Bleak House*. The neighbours thought him every inch a Frenchman until he opened his mouth. At the unaltered Hôtel des Bains Thackeray was a guest, as readers of the *Yellowplush Papers* may easily remember.

THE house at Boulogne in which Dickens wrote *Little Dorrit* has been pulled down. It had, he thought, the most delightful of all the gardens attached to any house he had inhabited on the Continent. These grounds still remain, and little English, as well as French, children are playing in them to-day—the pupils of the nuns known as Ladies of Nazareth, who have built their chapel on the site of the house in which the children's author lived and wrote. Another memory, close at hand, is recalled by the reader of a recent popular biography. On these ramparts Sir Richard Burton first met Miss Arundell, the ruddy gold of whose hair owed nothing in those days to artifice. Here was their first love-making done, and you suspect this stone and that as being the guilty one on which the girl chalked the message of her mother's stubborn disapproval. Are there any disapproving mothers remaining? One would not think so in looking at the young girls on the ramparts on a sunny afternoon in June—the ramparts which, through all other mutations at Boulogne, have remained true to the old legend of love-making.

A Fable.

In a certain inn yard dwelt fowls and ducks, kept thus near at hand that the hostess might in a moment dash upon one and bear it to the fire. Among them was a white duck of some age, called Top-Knot from a little tuft of feathers on her head. Of this crest she was insufferably vain, and she would pose and prink and put on a thousand airs whenever she thought herself

observed, and boast of her youth and charms until she became almost unendurable to the other birds, particularly as she was never seized upon by the hostess. "You!" they would say, "you! Why, you're the oldest duck in the country. That's why you're never cooked." But Top-Knot took no notice, except to smirk the more, and suggest that her beauty was indispensable to the yard.

One day, with a great beating of hoofs on the cobbles, a carriage drew up and a grand stranger alighted. The host and hostess stood at the door and bowed to him by turns, and all the stablemen and wenches came out to help. "And what will your excellency have to eat?" the hostess asked him. "Duckling," said the great man, peering round the yard through his glasses, "duckling. A plump, tender duckling." At this moment Top-Knot strutted across the stones. "That one," said the stranger, pointing to her with his gold-headed cane. "With green peas." And he passed into the inn rubbing his hands. Top-Knot died happy.

Correspondence.

"The Wine of Nature."

SIR,—May I be allowed to add two more moods in which the "Wine of Nature" is delightfully present?

The editor, merchant, banker, and man of sensibility has torn himself from the strenuous routine of his daily life. Newspapers and politics, stock exchange quotations and commercial intelligence, the hasty breakfast, the silk-hatted rush for the morning train were left far behind when the express headed for the woods, the downs, and the sea. He has slept well between the white, lavendered sheets, and now the glorious challenge of the cock and the blackbird's fluting mingle with the sun streaming in through his window, mingle in the fresh, delicious wine of early fragrant morn. He does not rise, but half in dream he hears the golden voices, the glamour of sleep still over him; soft and pleasant it is to lie there; all is green and sweet outside: this he knows because of the carolling he half hears and the murmurs he is faintly conscious of. He will not break the spell; he will not cross the threshold yet a little while. As the immortal and moral Watts says:

A little more sleep and a little more slumber.

He is content to be a—well, whatever the world may choose to call him.

The second of these moods comes after the fragrant coffee and foamy cream have been dispatched. He has no programme, all the roads are his, all the mystery of the woods, the perpetual voices of the sea, the fragrant hedgesides. He is free, gloriously free; and turning to his companion, how can he better express this sense of delight than by repeating Swinburne's "Love at Sea":

We are in love's land to-day;
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in love's land to-day;
Where shall we go?

Is there not the very "Wine of Nature" in this?

I might add a third mood; but I will refer your readers to the late Roden Noel's poem, "Early April," a poem full of white light.—I am, &c.,

MATTHEW HUNT.

Berkeley Cottage, Downshire Hill,
Hampstead: June 9, 1899.

The Isaac Walton Inn.

SIR,—In your current issue Dean Hole recommends writers in want of a rest to go to the Isaac Walton Inn at Dovedale. Those who intend to take Mr. Dean's advice had better hurry up, for this classic inn (the best, too, as inns go, in the country) is to be turned into a mere private residence for the agent of the Right Hon. R. W. Hanbury, of Ham Hall, whose property it is. So the story runs in these parts.

It is rather an indignity, after having served with much generous fare many a generation of inoffensive anglers, to be thus converted to the mundane uses of domesticity! Private ownership in monuments of historic, literary, and artistic interest is not altogether a desirable institution. The disappearance as an inn of the old "Izaak Walton" will be a great blow to tired brainy men who have resorted thitherward; but what will be the effect upon piscators?

The May-fly is out on the Dove, Mr. Editor, and the great fat trout are rising!—I am, &c.,

Leek, Staffordshire:

June 11, 1899.

KINETON PARKES.

Homer Nodded, Too.

SIR,—I notice, in your issue of June 3, that Mr. Algernon Ashton has suggested that a tablet should be affixed to No. 17, Elm Tree-road, St. John's Wood, "the house wherein the poet [Thomas Hood] died." Hood did not, however, die in Elm Tree-road, but at Devonshire Lodge, Finchley-road, a house which was pulled down some years ago.—I am, &c.

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

Garrick Club, W.C.: June 5.

Horace Smith and J. G. Lockhart.

SIR,—In *Longman's Magazine* for June, Mr. Andrew Lang has replied at some length to my observations concerning his remarks in his *Life and Letters of J. G. Lockhart* upon Horace Smith's connexion with the fatal Scott-Christie duel of 1821.

My view of what appears to be a complex affair is as follows: Mr. Lang had to make clear Lockhart's part in the literary squabble that led to the duel, and also to explain why he did not "take the field," there being, as Mr. Lang remarks, a tradition that Lockhart should have "come forward," and not have allowed his friend Christie to bear the brunt of the fray. In justice to Lockhart, however, it may be stated that there was a sufficient reason why he should not risk his life at that particular period, his wife's confinement being imminent; consequently, no imputation rests upon his courage.

Mr. Lang, in his natural desire to transfer all blame for the supposed "shufflings" which characterised the negotiations preceding the duel to other shoulders than those of Lockhart and his friends, found a scapegoat in the person of Horace Smith, who, according to Lockhart's biographer, "cuts a poor figure" in the affair. Accordingly, what Mr. Lang honestly believed to be a grave inconsistency between a statement made by Horace Smith in 1821 and another made by him twenty-six years later was brought prominently forward, in order to still further exonerate Lockhart. But I contend that no such inconsistency existed.

Scott led the public to believe, by means of circulars, &c., that Horace Smith had promised to act as his second in a possible duel with Lockhart. As a matter of fact, Scott had not obtained any such promise. All that Horace Smith undertook was to act as a "mediator," and this is confirmed by Cyrus Redding, a well-known writer and friend of Horace Smith, who, in his *Fifty Years' Recollections* (1858), says: "Horace Smith was named by Scott as an umpire in the affair, but he withdrew from it

when he found the quarrel tended to a personal encounter of which he disapproved."

Yet in the face of this, and of Horace Smith's explicit statement in his *Recollections* (1847), Mr. Lang still appears to believe that Horace Smith *did* consent to act as a second. Moreover, Mr. Lang brings the following grave accusation against Horace Smith, a man of unimpeachable veracity and honour. He says:

The Mr. Smith of 1821 [in his letter to Scott] was inducing the public to believe that "satisfaction" [which Mr. Lang, in *Longman's*, interprets as "acting as a second"] would be given if a condition were fulfilled which he knew would not be fulfilled. The Mr. Smith of 1847 [in his *Recollections*] tells us that he never would have been a party to any such transaction [acting as a second in a hostile meeting] in any circumstances, and that Mr. Scott knew it.

Horace Smith's letter of 1821 stated that he was authorised by Scott to give Lockhart "satisfaction" if the latter would make the avowal required by Scott (*i.e.*, in connexion with Lockhart's supposed management of *Blackwood's Magazine*).

In his *Recollections*, Horace Smith again makes use of the term "satisfaction." He says that he told Scott, in 1821: "Your charges [against Lockhart] are either false or true. If the former, you must instantly give the satisfaction required, by publicly retracting all that you have erroneously asserted, and by making a full, frank, unequivocal apology."

Has not Mr. Lang put a wrong construction upon the word "satisfaction" as used by Horace Smith, who obviously employed it in the sense of "atonement" or "amends," and not to indicate his willingness to act as a second in a duel?

Nothing, to my mind, can be more consistent than the two statements of Horace Smith; and his conduct throughout the miserable transaction was marked by the greatest common sense and humanity.

On the other hand, one cannot help noticing that Lockhart's carelessness in omitting to forward to Scott the all-essential portion of an explanation, which, if received by him, might, as Mr. Lang admits, have prevented a duel, was most reprehensible; while poor Scott's conduct in quoting Horace Smith as his second, without authority, was decidedly culpable.

If anyone "cuts a poor figure" in the affair, it is not the author of *Rejected Addresses*.

Mr. Lang apologetically says in *Longman's*: "I was obliged to tell all the truth I knew about the matter which tradition had perverted." And in my recent *Life of James and Horace Smith* it became my duty, as their great-nephew, to defend Horace Smith from what I considered undeserved and groundless censure.—I am, &c.,

Fulham: June 12, 1899.

ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 36.

To ask for a list of the five most underrated living authors is easier than to decide upon the best list that is sent. Upon the whole, however, we think that Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, The Clapham School, High-street, Clapham, S.W., should have the prize, although we do not admit participation in his opinion. His five are as follow:

Aubrey de Vere.
Michael Field.
Robert Bridges.
W. Hale White ("Mark Rutherford").
A. E. Housman.

Other contributors have included authors who are not precisely underrated, but are not highly rated by a sufficient number of readers—a different thing. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Swinburne, for example, whom some lists include, are not underrated, but are merely unpopular. Other names which are mentioned more than

once are Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Woods, "Lucas Malet," Mr. Gissing, Mr. Henley, Mr. Samuel Butler, Mr. Baring Gould, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Henry H. James, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. J. H. Pearce, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers. It is possible that one or two of these might, with advantage, take the place of names in the prize list, but the list, as a whole, is the best.

Replies received from: A. H. M., Eccles; J. P. E., London; C. E. H., Richmond; M. H. L., Sheffield; T. J., Lincoln; G. A. F., Uxbridge; S. P., Manchester; B. B., Birmingham; W. E. T., Bristol; W. H. B., Cheltenham; F. F., Leicester; R. M. H., Eastbourne; W. E. T., Caterham; R. H., Aston Manor; L. C. J., Edinburgh; M. C., London; G. W. C., Woking; H. J., London; M. J. R., Dublin; "Ivy Leaves," Liverpool; H. J. B., London; A. C., Stirling; T. C., Buxted; J. M. H., Plymouth; A. E. T., London; R. A. S., London; F. B., London.

Competition No. 37.

During the week a statue of Charles Darwin has been unveiled at Oxford. We offer a prize of a guinea to the author of the best inscription suitable to have been placed on its pedestal. The competitors, in attempting the task, should remember that the lapidary style, as it is called by the *Spectator*, which is just now conducting an excellent correspondence on mural inscriptions, has certain important characteristics. We limit the inscription to forty words, in which Darwin's character and achievement must be set forth.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, June 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 645 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, June 15.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Girdlestone (R. B.), <i>The Student's Deuteronomy</i> (Eyre & Spottiswoode)	
Fiske (J.), <i>Through Nature to God</i> (Macmillan)	5/0
Hiller (H. C.), <i>Heresies</i> (Richards)	
Innes (A. T.), <i>The Trial of Jesus Christ: a Legal Monograph</i> (T. & T. Clark)	2/6
Clarke (W. N.), <i>What Shall We Think of Christianity?</i> (T. & T. Clark)	2/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Hunt (W.), <i>Essays</i> (Hatchards)	
Vealls (M. A.), <i>Music Fancies</i> (Constable)	5/0
Woodberry (G. E.), <i>Heart of Man</i> (Macmillan)	6/0
Given (W.), <i>A Further Study of the Othello: Have We Misunderstood Shakespeare's Moor?</i> (Kegan Paul)	
Hartmann (S.), <i>Buddha</i> (Author's Edition, New York)	
Wiener (L.), <i>History of Yiddish Literature</i> (Nimmo) net	9/0
Saintsbury (G.), <i>Modern English Writers: Matthew Arnold</i> (Blackwood)	2/6
Frazer (E.), <i>Setby</i> (Bale, Sons & Danielson)	
Pratt (T.), <i>Persephone in Hades</i> (Kegan Paul)	
Johnson (J.), <i>Testimony of Shakespeare's Sonnets</i> (Putnam's Sons)	5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Hopkins (T.), <i>An Idler in Old France</i> (Hurst & Blackett)	6/0
Ewart (K. D.), <i>"Foreign Statesmen" Series: Cosimo de' Medici</i> (Macmillan)	2/6
Lubbock (A.), <i>Memories of Eton and Etonians</i> (Murray)	9/0
Parkman (F.), <i>Montaigne and Wolfe. Two vols.</i> (Macmillan) net	17/0
Harris (J. H.), <i>Robert Baikes: a Man and His Work</i> (Arrowsmith)	7/6
Bateson (M.), <i>Records of the Borough of Leicester</i> (Clay) net	25/0
Horne (Hon. J. A.), <i>Lady Louisa Stuart</i> (Doughlas)	7/6
Stillman (W. J.), <i>Francesco Crispi</i> (Richards)	7/6
Starr (F.), <i>Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick</i> (Cambridge University Press)	
Skrine (F. H.) and Ross (E. D.), <i>The Heart of Asia</i> (Methuen)	10/6
Yarnall (E.), <i>Wordsworth and the Colonies</i> (Macmillan) net	10/0
J. C. H., <i>Reminiscences of a Professional Politician</i> (New Century Press)	2/0
Chadwick (J. W.), <i>A Life for Liberty</i> (Putnam's Sons)	6/0
Beers (H. A.), <i>A History of English Monasticism in the Eighteenth Century</i> (Kegan Paul)	
Kirke (H.), <i>Extracts from the Diary of the Rev. James Clegg</i> (Sampson Low)	
Robinson (Hon. Sir J.), <i>The Colonies and the Century</i> (Macmillan) net	3/0
Legland (J.), <i>Navy Records Society: Despatches and Letters Relating to the Blockade of Brest. Vol. I.</i> (Navy Rec. Soc.)	
Atterbury (A. P.), <i>Isaiah in Africa</i> (Putnam's Sons)	5/0
<i>Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwick.</i> Written by his Wife. (Blackwood)	21/0
<i>Alfred the Great.</i> By Various Writers. Edited by Alfred Bowker (Black)	6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Guide Books to Cromer, Penzance, &c.: Teignmouth, North Wales, Inverness, Eastbourne, &c. (Ward & Lock) each	1/0
Planchut (E.), <i>China and the Chinese.</i> Translated by Mrs. Archib. Bell (Hurst & Blackett)	2/8
Carnie (T. W.), <i>In Quint East Anglia</i> (Greening)	
Ransome (S.), <i>Japan in Transition</i> (Harper & Bros.)	16/0
Gorst (H. E.), <i>The Imperial Interest Library: China</i> (Sands & Co)	6/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Mitchell (Mrs. C.), <i>International Scientific Series: Evolution by Atrophy. From the French</i> (Kegan Paul)	5/0
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ART.

Royal Academy Pictures (Cassell & Co.)	
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EDUCATIONAL.

Anden (H. W.), <i>Higher Greek Prose</i> (Blackwood)	2/6
Higham (J.), <i>"Sir Walter Scott Continuous Readers": Ivanhoe</i> (Black) net	1/0
Allcroft (A. H.), <i>Cæsar: Gallic War, Book IV.</i> (Clive)	
Proper (B.), <i>Le Trésor de Monte-Cristo</i> (Blackie)	
Gwynn (S.), <i>The Odes of Horace, Book II.</i> (Blackie)	1/6
Sidwick (A.), <i>Æneid of Vergil, Book II.</i> (Cambridge University Press)	
Keene (C. H.), <i>Orations of Cicero against Catiline</i> (Blackie)	2/6
Smith (D. N.), <i>Warwick Shakespeare: King Henry the Eighth</i> (Blackie)	1/6
Gould (F. J.), <i>Children's Book of Moral Lessons</i> (Watts & Co.)	
Marquant (E. C.), <i>A Greek Anthology</i> (Methuen)	3/6
Beckwith (E. G. A.), <i>Satura Grammatica</i> (Bell & Sons)	
Pateron (W.), <i>M. Tullii Ciceronis Pro A. Cuentio Oratio</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
Dutton (S. T.), <i>Social Phases of Education in the School and Home</i> (Macmillan)	5/0
Lloyd (R. J.), <i>Northern English: Phonetics, Grammar, Texts</i> (Druck & Verlag, Leipzig)	
Hatfield (J. T.), <i>Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
<i>A Handbook of Translation from Latin. Part II.</i> (Stanford)	2/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution to July, 1897. (Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.)	
Henry (W. E.), <i>Early Work in Photography</i> (Dawbarn & Ward)	
Perry (J.), <i>The Steam Engine, and Gas and Oil Engines</i> (Macmillan) net	7/6
Boanquet (B.), <i>The Philosophical Theory of the State</i> (Macmillan) net	10/0
Dixon (C.), <i>Bird-Life in a Southern County</i> (Scott.)	6/0
Fried (A. H.), <i>The Diary of a Condemned Man</i> (Heinemann)	2/6
Newham-Davis (Lieut.-Col.), <i>Dinners and Dinners</i> (Richards)	3/6
<i>Giants of the Game, Being Reminiscences of the Stars of Cricket</i> (Ward, Lock & Co.)	1/0
Irvine (D.), <i>A Wagnerian's Midsummer</i> (Grevel & Co.) net	4/0
Jaurès (J.), <i>Action Socialiste</i> (Bellair) 3fr. 50c.	
Hopwood (H. V.), <i>Living Pictures: (Optician and Photographic Trades Review)</i>	
Hulme-Beaman (A. G.), <i>Pons Asinorum, or Bridge for Beginners</i> (Methuen)	2/0
<i>Eighteenth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey, 1896-7</i> (Government Printing Office, Washington)	

NEW EDITIONS.

Ordish (T. F.), <i>Early London Theatres</i> (Stock)	
Moncrieff (A. R. H.), <i>Where Shall We Go?</i> (Black)	3/6
Moncrieff (A. R. H.), <i>Guide to Harrogate</i> (Black)	1/0
Shakespeare's Plays: Eversley Edition (Macmillan)	5/0
Creighton (M.), <i>Queen Elizabeth</i> (Longmans)	6/0
Parr (Mrs.), <i>Adam and Eve</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
De Morgan (A.), <i>On the Study and Difficulties of Mathematics</i> (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago)	
Saunders (H.), <i>Illustrated Manual of British Birds. Part 20.</i> (Garney & Jackson)	1/0
Maupassant (G. de) <i>Boule de Suif.</i> Translated by Arthur Symonds (Heinemann)	15/0
Browne (W. A.), <i>Merchants' Handbook. Fifth Edition.</i> (Stanford)	6/0
Scott (Sir W.), <i>The Fair Maid of Perth. 2 vols.</i> (Dent) each	1/6
Young (C. M.), <i>Henrietta's Wish</i> (Macmillan)	3/6
<i>Nicolas Fouquet</i> (Simpkin Marshall)	5/0

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Announcements.

MR. JOHN LANE announces for early publication a reprint of Robert Stephen Hawker's poems. The volume will be edited by Mr. Alfred Wallis, and will contain a memoir and bibliography. Included also in the volume will be the Trelawney ballad, famous for the controversy respecting its authorship, which has lasted down to the present day, and in which such literary giants as Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay once took part.

LADY DILKE, who, it is well known, has for some years made a study of French art of the last century in all its branches, has in the press for publication in the autumn a volume entitled *French Painters in the Eighteenth Century*. It will be richly illustrated.

MESSRS. METHUEN have just published a work entitled *The Heart of Asia*, by Mr. F. H. Skrine and Prof. E. D. Ross. It is an account, historical, political, economical, and descriptive of Russian Central Asia.

An American Transport in the Crimean War.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

127

streets were blocked with snow. With what we had brought them, the garrison had a good supply of food, but scarcely enough fuel to cook it, and none whatever wherewith to keep themselves warm.

I made inquiries for the Pasha in command, and was directed to a house occupied by him. Through the interpreter I asked the guard in what room he was to be found, and he pointed out the door to me. On entering, I saw, literally, a pile of bodies, a dozen or more heaped up together and all asleep. They were awakened by the noise we made, and as they uncoiled themselves, the Pasha was discovered at the bottom of the heap, where he had kept himself warm by having men instead of blankets piled over him.

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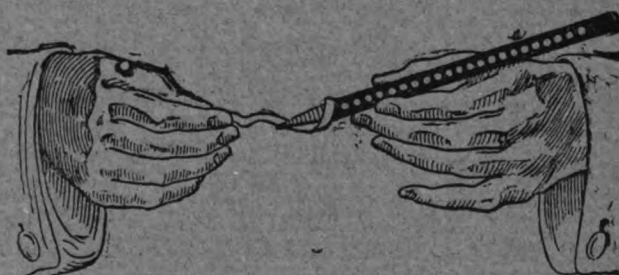
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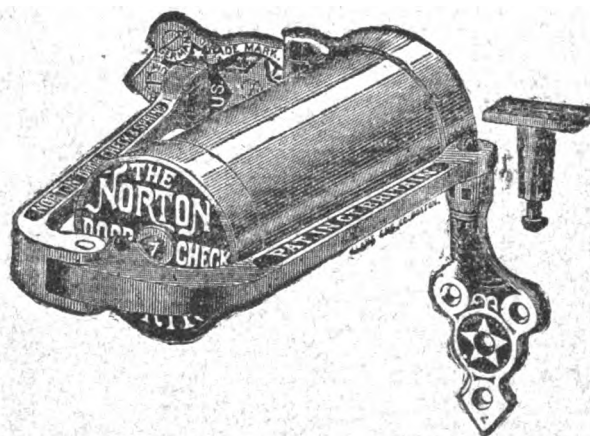
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THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW

A Quarterly Miscellany

EDITED BY

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

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The Literary Week.

THE Art Workers' Masque, to be produced at the Guild-hall next Tuesday and following nights, deserves close attention. The pains and thought and time that have been devoted to this experiment by the Art Workers' Guild alone render it worthy of all encouragement, apart from the interest that naturally attaches to a careful and accurate revival of so beautiful a form of entertainment as the masque, the delight of Elizabethans and Stuarts. The Art Workers' Masque tells the story of "The Sleeping Beauty," with allegorical circumstances added; and everything has been done to make it charming and sumptuous and historically right. The fact that the Prince of Wales will probably be present introduces the element of royalty which seems indispensable to a masque's successful performance.

AN extra Summer Number of the *Studio* will shortly be ready, containing not only the text of the masque, but also illustrations of a large number of the designs for this unique undertaking.

THE great bazaar just held at the Albert Hall, in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, derives literary interest from the elaborate *Souvenir* volume which Mr. Beerbohm Tree, assisted by Mr. Lionel Hart, has edited. The contents include contributions from authors so far apart as the Poet Laureate and Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Max Beerbohm; and consist of poem, essay, play, and anecdote, while the ranks of the artists have also been levied upon. The literary contributors are represented by a portrait and a scrap of autograph.

MR. BIRRELL, who is always pertinent, moralises prettily on Dr. Johnson's remark that, though Fleet-street is animated, the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross. Mr. Lang also contributes a literary essay, Mrs. Humphry Ward a sunny account of an Italian villa in spring, and Mr. Sidney Lee describes Shakespeare's first summons to Court.

POETRY is represented by the Poet Laureate, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Herley, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Watson, Mr. Davidson, Sir Lewis Morris, and certain other lyrists better known by their prose. Mr. Swinburne sends three roundels—"At a Dog's Grave"—from which we quote one:

To die a dog's death once was held for shame.
Not all men so beloved and mourned shall lie
As many of these, whose time untimely came
To die.

His years were full; his years were joyous; why
Must love be sorrow, when his gracious name
Recalls his lovely life of limb and eye?

If aught of blameless life on earth may claim
Life higher than death, though death's dark wave rise high,
Such life as this among us never came
To die.

Mr. Alfred Austin's verses celebrate the courage displayed at the wreck of the *Stella*.

AMONG the poets better known for their prose is "John Oliver Hobbes," with a little song from her new drama "Osbern and Ursyne":

"Adieu," said he. Adieu she could not say.
"Farewell," said he. "Farewell; this is a day
That we must long remember, you and I."
"He's gone," said they. "Come forth, clouds, fill the sky,
The rain will fall ere you have felt the sun"
"Shines the sun still? I thought rain had begun."

MME. BERNHARDT'S Hamlet is not Hamlet at all, and the French text is as ineffectual as, say, a version of "In Memoriam" by the late Martin Tupper might be. The shell is there, the sombre background, the moving incidents; but the temper, the vigour, the pathos of the lines have gone. "There's the rub" becomes "*C'est l'obstacle*." "Hamlet" at the Adelphi is but a strong and extravagant melodrama, and yet the performance kept the present writer and, indeed, the whole audience enthralled for close upon four hours. Why? Because Sarah Bernhardt is just herself: because that active, intelligent, penetrating brain glimmered and shone and cut like lightning through every phase of her impersonation. Hamlet? No! Hamlet was a man of fine breeding, and fine feeling, impatient of fools, intellectually arrogant, if you will, but a gentleman. Not the man to throw a book at the head of Polonius, or to climb the throne like a cat and snarl in the king's face, or to thrust a torch between his eyes at his cry for "Lights! Lights!" Hamlet's anger becomes vindictive, feline. Of the large utterance of great grief that informs his purpose—justice rather than revenge—there is small hint. The soliloquies from Mme. Bernhardt's lips do not impress. In a word, this is not Hamlet. It is Sarah Bernhardt in black doublet and hose—brilliant, fascinating, magnetic in every utterance and gesture—Sarah Bernhardt, not another. When she is on the stage, you lean forward, stimulated, entranced, annoyed; when she is off, you lean back and wish her on.

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IN the July number of the *Bookman* a number of reviewers will give their opinion on the question of "Multiple Reviewing."

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT's new book, which is now in the press, will be entitled *Little Novels of Italy*.

LORD ROSEBERY's volume of *Appreciations and Addresses* will be issued on Saturday by Mr. John Lane.

M. HURET's monograph on *Sarah Bernhardt*, which has just been published in an English form by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has a preface by M. Rostand in the form of a letter to the author. Among other things, M. Rostand says: "It seems to me, Jules Huret, that the life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will perhaps form the greatest marvel of the nineteenth century. It will develop into a legend. To describe her tours round the world, with their ever-changing scenes and actors, their beauties and absurdities, to make the locomotives and steamers speak, to portray the swelling of seas and the rustling of robes, to fill up the intervals of heroic recitative with speaking, singing, shouting choruses of poets, savages, kings, and wild animals: this would need a new Homer built up of Théophile Gautier, Jules Verne, and Rudyard Kipling."

AMONG the stories which M. Huret has collected is this: "One day Madame Bernhardt happened to enter a Protestant church and heard the minister denounce her as an 'imp of darkness, a female demon sent from the modern Babylon to corrupt the New World.' Before the day was over, the clergyman received this note—

MY DEAR CONFRÈRE.—Why attack me so violently?
Actors ought not to be hard on one another.
SARAH BERNHARDT."

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* the time has come for English novelists to cease from reading in public in America. America is not in need of them, says this critic: "lecturing people who are lectured, without alien aid, to the full measure of endurance, and telling stories to people who need restraint rather than example in such practices, are things that lack even the saving merit claimed by St. Paul for his sermons, to wit, foolishness." This may be true; but whether or not the practice of public readings will stop depends, we fancy, less upon the *Atlantic Monthly* than Major Pond.

THE house in Cromarty where Hugh Miller was born is reported to be fast falling into ruins for want of any attention. The thatch on the roof has rotted, and large patches have fallen off; the rafters are decaying, and the walls are in a parlous state. Cromarty is a quaint old place, but it cannot afford to lose so inspiring a landmark as Hugh Miller's birthplace. Besides, the house is worth preserving quite apart from that, for it was built by Hugh Miller's great-great-grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, associated with whose life is a happy romance. John loved a pretty girl, Jean Gallie, but his suit was rejected. On the wedding night he disappeared, and it was reported that he had committed suicide. Tradition adds this graphic touch to the story, that Jean, looking through the window, saw lights on the firth, which she was told were boats looking for John's body. Jean's married life was unhappy, and her husband drank himself to death. Many years afterwards John returned a wealthy man, and married Jean out of her poverty. It turned out that he had boarded a smuggler on the night of the wedding, and had made a good thing out of buccaneering, and he built the cottage, now so badly in need of repair, with Spanish gold.

ONE's first feeling in looking at *The Political Struwwelpeter* which Mr. H. Begbie and Mr. F. C. Gould have prepared is wonder that the old book has never done duty in this way before. Nothing could be more natural than the line which these parliamentary satirists have taken; Dr. Hoffmann seems to have held out his arms to them with the promise of every assistance. Our fear is, that the simplicity of the way having been shown, other versions of *Struwwelpeter* will follow, for the idea is good enough to be worked again and again. This time, for example,

Cruel Frederick is personated by Mr. Chamberlain, Harriet by Lord Rosebery, the Great Agrippa by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Little Suck-a-thumb by Mr. Balfour. To-morrow they might all be changed again, and so on through unceasing combinations. We trust that such a prospect is not in store; but there is, with all its cleverness, a want of inevitableness about this skit which suggests it.

MR. BEGBIE figures the British Lion as his Shock-headed Peter:

See the British Lion pose,
Wildly groping for his foes!
Men who tinker up the laws
Never manicure his claws;
And you will observe with pain
No one ever crimps his mane;
Seeing that he's so neglected,
Do you wonder he's dejected?

The other verses are in a similar vein, and they all leave the impression that a little more care would have made them twice as telling. Mr. Gould's adaptations of the original drawings are masterly.

THE results of earthquakes are of two varieties—immediate and remote. The immediate result of the Hereford earthquake of 1896, for example, was to rattle crockery, crack windows, and project feeble residents of Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood out of bed. Its remote result is the publication of a new kind of book, the most elaborate study of a seismic disturbance ever yet produced, at any rate in this country, where seismology is not exactly a paying branch of science.

THE work has been compiled, under the title of *The Hereford Earthquake of 1896*, by Mr. Charles Davison, Sc.D., F.G.S., who has certainly spared no pains to make it exhaustive, and it is published by Messrs. Cornish, of Birmingham, and more than half of it consists of testimonies of persons in the affected districts. To the mind not attracted by seismology these testimonies are the most interesting part, if only as a study in analogies. For instance, one witness, at Hereford, compares the noise to six traction engines, another to the booming of heavy artillery, another to a heavy steam-roller, another to a bomb, another to a heavy cart and a falling chimney, another to a train in a tunnel, another to a blasting. To someone at Clifton the sound resembled "the pedal notes of a great organ, only of a deeper pitch than can be taken in by the human ear, shall I say a noise more felt than heard?" To someone else less poetically constructed it recalled sewing machines being moved overhead.

SOMETIMES the reports have something of the solemnity of "Revelation." Here is one: "When in the wood I was startled by a sort of hissing noise, followed by a rumble which made the ground shake under me. The trees seemed to clash together, then tear one another apart. I had not gone many steps before the second report, louder than the first. . . . The whole woods seemed in an uproar, the birds flying about, sheep running as though chased by a wild beast. In that part of the wood two streams of water meet; it seemed to stand still at the time of the shock." As a patient memoir of an interesting natural phenomenon, Mr. Davison's book deserves the highest praise.

Two very different, but at the same time very interesting libraries, are now in the market. Prof. Foxwell, of the chair of Political Economy at University College, London, is disposing, says the *Economic Journal*, of his collection of over 25,000 volumes and pamphlets bearing upon his special subject. Prof. Foxwell's library has been called

by Dr. Bonar "the finest English economic library in the world." The late Mr. Gleeson White's art books are also now ready for the inspection of collectors at 16, Shaftesbury-avenue. A catalogue has been prepared in two forms, one being strictly a list of the books, and the other containing a portrait of Mr. White and a memoir by Prof. York Powell.

AMONG the French Academy prizes awarded last week was 1,000*fr.* to Mme. Darmesteter for her *Vie de Renan*. This work, we may point out for the benefit of readers who do not know it, was written twice by its accomplished author—first in the French form, which has just been deservedly honoured, and then in English.

THE ingenious Nebraska magazine, the *Kiote*, grows in merit, if not in modesty. This month, as a special concession, it prints a poem by Mr. W. Schuyler-Miller, with the warning that such excellences must not be looked for often at the present rates of subscription. This being so, we are the more disposed to quote Mr. W. Schuyler-Miller's poem, which is a good little piece of sterling homely human nature:

LOVE AND DUTY.

It's been the derndest, slowest afternoon
I've seen for nore'n a month. It ain't because
I've worked so awful hard. I ain't plowed half
What any other fellow'd done, I s'pose.
The team's all right; the ground's a-workin' fine;
The field's a-needin' plowin', too. You'd think
I'd keep 'em goin' lively, but, I jing,
I jest can't do it. When I turn around
Down at the other end, there, next the house,
Or stop a bit to clean the shovels off,
Jest like as not I'll fool around and take
Three times as long's I really ought to do.

A fellow shouldn't act jest this-a-way
An' waste the whole endurin' afternoon,
An' keep a-lookin' all the time to where,
Down to the house acrost the pasture lot,
She's visitin' our folks.

WE find also in the *Kiote*, hidden away in an essay on "The Noble Liar," the following poem. It may be new, it may be old; it does not rhyme; it is not metrical. And yet it is good:

I carried the old Bishop a bunch of roses this morning,
And when I handed them to him he said,
"Wait, my daughter, there are thorns upon them."
Then he took out his knife, saying,
"Give me one at a time."
I watched him while he carefully cut away each thorn.
"Do you always cut off the thorns, Bishop?"
He looked at me with an appreciative twinkle in the dark
of his eye.
Set deep under the shaggy brows, and said, "Yes; don't
you?"
"No," I said, "I am a woman;
I only hold my rose tight, and smile,
And let the blood trickle, and say,
'My rose has no thorns!'"

If the *Kiote* can continue to print such striking and unaffected truthfulnesses as these it will do a good work.

MR. ALFRED WALLIS, the editor of the complete edition of *The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker*, which Mr. Lane has just published, writes in his introduction that "a biography of this remarkable man, whose strong individuality and mental power are impressed indelibly upon his poetical work, is a desideratum." This is certainly true. An edition of Hawker's prose might also well be prepared. Mr. Wallis thus sums up the famous Cornish parson: "As a priest of the Church of England, he was honest, conscientious, sincere; as a man, just and upright in all

his dealings with mankind; and as a poet, few writers of our own day can equal him. None can claim a better title to the esteem, and even affection, of those who will only know him through the medium of his works."

MR. RICHARD MARSH writes: "Will you allow me to state that my story, *Philip Bennion's Death*, referred to in your current issue among the fiction of the week, was originally issued some three years back by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. at a shilling? Why they are now re-issuing it as a new novel at three shillings and sixpence I cannot say. The copyright not being mine, I have no voice in the matter. I shall esteem myself further favoured if you will let me say that no book containing fresh matter of mine has appeared since *The Beetle* in September, 1897, and that the first story I have written since then will be published in September of this year."

THE last of the old wood-engravers, Mr. Henry Duff Linton, died on Saturday last at Norbiton. Born in the early years of the century, he lived far into days of "process" work: days in which wood-engraving is no longer really regarded as an art. A brother of William James Linton, he was associated with him and Orrin Smith in the production of the illustrations for the early numbers of the *Illustrated London News*. He was also a partner with his brother and others in various ventures publications, in which many beautiful specimens of his work may be found. Mr. Linton is mourned by his family, but most of his contemporaries have already passed away.

AT a time of Tammany revelations and Chicago investigations, it is worth remembering, writes a correspondent, that Shadwell (Dryden's "MacFlecknoe"), in his *Epsom Wells* (1672), makes Clodpate, the country justice, "a hearty, true English coxcomb," describe the London justices thus: "They are the greatest Malefactors there: they make a pretty Trade on't in the Suburbs, with Bribes receiv'd from Pads, Pickpockets, and Shop-lifts, with the Taxes they raise from labouring —, and contributions from Tributary —" If this was even approximately true, Londoners should not exult at Transatlantic revelations of official iniquities, nor the citizens of New York and Chicago despair.

ONCE again have the women writers dined and smoked together. On this occasion the number of guests was two hundred. Miss Elizabeth Robins ("C. E. Raimond") took the chair and proposed the health of the author of *Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands*; Miss Honor Morten, the honorary secretary, reviewed the progress of the Society and exulted in their passage from ridicule to numerical strength; Mrs. Steele spoke wittily and well; and Mrs. Meade expressed the belief that critics neither aided nor abetted the sale of books.

THE ninth volume of Miss Hetherington's *Annual Index to Periodicals*, covering the year 1898, is now in the press and will be issued shortly.

A LITERARY parallel has been discovered by a correspondent of *Literature*, which, if accidental, is most extraordinary. In Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Christian*, one of the characters, Lord Robert Ure, describes the effects of John Storm's dramatic prediction of the destruction of London:

I counted seventeen people on their knees in the streets — upon my soul, I did! Eleven old women of eighty, two or three of seventy, and one or two that might be as young as sixty-nine. Then the epidemic of piety in high life too! Several of our millionaires gave sixpence apiece

to beggars—were seen to do it, don't you know? One old girl gave up playing baccarat and subscribed to "Darkest England." No end of sweet little women confessed their pretty weaknesses to their husbands, and now that the world is wagging along as merrily as before, they don't know what the devil they are to do.

The picture is convincing or not according to the reader's temperament. The reason for detaching the passage from the novel, however, is to place beside it the following sentences from Swift's "True and Faithful Narrative of What passed in London During the general Consternation"—following the prediction of the imminence of the end of the world by the preacher William Cheston. Swift wrote:

I . . . counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about four score; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy. . . . It was remarkable that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city in common charity gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who plied about the church doors. . . . Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a Custom House officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet (all noted gamesters) came publicly into a church at Westminster and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands. . . . I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands.

Mr. Hall Caine's reply has yet to come. The likeness between the two descriptions may be purely accidental, and Mr. Caine may never have seen Swift's document. But if he has intentionally adapted an actual account of such a panic, it is a great pity he did not acknowledge the loan. No one would think less of his own narrative powers.

Bibliographical.

THE late Mr. Augustin Daly comes within the scope of this column, if only on account of his fondness for printing and circulating, privately, handsomely got-up brochures on subjects in which he was especially interested. One of these, for instance, he devoted to the professional career of Miss Ada Rehan, the "leading lady" for whom he did so much, and who, in her turn, did so much for him. Mr. William Winter, I believe, was the author of this narrative and *éloge*, which, produced originally in 1891, was, seven years later, revised, reprinted, and issued to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. Another of Mr. Daly's brochures was on Peg Woffington (1888), and one of the twenty-five copies printed is in the British Museum. Yet another was entitled *Memories of Daly's Theatres*, printed privately in 1897. This was not written by Mr. Daly, but it embodies, in effect, his biography. It is charmingly illustrated, and ought some day to be made generally accessible, for, besides telling the story of Daly's life as critic, playwright, and manager, it illustrates very largely the history of the American stage between 1862 and 1895.

In the various obituary notices of Mr. Daly in the English Press very much less than justice has been done to his fecundity and (I may say) importance as a playwright (I do not say "dramatist"). Few people seem to know that he was the author of that version of Dr. Mosenthal's "Deborah"—"Leah the Forsaken"—in which Miss Kate Bateman made so great an impression both in the States and over here, and which has beaten all other versions out of the field. It was Daly's first acted work. His second was an adaptation of "Dorf und Stadt," his third an adaptation of "Le Papillon" (called "Taming a Butterfly"). Then came a dramatisation of

Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," a melodrama called "Under the Gaslight," an adaptation of "The Pickwick Papers," a drama named "The Red Scarf," and a melodrama entitled "A Flash of Lightning"—all written and produced before their author became, in 1869, a theatrical manager.

After 1869 came an adaptation of "Frou Frou"; dramatisations of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" and "No Name"; a drama called "Divorce"; adaptations of Belto's "Article 47," of "Alix," of Mosenthal's "Madeline Morel," of Sardou's "Maison Neuve," of Dumas's "Monsieur Alphonse," of Augier's "Gabrielle"—all before 1875, in which year Mr. Daly began, with "The Big Bonanza," that long series of adaptations from the German by which he is best known to English audiences. After that he wrote two original plays—"Pique" and the "Dark City"—and half-a-dozen or more adaptations from the French. Of all these pieces, only two, so far as I can discover, have been printed in England—"Under the Gaslight" and "Leah the Forsaken," the former of which is published both by French and Dicks.

I see we have a new story from the pen of "Roll Boldrewood." *Robbery Under Arms*, I confess, is the only tale by that writer which I have ever been able to get through; but that he has a public in England would seem to be proved by the numerous books by him which have been published in this country. *Robbery Under Arms* was brought out in three-volume form by Remingtons in 1888, and in the following year was issued by Macmillans in much cheaper shape; last year they issued it at the nimble sixpence. Since 1889 we have had a whole flight of "Boldrewood" books: *A Colonial Reformer*, *A Miner's Right*, and *The Squatter's Dream*, all in 1890; *A Sydney Sides Saxon* (1891), *Nevermore* (1892), *A Modern Buccaneer* (1894), *The Crooked Stick* and *The Sphinx of Eaglehawk* (1895), *The Sealskin Cloak* and *Old Melbourne Memories* (1896), *My Run Home* (1897), and *Plain Living and A Romance of Canvas-Town and Other Stories* (1898). Clearly there must be those for whom the work of "Roll Boldrewood" has attractions. Meanwhile, it would seem that his first book brought out in England was that called *Ups and Downs*, which was published here more than twenty years ago.

The promoters of the Alfred the Great commemoration have done well. I think, to issue a book which should "diffuse, as widely as possible, public knowledge of the king's life and work." I may be wrong, but I fancy that "public knowledge" is small, and assuredly I see no signs of enthusiasm in the matter. The Poet Laureate published not so long ago a dramatic poem in which he described Alfred as "England's darling," but I doubt if England cares very much about Alfred now. "Truth-teller was our English Alfred named," sings Tennyson in his Ode on Wellington; and the late Tom Hughes wrote for the "Sunday Library" a monograph on the king which it might be worth the publishers' while to reproduce. Apart from this, what have we to show? A dramatic poem on Alfred, written by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and printed in 1876; a verse-play by the late lamented Mr. Martin Tupper, called "Alfred," and actually performed at Manchester, with the late Walter Montgomery in the title-part; a verse-play by Sheridan Knowles, called "Alfred the Great," produced at Drury-lane in 1831, with Macready as Alfred; a musical drama by Isaac Pocock, produced in 1827; a tragedy by John Home, brought out in 1778; a drama by John O'Keefe, which saw the light in 1776; and that famous masque by Thomson and Mallet, in which "Rule Britannia" first had a hearing. It will be seen that within the past half century Alfred has been celebrated only by Martin Tupper, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, by Tom Hughes, by Mr. Alfred Austin, and by Tennyson in a single isolated reference. It was high time that something was done to "diffuse public knowledge" of "our English Alfred."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Gille-Shakespeare.

Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime. By J. J. Jusserand. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

FEW Frenchmen—and, for the matter of that, few Englishmen—have M. Jusserand's intimate knowledge of the literary history of these islands, or can wear their cap of erudition with so jaunty a cock and so gay a stride. The present volume is built upon a bewildering variety of remote reading, and is full of entertainment from cover to cover. The central topic is the fortune of Shakespeare's reputation in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but M. Jusserand is nothing if not discursive, and what he really gives us is a picture of the general literary and social relations between ourselves and our neighbours during, and even before, his period.

The modern Frenchman is an Anglomaniac; but until the Restoration of the Stuarts English influence on French letters practically did not exist. Eustace Deschamps praised Chaucer, but only as the translator of the *Roman de la Rose* and of Deschamps himself. Poets went and came between the countries: Sir Thomas Wyatt, Bryan Sackville, serving as ambassadors to Paris, Du Bartas fulfilling the same function in London. But though the Englishmen borrowed, they lent nothing in return. France had no ears for alien poets, unless they came from Italy or from Spain. Frenchmen travelled to England and wrote guide-books or accounts of their travels, without whispering a word of literature. They dwelt on the beauty of the English women, and on the drinking habits of the English men. One thirsty soul, according to Etienne Perlin, will cry: "Drind you in iplaigiu"; and another will reply: "Tanque artelay." But even Ronsard, even Brantôme, have nothing to say of Spenser or of Sidney. Works written in Latin by Englishmen or Scotchmen, such as the *Utopia* of More or the Latin tragedies of George Buchanan, alone seem to have found their way across the Channel. Under Louis Quatorze there was a moment in French dramatic history when the romantic spirit, represented by Cyrano de Bergerac in France, as by Shakespeare in England, seemed likely to become dominant on the stage; and this might have led to some sympathetic appreciation of English tragedy and comedy. But the moment passed, and romanticism went down before Racine and Corneille and their panoply of pseudo-Aristotelian unities. Everything that was least Shakespearean came into favour. Rule and Order were adopted as the watchwords of literature:

Fine, regular, straight avenues are drawn across the parks; the language, like the parks, is trimmed, cleansed, and chastened; the Academy prunes it of all those technical terms formerly praised by Ronsard and Malherbe, who wanted a language both rich and strong; now it is wanted above all noble and dignified. Old words, "les vieux mots," are excluded from the great national vocabulary; also new ones, "nouvellement inventés"; also "terms of art and science"; also expressions of anger or offensive to modesty—"les termes d'emportement ou qui blessent la pudeur." No such improper words have been "allowed into the dictionary, because honest men avoid using them in their speech," and academicians do not write dictionaries for clowns. The word "*essor*" (soar) is accepted out of favour, although tainted with "falconry."

Under such conditions it is obvious that France had no room for Shakespeare. He sinned against all her canons, kicked over all her traces:

What place could be found in the favour of a public thus formed for an author who accepts words of all sorts, old or new, lewd, technical, choleric, or learned; every sentiment and every idea, and far from attenuating them in order to keep them within the bounds of nobleness and decorum, carries them to extremes with the view of render-

ing his contrasts as decided as possible; an author who falls into the most execrably bad taste, reaches the loftiest heights of sublimity, writes plays with or without heroes, plays with whole legions of personages, among which he admits not only the whistling valet and swearing drunkard, described as in a nightmare by pessimist La Bruyère, but even dogs, and even a bear ("Exit, pursued by a bear"); an incommensurable dramatist, now full of tears, now of jokes, who watches the martlets fly (in the middle of a tragedy), wonders whether the crickets are listening ("Yond crickets shall not hear it"), sings the sweetest love-songs the world has ever heard, divines all our joys, weeps for all our sorrows; coarse beyond endurance, lyrical beyond all possibility of adequate praise; in a word, what place was there for Shakespeare in the France of Louis Quatorze?

M. Jusserand has taken great pains to trace the earliest mentions of Shakespeare in France. He finds none until quite the end of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare himself had been re-written and re-modelled by the egregious adapters of the Restoration. Then at last Muralt, writing of his voyage to England, names "Schakspear, one of their best ancient poets," and Moreau de Brasey tells his fellow countrymen that: "One Shakspear, who lived in the last century, has left the reputation of a master owing to his excellent historical plays, and M. Addison has perfected this taste in his admirable 'Cato.'" Even earlier a copy of the Second Folio had found its way into the library of Louis Quatorze, and in cataloguing it Nicholas Clement wrote on a slip, which M. Jusserand has come across, that: "This English poet has a fine enough imagination, thinks naturally, expresses himself neatly; but these excellent qualities are marred by the filth which he puts into his comedies."

With the eighteenth century comes a change. The classic rigidity breaks down. Shakespeare is admitted, read, studied, imitated, even acted; and as the rage for the "natural," under the influence of Rousseau, grows, is suddenly found to be popular. The most interesting episodes in this development are those which illustrate the attitude of Voltaire to the new spirit. It was Voltaire's instinct to allow liberty to everyone except a poet. But he had been himself to some extent responsible for the introduction of Shakespeare. In 1726 he visited London, and remained there until 1729. He was taken by Pope and Bolingbroke to the theatre, and saw, among other things, the "barbarous irregularities" of Julius Caesar. In his *Lettres Philosophiques* of 1734, designed to satirise his own countrymen through the medium of praise of England, he included a *Lettre sur la Tragédie*. Here he says: "Shakespeare, whom the English take for a Sophocles, flourished about the same time as Lope de Vega; he created the drama, he had a genius full of strength and fecundity, of naturalness, and sublimity, without the least spark of good taste, and without the slightest knowledge of rules." Then he goes on to criticise "Othello" and to translate "To be, or not to be" from "Hamlet." He concludes with something like enthusiasm: "The poetic genius of the English is, up to now, like a bushy tree planted by Nature, throwing out a thousand branches and growing unsymmetrically with strength. It dies if you try to force its nature and to clip it like one of the trees in the Marly Gardens." Voltaire intended the *Lettres Philosophiques* to make a *furor*, and they did. They were, in fact, torn and burnt by the public executioner, in the courtyard of the Palais de Justice, as "scandalous, contrary to religion, good morals, and to the respect due to the powers that be." It is probable that in his desire to magnify things not French Voltaire had spoken very much more warmly of Shakespeare than in his heart of hearts he felt. However, he had set a stone rolling that could not easily be stayed. The magic of Shakespeare began to work. He became a subject for conversation and for controversy. Translations were set on foot. La Place wrote a *Discours sur la Théâtre Anglais*. "L'Anglicisme nous gagne," wrote D'Argenson in 1750.

There followed a singular epoch, during which English and French exchanged ideas. The English tendency was all in favour of classicising Shakespeare. Garrick for instance,

put Shakespeare's plays on the stage, not as they were, but as he would have wished them to be: he suppressed the grave-digger's scene in "Hamlet," running the risk of having "the benches thrown at his head" by the rabble, but sure thereby to obtain the approbation of Voltaire. He gave a "King Lear" with a happy ending; he awoke Juliet before the death of Romeo; and never allowed old Capulet to call his daughter "green-sickness carrion," nor any such names. "Winter's Tale" became in his hands "Florizel and Perdita"; "Midsummer Night's Dream" became "The Fairies"; "Taming the Shrew," "Catherine and Petruccio"; Bianca lost her lovers and the play its drunkard.

On the other hand, in France nature and romance—pastoral nature and sophisticated romance, indeed—were all the vogue. The fame of Shakespeare reached its height in 1776 with a grand translation in twenty quarto volumes, due chiefly to Pierre-Félicien Le Tourneur. Meanwhile Voltaire had watched from afar with bitterness in his heart. Whatever he had been in 1734, in 1776 he was a classic of the classics. Kings and churches were fair game for his mordant wit; but the great writers at least he held sacred. The hermit of Ferney flung himself into the battle. It is no longer a time for criticism. Shakespeare now is *l'infâme*, and must be crushed. He is flouted as "Gille-Shakespeare," for, indeed, "Gille, in a country fair, would express himself with more decency and nobleness than Prince Hamlet." Of Le Tourneur's translation—"that wretch Le Tourneur"—he writes: "a collection of plays meant for booths at the fair, and written two hundred years ago. . . . There are not enough affronts, enough fools'-caps, enough pillories in France for such a knave. . . . The worst of it is, that the monster has a party in France, and, worse than the worst, I was myself the first to speak of this Shakespeare; I was the first to show the French a few pearls that I had found in his enormous dunghill." Voltaire composed his famous letter to the Academy, which was read in a solemn session, after a mass and a panegyric by D'Alembert, best reader of his day. It was a formal onslaught on the "mountebank" Shakespeare, "so savage, so low, so unbridled, and so absurd." Two years later came the final triumph of Voltaire's life in the performance of *Irène* and the plaudits which it won him. He took the occasion to renew the attack upon the enemy in a second letter to the Academy, which concludes: "Shakespeare is a savage with sparks of genius which shine in a horrible night." And, after all, that is what, in their hearts, the French still think of Shakespeare.

The Poet of the Muscovite.

Translations from Poushkin. By C. E. Turner. (Sampson Low & Marston. 7s. 6d. net.)

RUSSIA has just been effervescing over the centenary of her national poet, Poushkin. It has been veritably a national—nay, more—a racial affair. It has been not merely Russian, but Slavonic. Finally, seizing occasion by the ear, Mr. Charles Edward Turner, English Lecturer at the Petersburg University, has published a volume of translations from Poushkin, that we English may learn for ourselves, so far as translation will permit, what the greatest of Russian poets is like.

The reader who wishes to know the correct thing to say of Poushkin we refer to any comprehensive encyclopædia or biographical dictionary. Our business here is to record faithfully the impression made by these selected translations. Seldom is mastery of Russian joined with mastery of verse; and Mr. C. E. Turner is not among such exceptionally favoured beings. The minor poems hardly attempt verse, but are pretty much literal translations, in

rhymeless lines. Better had they been frank prose, and frankly literal, like the Revised Version of the Bible, keeping the original lines, but not trying to make them metrical. The major poems are also unrhymed, in metrical form; the tragedies being in very limping and listless blank verse. All should have been prose, for Mr.



POUSHKIN.

Turner has no manner of metrical gift. His expedients for bringing translation within verse form are most clumsy. Awkwardly stilted inversion is one, reminding us of the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream": "When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar," and so forth. Docking the article is another;

How sting of conscience hope to still?

Or again:

Perish on the block in city-square;

and yet again:

Such is the will of Tsar and his Boyards.

These tricks, constantly repeated, give a hopeless impression of impotence to control verse. Prose is better than all but fine verse-rendering, certainly better than verse like this. It is a pity Mr. Turner did not give his knowledge of Russian unchecked scope by a downright literal translation.

Under these circumstances, much has to be allowed for in our impression of the Muscovite poet. He studied and imitated Shakespeare, but especially Byron. He does not, however, like Shakespeare in German, and Byron in all languages, translate well. The loss of metrical beauty and beauty of poetic diction is evidently fatal with him. Frankly to speak, he is disappointing in English guise. A certain Byronic straightness to the matter is his. But he has not those turns of eloquence and rhetorical art, the point, the antithesis, the balance, the studied and abrupt contrast—the oratorical devices, in fine, which make Byron translate so effectively. At the same time, he has all the Byronic lack of great imagery. Nay, there is no need for the adjective; purely and simply, he lacks imagery. Throughout the book there is not one image either

beautiful or striking; not one which the most minor English poet would not think trite and beneath his capacities. We do him an injustice in speaking thus; for he can scarce be said to aim at or desire imagery. In this respect he is altogether opposed to the spirit of Teutonic poetry, with its thick-coming figurative opulence, and akin to the spirit of French or Greek poetry. Yet hardly any Greek, hardly any French poet even, of like lyric impulse, is so bare of images, has a style so unfeathered by imagery or the research of imagery. Now, to translate well, a poet must have great or at least striking ideas; or, failing that, he must have the arts of eloquence and rhetoric to which we have referred. Poushkin has none of all these things. Fire and directness seem to be his chief qualities, and they come ill out of translation.

His famous masterpiece, the tragedy "Boris Godounoff," is not impressive in English and to the countrymen of Shakespeare, under whose influence it was written. Plainly, it is a very elementary effort as a play; and if it be a vast improvement on previous Russian plays, the fact does not speak much for Russian drama. It imitates the weakest features of Shakespeare's historical plays not wisely but too well. Russian history is followed literally in a series of scenes which succeed each other without art. The drama is almost void of dramatic structure. It meanders as history meanders, and the last three scenes pass after the death of its hero, who is so little heroic that the interest is equally divided between him and the Pretender Grigory, a much more taking figure, who in his turn disappears totally from the final scenes, leaving the stage entirely to featureless subordinates. There is nothing in the play that we understand by poetry, nor yet the rhetoric and eloquence which replaces the poetic convention in the best French drama. It depends purely on the dramatic power which it has not got. Nevertheless, individual scenes show much true dramatic spirit, so that one marvels Poushkin did not outgo this—as it seems to us—tentative effort. "The Stone Guest" is an able little version of the Don Juan legend, but scarcely more. "The Bronze Cavalier" is Byronic, and doubtless has a rush and fire in the original which (as we have explained) disappear in translation. It is the same with "Pultava." But let us take the minor poems, where we can form some better idea of the true Poushkin. Here, even through the veil of translation which is not veritably verse or prose, we can get some conception of direct, clear-cut, forcible expression and masculine strength of sentiment. "A Study," one can see, is a grimly tragic vignette of peasant life, with a Heinesque turn at the close. "A Winter Morning" must be vivid in the original. "The Poet" and "My Monument" breathe an austere independence which, given the poet's diction, that we have not here, must be noble and monumental. So it is with other work, mixed with some which is second-hand Byron—and second-hand Byron is intolerable to us, however it may be in Russia. But quite the finest thing in translation is the invective against "The Calumniators of Russia." Given English form by a poet, it would make a fine and burning patriotic poem. In a book which is not very quotable, it is the most quotable thing; and we cite the final stanza:

Your threats are loud; now, try and prove as loud in deed?
Think ye the aged hero, sleeping in his bed,
No more has strength to wield the sword of Ismail?
Or that the word of Russian Tsar has weaker grown?
Or have we ne'er with Europe warred,
And lost the victor's cunning skill?
Or are we few? From shores of Perm to southern Tauris,
From Finnish cliffs of ice to fiery Colchis,
From Kremlin's battered battlements
As far as China's circling wall
Not one shall fail his country's call.
Then send, assemblies of the West,
Your fiercest troops in full array!
In Russian plains we'll find them place
To sleep with those who fell before!

Clearly a strong poet with a trumpet note in him, and worthy, we do not doubt, of his country's homage. Yet this book leaves us with a surmise (necessarily doubtful and hesitant) that the nation in which he is the greatest poet is not one of the nations great in poetry; and, in any case, we fear Mr. Turner's volume will not achieve its laudable purpose of making him known and honoured in England. It is perhaps impossible; certainly it will need more than a knowledge of Russian to do it.

Old Histories and New Discoveries.

Authority and Archaeology. By S. R. Driver, D.D., and Others. Edited by David G. Hogarth. (John Murray. 16s.)

THIS book seems to have been begun with one purpose and finished with another. The original scheme, as indicated in its First and Third Parts, was apparently to show how modern research has affected our view of the Bible as history; but later it seems to have occurred to the projectors that they might as well throw in something about pre-historic Europe and the latest ideas on the constitution of the Roman Empire. We do not complain of the result, which has produced what the French call a "Bulletin" of Archaeology, but it makes it necessary that we should consider the book from two different points of view.

And, first, as to the effect of archaeological discovery upon the authority of Scripture. On this, as might be expected, Prof. Driver speaks with no uncertain sound. He gives up, in fact, all the points over which science and religion have wrangled for the last fifty years, and declares that the view which regards the cosmogony of the Book of Genesis as literally true "is no longer tenable." He also considers it as proved that the account of the Creation contained in it is dependent on Babylonian sources, and, therefore, has as little claim to originality as it has to authenticity. Readers of the ACADEMY have been kept too well-informed of the advance of knowledge in this respect (see, for instance, the review of Prof. Sayce's *Early History of the Hebrews* in the ACADEMY of June 4, 1898) for it to be necessary to dwell much upon this, and it will be sufficient to notice that while Prof. Driver is willing to allow that "the Biblical teachers respecting Joseph embody a genuine nucleus of historical fact," he thinks "not so much can be said of the testimony of the inscriptions to the oppression and the Exodus." "Of course, those who accept these facts as narrated in the Book of Exodus will find in the inscriptions interesting antiquarian and topographical illustrations of them; but those who seek *corroboration* of the facts from the monuments will be disappointed." When he comes to the Book of Kings, he finds that the monuments explain as well as confirm the Bible, as, for instance, the British Museum inscriptions of Sennacherib, which make it plain, although, as he says, it "would not be suspected from the Biblical narrative," that Hezekiah's rebellion was part of a preconcerted plan in which many cities of Phœnicia and Philistia took part. Prof. Sayce's theory that Jerusalem was besieged and taken by Sennacherib's father, Sargon, he cannot away with, and he speaks with some heat of his brother professor's strictures upon the Higher Critics, which, he says, are due to misapprehension of the facts of the case: "Either the critics have not held the opinions imputed to them, or the opinions rightly imputed to them have not been overthrown by the discoveries of archaeology."

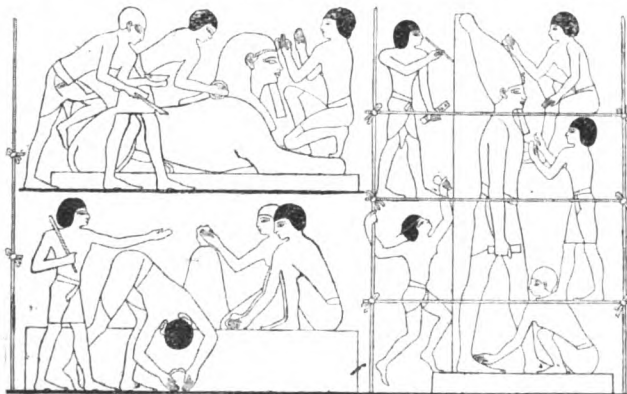
The part relating to the New Testament is entrusted to Mr. Headlam, of All Souls', who treats of the additions lately made to our knowledge by the inscriptions discovered in Phrygia and the catacombs, the *logia* of Jesus, and the Gospel and Apocalypse of Peter. On the whole, he considers that these discoveries are of service in bringing before us in lifelike form the early history of Christianity and

of the transition period when the multitude was both Christian and heathen at the same time; "but on the actual evidence for the doctrines of the earliest Christians, the life and death of the Redeemer (archæology) is silent," and he gives excellent reasons why it is likely to remain so.

We turn to those parts of the book which give an account of the most recent results of research where it is not necessary to compare them with the Biblical traditions, and find that each department is in charge of a master of his craft. Mr. F. L. Griffith is responsible for a chapter on "Egypt and Assyria," and is no doubt right in discrediting the earlier parts of Herodotus' history, though he hardly goes so far in this respect as Prof. Sayce has done in his earlier writings. In the latter parts he sees "a decided improvement," and one gathers that he thinks valuable facts are still to be gathered from Diodorus and Plutarch. It may be doubted, however, whether he will long maintain Borchardt's theory that the tomb discovered by M. de Morgan at Negadah was really that of Menes, the first king of Egypt. An excellent chapter by the editor on "Pre-historic Greece" gives a clear account of the discoveries made by Schliemann and Mr. Arthur Evans, and will convince most people that there flourished round the shores of the Mediterranean, at least twenty centuries before our era, a high civilisation which owed nothing to Semitic influence. The story is continued by Prof. Ernest Gardner in a chapter on "Historic Greece," in which he advances the theory that Greek art of the best period was but a survival and renaissance of Mycenaean tradition. Mr. Haverfield, of Christ Church, winds up this part of the book with a too short chapter on "The Roman World," which is one of the best things in the book. He perhaps somewhat strains the evidence when he suggests that the Etruscan civilisation was really an importation from Lydia; but his picture, largely taken from Mommsen, of the vast complex of the Roman Empire and of the lessening importance of Rome in it should be read by everyone. Altogether, the book may be heartily recommended as the best attempt that we are likely to have in English to keep the general reader abreast of the progress of archæological discovery in the field most likely to interest him.

Light from the East. By the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A., &c. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 15s.)

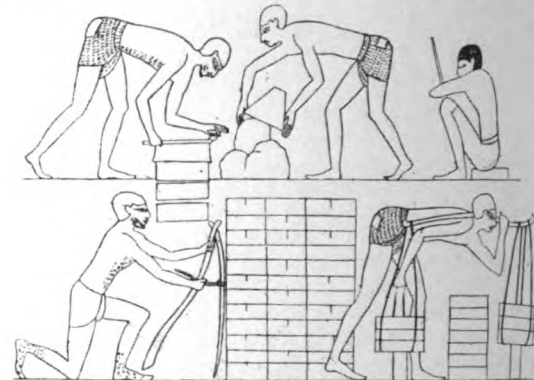
SIMULTANEOUSLY with the above there has appeared a book which might have been, though it certainly was not, designed as its complement. If there is an omission in the scheme of Mr. Hogarth's book it is that it contains no precise



EGYPTIAN STATUARIES AT WORK.

references to a number of monuments such as the Chaldean Account of Genesis and the like, with which many of its readers may be unfamiliar. But in the nick of time comes Mr. Ball's book to supply the defect, so far as Biblical archæology is concerned, with illustrations and explanations of the monuments themselves. Here the

reader will find excellent reproductions of the tablets containing the Babylonian Legends of the Creation, the Flood, and of Nimrod, together with all the historical inscriptions on which Prof. Driver relies for his arguments in favour of the historical accuracy of the Book of Kings. He will also get all the known monuments of the Hittites and many scenes from contemporary sculptures of scenes in the daily life of the Assyrians and Egyptians. When we add to these the Moabite Stone and some of the more



BRICK-MAKING IN EGYPT.

famous bilingual inscriptions, such as the Canopus and the Rosetta Stone, and much philological information as to the origin of the Hebrew alphabet, it will be seen that the purchaser of the book gets plenty of value for the very moderate price at which it is published. The name of Mr. W. H. Rylands, the secretary of the Society of Biblical Archæology, who is, we understand, responsible for the two hundred illustrations it contains, is sufficient guarantee for their excellence, while they have been excellently reproduced.

A Hard-headed Christian.

Extracts from the Diary and Autobiography of the Rev. James Clegg. Edited by Henry Kirke. (Sampson Low. 6s.)

THE author of this quaint diary, now for the first time printed, was a Nonconformist minister who spent his life in the little Derbyshire village of Chapel-en-le-Frith. Here he laboured to keep together a congregation formed in 1662 by the Rev. William Bagshawe (called the "Apostle of the Peak") after the Act of Uniformity had driven him from his living in the Church of England.

Mr. Clegg succeeded to the pulpit in 1703, and occupied it for over fifty years. His stipend being only £20 per annum, he took a small farm, which he worked to his profit. A busier man than Clegg could not have been found in the countryside. He was doctor as well as minister, and was often dealing with small-pox. Innumerable church and family affairs took him hither and thither on his mare. He prayed with widows, dined with justices, and disputed with fanatics. On a Sunday he would preach sometimes for three hours, give the Lord's Supper to a hundred communicants, and catechise thirty or forty children in the afternoon. And doing a hundred things well, Mr. Clegg still found time to keep a record of his life.

The diary is a veritable document. It reveals Mr. Clegg as a man to whom faith and works were equally important—an all-round Christian, able and willing to make the best of both worlds. His faith in God was the mere rule of his commonplace life. He recognised His arm in everything. Whatever happened, it was "Thank God," or "Thy Will be Done." The smallest daily occurrences were from Him. Mr. Clegg simply revelled in providential escapes and "merciful deliverances." His "good

black mare" must have been a joy to him, for she was continually pitching him over her head or dropping him into swamps or rivers. This is the sort of thing:

March 10, 1729-30.—Mr. White and his wife dined with me, and I returned with them to Martinside. . . . We stayed too late, and the night being very dark, I narrowly escaped a dangerous fall into a stone pith which my mare jumped into before I was aware of it. How many and how great deliverances . . .

Sometimes the mare arranged a tableau with a distinct eye to the grotesque. Thus:

May 10.—I set out for home [from Manchester]. . . . When I was on horseback to return, in passing through a yate, an iron hook it was hasped with caught hold on my great coat, and stuck through ye top of my strong boot, and ye mare rushing forward from under mee, I fell on my head and shoulder to the ground with great violence, the rest of my Body hung by my Boot on ye Hook. Francis Thompson with difficulty disengaged me. . . . This was a great and remarkable deliverance; I desire I may never forget it. Blessed be God for this merciful and seasonable appearance to me.

And again, out of a dozen instances:

June 2, 1737-8.—I had a very merciful deliverance when mounting my mare.

In short, the mare could generally be counted on to test Mr. Clegg's faith at short intervals, and elicit from him a rapturous, if rather shaky, hymn of praise. Between times Mr. Clegg would be harmlessly tossed by "a maddening cow," or he would stand under a falling tree, "narrowly escaping ye loss of an eye, blessed be God!" or he would set his bed on fire with a candle and escape roasting, "blessed be God!" or he would find a fish-hook in his mouth when eating turbot at dinner . . . "but thro' Mercy," &c.

Mr. Clegg was no ascetic. He played bowls and shuffleboard, fished in the river Wye, accepted a barrel of oysters, and was even "innocently merry" on occasion. And he enjoyed his books:

July 6.—I receiv'd Bayle's Great Historical and Critical Dictionary. It cost me 4 guineas. I spent most of ye day in it.

In it! Charles Lamb would have found great virtue in the preposition. It was a matter of concern, too, to Mr. Clegg to sell his live stock and garner his crops. In the midst of entries about village disputes, cases of illness, and schisms, we come on such a pure lyrical note as this: "I was at home with ye reapers." And, again, what a day of health and success was March 2, 1737: "We had six teams came to plow for us. They did a great deal of work and did it well. And blessed be God no disaster befell any of them." Another day of triumph: "Dec. 22, 1724—Ye flatt swine was killed." Again: "Sept. 1st, 1747—I sold my two fat cows to a butcher of Ashton for 6 pounds 15 shillings. Our second crop of clover grass was well got in yesterday."

Farmer and doctor, as well as parson, Mr. Clegg was in no danger of becoming a visionary. He had a goodly measure of the Spirit; never was he carried away by it. Not for him was George Fox's ecstasy. The Quaker died to the world, and valiantly stitched himself a pair of leather breeches. But James Clegg was not so minded, for we read:

June 23, 1747.—Two taylors came from Prestbury to make me cloaths.

There you have the difference between the prophet aflame with his gospel and the pastor carrying on the gospel tradition in a comfortable and regular way. Mr. Clegg would even apply commercial standards to spiritual matters. On July 20, 1754, a year before his death, he complains in his diary of Mr. Joshua Wood's neglect to repair a certain piece of road: "After . . . some weeks . . . I threatened to have it indicted at the Sessions, upon which he sent Mr.

Slack to let me know that he relinquished his seat in our Chapel, and was determined never more to come there." On this action of Mr. Wood's the minister sorrowfully remarks: "Thus my endeavours to serve yt family in all their sicknesses and to promote their Eternal Salvation above 52 years are requited."

But Mr. Clegg's quaintest blend of heavenly and worldly considerations occurs in another entry. Here it is:

Dec. 4, 1753.—I was under apprehensions of dying shortly, and my greatest concern was for ye continuance of ye means of Salvation in these parts after my Decease, but God can provide, and on him I rely. With a view to this I have a ticket purchased for me in the Irish Lottery. If Providence shall favour me with a prize, I have determined that one halfe of it shall be applied to that use, or to some other that shall appear more pious and charitable.

We do not know whether Mr. Clegg won a prize in the Irish Lottery, but we may feel quite certain that if he did he shared it according to his promise.

Our feeling to the editor of this curious work is one of deliberate gratitude. For time has made James Clegg's diary a true book, valuable for its picture of English country life in the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges, and lovable for its revelation of the hard-headed Christian who wrote it.

The Varieties of Man.

Man Past and Present. By A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. "Cambridge Geographical" Series. (Pitt Press. 12s.)

THE learned and interesting volume is intended as a successor to the author's *Anthropology* in the same series. The first two chapters, therefore, sum up and restate the conclusions already arrived at. Prof. Keane briefly discusses the "missing link"—missing until 1892, and then discovered by Dubois in the *Pithecanthropus erectus* or *Homo javanensis* of the pliocene beds of East Java—the probable dispersion of the species in the pleistocene period from a single centre, and the gradual differentiation in distinct habitats and under various conditions of the existing human types or varieties. Then he traces the sequence of the ages of culture, the stone ages, paleolithic and neolithic, the copper, bronze, and iron ages, and the evolution of those essential instruments of progressive culture, systems of writing. The bulk of the talk which follows takes one by one the primary divisions of man, and discusses in considerable detail their subdivisions, probable migrations and characteristics. These primary divisions are four: there are the Negroes (African and Oceanic), the Mongols, the aborigines of America, and the Caucasians. The last of these are, of course, except to the scientific anthropologist, far and away the most interesting group: they include, but for the Turks, Finns and Huns, all the peoples of Europe, together with the Semites, the Egyptians, and the majority of the peoples of India. They claim all the civilisations, except the extinct civilisations of Mexico and Peru, and the stationary civilisations of China and Japan.

One naturally looks to Prof. Keane for some light on the moot points between the philologists and the craniologists as to the constituent elements of the populations of Europe and of these islands in particular. So far as language goes it is notorious that, if Mongols and the unique Basques are set aside, the whole of Europe speaks tongues which may be assumed to have developed from a common original, and which may be grouped as Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, Greek, Latin, and so forth, under the general head of Aryan. The craniologists, however, claim that this uniformity of speech is no index to uniformity of blood; and they hold that all European peoples are blends in varying degrees of three distinct types or varieties. These are, firstly, *Homo Mediterraneus*, the dark-haired, dark-eyed South European; secondly, *Homo Alpinus*, the

reddish haired, brown or grey eyed Central European; and, thirdly, *Homo Europæus*, the light-haired, blue-eyed, North European. The first and third of these types have long (dolichocephalic) heads; the second, round (brachycephalic) heads. Prof. Keane's view appears to be that the Aryan language properly belongs only to *Homo Europæus*, and that it has been borrowed from him by the two other varieties. The cradle of all these, he says, was North Africa; from here Europe was first peopled by *Homo Mediterraneus*, who crossed by a bridge of land which formerly connected Africa with Sicily: he is the Iberian, the Pelasgic, the Silurian, the Pict, the man of the British long barrows; his language survives in Basque. Numerically, he still forms a large proportion of the peoples of South Europe, and a considerable proportion of our own race, especially in the Welsh and Irish districts; but he has been conquered, and his language swamped, first of all by what the philologists call the Celts—that is, *Homo Alpinus*—who came into Europe from the Eurasian plains, having gone round by that route from Africa, and apparently having learnt the Aryan tongue from *Homo Europæus* before he entered Europe at all; and, secondly, by *Homo Europæus* himself, who is represented by what the philologists call the Teutonic race, and who exists in the purest state among the Scandinavians: he also came in from Asia. The difficulty, as it seems to us, is to understand quite how or why the round-headed *Homo Alpinus* took it into his round head to borrow the language of the long-headed *Homo Europæus*. They may have been near each other on the Eurasian plains, but they did not, for all that, amalgamate. Is it possible that they were one stock when the language was formed, and that the differentiation of head form grew up later? The anthropologists ought to tell us what are the conditions which determine round-headedness, and how long it presumably took to develop a varietal distinction of skull. Then, again, did the *Homo Alpinus* borrow the civilisation, and, notably, the religion of the *Homo Europæus* with his language, for in all essentials the religion of Celt and Teuton is the same? In any case, what became of the religion of the *Homo Mediterraneus*? Is he responsible, as Mr. Gomme thinks, for agriculture and the earth-worship of the agriculturist? Or did he really, as Nietzsche said, develop our altruistic morality and impose it upon the self-regarding morality of the blond Aryan beast who conquered him? Or were the religions of all these European varieties developed under similar conditions in North Africa, and, therefore, originally identical? Obviously anthropology has some pretty problems still before it.

Come, Spur Away.

The Open Road: a Little Book for Wayfarers. Compiled by E. V. Lucas. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

WHEN starting on a journey of a day, or a year, this little limp, apple-green coloured book is the book to slip into the pocket. It is meant for the right kind of wayfarers—those who have time to observe, who can spend a morning sitting under a tree with a book for company. It is meant not only for those whose inward call is for great poetry, such as the *Intimations Ode* and the *Grecian Urn*, but also for those to whose general mood haunting verse makes appeal—verse like this snatch of Stevenson's:

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old, plain men have rosy faces
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes.

Or that wholesome, invigorating Boy's Prayer of Mr. Beeching's:

God, who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:

Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart on joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Or Ada Smith's

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
God! For the little brooks that tumble as they run.

Or that poem of Mr. Yeats's beginning with the haunting line:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree;
mysterious in its way, and prescient of the untoward, as that earlier line:

Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.

Poems that stir, poems that touch, poems that haunt, poems that give a lilt to a man's mood—all kinds are to be found in this anthology of *The Open Road*. Now, there are many anthologies upon the town. In reviewing a new collection, it seems to us, that there are two questions to be asked—(1) Does the anthologist show good taste? (2) Has he been severely loyal to the scope of his anthology as planned by himself? If the answer to these questions be in the affirmative, there is no need for criticism; only appreciation. We are quite aware that the accepted method of reviewing an anthology is to go through it page by page, exclaiming against the inclusion of this poem and the exclusion of that. Here is a case in point. We pick up a copy of a contemporary, which happens to contain a notice of *The Open Road*. The eye at once falls upon this passage: "Mr. Beeching's verses about coasting on a bicycle are charming, but a still better bicycling poem was written some years back by Mr. T. W. Rolleston."

The question at issue, it seems to us, is, not what the reviewer would have done, but how the reviewed has done what he set out to do; and whether, he being what he is, the task were worth his doing. An anthology should be the expression of a temperament, the choice of a mature mind. Everybody, at some period or other of his life, should make an anthology. It is not necessary to go to the expense of printing. The titles would serve.

The volume before us is just what it calls itself—a little book for wayfarers. As the expression of a temperament, and of a roving and sensitive mind that has kept a definite plan before it, we accept this little volume with gratitude. The book is divided into sections: "Farewell to Winter," "The Road," "Spring and the Beauty of the Earth," "The Sea," "The Reddening Leaf," and so on. A careful examination of these sections reveals the scheme of the volume, explains the inclusion of the *Intimations Ode*, "Lycidas," and "The Grecian Urn." To each hour of the day, and to each mood of the hour, here is offered the particular moment's solace. In the early morning of brisk step and bounding pulse there is Walt Whitman's fine song of "The Open Road"; for high noon, Shelley's "Hymn of Apollo"; for the drowsy hour after sip and sup, "The Hill Pantheist" from Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart*. "The Angler's Rest" from Izaak Walton would go well with a cup of tea; at nightfall, going softly through the pines, there is Wordsworth with the *Ode*, and some lines from Tintern Abbey; after dinner, over a long pipe, with legs stretched out, there is a merry-serious thing called "Jack," and for the last thing at night, when the tired limbs nuzzle into the cool sheets, what better than Herrick's "Thanksgiving to God," or that great Dirge:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great . . .

Other New Books.

WORDSWORTH AND THE COLERIDGES. BY ELLIS YARNALL.

Mr. Yarnall is an American gentleman who visited Wordsworth in 1849, not long before his death. He found him "a tall figure, a little bent with age, his hair thin and grey, and his face deeply wrinkled. The expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily." Wordsworth said that, considering the extension of the English language, it behoved those who wrote to see to it that what they put forth was on the side of virtue. The remark was made in a serious, thoughtful way, and Mr. Yarnall was much impressed by it; and he could not but reflect that to Wordsworth a deep sense of responsibility had ever been present: to purify and elevate had ever been the purpose of all his writings. Wordsworth subsequently said that he loathed the very memory of Henry VIII.; that *Herodotus* was the most interesting and instructive book next to the Bible; and that Bishop Thirlwall had a sneering way of talking. Then they went out of doors, and Wordsworth walked with one hand thrust into his half-unbuttoned waistcoat and with an encroaching gait. His trousers were grey. "The last subject he touched on was the international copyright question—the absence of protection in our country [America] to the works of foreign authors. He said mildly that he thought it would be better for us if some acknowledgment, however small, was made. The fame of his own writings, as far as pecuniary advantage was concerned, he had long regarded with indifference; happily he had now an income more than sufficient for all his wants." From these quotations from the most interesting of Mr. Yarnall's papers it will be seen that his beer is not exactly triple X. The other papers deal with smaller men. Among them is Charles Kingsley, who is reported to have said that Lowell's "Fable for Critics" was worthy of Rabelais. The book is kindly, and it records a few sayings which we are glad to read; but we are bound to say that Mr. Yarnall is not an ideal interviewer, and, for the most part, the literary acquaintances whom he visited did not talk to him by any means at their best. (Macmillan. 10s.)

DINNERS AND DINERS. BY LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis wrote a long and popular series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "Dinners and Diners." Therein he reviewed a great many London restaurants, described the dinner he consumed in each, and stated the price he paid for each meal. He has now marshalled these articles into a book, a very good book of its kind. Here are some bits of the author's wisdom:

The manager is the man to look for, if possible, when composing a menu. The higher you reach up that glorious scale of responsibility which runs from manager to marmite, the more intelligent help you will get in ordering your dinner, the more certain you are to have an artistic meal, and not to be spending money unworthily.

In Paris no man dreams of drinking champagne, and nothing but champagne, for dinner; but in London the climate and the taste of the fair sex go before orthodox rules, . . . and as the ladies, as a rule, would think a dinner at a restaurant incomplete without champagne, ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen, in ordering a little dinner for two, turn instinctively to the champagne page for the wine card. It is wrong; but until we get a new atmosphere, and give up taking ladies out to dinner, champagne will be practically the only wine drunk at restaurants.

"I will give you soup, fish, roast—nothing more," said Joseph; and misinterpreting my silence, he went on: "In England you taste your dinners; you do not eat them. An artist who is confident of his art only puts a small

dinner before his clients. It is a bad workman who slurs over his failures by giving many dishes." This is exactly what I have been preaching on the housetops for years.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis makes capital out of his guests in a very entertaining way, so that his book is a budget of human nature and conversational pleasantries, as well as of culinary lore—in fact, it is compounded, like a successful dinner, of good food and good talk. Of course, one notes omissions, as one does in any anthology. There is an unmentioned restaurant in Panton-street which would please the old gentleman who said, "None of your d—d *à la's*, and remember I won't get into dress clothes for anybody"; and ejaculated later on, "Dammé! they understand what a steak is, here." (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL. BY G. W. FISHER.

School histories can considerably vary in interest: the fault partly of the historian, but more, we think, of the school. Thus, it would be a very difficult feat to be dull about Eton or Winchester, so extensive and varied is the material to draw upon; but the work before us is distinctly solid. Solidity, however, may be a better quality than the power to interest, and in the present instance it would be unfair to call it a drawback. Mr. Fisher, who gave so much time and care to the preparation of the history, died in November last, before the printing was completed, and the last touches have been added by Mr. Spencer Hill, himself an O.S. The result is a full account of a notable and illustrious home of education, from its beginning in 1548 to the present day. Shrewsbury was founded in Edward the Sixth's reign, but not until Thomas Ashton took command, in 1561, did it take its place as a great school. Among the eight hundred scholars who were admitted during his first six years of mastership were Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke; and Sidney remains a hero to all Salopians. Stage by stage we are brought down the three and a half centuries, the latter part being more familiar to us by reason of the same ground being covered in the recent Life of Shrewsbury's great headmaster, Dr. Samuel Butler. Mr. Fisher's preference for fact above anecdote makes his account of Butler's rule less interesting than it might be; but he tells the story of the neighbouring resident who called to complain of the honourable Shrewsbury habit of chorusing, and who was shown to the door with the remark: "What! my boys not sing? But my boys shall sing." A list of the favourite songs is given, and very full-bodied, stirring songs they are; beginning with "Spankedillo [in Sussex he is called Twankeydillo], the prince of jolly fellows," and ending with "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen." Among more recent Salopians who have made a name in the world are mentioned the present headmaster of Dulwich, Mr. Gilkes, Mr. T. E. Page of Charterhouse, Dr. R. F. Horton, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. Graham Wallas. The book is one which all old boys who honour their school are bound to possess. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. BY CLARA TSCHUDI.

This book (translated by E. M. Cope) is described on the title-page as "A Popular Sketch." That is exactly what it is. It is a popular sketch, with the admixture of candour or malice—the author may be described as seeing between the two—which a certain class of readers demand in royal biography. The authoress, we are told, "has tried to be impartial in her judgment, and to distinguish, as in the case of Marie Antoinette, between weaknesses and faults." Well, if one wants to write an unkind book about a person, there is no surer method than to devote one's space to distinguishing between his or her weaknesses and faults, which are thus both assured of a show. Some allowances, of course, must be made. The fierce light which beats upon a lost throne cannot be

softened beyond a certain point; and those who want to see poor royalty turned inside out will find these pages entertaining. Personally, we find them rather pitiless; and as the book makes no pretension to historical weight, we need add nothing to this indication of its qualities. The chapter on "Eugénie as a Leader of Fashion"—the Empress revived and maintained the great crinoline fashion of the sixties—is curious reading, not without historical value. Small errors slightly mar the book, as on p. 80, where "incredible" should clearly be "incredulous." (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.)

GIANTS OF THE GAME. BY THE HON. R. H. LYTTELTON.

The game is cricket, and the giants begin with Daft and Carpenter and V. E. Walker, and work down to the present day, Ranjitsinhji figuring on the cover. They are not all precisely giants, but the term will serve; nor is Mr. Lyttelton the only author, the book being a compound of articles by that gentleman, Mr. W. J. Ford, Mr. C. B. Fry, and George Giffen. Of these writers Mr. Lyttelton is the most accomplished and Mr. Fry the most sprightly. Mr. Lyttelton ranges from the fifties and sixties to the batting of Mr. Jessop. Mr. W. J. Ford, who can himself lift a ball over the pavilion with some ease, recalls big hitters—who are becoming, by the way, rather a favourite subject for his pen. Mr. Fry describes cricketers with whom he has played, and Mr. Giffen confines himself to the giants of Australia, old and new. We are not quite sure whether Mr. Fry's practice of turning his associates into copy is to be commended: it seems to bring the pen rather too near the bat; but he certainly does it very entertainingly. We cannot, however, consider that in the following passage Mr. Murdoch's powers as a humorist are exactly proved: "He does not commit puns, of course, nor sputter epigrams; he is simply, genuinely, and unaffectedly amusing. Instead of 'It will rain hard to-day,' he says, 'Boys, the sparrows will be washed out'; instead of 'I'm in good form,' he asks, in a concentrated voice, 'Where's Surrey?'" Nor are we able quite to follow Mr. Fry when he compares Mr. Newham, of Sussex, to D'Artagnan. But there is no call to find fault with a book which means so well and passes so many great names in review. (Ward, Lock. 1s.)

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE. BY M. SURTEES TOWNSEND.

It may be laid down as an axiom that a book which has been written well should not be written again. Hence, Charles and Mary Lamb having retold Shakespeare's dramas in a manner perfectly suited for children, there was no call for the present volume. Here is the opening of the first story in the book, "Miranda; or, The Tempest":

"It certainly is a terrible storm," said Miranda to herself.

All night long the glare of the lightning and the boom of the thunder above the roar of the wind and the waves had kept her awake. She had trembled with fear as she lay sleepless upon her little bed lest there should be any ships out in such a tempest.

That phrase "little bed" condemns the author utterly. Miranda thereby becomes a child, and one of Shakespeare's sweetest creations is made ridiculous. It is no fit preparation of a child for these dramas to serve them up in the style of an "Aunt Jane's Gift-book." (Warne.)

MODERN ENGLAND.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Mr. McCarthy has already written of modern England before the Reform Bill for the "Story of the Nations" series. He now contributes to the same series a volume dealing with England under Queen Victoria. It is all old ground to Mr. McCarthy; and it may be said that no living writer could deal with the subject with more ease. In rather fewer than 350 pages Mr. McCarthy surveys the great facts and careers of the last sixty years, beginning with the

gloomy subject of "The Convict Ship," then passing to "Tithes and State Church in Ireland," "Queen Victoria," "The Foundation of the Canadian Dominion," "The Chartist Collapse," &c., &c. We have separate chapters on Peel, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone; and the book concludes with a kind of pemmican presentation of the "Literature, Art, and Science" of the reign. The portraits and illustrations are numerous and good. (Unwin. 5s.)

THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST. BY A. TAYLOR INNES.

Mr. Innes is a member of the Scottish Bar, and in his monograph treats his subject altogether in a forensic spirit. Here is his conclusion:

We have found that it was a double trial, conducted with a certain regard to the forms of the two most famous jurisprudences of the world. In both trials the judges were unjust, and the trial was unfair; yet in both the right issue was substantially raised. Even the form which that issue took was, in a sense, the same in both. Jesus Christ was arraigned on a double charge of treason; the treason in the Theocratic court being a (constructive) speaking against God, while in the Imperial court it was a (constructive) speaking against Caesar. But under these tortuous traditions of a twofold law the real historical question was twice over-reached, and the true claim of the accused was made truly known. He died because in the ecclesiastical council He claimed to be the Son of God and the Messiah of Israel, and because before the world-wide tribunal He claimed to be Christ a King.

In the dry light of the trained analytical mind the august tragedy, as Mr. Innes handles it in the course of his inquiry, is touched with a new gleam of realism. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 2s. 6d.)

THE BRITISH EMPIRE DICTIONARY OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE. EDITED BY REV. E. D. PRICE.

A simple, useful dictionary, with an unnecessarily imposing title. "Wase, wāz, n., a circular straw head-covering used by porters when carrying loads." Wases are common objects of the London pavement, and we learn their name for the first time. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Fiction.

Hunger. Translated from the Norwegian of Knut Hamsun by George Egerton. (Leonard Smithers & Co. 6s.)

THIS is that one book which every man has it in him to write—a fragment of life itself, hacked apart and flung at the reader all raw, bleeding, crude, and amorphous. But what does it mean, what does it signify morally, this record of the starving of a young journalist in the most sprightly of northern capitals, Christiania? It means nothing, it carries no significance; it has neither beginning nor end, for though the youth does take ship for Scotland on the last page, he might as well have done so on the hundredth or the two hundredth. There is no climax, no accumulation of impressiveness; no large idea looming in the background of this amazing, seething multitude of trivial facts. The cleverness, the graphic power, the audacious realism, the saturnine fantasy of wit—these qualities are undeniable. We admit them with gladness. Someone said of *Anna Karenina* that it was not *like* life, it was life itself. Eulogy was doubtless intended, but actually the phrase contains a condemnation. *Hunger* is not *like* life, it is life; and there it fails. Art is not life, but something far less crude, less sprawling, and more essentially significant.

The translator says that *Hunger* made a sensation in Christiania. We can believe it. There are passages of miraculous reporting. The hero's interview with a dealer, to whom he wants to sell a blanket (pp. 134-5), is done simply to perfection; the cadger's shiftiness and resource,

the dealer's divine indifference—a cinematograph working at forty to the second couldn't beat the rendering. Then the *quasi*-seduction scene just a hundred pages later is certainly meant to startle. Not many London publishers would have passed such a scene. Yet London will probably not experience the slightest sensation over *Hunger*. At once less keen for novelty, and more secure in its critical poise, London will accept *Hunger* with a cold, inimical calm. For the unlettered will ignore it, and the lettered will perceive that, though it may be surgery, it is not fiction.

George Egerton is evidently an admirer of Knut Hamsun. In her preface she pleads that *Hunger* is a first book, written ten years ago, and that since then the author has produced more mature work. If she wished to introduce him to England, surely it would have been better to begin by translating his best.

Both Great and Small. By A. E. J. Legge.
(John Lane. 6s.)

THOUGH this domestic novel discloses Mr. Legge's ability with much distinctness, it cannot be called an unqualified success. It has shortcomings of imagination, of construction, of observation, and of attitude. Its imaginative power is middling—not weak, but not strong; the lyric note, which occurs somewhere in every really strong novel, is never attained. The plot is too elaborate, and does not cohere. There are really two plots—the coming together of Lord Chesterton and Beatrice Felsted, and the drifting apart of Jim Burgrave and his wife; and these two schemes are not vitally connected. Fifty years ago unity of theme was not necessary to a fine novel; to-day it is: the technique of fiction has advanced. Many incidents and descriptions are quite irrelevant to the progress of the tale. The final scene, in which the reconciled Jim Burgrave and his wife are caught by the rising tide, is merely annoying. Mr. Legge should know that the rising tide, as an instrument of tragedy in fiction, is completely and eternally exhausted. The observation is a curious mixture of first-hand and second-hand. Lord Chesterton, his diffident sisters, Beatrice, and Jim and his wife, are well and genuinely observed; they have authenticity. On the other hand, Miss Roote, Mrs. Burgrave's father, and some minor people, are concoctions, having no life. Throughout the book there is a frequent lack of "documentation." As to the author's attitude, we consider that he has taken no trouble to understand some of his characters. We refer particularly to Miss Roote. Miss Roote is a spinster and not young, and Mr. Legge can only see the absurd aspect of her. He grins continually at the inevitable mannerisms of her age and state. Such facetiousness would suit *Halfpenny Snippets*. Yet Mr. Legge might feel aggrieved if we denied him the title of serious novelist.

In spite of his sins and lapses, we will not deny him that title. Quite two-thirds of the book is admirably sincere, just, and unstrained—especially when considered in detail and not as a whole. In the relations between Mr. and Mrs. Burgrave, Mr. Legge sometimes overcomes enormous difficulties with brilliance. He has a pretty turn for psychology. Burgrave's description to Lord Chesterton of the beginning of love is as good as need be:

"Doubts! My feeling is plain enough. It's the nature of the feeling that puzzles me. Look here, Russley, you know I don't brag, and I don't think I imagine things about women's view of me, as a rule. I may be vain, but my vanity doesn't take that form. When that woman came on board the ship I hardly thought of her at all. I admired her to a certain extent, and when I got to know her I found her clever and interesting. But, I can't help telling you that I saw at once that she had fallen in love with me, and my only feeling was one of regret. I know I wasn't mistaken about it, for she has told me it was so, since. And though most people would call me a liar for

saying so, I wasn't a bit pleased, and my vanity wasn't touched. I tried to avoid her, and I tried to persuade myself that it was all imagination. But do what I could I couldn't help seeing it, and then gradually I came to realise that she had become of tremendous importance to me. It wasn't the sentimental sort of thing that one expects. It was just a feeling as if I were becoming possessed by some spirit, a sort of mania that was creeping over me and giving me no power to think of anything but this idea. I really believe if it hadn't soon come to a satisfactory understanding I *should* have gone mad."

We have the right to expect something of real importance from Mr. Legge in the future. Simplicity, authority for every detail, a widened sympathy: at these things he should aim.

Well, After All— By F. Frankfort Moore.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

THE title of this book fairly describes the story; and perhaps Mr. Frankfort Moore, when he invented it, was being humorous at his own expense. For the novel does not, in fact, amount to much. Starting with a murder mystery and a jilted girl, Mr. Moore did but follow a beaten path in fiction in arranging that the girl should avenge herself by allowing her lover to fall in love with the daughter of the man who (she believed) had killed his brother. Mr. Moore displays a more original ingenuity when he swings the vengeance back upon its contriver; but in the *dénouement*, so crudely "happy," he returns again to the tactics of the serialist.

The tale is just a tale, a system of more or less improbable events, recounted in straightforward English, with a hint here and there of Mr. Moore's old wit and satire, and a few rather pointed touches of actuality which put a date on the book. Of the latter here is one. We are at the murder trial:

The judge upon this occasion was not the one whose anxiety to sentence men and women to be hanged is so great that he has now and again practically insisted on a jury returning a verdict of guilty against prisoners who, on being reprieved by the Home Secretary, were eventually found to be entirely innocent of the crime laid to their charge. Nor was he the one whose unfortunate infirmity of deafness prevents his hearing more than a word or two of the evidence. He was not even the one whose inability to perceive the difference between immorality and criminality is notorious. He was the one whose ingenuity is made apparent by his suggestion of certain possibilities which have never occurred to the counsel engaged in a case.

Some people would say that in such a passage Mr. Moore had committed a peccadillo against the proprieties of fiction, and we should be disposed to agree with them.

Loup Garou! By Eden Phillpotts.
(Sands & Co. 6s.)

THIS is a collection of West Indian stories. Brisk, bright, and sensational, they afford peculiarly easy reading. In each of them the interest lies in something held up the writer's sleeve, as in a conjuring trick. Curiosity is excited, and when it is appeased, the book is unlikely to claim a reperusal. The title-story, in which a hypocritical robber is shot while wearing the disguise of the West Indian "werewolf," is by no means the best—the types are outworn. Far better, and a story which may be pronounced literature, as distinct from a literary time-killer, is "The Skipper's Bible." Capt. Greenleaf was bringing a negro convict to Kingston to be hanged, and the poor fellow yearned for a Bible. Only the captain possessed a copy, and it took the mutiny of the mate to extort it from him. But when his quarrel with the mate had terminated to the advantage of the convict's soul, the captain was affable enough. He

informed the convict that he lent the book "on one condition. If ever you gets there [*i.e.*, to "the golden shore"] you can put in a word for this ship. Just a remark in a gen'ral sort of way—needn't mention no names. Carn't do no harm. Rub it into 'em up thar—see? I didn't lend that book kinder easy, but now you've got it you can hold on to it till we get to Kingston. And here's a bit o' lead pencil. Just mark the notions as seem sort o' best to you." "The Enigma of the Doubloons" is too reminiscent of "The Gold Bug" to be quite worth reading. In "Pete and Pete," another sea story, Mr. Phillpotts again reaches a high level. The sketch of the little negro who had to "sing second" to his namesake, the captain's pet monkey, and was less afraid of a sea full of sharks than of the captain's rage if he found his treasure missing, is genuinely humorous and not without a suggestion of pathos too.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SILENCE FARM.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

Mr. Sharp's novels are always carefully wrought; they challenge careful criticism. Here we have an intense love drama set in a lonely farm, with uncompromising descriptions of cow-byres and pig-sties and hen-coops, and all the sights and sounds of farming. These unceasingly pervade the story, compressing the drama, as it were. But the breath of the fields and the moors also sweeps in. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

BY ROLF BOLDBREWOD.

Rolf Boldrewood's new novel is a stirring romance of the Maori wars in New Zealand. "Of the Maoris," remarks one of the characters, "it may be said most truly, as Sir Walter Scott said of the Borderer:

Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead.
Burghers to guard their townships bleed;
But war's the Borderer's game."

So most truly it is the Maori's. Next to the chance of killing his enemy, the chance of being killed himself is the most delightful excitement known to him." (Macmillan. 6s.)

JASON.

BY B. M. CROKER.

A volume of short stories by the author of *Diana Barrington* and a number of other well-read novels. "Jason" is the account of an impostor who succeeded for a while in deceiving a section of Anglo-Indian society; and Anglo-Indian society of a rather rapid variety plays its part in some of the other tales. All are brisk and tersely told. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

A RATIONAL MARRIAGE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

A gay fantasia based on the "marriage question." Joan Trevor marries Larry O'Donnell on the understanding that they hide the fact, and live separate lives, with liberty for Larry to call on Joan and take tea in her flat, and with "secret outings in the evenings," &c.; in short, marriage in moderation is Joan's ideal. How it worked out is the story, which is pleasant reading. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The second of Messrs. Methuen's Sixpenny novels. The heroine, who passes through a number of adventurous episodes, belongs to the same family as Mr. Grant Allen's latest heroine, Miss Cayley. Her inductive powers and presence of mind are alike wonderful. Mercy that all women are not as clever. (Methuen. 6d. and 1s.)

AN OBSTINATE PARISH.

BY M. L. LORD.

The parish was Hurstwell, and the story is of ritualism and kindred ecclesiastical matters, serving, indeed, as a kind of footnote to recent public occurrences. The conflict between the natural man and the ordained man; the impact of the natural woman on the ordained man—these are the author's themes. (Unwin. 6s.)

WILLOW THE KING.

BY J. G. SNAITH.

Willow is not a monarch of flesh and blood, but of wood: in plain English, a cricket-bat. For this is a novel of cricket. Everyone talks cricket and plays cricket, including the heroine, who is for that reason called Grace, when her real name is Laura Mary. The narrator awkwardly chooses to propose to her at the very moment when she is making out the first-class averages. "You've gone and bowled me neck and heels," he says. "You are a jolly rotter," says she. A high-spirited, slangy story. (Ward, Lock. 5s.)

WHEN THE WAVES PART.

BY B. M. M. MINNIKEN.

This novel contains, on a low estimate, nearly 250,000 words, and the author says at the end that she casts her pen away with "extreme reluctance," but with the hope of "resuming its use ere long." A circumstantial account of trivial people. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

THE TEMPTATION OF EDITH WATSON.

BY SYDNEY HALL.

A Scotch story of Scotch people. Edith confesses to a difficulty with Mr. Meredith: "His meaning is often very obscure." Mr. Davidson, however, applauds him: "Lucy, in *Richard Feverel*, a different type, but equally charming, with her gentleness, her sweetness, her femininity." Edith's temptation was to join Davidson when she was still Mrs. Morrison. But she conquered it. Then her husband dies. On the last page Davidson asks her again, and she kisses him on the lips. (Gardner.)

SHADOWS; OR, GLIMPSES OF SOCIETY.

BY E. MARTIN.

Seven crude stories or sketches dealing with moral wrecks. "A Syren of Modern Babylon," "A Prince of Iniquity," "A Veteran in Vice." The author assists his characterisation by bestowing such names as Lady Vane-Glorie and Lord Lepper Lycence. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

A FAULTY COURTSHIP.

BY EDITH G. HOARE.

Probably most courtships are faulty. This one, with its rivalries and mistakes and consequences, passed in the Tyrol, the heroine being Gretchen Forbach, who is introduced as the most popular girl in the village school. Village fêtes, market days, and chamois-hunting provide the background. (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

IN KINGS' HOUSES.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

"A Romance of the Days of Queen Anne." The plot turns on a question of birth, a living child having been made to personate a dead one; but this familiar theme is recommended by charming backgrounds at Windsor, state pageantries, and royal condescensions. A pleasant story, suitable for young people. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

BY THE GREY SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN OLD MARQUISE."

The characters argue at great length on the differences between the Anglican and Roman Catholic standpoints. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THE FORTRESS OF YADASURU.

BY CHRISTIAN LYS.

"A narrative prepared from the manuscript of Clinton Verrall, Esq.," and dedicated "to Daria I., Daria II., Daria III., with the author's homage." The circumstance that Daria is the heroine of the book renders this inscription very mystifying. The story is of adventures in the Caucasus among a people with mediæval habits. (Warne. 6s.)

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The Spectre of Byron at Venice.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,

Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore:

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,

The Heracleidan blood might own.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But, gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:

There, swan-like, let me sing and die!

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

TO-DAY, in a little restaurant off the beautiful Piazza, I stopped to lunch, and in looking over the wine-list was struck by the offer of Samian wine. I ordered some Samian wine with my modest cutlet, and memory flew back to a far-off day when enthusiasm was the natural measure of my existence and I landed for the first time on Grecian shores, and drank what I fondly called "a cup of Samian wine," while reciting the "Isles of Greece."

The eternal magnetism of Byron! Here, to-day, when I had imagined Byron to be as dead as Queen Anne, as my lips touched the glass, it was not Greece I remembered but Byron, and the Song of the "Isles" seemed as fresh an inspiration as when I first read it. My glass was a common glass, probably manufactured in Germany, and I was reminded that under no circumstances could I transform it into a cup, and dash it down in a burst of exuberant emotion as Byron bids us do. And dwelling upon the vividness of this sudden revival of a forgotten literary thrill, I came to examine our present supercilious attitude towards Byron. Why does the man's magnetism outlive our superior knowledge? Alas! he possessed what none of those to-day who sneer at him possess in an infinitesimal degree—genius. You may write bad verse as Byron did, but if you have genius you may shake the universe: and without it you may write the most excellent verse in the world, as all the poets of England now do, and when you die be assured the universe will not go into mourning as it did for Byron. To be sure, now we make so much of our tenpenny great men, that imagination stands aghast and bewildered in contemplation of the consequences of such a comet as Byron again flashing across our sky, I fear we should wish to greet his exit from his house upon a private errand with the roar of artillery, and send him to rest with fireworks.

Genius has, with odd inaccuracy, been described as the capacity for taking infinite pains. That this painstaking quality is a very desirable addition to the triumph of genius there can be no doubt. Greek and Latin and French are there to prove it. But we are here to-day

to prove that in itself it will not avail. To-day everybody takes pains; everybody writes well; the thinnest minor poet that ever twittered of thrushes and rushes, of saints and altars and dead loves, could teach Byron his ignored business. Talent is universal, but where is genius? What part does magnetism play in our latter-day literature? It is all very well to insist on Byron's vulgarity, on his cheap success, on his meretricious brilliance. But the fact remains that he took Europe by storm; and such was the rush of his glory, that it shook at the very foundations of British stability. Where else will you find such passion, such a sincere revelation of self, such contempt of sham even in his very prose, such a triumph of barbaric frankness? If he shouted on the housetops with impertinent fatuity: "See what a terrible dog I am," it was characteristic of the man that he had the moral courage of his attitude. He was no make-believe sinner, at any rate. And then his wit! Where will you find anything so rakish, so spontaneous, so unstudied? Ah, that is the keynote of his genius, the secret of his magnetism, the alluring charm of Byron in all his worst moods—spontaneity! Here was a man who studied neither dictionary nor metre; who took you by the throat on impulse; who swore and laughed, and writhed and cursed, as nature impelled him; who was child and man and woman and animal and brute all in one, with the multiple facets of a violently tintured and impressionable temperament.

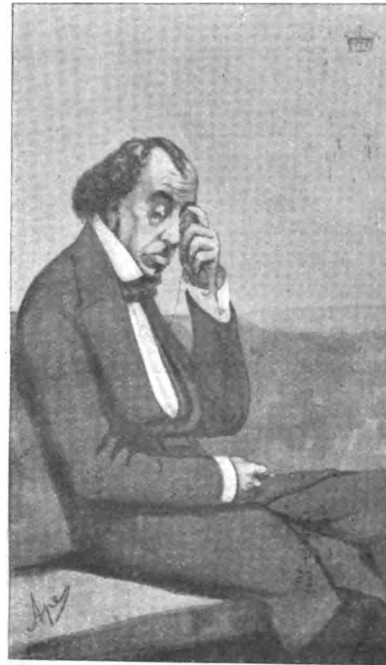
Better poetry has been written since his time, but no personality has risen to diminish the abnormal splendour of his. Whatever the pedants may say, the triumph remains his. It is the fashion to decry him, but wherever we move on the Continent his is the spectre that pursues us. When I walk along the Lido I look for the mark of his horses' hoofs upon the soft earth. When I stand on the much overrated Bridge of Sighs, I wonder Byron should have chosen it for immortality. I think of him standing there in his eternal pose of inflated boyish self-consciousness. Venice since she ceased to be the Great Republic has become a romantic *protégée* of Byron. He has made the town so insistently his; indeed, all Italy is so engrossed by her undying remembrance of him that we come to understand here that his is a glory which a few modern cultivated and pedantic versifiers cannot hope to diminish. They may not read him (I own it is long since I have read him), but they cannot bid the world forget him: his spectre haunts all Europe. Wherever his foot has trod, the guide-books and the natives draw the traveller's attention to the fact, and the world at large is the monument of his fame. You look down upon the Grand Canal from the windows of his palace; you glide across the silver plain of the wide lagoon, and his is the only modern form that rises between you and the peopled past. Of whom else in the literatures of all lands can so much be said? Do the pedants of the day pretend to make us believe that this is all sham, that the glory is but the reflection of spurious tinsel? You may polish prose or verse till it gleam like bright metal, but if you have nothing but perfect verse and faultless prose you will never cause a heart to leap, a pulse to throb, and Byron fluttered the hearts of an entire generation in every land—and they were no common hearts that leaped at the bidding of his untrained and imperious voice. He thrilled the frigid Goethe. Pushkin, Lermontoff, Lamartine, George Sand, and Musset were under his spell, and counted themselves privileged to wrap themselves in his cast-off mantle, when Death found him in an unbuckled hour before Greece had time to make him king.

It will be time to dethrone Byron when we can prove that the world has forgotten him and when we can explain his colossal magnetism, the towering altitude of his fame above that of every European figure of his day except Napoleon's, by some more probable definition than the imperfect and vulgar taste of other days.

H. L.

Caricature.

THE art of caricature has had few English exponents. Comic draughtsmen we have produced in abundance, portrait painters in profusion; but those pictorial wits who



"THE JUNIOR AMBASSADOR" (LORD BEACONSFIELD). JULY 2, 1878.

come between the two, and touch off a man's nature in a pigmentary, or plumbago, epigram—these are rare indeed. The reason, possibly, is that our national character is averse from oblique methods. We like broad fun or facts; satire is not to the English mind. And the caricaturist is necessarily a satirist.

With most persons, who have no time for elaborate distinction, the word "caricature" covers any humorous portrait; but it has, of course, a finer and more exact meaning than that. The dictionary defines it as "a figure



"BEFORE SUNRISE" (MR. SWINBURNE). NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

or description in which beauties are concealed and blemishes exaggerated, but still bearing a resemblance to the object." Yet this hardly expresses everything. We have seen many drawings in which beauties were concealed and blemishes exaggerated that still did not deserve to be called caricatures. The true caricature is more. In the hands of a master, it is a portrait of a man as he is. The ordinary portrait, whether a painting or photograph, shows the sitter at his best, self-conscious, in special clothes, with features formed to suit the occasion. The caricature is merciless, but not necessarily cruel. It allows no affectations—unless they are in the nature of a man, and then it allows little else. It is not the result of

any sitting, but the summary of long acquaintance. It permits just enough emphasis to make its critical, autobiographical point, but otherwise it is realistic. Mr.

Sargent sometimes comes very nigh caricature. His portrait of Mr. Wertheimer in last year's Academy was as near it as a painter may approach. It said everything, whereas the ordinary Academy portrait says only two or three things.

The contrast between fine caricature by a master and less excellent varieties can be studied in the collection of a Hundred Victorians from *Vanity Fair*, which the proprietors of that paper have just published in commemoration of the reign. Only a comparatively few are caricatures worthy the best use of the word, and most of these are signed "Ape," the pseudonym of the famous Carlo Pellegrini. The others are frequently good, but they lack the masterly touch; and often they are not caricatures at all, but merely coloured portraits or distortions. The artists are not to be blamed, for the essence of a good caricature is familiarity with the subject, and as often as not the order for the *Vanity Fair* plate, which must be completed in a few days' time, is the first occasion on which the draughtsman has even heard of his next sitter. But, taking such conditions into consideration, this collection, even after "Ape's" contributions have been deducted, is remarkably excellent; and *Vanity Fair* is worthy of high praise for doing its best to foster the art of caricature as it does. Only one complaint have we with it, and that is, that the legends beneath the plates often convey too little.

Pellegrini was an Italian, or perhaps he could not have managed caricature so deftly. To his skill with the pencil he added that instinct which plays a larger part in the composition of a genius than



"THE REALISATION OF THE IDEAL" (MR. RUSKIN). FEBRUARY 17, 1872.



"GREEK" (BENJAMIN JOWETT). FEBRUARY 26, 1876.

any sitting, but the summary of long acquaintance. It permits just enough emphasis to make its critical, autobiographical point, but otherwise it is realistic. Mr.

any amount of taking pains can. With everyone he was not equally successful; but his best caricatures are superb, instinct carrying him straight to the heart of the matter. Look, for instance, at the Disraeli, one of the seven *Vanity Fair* cartoons which we reproduce in black and white. Even in that medium—for which it was not



"THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW," (MR. JOHN MORLEY). NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

he did not quite rise to Mr. John Morley. And yet how good they are, still!—the Carlyle has something of the melancholy of his best portraits. The fantasia on



"THE DIOGENES OF THE MODERN CORINTHIANS WITHOUT HIS TUB" (THOMAS CARLYLE). OCTOBER 22, 1870.

is also mischief, a necessary quality in the caricaturist.

The death of Mr. Alfred Bryan the other day seriously

intended—and many times reduced, it is still convincing. Cynicism, race, diplomatic craft, power, the vein of dandyism—all are there. Pelligrini had a great subject, and he rose to it. His Mr. Swinburne is less profound, and in the Carlyle and the Ruskin criticism is sacrificed to comic effect. Pellegrini, it must be remembered, was a *flaneur*, a haunter of cafés, and the father of cigarette smoking in this country, and it is natural that it should please him to make the Sage of Chelsea grotesque and the Sage of Brantwood ridiculous. Similarly,

And yet how something of the Jowett, played by Mr. Leslie Ward, whose pseudonym is "Spy," is among that clever artist's best work. But here again we miss profundity. The caricaturist, however, is at liberty to confine his energies to one aspect of a man, and, if we miss the wiser and more serious side of Jowett from this picture, the benign and dapper "Jowler" is there to the life. The Matthew Arnold is unsigned, and we are unaware of its artist; but it is very rich. Confidence and the knowledge of intellectual superiority are both indicated. And there

depleted the ranks of draughtsmen who understand caricature. On occasion he was excellent. There remain Mr. Leslie Ward and others, who do not, however, quite satisfy. Mr. Furniss is too wilful, too unwilling to suppress himself. He draws less from the original than from his own notions of the original. Mr. Max Beerbohm is sometimes inspired, but he stops at the body. The mind is beyond his powers. Mr. F. C. Gould has the wit, but lacks the execution. Mr. Reed is too broadly comic. Probably Mr. Sime would excel in caricature if he gave his attention to it. It is our continual surprise that Mr. Whistler has not fostered the art.

To the plates which we reproduce, by permission, from *Vanity Fair*, we have been careful to append dates. Considering that so many

years have passed since Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morley were "taken off," they might well be treated again. We wish we had room to print the concise judgments of "Jehu Junior," who must have summed up more men than any critic now practising.



Things Seen.

Incident.

THE "Accident" described last week under "Things Seen" gave us a run-away cab dashing down Chancery-lane, and breaking into a hairdresser's window in Fleet-street. Down Chancery-lane yesterday a gentler pilgrim took his way: a garden butterfly. All through the summer butterflies are common enough in the streets; they are probably brought into town on the Covent Garden market carts, whence escaping they wander through London like lost children. But this butterfly did not suggest the lost child. Still less was he the flushed tourist. He neither hurried, nor lingered. He was interested in all he saw, but with self-possession. He rose and fell, and turned to right and left as reason offered. Now he fluttered amusedly over a cabman's whip, now he rose to a 'bus top and danced a dainty *pas seul* on a lady's parasol, now he made pretence of settling on a lamp-post; and always his movements made a fool of calculation while they lured the eye.

He never swerved from Chancery-lane. Over cabs and 'busses and vans, dipping, soaring, avoiding, and challenging—on he went until Fleet-street was reached. There I saw the barber's boarded window. My butterfly made no rash assault on the opposing buildings. With a laughing flutter, he soared and soared, until, meeting the June wind, he was blown softly over the roofs into the Temple Gardens.

Law.

As you enter the public park, you are confronted by an admonitory notice-board, on whose surface are inscribed forty-and-two by-laws, to break one of which entails expulsion from the park, and possibly the infliction of a fine. A triangle of dusty turf is set apart for the use of children. Here, on a warm afternoon in spring, a dozen ragged urchins sit, roll, and tumble as the law permits. In the background, upon the creaking, straining wires which bound the park, two tiny lawbreakers essay ungraceful feats of strength and agility. A park-keeper strolling down the path, red-faced and gold-buttoned, notes the little delinquents—draws a whistle from his breast, and blows a sharp note. Every child becomes motionless: every eye is fixed upon the park-keeper. He, observant only of the unlawful acrobats, shakes his stick threateningly.

Panic descends, alike upon the innocent and the guilty. Every child starts to its feet—little bare feet that scamper so noiselessly through the dust. The rout is complete; the dust settles again upon the deserted playground; and the park-keeper resumes his walk.

The Power of Print.

Two street urchins leaned over Tower Bridge and watched the shipping.

"Bill," asked the younger boy, "ave yer ever seen *real* waves?"

"No, Jim, I can't say I 'ave," answered Bill; "but my bruvver 'as, and 'e says"—here he raised the palm of one hand two feet above the palm of the other—"they are that 'igh."

Bill looked puzzled, and then disappointed. "Only that 'igh?" he said. "I was reading the other day they was mountains 'igh."

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE daily paper which definitely announces that Sir Redvers Buller will take the command at the Cape in the event of a war is altogether premature. No such contingent appointment has been made; and Sir Evelyn Wood is still, as he was last week, the officer on whom the ugly responsibility is most likely to fall.

It is against all etiquette that a general in command at the Cape or anywhere else should express his opinion on the chances, or even the fitness, of peace or war; and Sir William Butler's prescription of "no surgical operation, but rest" for the Transvaal was, of course, an *obiter dictum* made in private conversation, and never intended for transmission home and publication in the daily Press. Yet there are few who will refuse on this score to welcome the pronouncement as the most peace-making one made during recent weeks. It comes with particular grace from the biographer of Colley; and it comes amusingly enough from the excellent next-door neighbour of Mr. Rhodes on the outskirts of Cape Town.

LORD LOVAT, who has just returned home from his Abyssinian tour laden with huntsman's spoils, is a young man of whom something more is likely to be heard. A sportsman and an ornithologist, he is also a keen lover of literature, and part of his love of adventure, which does not seem quite in accord with a very gentle personality, has come to him by way of Stevenson and Kipling, the two modern authors of his admiration. Lord Lovat's Abyssinian bag was a heavy one, since it included ten

elephants and two lions; but his greatest interest was in his collection of birds, of which he has brought home between three hundred and four hundred varieties.

Two guineas was the modest price fetched in the sale-room the other day by a letter from Queen Victoria to Napoleon III. It was a long letter, dated in the June of 1856, and it showed the Queen in various capacities: as a patron of the arts, or of an artist (Gunen) whom she presents to the French Court; as ruling Queen of England when she declares that, whatever the change of ministries, none "will ever compromise the good understanding existing between our two countries"; as hostess, begging the Emperor to "pay that kind little visit in the month of October" and to come accompanied by the Empress, who, by the way, had not at that date any relations with Queen Victoria likely to lead up to the friendship established between them by common sorrows in later life; and, if you will, as a grammarian who cannot quite realise the superfluity of the "and" before a relative which is not a reiterated one—"We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others." Many and ridiculous are the stories invented *à propos* of the cordial understanding between Her Majesty and Lord Beaconsfield; and somebody may one day suggest that it had its rise in an habitual attraction felt by Queen and Minister alike towards this particular slip in the Queen's English. "His presence was a relief to an anxious family, and who were beginning to get alarmed." Again: "He had become possessed of a vast principality, and which was not an hour's drive from Whitechapel." The two sentences are lighted upon at once in a random opening of *Endymion*, after the incorrigible author had been lectured for this particular lapse over a period of nearly fifty years.

THE work which Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is carrying out at Hughenden Manor will not involve any destruction of the old house so beloved by both Isaac and Benjamin Disraeli, nor any alterations in the grounds that will obliterate landmarks. The addition of a new wing to the house was necessary to make it a really habitable place for a family of any size; and, if it was to be built at all, the most historic builder after Lord Beaconsfield himself was certainly to be found in his own direct heir, interesting as a nephew who had walked in that domain with his uncle, with whom he was doubly associated by a romantic blending of names.

SIR JOHN AUSTIN was one of the very few baronets of Lord Rosebery's creation; and nobody seemed less likely than the sturdy Radical member to have to face any of those personal crises in politics which it has been the lot of Lord Rosebery to encounter. The Local Veto Bill, a plank in the Liberal platform which is Sir William Harcourt's, and none of Lord Rosebery's, setting, has, however, been tilted and warped to trip up Sir John, himself allied to "the trade" as a maltster of immense business. Sir John loves a fight as only a Yorkshireman can, but Yorkshiremen love him on that very account; hence follows an *impasse*. Sir John is an excellent sportsman, who rides straight to hounds in his own county, and has a moor in the Highlands. He can sing a song, too, at any local entertainment, even though it be to benefit a Wesleyan Chapel and the performer is himself a Roman Catholic. With all these qualifications, the Osgoldcross constituency is hardly in a mood to demand that its member should be a Vetoist or go. No doubt, to vote against Local Veto in Scotland, when that measure is supported by a large majority of Scottish members, is not exactly a good illustration of the Home Rule principle; but the daily paper that foresees in Sir John a future Unionist candidate is quite mistaking

its man, and is unaware how largely his adhesion to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland has dominated, not only over his career as a politician, but also over his interests and friendships in private life.

To some literary reminiscences of Boulogne appearing in this page last week let another be linked. In that town died Campbell, though it is to Westminster Abbey that you must go for his tomb; and on the anniversary of his death-day, last week, a little group of English visitors paid him their homage by discovering as best they could the whereabouts of that memorable departure in the June of 1844. It seems a little irony of death that the greatest author, until Kipling, of English patriotic sea-song should yield his last breath away from the country he loved and sang. But another memory robs the situation of its pangs: Campbell was in England still when he was not geographically there, and it was not here, in his own environment, but away in Hamburg, that, in the first year of the dying century, "Ye Mariners of England" was actually composed.

Correspondence.

John Scott, Horace Smith, and J. G. Lockhart.

SIR,—As I entertain no prejudice against the honour and veracity of Mr. Beavan's distinguished kinsman, I am ready to meet him half way. If by "offering satisfaction" Mr. Smith habitually meant "making an apology," and was known to mean it, then his statements of 1821 and 1847 are correct and consistent. But no misunderstanding could have occurred if, in 1821, Mr. Smith had told Mr. Christie that, if Mr. Lockhart offered an explanation, his principal, Mr. Scott, would apologise. He did *not* say that; he wrote that "I am authorised by you [Scott] to offer satisfaction." The words were taken in their then established sense. The world, and Mr. Christie, could not but suppose that Mr. Scott, if he received an explanation, meant to fight, whereas he meant to apologise, and, *ex hypothesi*, Mr. Smith knew it. His choice of words, however blameless on his part, was eminently misleading, and Lockhart said that Mr. Scott "might as well have sent him to Aldgate pump" as to Mr. Horace Smith.

Mr. Scott himself was either misled by Mr. Smith's phrase, and therefore "quoted him as his second," or—the alternative is obvious. Mr. Beavan does not appear to understand the ideas of 1821. Had Lockhart shirked a duel because his wife was expecting a baby his character for courage would have been totally lost, and his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, would never have spoken to him again. I can only regret Mr. Smith's use, in the circumstances, of the phrase, "I am authorised to offer satisfaction," when he meant that Mr. Scott would apologise. Mr. Smith, judging by his paper of 1847, seems to have habitually used "satisfaction" and "apology" as synonymous. By the world they were regarded as alternatives, to the best of my knowledge; and hence the deplorable misunderstanding arose. Mr. Scott, finding that his readiness to "go on the sod" was impeached, challenged Mr. Christie, with whom he had really no quarrel. I cannot acquit Mr. Smith of an error in his choice of language—an unfortunately misleading error—and I must prefer evidence of 1821 (evidence then not contradicted, as far as we know, by Mr. Smith) to evidence of 1847, and of 1858. But that Mr. Smith *intended* to mislead I am very far from asserting. Mr. Beavan's citation from the article of 1847 shows that, to Mr. Smith, "satisfaction" meant "apology." But the construction which I placed upon his words was the usual construction—in 1821. Mr. Smith must have been ignorant on that point.—I am, &c.,

1, Marloes-road: June 17, 1899.

A. LANG.

An Author's Complaint.

SIR,—The Society of Authors has for some months past been exercised as to what steps should be taken with regard to the complaint which I made upon the boycott of my novel, *God is Love*. The committee of management considered the topic frequently. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, as deputy chairman, took an active interest in it, and, having occasion to read the book, wrote: "Considering the serious and sincere character of the story, it appears to me that the title is not open to any valid objection on the score of irreverence or impropriety. Such is my individual opinion"; and he adds, "your picture of peasant life is grim indeed, but it is vivid and incisive, and holds the reader."

I may be pardoned quoting such an expression of opinion from an author of Mr. Anthony Hope's eminence, considering the damage to the circulation of my book which Messrs. Smith's veto has naturally cast upon it; but the protest I raised has been of advantage to authors generally in that it brought about other protests from men of leading, including Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Conan Doyle, as well as from the principal journals.

The Society of Authors, though it has expressed sympathy with me in the most courteous manner, has not yet made any definite protest. It has, however, passed a resolution to do so, in combination with booksellers and publishers, if such combined action be practicable. The very *raison d'être* of the Society of Authors is to champion the cause of "the independence of the writer," and if it does not take official action upon this clear case of interference with an author's rights it will abdicate its claim to the general support of writers.—I am, &c.,

T. MULLETT ELLIS.

Savage Club: June 10, 1899.

John Barleycorn and the Arts.

SIR,—Schoolboy blunders often find their way into the newspapers. Some of them often appear to be manufactured for the press. But here is the genuine article from the *Licensing World*, the "official organ of the Central Board." A recent number contains the following passage:

Wines have been called "free" by Horace—

"Et Juvenum curas et libera vina referre."

"And wines carry off the cares of the young man."

He also points out that wine opens those things which are hidden in the heart, and is frequently a revealer of dark and dangerous secrets—

"Conditæ cum verax aperit præcordia liber."

Indeed, the odes of Horace abound with allusions to the wine-cup—

"I, pete unguentum, puer, et rosas,
Et Cadum Marsi memoram duelli."

"Go, boy, bring unguents and roses,

And the wine-cup on which the Marsian war was painted."

I read that the "Trade" is testing the sort of education given to the children at the Licensed Victuallers' School, the children being paraded at the annual dinner at the Crystal Palace. I hope they will not depend upon the opinion of the writer who is so free with his Horace, and with his Liber, God of Wine. They buy their spirits through an expert. Even the much-abused competitive examinations are better tests than the figure of merit this writer would be likely to assign.

Another "Trade" paper sends a reporter to Christie's (for the wine sales). The *Licensed Victualler* man has written an article on "The Licensed Trade at the Royal Academy." Is he chaffing? This is an extract:

Altogether it is a *first-rate Academy*; and, some day, when we can get an hour off [his column and a-quarter was the result of *half-an-hour* at the Royal Academy] we shall

have another look round. To our mind the gem of the exhibition is "Wandering Musicians," by Walter Langley, R.I. Of course, a licensed victualler must study the wishes of his customers. Under a former management, we read, at the "Bear," at Esher, an unlimited supply of coppers was given from the bar till, to put into the slots of the automatic musical machines, to keep wandering musicians at a distance. But, on a wet night, it has often almost made our heart bleed to hear the words, "Not this side, please"; and there could not be much human nature about a manager who would refuse standing room in the passage to this little girl and her fiddle, accompanied by her mother on the guitar.

—I am, &c.,
The Grammar School, Huntingdon:
June 20, 1899.

ROLAND BELL.

A Case for Grammarians.

SIR,—The melancholy inference in last week's ACADEMY, that the proposed "Choate Jest Book" is for ever to remain an "Inchoate Jest Book," recalls to mind a remarkable kind of choateness (presumably unknown to His Excellency the American Ambassador) introduced to notice by a leading Northern provincial paper in 1895. In discussing the claims of one of the candidates before a Parliamentary constituency, a leader in the paper in question gravely summed up: "But he must know, and after his speech last evening the constituency must know, that his views are not yet sufficiently choate to be presentable on a platform." What a vista of new (and valuable?) word-formations arises in this comprehensive theory of the prefix *in*! Dex will, without more ado, be the negative of index, fectious of infectious, digenous of indigenous, sular of insular, and so on.—I am, &c.,
Edinburgh: June 19, 1899.

D. P.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of Competition No. 37.

OUR request for an inscription of not more than forty words, suitable to be engraved on a statue of Charles Darwin, has not been met by the ready response which awaits many of the subjects set for competition. The best inscription is that composed by Mr. Edwin Cardross, 22, Seymour-street, Portman-square, W., which runs thus:

"Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, memorable for his demonstration of the law of evolution in organic life, achieved by scientific imagination, untiring observation, comparison, and research: also for a blameless life, characterised by the modesty, 'the angelic patience, of genius.'"

The phrase "the angelic patience of genius," we may point out, is Balzac's.

Other inscriptions follow:

"In memory of Charles Darwin, theorist, philosopher, psychologist. A student of Nature, he searched for the truth, endeavouring to understand the beginning of all things, thus to make clearer the mysteries of Nature, the revelation of which was his ambition."

[G. W., Hull.]

Carolus Darwin.

Quod vidit meminit;
Quod meminit in luce patefecit;
Quod patefecit manet.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ἀλέσσον.

Charles Darwin.

What he saw he remembered,
What he remembered he revealed,
What he revealed remains.

"Give us light though thou slay us!"

[J. C., Buxted.]

"To the memory of Charles Darwin, whose extraordinary abilities and indefatigable energies, ordered by steadfast honesty of purpose and inherent modesty, combined to make him the greatest scientist of the age, the first exponent of the theory of human evolution."

[J. D. Q., Shrewsbury.]

"Charles Darwin, whose patient and acute observation compelled Nature to reveal her great secret, the origin of species."

"He never turned one inch out of his course to gain fame."

[W. E. T., Caterham.]

"Charles Darwin, on patient experiment and observation, founded a theory of evolution, which, in explaining the successive appearance of more complex forms of life in the world's history, has furnished a basis and example for all modern scientific investigation."

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Lastly comes E. H., Ledbury, with this witty, but flippant, suggestion:

"In searching for the missing link he did a tail unfold."

Competition No. 38.

WE ask our readers this week to draw up a list of six books, or shorter compositions, to be read on a holiday: (a) in bed, before getting up; (b) in the middle of the morning, while resting; (c) after lunch, in a hammock; (d) after tea; (e) after dinner; (f) in bed, before sleep. The whole field of literature is open to choose from. To the author of the best list a cheque for one guinea will be sent.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, June 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 692 or it can not enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, June 22.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Tyrrell (G.), External Religion..... (Sands & Co.)
Montefiore (C. G.), The Bible for Home Reading. Second Part (Macmillan), net 5/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Hawker (R. S.), Poetical Works (Lane), net 7/6
King (C.), Poems (Digby, Long & Co.), net 5/0
McCall (P. J.), Songs of Erin (Simpkin)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Patrick (W. M.), Sextus Empiricus and Greek Scepticism (Deighton, Bell & Co), net 5/0
Gribble (F.), The Early Mountaineers (Unwin) 2/0
Whitman (S.), Reminiscences of the King of Roumania (Harper & Bros.) 10/6
Fielding (H.), Thibaw's Queen (Harper & Bros.)
Stephen (H. L.), State Trials, Political and Social. 2 vols. (Duckworth) net 5/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Karageorgevitch (Prince B.), Enchanted India (Harper & Bros.)
Fletcher (J. G.), A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part 4 (Dent) net 1/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Müller (Rt. Hon. F. Max), The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy (Longmans) 18/0
Melrose (C. J.), Free-Will and Determinism (New Century Press)
Ward (J.), Naturalism and Agnosticism. 2 vols. (Black) net 18/0
Sloane (T. O'C.), Liquid Air and the Liquefaction of Gases (Sampson Low)
Hurst (G. H.), Colour: A Handbook of the Theory of Colour (Scott, Greenwood, & Co.)
Huygens (C.), Œuvres Complètes (Nijhoff, La Haye)

EDUCATIONAL.

To'hunter (J.), The Elements of Euclid. Revised by S. L. Loney (Macmillan) 4/6
Wells (W.), The Essentials of Geometry (Isbister) 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nash (J. E.), The History of Adam's Grandfather (Sands & Co.) 1/0
Power-Berrey (R. J.), The Bye-Ways of Crime (Greening) 2/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Plumptre (E. H.), Dante: "Studies and Estimates," "The Minor Poems," The Divina Commedia (Isbister)
Carey (R. N.), Mrs. Romney and "But Men Must Work" (Macmillan) 3/6
Rossetti (D. G.), Ballads (Ellis & Elvey)
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), Rosine and Sister Louise (Ward Lock) 3/6
Stead (W. T.), Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell" (Review of Reviews Office) 1/0

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

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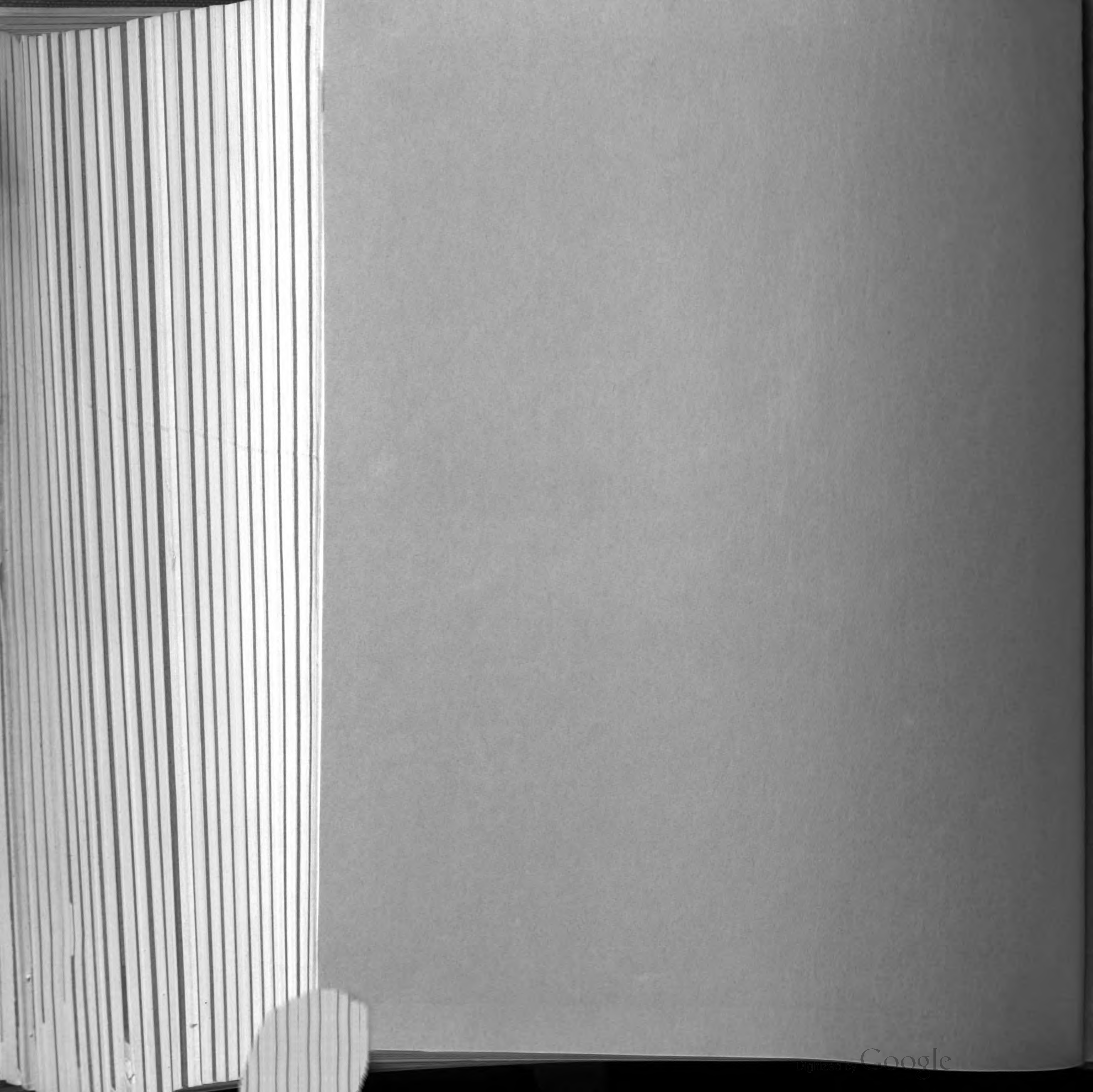
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